

Scottish Borders Library Service



3 4144 0090 2536 8

OS

PEEBLES PUBLIC LIBRARY

Chambers Institution Peebles

Telephone 0721 20123

--	--	--	--

Book No. 330 REF

Class No. 052

This book must be returned to the library on or before the latest date marked above.

Fines are charged on overdue books and books lost or damaged must be paid for.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS OF READER MUST BE NOTIFIED IMMEDIATELY.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," "GAZETTEER OF SCOTLAND," &c.

AND

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH REBELLIONS," "SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," &c.



VOL. II.—No. 53 to 104.

EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 19, WATERLOO PLACE;
ORR AND SMITH, LONDON; JOHN MACLEOD, GLASGOW;
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1834.

CHAMBERS'S

EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS

STEREOTYPED BY ALEXANDER KIRKWOOD, ST ANDREW STREET; AND PRINTED AT THE STEAM-PRESS
OF W. AND R. CHAMBERS, WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

ROBERT CHAMBERS

VOL. II. PART I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY W. AND R. CHAMBERS, WATERLOO PLACE, EDINBURGH.
ONE OF THE LONDON JOHN HARRIS & CO. PRINTERS.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1841.

INDEX TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND MORAL ESSAYS.

	Nos.
Bad times	97
Beginning at the wrong end	74
Beginnings	94
Bent of genius	64
Boots	55
Brothers, the	74
Calls	77
Circumstantial evidence	90
Charitableness	102
Davie	88
Days of the week	56
Departed friends	100
Draughts and deaths	88
Dress	79
Dying bequests	96
Easy man, the	98
Fallacies of the young—Justice and generosity	59
Cleverness	92
Family affections	73
Favouritism in families	89
Fellow passengers	60
Figures and aspects of men	104
Fluctuations of rank	103
Good actions	97
Gratitude	79
Harry Weir	102
He that tholes overcomes	78
Hints to talkers	75
House-money	93
Intentions	60
Is ignorance bliss?	101
Knowledge, the new	77
Listeners	79
Little man with the wig	99
Living and the dead	68
Long livers	81
Losses in families	58
Makers and spenders—	
First article	84
Second article	85
Third article	88
Fourth article	89
Man who sung when asked	95
Man, the	76
Men about town	71
Might, could, would, or should	72
Names	66
Old bachelors	67
Palliations	90
Particular invitations	57
Peeps from a window	91
Peghler	62
Poor people and rich people	53
Promptitude	99
Quotations	76
Respectable and not respectable	96
Saving	87
Scottish probationers	101
Self-appreciation	86
Skeleton in every house	83
Small affairs	94
Spending money	67
Start, the	100
Tea and supper	65
Tom Brims	70
Town and country	86
Turn of the penny	63
Umbrellas	61
Victim of indiscretion	103
Windfalls	69

TALES.

Alemoor	72
Barney O'Reardon	63
Bastile, the	98
Chevalier D'Avenant	96
Clydesdale, tale of	87
Confessions of a drunkard	93
Dead-letter box, No. I.	65
No. II.	75
No. III.	85
East Indian story	99
Eastern story	70
Edward Gunn	87

Elizabeth Latimer	Nos. 79
First theft	100
French revolution, story of	60
Genteel young men	97
Grizel Cochrane	84
Halloween prophecy	58
Happy valley	86
Harriet Bruce	71
Indian wife	67
John Mactaggart	55
Jamaica, story of	89
Lady Isabel	69
Last will and testament	95
Legend of Marseilles	73
Nelly Ballantyne	82
New England village	59
Olive Hathaway	104
Old minister's tale	74
On board a man-of-war	56
Oulie Hielan	56
Outcast	78
Paddy the piper	83
Parted, the	80
Poisoner, the	85
Poor Irish scholar	53
Pressed sailor	103
Rhinnis of Galloway	81, 82
Rifle, the	101
Runaway slave	104
Sailor's orphans	90
Sam Spritsail	86
Smugglers	88
Stair, Countess of	88
Storm, the	57
Stranger, the	91
Superstitious fears	77
Tale of Scottish life	61
Tale of Tweeddale	64
Top boots	55
Twin flowers	66
Village musician	54
Wardrobe of the dead	76
Watchmaker	72
Wodenblock, Mynheer Von	69

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

Brown, Dr Thomas	90
Bunyan, John	84
Caxton, William	54
Chaucer	82
Clay, Henry	64
Cook, Captain	95
Defoe	65
Edwards, William	66
Eulenstein	59
Galt, John	91
Gows, the	97
Heron, Robert	77
Heyne	81
Humboldt	86, 87
Lackington, James	79
Lawrence, Sir Thomas	101
Linnaeus	56
Macdonald, Flora	92
Mackay, Robert	89
Mahomet	57, 60
Napier of Merchiston	99
Park, Mungo	69, 71
Perouse	53
Porter, Miss Jean	67
Rittenhouse, David	78
Ritchie, Alexander	70
Sanderson	61
Spencer	83
Taylor, James	58
Weber	96

POETRY.

Address to Bell Rock light-house	92
Arise, my love	59
Auld wife's address to the moon	69
Education	97
Farewell to the dead	102
Field flowers	86
Glimpse of Caledonia	70
Human life, by Moxon	67
Human life, by Barton	99

I'm not a single man	Nos. 100
Jolly young Colly	96
Lily of the valley	88
Lines by Galt	93
My grave	56
Nature	79
Ossian	104
Polly Parton	76
She never told her love	35
Sleeping child, on a	64
Slumber	57
Song	85
Tooth of the olden time	95
Treasures of the deep	87
Wants a place	75
Wedded love	94
Wife of Auchtermuchtie	61
Wild flower, to a	68
Winds, the	53
Wish-burst	74
Woman's heart	67

COLUMNS FOR PARTICULAR CLASSES.

Column for boys—(VIOLENCE IN SPORTS, &c.)	83
boys—(ANTS)	92
boys—(SPIDERS)	98
cottagers—(STRAW-PLAT)	91
little boys and girls—(CONDUCT)	62
little girls—(POOR WIDOW AND HER DAUGHTER)	58
mothers—(POLITE-NESS)	93
schoolboys—(HORACE AND CICERO)	79
schoolboys—(OVID AND VIRGIL)	77
schoolboys—(PHEDRUS, EUTROPIUS, AND NEPOS)	74
schoolboys—(ROMAN ELEGIAC AND SATIRICAL POETS)	89
very young ladies—(LETTER FROM A FATHER)	55
young people—(GOSSAMER SPIDERS)	60
young people—(BOAT-BUILDERS)	96

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Adventure at sea	66
Albania and Ali Pacha	76
Africa, discoveries in	74
Alan na Soph	54
Algiers	100
American state prisons	92
American original	76
Amusements at Margate	72
Analogies in nature	103
Animal vitality	83
April	65
Arethusa	62
Ass and the mule	104
Assassins, history of the	80
Antipathies to animals.	62
Ballater	79
Bell Rock light-house	62
Battle between two snakes	85
Battle of Bannockburn	54
Bear-hunting	69
Bees, honey and wild	95
Benmuichdhu	75
Bird of Washington	63
Bird-nesting in the Southern Ocean	89
Black-hole of Calcutta	60
Border prophecy	61
Bowed Joseph	89
Brisson's captivity in Africa	87
Bruce, last moments of Robert	69
Buccaneers, the	94

Butterflies	Nos. 94
Canada, letters from	72, 73
Capital of the Highlands	102
Canongate of Edinburgh	80
Celebrated libraries	78, 80
Chambers's Journal	53, 89
Chapter for working classes	87
Chapter from Izaak Walton	103
Chapter for the industrious	97
Cheap publications	68
Chelsea	77
Cipher writing	56
Cocoa-nut tree	91
Column on the fine arts	35
Condemned soldier	94
Cultivation of the mind	104
Curling	100
Davy's safety-lamp	50
Day and night	59
Deer-hunting in America	65
Dee, sources of the	73
Deeside	66
Diamond mines of Brazil	90
Divisions of the globe	90
Doctored monkey	101
Domestic duties	102
Domestic things, history of	53
Drawing, the art of	93, 94
Drama in old times	73, 78
Drears	62
Earth, shape of the	86
Edinburgh in present and past age	61
Effects of trades on health	58, 84, 103
Elements of health	62
Emigration, by the Ettrick Shepherd	68
Emigration (letters from a young lady on)	102
English rural parish	95
English and Scotch	69
English village	71
Escape of Lieutenant Boys	86
Ettrick Shepherd, adventure of	90
Examination of a Scottish witness	71
Excursions of the Londoners	68
Fascination in animals	97
Fire-damp	56
Fish preserves	93
Fishing villages	98
Flitting, the	66
Florida, the	60
Fogs and mists	80
Franklin's expedition	67, 68
Freemasonry in United States	63
French manners	104
Fuel	96
Funeral ceremonies of Arabs	64
Gambling in the metropolis	99
Game of golf	97
Geology	92
Giants, dwarfs, and pigmies	71
Greece	68
Greenwich	76
Hampton Court	78
Hermit of Manor	65
High life in fourteenth century	66
Hospitality in the woods	57
Horses in ancient times	69
Houses of the Romans	90
Imprisonment of authors	85
Indian antiquities	99
Iron steam-boats	76
Isle of Man	53
Italian sleep-walker	82
Jack Cassada	
James V., private life of	
James VI., marriage of	
Jews of York, narrative of	
Jews, modern	
Journal of a voyage	
June	
Kentucky cave	
Knot records of	
Land of Br...	
Land of S...	
Land of S...	
Land of S...	
Land of S...	
Land of S...	

INDEX.

	Nos.		Nos.		Nos.		Nos.
Language of birds	58	Popular Information on Science—		Ohio	100	Literary piracy	54
Last execution in Grassmarket	92	Animal magnetism	71	Indiana	103	Longevity of actors	83
Letter from Canada to Ettrick Shepherd	100	Atmospheric electricity	88	Kentucky	104	Magna Charta	78
Letter from a settler for life in Van Dieman's Land	99	Aurora borealis	81	Westminster tobacco-box	62	Manners	79
Library, Bodleian	80	Colours of sun, and halos	84	Winter travelling in Canada	92	Marble, curiously stained	76
Libraries, Italian	78	Dew; honey dew	68	Woes of a country surgeon	83	Maudray Thursday customs	90
Life on the Great St Bernard	67	Glaciers	73	Workmen, hints for	81	Maxwell's cross	63
Living in Jamaica	58	Hail	62	Young chemist	80, 82, 86, 90	Memory	54
Literary history of the Bible—		Luminous meteors	75			Memory among the ancients	55
Fourth article	55	Meteorology	75	ANECDOTES & PARAGRAPHS.		Memoirs	55
Apocrypha	72, 75	Parahelia	85	Affinity of Turkish and Scottish dialects	103	Method of obtaining flowers of different colours	64
Ancient versions	63	Rain	58, 59	Aged gardeners	96	Mice	97
English versions	70	Sleet, haze, mist, fog	67	Alexander the Great	78	Mock shaving at Oxford	74
Hebrew language	59	Snow	63	Almanacks	55	Modes of communicating disease	103
Modern foreign versions	68	Polynesia	79, 81, 82	Ambition worse than slavery	74	Monkeys	83
Integrity of the text	61	Practices of literary men	71	Amasis	72	Monomania	61
Septuagint and Vulgate	65	Prior of St Michel	98	Ancient economy	69	Mount Carmel	83
Lithography	71, 77	Railway excursions	88	Angling	82	Narrative of three children	64
Lockerbie lick	59	Ramble in Southern Africa	94	Antipathy of the hen to water	87	National epaulettes	66
Logan, the Indian chief	51	Rambles in the metropolis—the seat of government	104	Apple	64	National physical force of animals	64
London	68	Ratcliffe heroism in real life	74	Athenian soup	78	Natural woods of Scotland	80
London during the plague	96	Ranald of the Hens	67	Ayrshire anecdotes	56	Newspapers	55
London thoroughfares	61	Recollections of my grandmother	67	Beautiful thought	74	Norwegians	72
Long vitality of seeds	68	Religious institutions	74	Beer	71	Number of a person's ancestors	62
Man, the	76	Remarkable travels—Carver in North America	76, 80	Beer and bear	53	Old English armour	103
Man-of-war vessel	84, 85	Reminiscences of my travels	64, 66	Bees and mice in Canada	59	Overfeeding	74
Manners of West Indian slaves	101	— of a sportsman	57	Birds, the geographical distribution of	91	Oxford flying coach	65
Margate, amusements at	77	— of an old officer	80	Blasting rocks under water	62	Parliamentary similes	57
Masanello	102	Rheumatism	89	Brown bear	90	Passage of bullets through the body	66
Medicine, popular errors in	83	Rights of property	102	Business	80	Passion of Indians for liquor	64
Meg Dods, original of	70	Roads	104	Calderwood castle	60	Perversion of name	53
Mekka, pilgrimage to	83	Rural affairs	68	Canadian improvements	63	Pig pointer	66
Michigan territory	83	Sagacity of smelling	63	Climate of England	60	Plains of Troy	85
Minute writing	100	Sailing down the Ohio	85	Coach horses	62	Players at Oxford	55
Miseries of savage life	68	Salt	101	Cow tree	77	Poodle dog	87
Moorish manners	102	Science and labour	99	Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer	76	Portrait painting	64
Mouth, legend of the large	92	Schools in ancient times	92	Crimson clover	81	Portuguese	53
Mow-wat-tin	77	Scott, marriage of Sir Walter	78	Cromwell	63	Power of small animals	100
Muscular power of animals	99	Scottish Dukes—Montrose	57	Curious anecdote	57	Practical vulgar fractions	61
Natural philosophy	91, 92	— Roxburgh	67	Cutting diamond	63	Prejudice the spider of the mind	86
Nature's magic lantern	87	Scottish criminal trials—Sorcery and witchcraft	60	Daft Sandy Miller	81	Pride effectually rebuked	102
Natural history—		Scottish society, formation of	95	Dancing	81	Printer's devil	73
Brown bear	66	Scottish streams—		Debating in New Orleans	94	Prognostics of the weather	64
Dog; wolf	78	The Tay	83	Destructive kissing	80	Proper pride in a dog	87
Fox	80	The Forth	87	Destruction of Lisbon	72	Prose style of poets	77
Hedgehog; mole	65	The Clyde	88	Diluvial remains	64	Quack doctor	56
Lion	89	The Tweed	89	Dinner hour	55	Question of a dowry	53
Hyenas	83	Scottish lakes—Lochleven	82	Diogenes	97	Rains in Jamaica	56
Monkey tribes; bats	53	Scottish watering-places—Inverleithen	70	Duck-shooting in Canada	102	Remarkable anecdote	68
Polar bear	70	Scottish military bishop	60	Economy of time	103	Reply of Diogenes	80
Polecat; weasel	72	Scraps from antiquity	97	Effects of nervous system	60	Reply of Archelaus	78
Skunk; otter	75	Scraps in natural history	77	Effects of temperature	104	Roman founder	66
Stoat; ferret	74	Sea, the	95, 100	Egyptian laws	97	Rules in etiquette	66
Neighbourhood of St Paul's	66	Seeds, long vitality of	68	Elegance by accident	95	Sagacity in a dog	87
New South Wales	95	Serpent-hunting	97	English translation	53	Salting and smoking meat	104
New-year observances	101	Settlers of the west	97	English jockeys	57	Satirical reproof	94
Night adventure in Egypt	63	Shape of the earth, &c.	86	Exercise	94	Saving knowledge	77
Norway, sketches of	78	Skye, island of	84	Extraordinary produce	64	Saying of the ancients	64
Old Kentucky	104	Slaves in ancient states	68	Falstaff buckram men	55	Scott, Sir Walter	86
Olympus and Parnassus	82	Slide of Alpnach	79	Fashionable dinner party in Abyssinia	103	Scottish town drummers	66
Oracles and mysteries	89	Small towns	93	Gardens in ships	75	Sentimental pigeon	87
Origin of English coins	60	Smoking and snuff-taking	91	Gentlemanly dog	80	Serjeant Campbell	57
Our schooldays	103	Society in London	82	Gigantic flowers	64	Singular captivity	64
Passage in history of South American independence	75	South of France—Marseilles	58	Gravediggers	102	Singular custom	90
Perils of a Dutch crew at Nova Zembla	88	Spanish etiquette	62	Guelphs and Ghibellines	73	Smith, Dr Adam	95
Peter Young, the gipsy chief	57	Spending money	67	Guillotine	76	Smith's grace, Dr	95
Philippaugh	58	Sprains, treatment of	73	Habits of the Americans	61	Sullivan the Whisperer	81
Physiognomy	59	Stair, Countess of	88	Hackstoun of Rathillet	82	Sunday amusements	64
Physicians	80	Steam carriages	69	Hare, the	80	Sunday at Calcutta	91
Pirates of the Archipelago	83	Summer and winter	60	Haul of wood in Newfoundland	89	Spain, present state of	80
Plague of the West Indies	86	Swan River settlement	96	Haydock, Richard	76	Spanish village	66
Plants and flowers	98	Temperance societies	103	Highland settler	61	Spectres	61
Poisons of the ancients	81	Time, reckoning of	95	Highland tradition	101	Speech of animals	73
Porteous mob	69	Tolbooth of Edinburgh	86	Horned women	56	Spices	76
Popular morals	54, 57, 64	Toothache	75	High-eared race of men	64	Spirituous liquors from trees	77
Popular Information on Literature—		Travels in north of Europe	55	Horned women	64	Stage-coach travelling	60
Homer; Herodotus	69	Travelling on the Ganges	98	Ingenuity of bees	87	Stopper, to remove a	80
Livy; Tacitus	85	Trip to Margate	70	Instinct of birds	61	Stupidity of sheep	53
ITALIAN POETS—Dante	92	Turkey	55	Intelligence in card-playing	96	Tabard	76
Petrarch	93	Turkish sketch	87	Intercourse without language	101	Teaching the deaf	55
Boccaccio	94	Two days in the riding-school	70	Irishmen	57	Tibby and the minister	53
Ariosto	95	Vegetable production, curious facts regarding	94	Janet and her web	93	Turkish opium-eaters	74
Tasso	96	Voluntary and involuntary motions	66	Jesting	56	Turnbells and Rutherfords	60
Popular Information on History—		Washington and his mother	89	Joe Miller	64	Turning a corner	80
Empire of Constantinople	61	Waters in the desert	57	Joseph Blackett	67	Value of an African wife	64
Religion and manners of the Romans	56	Western states of America—Western Pennsylvania	98	Kindness to the sick	73	Varnish tree	67
Rise of the papal power	59			Lace made by caterpillars	93	Ventriloquist	77
Roman games	102			Ladies in India	78	Wages and prices in Canada	88
				Learned ladies	64	Waste of corn in agriculture	94
				Light	80	When to kill a lion	64
				Lineal consanguinity	64	Wit	72
						Woad, use of	94

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."

No. 53.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

At this important era in our labours—the commencement of a second volume, and of a separate impression for the Kingdom of Ireland—we assume the liberty of saying a few words regarding ourselves.

The JOURNAL was commenced, February 4, 1832, with nothing in its favour but a little experience in popular literature, joined to great ardour of purpose, on the part of the individuals connected with it. Since then—without any of the usual expedients for facilitating the circulation of literature—without puffing—almost without advertising—by the sheer force, apparently, of its own applicability to the wants and tastes of the public—the work has reached an extent of circulation far beyond that of any periodical work, consisting of letter-press alone, that ever existed. Some facts in the history of such a publication may be received with some degree of interest by the public.

The sale of the first twelve numbers of the JOURNAL was confined in a great measure to Scotland; and the quantity then printed (including a portion designed for the supply of future demands) was thirty-one thousand. At the thirteenth number, an impression was commenced in London, which soon very nearly doubled the previous amount of sales. The eight ensuing numbers were printed both in England and Scotland, from forms of types respectively set up in London and Edinburgh, which necessarily induced the risk of printing a few additional thousands, to be reserved as stock. But at the twenty-first publication, it was resolved to use stereotype plates, so that the impressions might in both cases be limited to the immediate demand, leaving all future necessities to be supplied exactly as they arose. From the types set up under the care of the Editors at Edinburgh, were then cast two sets of plates, one of which was regularly transmitted on a particular day to London, where it was used instead of separate forms of types: by which means, the Editors might be said to have the advantage of supervising both editions; the risk of superfluous stock was avoided; and yet the whole expense of the two sets of plates was less than what had previously been paid for the double composition of the types. When the system had fully taken effect, the united sale of the two editions approached fifty thousand, and it is still increasing in both countries, to a degree which, though not perhaps warranting the expectation of a much greater advance, is the best possible assurance to the Editors that the general success of the work is of a steady and permanent character.

Very soon after the commencement of the work, intelligence reached the Editors that a regular reprint of the principal articles in the JOURNAL was executed at New York. What success attended this scheme has not been learned; but, since then, the Editors have had repeated applications from different colonies of Great Britain, especially Canada and the West Indies, respecting a reprint in those places, by stereotype plates or otherwise, though, from various circumstances, no such arrangement has as yet been found practicable. As in some measure compensating this disappointment, the Editors have been given to understand that innumerable copies find their way, through the kindness of friends, to individuals in almost all the dependencies of Great Britain, even in the remote fur settlements of North America. It is also a circumstance in no small degree satisfactory, that, with the present publication, commences an independent impression for Ireland, by the use of a set of stereotype plates, taken, like the others, from the types set up under the immediate care of the Editors, and which are subjected to the press by Messrs Curry and Company of Dublin. The work is now, therefore, si-

No. 1. Vol. II

multaneously printed and published in each of the three capitals of the United Kingdom; a circumstance for which there is no parallel in the annals of letters.

In seeking to analyse the merits of this success, we must acknowledge in the very outset that the grand cause has been the unusually large space of paper and print in reference to the price; an idea for which we were indebted to certain works with less pretensions to originality, and others which endeavoured to minister to the less worthy passions of the multitude. As the circumstance may afterwards become matter of notice and dispute, we think it proper to claim, on this occasion, the merit of having first attempted a publication in which original and respectable literature was conveyed at the minimum of price, for the use of the people at large. To prove our claims, we request an inspection of dates, by which it will be found that we commenced several months before the Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and still longer before the other respectable publications of the same kind, which have paid us the compliment of adopting our plan, and now divide with us the public attention. Whatever honour, therefore, may hereafter be thought due to the discoverer of a mode of circulating knowledge on so vast a scale, must fall indisputably to the originators of CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

If this priority has already secured to us a success far distancing our imitators, we trust that the public will generally allow that we have not reposed upon that advantage alone, but have fairly and honourably exerted ourselves to give it permanence and real desert, by the intrinsic value of the articles successively composed for our work. It is, we have too much reason to suspect, a prevailing impression, that the most part of our work is borrowed, without acknowledgment, from various sources—as if it could not be believed that so many original articles of fancy, observation, and science, could be given for such a small sum of money. But we can assure the reader, that, in every instance where not otherwise expressed, the article is an original composition, prepared by the Editors themselves, or under their direction, and expressly designed and fashioned for appearing in our pages. The superior success which has attended our efforts, instead of placing us at our ease respecting the material of our work, has only incited us to attempt, and enabled us to achieve, its improvement; so that, in some of the late numbers, there have been original compositions, by nearly as many different writers as what generally go to the composition of an ordinary magazine.* While it is obvious that this could only be done, with advantage to those concerned, after a very high degree of success had been attained, it must be equally obvious to the public, that, in no work of inferior circulation, and of the same price, is there any chance of a quantity of reading being found equal in value to what we are enabled to present; a result, simply, of that near approximation of the manufacturer's price to that of the retailer, which an extensive and regular sale, unattended by extra expense, has enabled us to bring into force, to a degree infinitely beyond what has ever been known in literature—where, on the contrary, there has always been a greater difference between the cost of production and the sale price than in any other branch of manufacture.

In addition to all considerations of increased and increasing literary strength, the other principles upon

* In No. 49—which, at the time we write, is the last publication—there were seven writers employed—almost all of them men of such practice and experience in letters, as to be able to maintain themselves by the labours of their pens.

which the JOURNAL has hitherto stood, will be rigidly adhered to in time coming, so that no shock may be given, on the part of its conductors, to a system so promising of ultimate advantage, in the cultivation and improvement of the national mind. The work is perfectly universal in its principles, and such it shall continue to be. In looking back over the labours of the past year, the Editors feel assured that there is not to be detected a single passage by which any individual or body could be considered as injured, whether in respect of religious, political, or simply moral feeling. If great power has been placed in the hands of the Editors, it certainly has, in no case, been used in an unworthy spirit: no attempt has been made, either directly or indirectly, to depreciate the efforts of our neighbours; no effort has been made to convert a great engine, properly destined for mankind at large, into a vehicle for the petulant fancies of an individual, or the narrow views of a partisan in science, politics, or letters; and, above all, we have indulged in none of that endless, meaningless flippancy, respecting ourselves and our productions, which, in many other periodical works of higher pretension, has given so much offence to good taste. Every article has been presented as a distinct thing, speaking for itself, either as a body of information on a certain point, or as a picture of real or fictitious life; and, while periodical works in general are chiefly composed of what may be called a *literature upon a literature*—like the commentators of the period of the revival of letters, with their huge tomes upon the classics—the Journal has aimed at giving an *original and independent literature*, with however humble pretensions to merit. In the whole range of our pages, there has hardly been a word about what Goldsmith calls "Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" all has been plain, downright, substantial matter, generally based upon the broadest human interests, and depending for its effect solely upon its own merits. Though sensible, moreover, that we might have extended our circulation very much, especially out of Scotland, by the introduction of pictorial embellishments, we have stood steadfast upon letter-press alone, addressing our readers through their understandings, rather than their senses, and thereby making certainly a far less direct appeal to the mass of the public than what is made by the only respectable work which exceeds our own in circulation.

Many attempts are made by the newspapers, from time to time, to hold up the EDINBURGH JOURNAL, and all other works of the same kind, as illegal publications, in so far as they evade the payment of the newspaper duty. An ingenious plan is adopted for giving this false imputation an appearance of truth: the works which the newspapers in reality wish to depreciate are always confounded with the desperate trash, which, in open defiance of the laws, issue weekly dissertations on political events without the use of stamps. We hold this to be an exceedingly unworthy trick on the part of the newspaper press; for, though it is certainly a hardship for them to be competed with by unstamped political pasquils, they have no reason to complain of other papers, which are exclusively literary, and sedulously avoid every allusion whatsoever to the passing time. Of this latter description is our JOURNAL—which, in reality, is prevented from being in the remotest degree a newspaper, by its being necessarily set up in types about a month before its publication. The small price of the work has in other instances procured us sneers for which there is but a very unsubstantial ground. Even if it were allowable to estimate literature by the price connected with it—which certainly is not allowable, otherwise the heaviest three

guinea quartos would throw the cleverest half-crown magazines completely into the shade—it is only in respect of single copies that the work could be termed humble. Take the JOURNAL in the aggregate, and, even upon the contemptible principle of those who talk of a *cheap publication*, as if cheapness were a stigma, it would probably exceed the fortune, or extent of business, of ninety-nine out of every hundred who expose in that manner their own illiberality. The number of sheets annually circulated by the Scottish newspapers—thirty-five in number, and many of them published twice and three times in the week—is 1,733,500. The number issued by the publishers of the JOURNAL is 2,600,000, exclusive of the HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, which would increase the amount to within a little of *three millions*! The paper annually used by the JOURNAL amounts to 5416 reams, weighing about 130,000 pounds, and paying about £1600 to government as duty; and it is exceedingly probable that, in a short time, the Irish circulation will add, at least, a fourth to these computations. If cheapness, or, to use better phraseology, the minimum of price—the perfection of every manufacturing system—secures results so brilliant as this, speaking commercially—but, speaking morally, results so likely to elevate the character of the British nations—who would not stoop, in such a case, that he might conquer?

NATURAL HISTORY.

MONKEY TRIBES.—BATS.

In a former article, we stated, that of all animals, the Chimpanzé, in conformation, approached nearest to that of man; and that this physical similitude had led many to suppose that Man himself was an improved race of one of these beasts. We have, however, we hope, satisfactorily shown how absurd is such an opinion.

Crawford, in his "Mission to Ava," mentions a human individual whom he saw in that country, who bore strong marks of quadrumanal descent, in as much as he was covered with hair from head to foot, and whose history is not less remarkable than that of the extraordinary Porcupine Men, who excited so much curiosity in England and other parts of Europe about a century ago.

The hair of the face of this singular hairy man of Ava, the ears included, is very shaggy, and about eight inches long; on the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. This curious being has a remarkable peculiarity in the number of his teeth, namely, being entirely divested of those called the molars, or grinders.

This individual is a native of the Shan country, or Iao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Saluen or Martaban River; he was presented to the King of Ava as a curiosity, by the Prince of that country. At Ava he married a Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters—the eldest resembling her mother, and the youngest is covered with hair, like her father, only it is white, or fair, whereas his is now dark brown, or black, having, however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the exception mentioned, both the father and mother are perfectly well formed, and, indeed, for the Burman race, are rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the king to the residence of the Mission, where drawings and descriptions of them were taken.

These singular beings will no doubt increase, if allowed to marry, and establish a race of monsters like themselves; for we find that peculiarities of animal structure are frequently carried down through successive generations. And we have no doubt, but, by a union of two beings thus provided with natural clothing, that their whole progeny would be like themselves.

Monkeys and their congeners are a vast tribe, consisting of many species, out of which modern naturalists have formed a number of distinct genera. There is scarcely a country in tropical climates that does not swarm with them, and hardly a forest that has not vast troops of distinct species. All the species smaller than the baboon have less power of doing mischief, and their ferocity diminishes with their size. In their native woods they are the pests of other animals, and the masters of the forests where they reside; the tiger nor the lion will not venture to dispute dominion with creatures, who, from the tops of trees, with impunity carry on an offensive war, and by their agility escape all pursuit. Even birds have not less to fear from their depredations, as they seem to have a delight in pillaging and tearing to pieces their nests. Many species of birds, with an intelligent foresight, construct their nests either at the very pinnacle of a tree, or suspended at the tip of one of the most tender branches, so as to prevent the prying intrusion of monkeys. The only animals of the forest which venture to oppose them, are serpents. Large snakes often wind up the trees, and surprise them while they are asleep, when they fall victims to their superior strength, and are speedily devoured. Monkeys generally inhabit the higher parts of trees, while snakes cling to the branches near the bottom; in this manner they are near each other, like enemies in the same field of battle. Some supposed that their vicinity rather argued mutual friendship, which is by no means the case. Latat says he has seen them playing their gambols upon those branches on which snakes were reposing, and dexterously jumping over them without receiving any injury. They provoke snakes in the same manner as sparrows twitter at a cat.

The dexterity in passing from one tree to another, noticed in our last paper on this subject, is common to the whole tribe.

In April 1828, a dog-faced baboon (the *Semia hamadryas* of Linnæus) died in the Tower Menagerie of London, after having attracted a great deal of attention during his residence in that establishment, not only on account of his extraordinary resemblance to humanity in form and appearance, but also in his manners and habits. The right arm, in particular, exhibited a singular similitude to the corresponding part of the human figure; so much so, indeed, that had it not been for its hairy covering, and the somewhat unusual length of the fingers, the eye at least might have almost mistaken it for a portion of some brawny blacksmith, or hero of the ring. This baboon, we understand, used at all events to brandish his pot of porter by its assistance, in a style that would have done honour to a lord of the creation, and would swill it off, apparently with quite a human relish. His attentions to a dog that used to be a frequent visitor at his cage, were in the very finest style of dignified patronising. Nor did this little favourite of his seem to recognise any difference between the pat of his brother quadruped's paw and that of the whiter-skinned and shorter-fingered animal. This jolly toper, however, sunk under the effects of a confirmed dropsy, caused, no doubt, by his plentiful potations, with which, we understand, he was too liberally indulged.

In common with man, quadrupeds can easily acquire a taste for liquors. It is well known that the elephant forms an ardent liking for wine, ale, ginger beer, and even brandy. The horse, also, has been frequently known to relish these luxuries. Indeed, there is hardly a horse that will not drink ale freely. Dogs have frequently been taught to take ardent spirits. We have one in our possession, who drinks punch out of a wine-glass. We remember many years ago to have seen at Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, a jackdaw who had contracted a liking for whisky. He belonged to Mr William Wright, a publican, where he had frequent opportunities of tasting John Barley-corn; and we saw him on one occasion indulge in it to intoxication. It was amusing to see him with his wings drooping, their tips dragging along the ground, while he staggered from side to side, and all but losing his equilibrium, with his eyes half-closed by the nictitating membrane. At length, however, poor Jack fell like a Dutchman *bottom-over-top*, and lay motionless, having sunk into that death-like sleep which a superabundance of fermented or spirituous liquors always produce on the animal system. His feet were extended, and Mr Wright thought his favourite, if not dead, was certain to give up the ghost without awaking. He was rolled in flannel, and placed in a closet. Next morning, when the door was opened, Jack was ready to sound a retreat, and ran to the back door, so that he might allay his thirst in a stone basin, from which the domestic fowls drank.

Having given a rapid sketch of the monkeys in general, we shall now turn to the second family of four-handed animals, which Cuvier has ranked under the general name of LEMURS. The characters of these animals consist in their general form approaching to that of quadrupeds, properly so called; their cutting-teeth being in both jaws, as regards number, form, and situation, like monkeys, while their nostrils are placed at the extremity of the muzzle; their posterior limbs are longer than those before, and the first finger of the hind feet, next the thumb, is terminated by a sharp turned-up nail; they have either two or four teats, which are placed in the breast; and when they have a tail, it is not hanging.

This family, according to Cuvier, consists of seven genera, namely, *Indris*, *Lemur*, *Loris*, *Nycticebus*, *Gallago*, *Tarsius*, and *Cheiromys*. Amongst these, one of the most curious is the Macaco, or Ruffed Lemur, which inhabits the woods of Madagascar, and some other of the Indian islands. Its voice is uncommonly keen and sharp, which it exercises frequently in the manner of the Preacher Monkey. Lemurs are sociable animals, generally of very peaceable dispositions, without malice, or mischief of any kind; and in this respect very unlike their congeners, the tricky and petulant monkeys.

An absurd opinion has long prevailed that the Ruffed Lemur has an obscure notion of the existence of a Supreme Being, to whom he pays adoration. The circumstance which has given rise to this improbable notion is rather of a singular nature. Several acute observers have remarked, that these animals place themselves opposite to the sun, and appear to admire or rejoice at the sight of it. It is said they invariably sit down and stretch out their hands while they direct their eyes to this luminary; and also to turn themselves towards it at its rising and setting, as well as at several other times in the course of the day, and in this situation to continue for whole hours together. We have the most positive assurance of Sonnini as to this fact.

It would be difficult to account for this remarkable practice, except by supposing that it is of a very chilly constitution, and, therefore, wishes to warm himself with the genial rays of the sun. We are informed by Buffon, that he kept a Ruffed Lemur for several years while in Burgundy, and that he always sat close by the fire, and stretched out his arms towards it, like a human being, to warm himself.

The whole of this family are inhabitants of tropical climates.

The next animals which demand our attention are those of the third order of Cuvier's arrangement, viz. the CHEIROPTERA, which includes all the numerous tribe of Bats. Their general form is disposed for flight, their cutting-teeth are variable in number, their canine teeth more or less strong, and their grinders sometimes covered with points, and sometimes furrowed lengthways; they have a fold of skin between their arms and legs and the fingers of the fore-feet; they have two teats on the breast, and very strong collar-bones; their fore-arms are not capable of rotation.

The first family of this tribe is termed Galeopithecus by Cuvier, or the Flying Lemur of Linnæus' system. The habits of these animals are yet but imperfectly known. They hang suspended by their hind-legs to the branches of trees, and feed on insects, and, in all probability, on small birds, for which nature has fitted them, from the carnivorous character of their teeth. These animals move on the ground with great difficulty, but climb trees with much facility, and spring from the branches of one to those of another with surprising dexterity, supported in the air by the extension of a large membrane, by which their body is invested, even to the points of the toes. One of the species is nearly as large as a domestic cat; and it may well be wondered that so large an animal should be enabled to float a distance of thirty-five to forty feet through the atmosphere, and be able to alight on a branch, and have the power to sustain itself after so violent an action. But they have collar-bones of very great strength, which give them much strength in the fore-arms. They feed by night, and suspend themselves by their hind-feet to branches of trees, like bats, during the day.

The second family of this order are the *Vespertiliones*, or Bats. Modern naturalists have divided these into many genera. The most remarkable of these are the various species which go under the common appellation of Vampyres. One of the most frightful of these is the Spectre Vampire, *Phyllostoma spectrum*. It is the largest of the bat tribe, and inhabits South America and some islands of the Pacific Ocean. The length of its body is six inches, and with extended wings exceeding two feet.

We are informed by De Condamine, that these bats suck the blood of horses, mules, and men. He says, that, in his time at Boria, and several other places, they had destroyed the breed of great cattle, which were introduced there by the missionaries. Foster says, that, in the Friendly Islands, they swarm like bees, and that clusters of from four to five hundred of them may be seen suspended from trees, by their hind-feet principally, although a few hang by their fore-feet.

Captain Stedman states, that, while in Surinam, he awoke about four o'clock one morning, and was considerably alarmed by finding himself weltering in congealed blood, and was unable to account for this, as he felt no pain whatever. "The mystery," says he, "was, that I had been bitten by the vampire, or spectre of Guiana, which is also called the flying-dog of New Spain; and, by the Spaniards, *perrovolador*. This is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle, while they are fast asleep, even, sometimes, till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fawning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small, indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is, consequently, not painful; yet, through this orifice, he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging until he is scarcely able to fly, and the sufferer has often been known to pass from time to eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco ashes, as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and hammock, I observed several heaps of congealed blood all round the place where I had lain, upon the ground; on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least fourteen ounces of blood."

The following amusing account of these animals is recorded by a recent traveller in South America:—

"Some years ago," says Mr Waterton, "I went to the river Paumaron, with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbet. We hung in hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two, just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. 'What is the matter, Sir?' said I, softly, 'is any thing amiss?' 'What's the matter!' answered he, surlily; 'why, the vampyres have been sucking me to death.' As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock.—See, how these infernal imps have been drawing my life's blood.' On examining his foot, I found the vampire had *tapped* his great toe. There was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech. The blood was still oozing from it. I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him into a worse humour, by remarking, that a European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have bled him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did

not say a word. I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this piece of ill-timed levity."

The common European bat spends the winter in a torpid state, in some dark hole, suspended by one of its feet. During this condition the circulation of the blood is so slow, that its motion is hardly perceptible. The powers of its digestive functions are totally suspended. In this state the bat continues, till insects are let loose from their auricular condition by the general warmth of the vernal sun; when he may again be seen pursuing his predatory habits on these tribes.

There are some instances recorded of bats having been found inclosed in situations where they must have remained in a torpid condition for many years, like the toad. We may mention one of these. A man employed in splitting timber near Kinsall, Cheshire, in the beginning of December 1826, discovered, in the centre of a large pear-tree, a living bat, of a bright scarlet colour, which he suffered to escape, from fear, being fully persuaded that it was not a being of this world. The tree presented a cavity in which the bat was inclosed, but was perfectly solid and sound all around. A similar instance is mentioned of one having been seen at Haining, in Selkirkshire.

Bats frequently fly abroad, with their young attached to their teats, which has been observed by many naturalists, and among these, Sir William Jardine.

THE POOR IRISH SCHOLAR.

[The following story, abridged from the clever work entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," gives an exceedingly affecting picture of the life of a poor scholar in Ireland, who, in his pursuit of learning, underwent the severest privations, and became an object of tyranny to the master of whom he was a pupil.]

"THERE is no country on the earth (says the author) in which either education, or the desire to procure it, is so much revered as in Ireland. Next to the claims of the priest and schoolmaster come those of the poor scholar for the respect of the people. It matters not how poor or how miserable he may be; so long as they see him struggling with poverty in the prosecution of a purpose so laudable, they will treat him with attention and kindness. Here there is no danger of his being sent to the workhouse, committed as a vagrant—or passed from parish to parish, until he reaches his own settlement. Here the humble lad is not met by the sneer of purse-proud insolence, or his simple tale answered only by the frown of heartless contempt. No—no—no. The best bit and sup are placed before him; and whilst his poor but warm-hearted entertainer can afford only potatoes and salt to his own half-starved family, he will make a struggle to procure something better for the poor scholar; 'Bekusa he's far from his own, the crathur! An' sure the intintion in him is good, any how; the Lord prosper him, an' every one that has the heart set upon the larnin'!"

Jemmy McEvoy was the son of a poor farmer in the parish of Ballysogarth, who was much reduced in his circumstances by the oppression of a factor, or middleman. Having a strong and virtuous desire to possess an education suitable for the office of a clergyman, in order, if possible, to be the means of rescuing his unfortunate parents from the poverty of their condition, a collection in money was humanely made at the different places of worship in the parish, to enable him to set out on his laudable expedition to a distant school in Munster. At length Jemmy was equipped, and sad and heavy became the hearts of his parents and immediate relations, as the morning appointed for his departure drew nigh. The morning came: it was dark and cloudy, but calm, and without rain. When the family were all assembled, every member of it evinced traces of deep feeling, and every eye was fixed upon the serene but melancholy countenance of the boy with tenderness and sorrow. He himself maintained a quiet equanimity; which, though apparently liable to be broken by the struggles of domestic affection, and in character with his meek and unassuming disposition, yet was supported by more firmness than might be expected from a mind in which kindness and sensibility were so strongly predominant. At this time, however, his character was not developed, or at least not understood by those that surrounded him. To strong feelings and enduring affections he added great keenness of perception and bitterness of invective. At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down—"It's right," said he, "that we should all go to our knees, and join in a prayer in behalf of the child that's goin' on a good intintion. He won't thrive the worse becase the last words that he'll hear from his father and mother's lips is a prayer for bringin' the blessin' of God down upon his endavours."

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose, and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending. When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his eyes, craved humbly and meekly the blessing and forgiveness of his father and mother. The mother caught him in her arms, kissed his lips, and kneeling also, sobbed out

a fervent benediction upon his head; the father now, in the grief of a strong man, pressed him to his heart, until the big burning tears fell upon the boy's face; his brothers and sisters embraced him wildly; next his more distant relations; and lastly, the neighbours who were crowded about the door. After this he took a light staff in his hand, and, first blessing himself after the form of his church, proceeded to a strange land in quest of education.

The poor scholar, in the course of his journey, had the satisfaction of finding himself an object of kind and hospitable attention to his countrymen. His satchel of books was literally a passport to their hearts. For instance, as he wended his solitary way, depressed and travel-worn, he was frequently accosted by labourers from behind a ditch on the road-side, and, after giving a brief history of the object he had in view, brought, if it was dinner-hour, to some farmhouse or cabin, where he was made to partake of their meal. Many, in fact, were the little marks of kindness and attention which the poor lad received on his way. Sometimes a ragged peasant, if he happened to be his fellow traveller, would carry his satchel so long as they travelled together; or a carman would give him a lift on his empty car; or some humorous postilion, or tipsy 'shay boy,' with a comical leer in his eye, would shove him into his vehicle.

Arriving at Munster, Jemmy, by the kindness of the curate, was introduced to the master of a school in the most favourable manner. He returned that day to his lodgings, and the next morning, with his Latin Grammar under his arm, he went to school to taste the first bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge. On entering it, which he did with a beating heart, he found the despot of a hundred subjects sitting behind a desk, with his hat on, a brow superciliously severe, and his nose crimped into a most cutting and vinegar curl. The truth was, the master knew the character of the curate, and felt, that, because he had taken Jemmy under his protection, no opportunity remained for him of fleecing the boy, under the pretence of securing his money, and that, consequently, the arrival of the poor scholar would be no windfall, as he had expected. When Jemmy entered, he looked first at the master; but the master, who verified the proverb that there are none so blind as those who will not see, took no notice whatsoever of him. The boy then looked timidly about the school in quest of a friendly face, and, indeed, few faces except friendly ones were turned upon him.

The master now made inquiry how he was to be paid for the education he was to confer, and Jemmy explained that he had money to pay for two years. 'Now, I persave you have decency,' said the bare-faced knave. 'Here is your task. Get that half page by heart. You have a cute look, and I've no doubt but the stuff's in you. Come to me after dismissal, 'til we have a little talk together.' Jemmy was, however, put on his guard by a boy named Thady; and so he was prepared against the designs of the master. During school-hours that day, many a warm-hearted urchin entered into conversation with the poor scholar; some moved by curiosity to hear his brief and simple history; others anxious to offer him a temporary asylum in their fathers' houses; and several of them to know if he had the requisite books, assuring him that if he had not, they would lend them to him. These proofs of artless generosity touched the homeless youth's heart the more acutely, in as much as he could perceive but too clearly that the eye of the master rested upon him from time to time with no auspicious glance. When the scholars dismissed, a scene occurred which was calculated to produce a smile, although it certainly placed the poor scholar in a predicament by no means agreeable. It resulted from a contest among the boys as to who should first bring him home. A battle ensued, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a little pair of fists present that were not at work, either on behalf of the two first combatants, or with a view to determine their own private rights in being the first to exercise hospitality towards the amazed poor scholar. The fact was, that while the two largest boys were arguing the point, about thirty or forty minor disputes all ran parallel to theirs, and their mode of decision was immediately adopted by the pugnacious urchins of the school. In this manner they were engaged, poor Jemmy attempting to tranquillize and separate them, when the master, armed in all his terrors, presented himself.

With the tact of a sly old disciplinarian, he first secured the door, and instantly commenced the agreeable task of promiscuous castigation. Heavy and vindictive did his arm descend upon those whom he suspected to have cautioned the boy against his rapacity; nor amongst the warm-hearted lads whom he thrashed so cunningly, was Thady passed over with a tender hand. Springs, bouncings, doublings, blowing of fingers, scratching of heads, and rubbing of elbows—shouts of pain, and doleful exclamations, accompanied by action that displayed surpassing agility—marked the effect with which he plied the instrument of punishment. In the meantime, the spirit of reaction, to use a modern phrase, began to set in. The master, while thus engaged in dispensing justice, first received a rather vigorous thrack on the ear from behind, by an anonymous contributor, who gifted him with what is called a musical ear, for it sang during five minutes afterwards. The monarch, when turning round to ascertain the traitor, received another insult on the most indefensible side; and that with a cordiality of

manner that induced him to send his right hand a reconnoitring the invaded part. He wheeled round a second time with more alacrity than before; but nothing less than the head of Janus could have secured him on the occasion. The anonymous contributor sent him a fresh article. This was supported by another kick behind; the turf began to fly; one after another came in contact with his head and shoulders so rapidly, that he found himself, instead of being the assailant, actually placed upon his defence. The insurrection spread, the turf flew more thickly; his subjects closed in upon him in a more compact body; every little fist itched to be at him; the larger boys boldly laid in the facers, punched him in the stomach, treated him most opprobriously behind, every kick and cuff accompanied by a memento of his cruelty; in short, they compelled him, like Charles the Tenth, ignominiously to fly from his dominions.

On finding the throne vacant, some of them suggested that it ought to be overturned altogether. Thady, however, who was the ringleader of the rebellion, persuaded them to be satisfied with what they had accomplished, and consequently succeeded in preventing them from destroying the fixtures.

Again they surrounded the poor scholar, who, feeling himself the cause of the insurrection, appeared an object of much pity. Such was his grief that he could scarcely reply to them. Their consolation on witnessing his distress was overwhelming; they desired him to think nothing of it; if the master, they told him, should wreak his resentment on him, 'he the holy farmer, they would pay the masher.' Thady's claim was now undisputed; with only the injury of a black eye, and a lip swelled to the size of a sausage, he walked home in triumph, the poor scholar accompanying him.

The master, who feared that this open contempt of his authority, running up as it did into a very unpleasant species of retaliation, was something like a signal for him to leave the parish, felt rather more of the penitent the next morning than did any of his pupils. He was by no means displeased, therefore, to see them drop in about the usual hour. They came, however, not one by one, but in compact groups, each officered by two or three of the larger boys; for they feared that had they entered singly, he might have punished them singly, until his vengeance should be satisfied. It was by bitter and obstinate struggles that they succeeded in repressing their mirth, when he appeared at his desk with one of his eyes literally closed, and his nose considerably improved in size and richness of colour. When they were all assembled, he hemmed several times, and in a woe-begone tone of voice, split—by a feeble attempt at maintaining authority, and suppressing his terrors—into two parts that jarred most ludicrously, he briefly addressed them as follows:

'Gentlemen classics—I have been now twenty-six years engaged in the propagation of Latin and Greek literature, in conjunction with mathematics, but never until yesterday has my influence been spurned; never until yesterday have sacrilegious hands been laid upon my person; never until yesterday have I been kicked—insidiously, ungallantly, and treacherously kicked—by my own subjects. No, gentlemen—and whether I ought to bestow that respectable epithet upon you after yesterday's proceedings, is a matter which admits of dispute;—never before has the lid of my eye been laid drooping, and that in such a manner that I must be blind to the conduct of half my pupils, whether I will or not. No king can consider himself properly such, until after he has received the oil of consecration; but you, it appears, think differently. You have unkinged me first, and anointed me afterwards; but I say, no potentate would relish such unktion. It smells confoundingly of republicanism. Maybe this is what you understand by the Republic of Letters; but if it be, I would advise you to change your principles. You treated my ribs as if they were the ribs of a common man; my shins you took liberties with even to excoaration; my head you made a target of for your hardest turf; and my nose you dishonoured to my face. Was this generous? was it discreet? was it subordinate? and, above all, was it classical? However, I will show you what greatness of mind is; I will convince you that it is more noble and god-like to forgive an injury, or rather five dozen injuries, than to avenge one; when—hem—yes, I say, when I—I—might so easily avenge it. I now present you with an amnesty; return to your allegiance; but never, while in this siminary, under my tuition, attempt to take the execution of the laws into your own hands. Homerians, come up!'

This address, into which he purposely threw a dash of banter and mock gravity, delivered with the accompaniments of his swelled nose and drooping eye, pacified his audience more readily than a serious one would have done. It was received without any reply or symptom of disrespect, unless the occasional squeak of a suppressed laugh, or the visible shaking of many sides with inward convulsions, might be termed such.

In the course of the day, it is true, their powers of maintaining gravity were put to a severe test, particularly when, while hearing a class, he began to adjust his drooping eyelid, or coax back his nose into its natural position. On these occasions a sudden pause might be noticed in the business of the class; the boy's voice who happened to read at the time would fail him; and on resuming his sentence by command of the master, it's tone was tremulous, and scarcely adequate to the task of repeating the words without his bursting into laughter. The master observed all this

clearly enough, but his mind was already made up to take no further notice of what had happened.

All this, however, conduced to render the situation of the poor scholar much more easy, or rather less penal, than it would otherwise have been. Still the innocent lad was on all possible occasions a butt for this miscreant. To miss a word was a pretext for giving him a cruel blow. To arrive two or three minutes later than the appointed hour was certain on his part to be attended with immediate punishment. Jemmy bore it all with silent heroism. He shed no tear—he uttered no remonstrance; but, under the anguish of pain so barbarously inflicted, he occasionally looked round upon his schoolfellows with an expression of silent entreaty that was seldom lost upon them. Cruel to him the master often was, but to inhuman barbarity the large scholars never permitted him to descend. Whenever any of the wealthier farmers' sons had neglected their lessons, or deserved chastisement, the mercenary creature substituted a joke for the birch; but as soon as the son of a poor man, or, which was better still, the poor scholar, came before him, he transferred that punishment which the wickedness or idleness of respectable boys deserved, to his or their shoulders. For this outrageous injustice the hard-hearted old villain had some plausible excuse ready, so that it was in many cases difficult for Jemmy's generous companions to interfere in his behalf, or parry the sophistry of such a petty tyrant.

In this miserable way did he pass over the tedious period of a year, going about every night in rotation with the scholars, and severely beaten on all possible occasions by the master. His conduct and manners won him the love and esteem of all except his tyrant instructor. His assiduity was remarkable, and his progress in the elements of English and classical literature surprisingly rapid. This added considerably to his character, and procured him additional respect. It was not long until he made himself useful and obliging to all the boys beneath his standing in the school. These services he rendered with an air of such kindness, and a grace so naturally winning, that the attachment of his schoolfellows increased towards him from day to day. Thady was his patron on all occasions; neither did the curate neglect him. The latter was his banker, for the boy had very properly committed his purse to his keeping. At the expiration of every quarter, the schoolmaster received the amount of his bill, which he never failed to send in when due.

Jemmy had not, during his first year's residence in the south, forgotten to request the kind curate's interference with the landlord, on behalf of his father. To be the instrument of restoring his family to their former comfortable holding under Colonel B—, would have afforded him, without excepting the certainty of his own eventual success, the highest gratification. Of this, however, there was no hope, and nothing remained for him but assiduity in his studies, and patience under the merciless scourge of his teacher. In addition to an engaging person and agreeable manners, nature had gifted him with a high order of intellect, and great powers of acquiring knowledge. The latter he applied to the business before him with indefatigable industry. The school at which he settled was considered the first in Munster; and the master, notwithstanding his known severity, stood high, and justly so, in the opinion of the people, as an excellent classical and mathematical scholar. Jemmy applied himself to the study of both, and at the expiration of his second year had made such progress, that he stood without a rival in the school.

It is usual, as we have said, for the poor scholar to go night after night in rotation with his schoolfellows; he is particularly welcome in the houses of those farmers whose children are not so far advanced as himself. It is expected that he should instruct them in the evenings, and enable them to prepare their lessons for the following day—a task which he always performs with pleasure, because in teaching them he is confirming his own mind in the knowledge which he has previously acquired. Towards the end of the second year, however, he ceased to circulate in this manner. Two or three of the most independent parishioners, whose sons were only commencing their studies, agreed to keep him week about; an arrangement highly convenient to him, as by that means he was not so frequently dragged, as he had been, to the remotest parts of the parish. Being an expert penman, he acted also as secretary of grievances to the poor, who frequently employed him to draw up petitions to obdurate landlords, or to their more obdurate agents, and letters to soldiers in all parts of the world, from their anxious and affectionate relations. All these little services he performed kindly and promptly; many a blessing was fervently invoked upon his head; the 'good word' and 'the prayer' were all they could afford, as they said, 'to the *bouchal dhas oge** that tuck the world an' him for sake o' the larnin', an' that hasn't the kindness o' the mother's breath an' the mother's hand near him, the crathur.'

About the middle of the third year he was once more thrown upon the general hospitality of the people. The three farmers with whom he had lived for the preceding six months, emigrated to America, as did many others of that class which, in this country, most nearly approximates to the substantial yeomanry of England. The little purse, too, which he had placed

in the hands of the kind priest, was exhausted; a season of famine, sickness, and general distress, had set in; and the master, on understanding that he was without money, became diabolically savage. In short, the boy's difficulties increased to a perplexing degree. Even Thady and his grown companions, who usually interposed in his behalf when the master became excessive in correcting him, had left the school, and now the prospect before him was dark and cheerless indeed. For a few months longer, however, he struggled on, meeting every difficulty with meek endurance. Since his very boyhood he had revered the sanctions of religion, and was actuated by a strong devotional spirit. He trusted in God, and worshipped him night and morning with a sincere heart.

At this crisis he was certainly an object of pity; his clothes, which for some time before were reduced to tatters, he had replaced by a cast-off coat and small clothes, a present from his friend the curate, who never abandoned him. This worthy young man could not afford him money, for as he had but fifty pounds a-year, with which to clothe, subsist himself, keep a horse, and pay rent, it was hardly to be expected that his benevolence could be extensive. In addition to this, famine and contagious disease raged with formidable violence in the parish; so that the claims upon his bounty of hundreds who lay huddled together in cold cabins, in out-houses, and even behind ditches, were incessant as well as heart-rending. The number of interments that took place daily in the parish was awful; nothing could be seen but funerals attended by groups of ragged and emaciated creatures, from whose hollow eyes gleamed forth the wolfish fire of famine. The wretched mendicants were countless, and the number of coffins that lay on the public roads—where, attended by the nearest relatives of the deceased, they had been placed for the purpose of procuring charity—were greater than ever had been remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

Such was the state of the parish when our poor scholar complained one day in school of severe illness. The early symptoms of the prevailing epidemic were well known, and, on examining more closely into his situation, it was clear, that, according to the phraseology of the people, he had 'got the fever on his back'—had caught 'a heavy load of the fever.' The Irish are particularly apprehensive of contagious maladies. The moment it had been discovered that Jemmy was infected, his schoolfellows avoided him with a feeling of terror scarcely credible, and the inhuman master was delighted at any circumstance, however calamitous, that might afford him a pretext for driving the friendless youth out of the school. 'Take,' said he, 'every thing belongin' to you out of my establishment: you were always a plague to me, but now more than ever. Be quick, sarra, and nidificate for yourself somewhere else. Do you want to transmute my seminary into an hospital, and myself into Lazarus, as president? Go off, you wild goose, and conjugate *agrotu* wherever you find a convenient spot to do it in.'

The poor boy silently, and with difficulty, arose, collected his books, and slinging on his satchel, looked to his schoolfellows, as if he had said, 'which of you will afford me a place where to lay my aching head?' All, however, kept aloof from him—he had caught the contagion, and the contagion, they knew, had swept the people away in vast numbers.

At length he spoke: 'Is there any boy among you,' he inquired, 'who will bring me home? You know I am a stranger, an' far from my own, God help me!'

This was followed by a profound silence. Not one of those who had so often befriended him, or who would, on any other occasion, share their bed and their last morsel with him, would even touch his person, much less allow him, when thus plague-stricken, to take shelter under their roof. Such are the effects of selfishness, when it is opposed only by the force of those natural qualities that are not elevated into a sense of duty by clear and profound views of Christian truth. It is one thing to perform a kind action from constitutional impulse, and another to perform it as a fixed duty, perhaps contrary to that impulse.

Jemmy, on finding himself avoided like a Hebrew leper of old, silently left the school, and walked on without knowing whether he should ultimately direct his steps. He thought of his friend the priest, but the distance between him and his place of abode was greater, he felt, than his illness would permit him to travel. He walked on, therefore, in such a state of misery and dereliction as can scarcely be conceived, much less described. His head ached excessively, an intense pain shot like death-pangs through his lower back and loins, his face was flushed, and his head giddy. In this state he proceeded, without money or friends, without a house to shelter him, a bed on which to lie, far from his own relations, and with the prospect of death, under circumstances peculiarly dreadful, before him! He tottered on, however, the earth, as he imagined, reeling under him; the heavens, he thought, streaming with fire, and the earth indistinct and discoloured. Home, the paradise of the absent—home, the heaven of the affections—with all its tenderness and blessed sympathies, rushed upon his heart. His father's deep but quiet kindness, his mother's sedulous love; his brothers—all that they had been to him—these, with their thousand heart-stirring associations, started into life before him again and again. But he was now ill, and the mother—ah! the enduring sense

of that mother's love placed her brightest, and strongest, and tenderest, in the far and distant group which his imagination bodied forth.

'Mother!' he exclaimed, 'oh, mother, why—why did I ever leave you? Mother! the son you loved is dyin' without a kind word—lonely and neglected in a strange land! Oh, my own mother! why did I ever leave you?'

The conflict between his illness and his affections overcame him: he staggered—he gasped as if for assistance at the vacant air—he fell, and lay for some time in a state of insensibility.

The season was then that of midsummer, and early meadows were falling before the scythe. As the boy sank to the earth, a few labourers were eating their scanty dinner of bread and milk so near him, that only a dry low ditch ran between him and them. They had heard his words indistinctly, and one of them was putting the milk-bottle to his lips, when, attracted by the voice, he looked in the direction of the speaker, and saw him fall. They immediately recognised 'the poor scholar,' and in a moment were attempting to recover him.

'Why thin, my poor fellow, what's a shaughran wid you?'

Jemmy stared for a moment about him, and asked, 'Where am I?'

'Faith, thin you're in Rory Connor's field, widin a few perches of the high road. But what ails you, poor boy?—is it sick you are?'

'It is,' he replied; 'I have got the fever. I had to leave school; none o' them would take me home, an' I doubt I must die in a Christian country, under the open canopy of heaven. Oh, for God's sake, don't leave me! Bring me to some hospital, or into the next town, where people may know that I'm sick, an' maybe some kind Christian will relieve me!'

The moment he mentioned 'Fever,' the men involuntarily drew back, after having laid him reclining against the green ditch.

'Thin, thundher an' turf, what's to be done?' exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. 'Is the poor boy to die widout help among Christyeens like uz?'

The story of the poor scholar's sufferings need be pursued no farther. He excited the compassion of some kind-hearted individuals, who took care of him till he recovered. He returned to Munster, and by means of his early friend, the curate, the story of his father's wrongs, and his own virtuous endeavours to procure education so as to enable him to rescue his parents from poverty, were made known to Colonel B—, the proprietor of the estate on which he was born. Old Dominick M'Evoy, his father, was restored to his farm. Jemmy also was made happy in being sent at the colonel's expense, first to a boarding-school, and next to college, where he completed his education.

After a lapse of years, he resolved on returning to his native home, to see his parents. He travelled slowly, and, as every well-known hill or lake appeared to him, his heart beat quickly, his memory gave up its early stores, and his affections prepared themselves for the trial that was before them.

'It is better for me not to arrive,' thought he, 'until the family shall have returned from their daily labour, and are collected about the hearth.'

In the meantime, many an impression of profound and fervid pity came over him, when he reflected upon the incontrovertible proofs of providential protection and interference, which had been, during his absence from home, under his struggles, and in his good fortune, so clearly laid before him. 'Deep,' he exclaimed, 'is the gratitude I owe to God for this; may I never forget to acknowledge it!'

It was now about seven o'clock; the evening was calm, and the sun shone with that clear amber light which gives warmth, and the power of exciting tenderness, to natural scenery. He had already gained the ascent which commanded a view of the rich sweep of country that reposed below. There it lay—his native home—his native parish—bathed in the light and glory of the hour. Its fields were green—its rivers shining like loosened silver—its meadows already studded with hay-cocks, its green pastures covered with sheep, and its unruffled lakes reflecting the hills under which they lay. Here and there a gentleman's residence rose among the distant trees, and well did he recognise the church spire that cut into the western sky on his right. It is true, nothing of the grandeur and magnificence of nature was there; every thing was simple in its beauty. The quiet charm, the serene light, the air of happiness and peace that reposed upon all he saw, stirred up a thousand tender feelings in a heart whose gentle character resembled that of the prospect which it felt so exquisitely. The smoke of a few farm-houses and cottages rose in blue graceful columns to the air, giving just that appearance of life which was necessary; and a figure or two, with lengthened shadows, moved across the fields and meadows a little below where he stood.

But our readers need not be told that there was one spot which, beyond all others, rivetted his attention. On that spot his eager eye rested long and intensely. The spell of its remembrance had clung to his early heart! he had never seen it in his dreams without weeping; and often had the agitation of his imaginary sorrow awoke him with his eye-lashes steeped in tears. He looked down on it steadily. At length he was moved with a strong sensation like grief: he sobbed

* The pretty young boy. Boy in Ireland does not always imply youth.

twice or thrice, and the tears rolled in showers from his eyes. His gathering affections were relieved by this; he felt lighter, and in the same slow manner rode onward to his father's house.

To this there were two modes of access; one by a paved bridle-way, or *boreen*, that ran up directly before the door—the other by a green lane, that diverged from the *boreen* about a furlong below the house. He took the latter, certain that the family could not notice his approach, nor hear the noise of his horse's footsteps, until he could arrive at the very threshold.

On dismounting, he felt that he could scarcely walk. He approached the door, however, as steadily as he could. He entered—and the family, who had just finished their supper, rose up, as a mark of their respect to the stranger.

"Is this," he inquired, "the house in which Dominick M'Evoy lives?"

"That's my name, Sir," replied Dominick.

"The family, I trust, are—all—well? I have been desired—but no—no—I cannot—I cannot—FATHER!—MOTHER!"

"It's him!" shrieked the mother—"It's himself!—Jemmy!"

"Jemmy! Jemmy!" shouted the father, "with a cry of joy which might be heard far beyond the house."

"Jemmy!—our poor Jemmy!—Jemmy!" exclaimed his brothers and sister.

"Asy, childre," said the father—"asy; let the mother to him—let her to him. Who has the right that she has? Vara, asthore—Vara, think of yourself. God of heaven! what is comin' over her?—Her brain's turned!"

"Father, don't remove her," said the son. "Leave her arms where they are: it's long since they encircled my neck before. Often—often would I have given the wealth of the universe to be encircled in my blessed and beloved mother's arms! Yes, yes!—Weep, my father—weep, each of you. You see those tears;—consider them as a proof that I have never forgotten you! Beloved mother; recollect yourself: she knows me not—her eyes wander!—I fear the shock has been too much for her. Place a chair at the door, and I will bring her to the air."

After considerable effort, the mother's faculties were restored so far as to be merely conscious that our hero was her son. She had not yet shed a tear, but now she surveyed his countenance, smiled, and named him, placed her hands upon him, and examined his dress with a singular blending of conflicting emotions, but still without being thoroughly collected.

She smiled—but only for a moment. She looked at him, laid his head upon her bosom, bedewed his face with her tears, and murmured out, in a kind of sweet, musical cadence, the Irish cry of joy.

We are incapable of describing this scene further. Our readers must be contented to know, that the delight and happiness of our hero's whole family were complete. Their son, after many years of toil and struggle, had at length succeeded, by a virtuous course of action, in raising them from poverty to comfort, and in effecting his own object, which was, to become a member of the priesthood. During all his trials he never failed to rely on God; and it is seldom that those who rely upon Him, when striving to attain a laudable purpose, are ever ultimately disappointed.

We regret to inform our readers that the poor scholar is dead! He did not, in fact, long survive the accomplishment of his wishes. But as we had the particulars of his story from his nearest friends, we thought his virtues of too exalted a nature to pass into oblivion without some record, however humble. He died as he had lived—the friend of God and of man."

TIBBY AND THE MINISTER.

The late venerated Dr C., of Cupar, was in the habit of taking his evening walk on the high-road in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. During one of these stated excursions, he had occasion to meet several people returning from Ceres market, whose conversation and step indicated that Ceres and Bacchus had not been separated. Amongst the rest, a well-known, canty little body, of the name of "Tibby Brown," hove in sight, manifestly after having made, as was sometimes Tibby's practice, a little too free with a certain little stoup, which contains a gill. Tibby was a character, and though somewhat addicted to a glass at odd times, was a well-doing body upon the whole, kept a clean well-swept house, a sonsy cat, and a cheerful tongue in her head, what time the minister paid her a visit. Tibby, however, had that day disposed of some sale yarn, and had tithed the price to the amount of a cheerful glass with the merchant who purchased it. Tibby was close upon her pastor, ere she perceived him, and finding it impossible to retreat, did what most people would have done in her circumstances; she put the best face on it possible—brought up her lee-way—steadied her pace to a miracle—cocked her head—and, from her very anxiety to disguise her unsteadiness, immediately tripped, stumbled, and all but came in contact with the person of her pastor. Dr C. saw Tibby's situation, and knew her general character as well as her foible; so, continuing that benignity of countenance which was natural to him, he proceeded to rally Tibby in the following terms:—"Hout, tout, Tibby, woman, ye're reeling, I see." Tibby heard the assertion, and being more accustomed to the professional than to the English sense of the term, incontinently and gaily rejoined, "Weel minister, ye ken a body canna aye be spinning."

POOR PEOPLE AND RICH PEOPLE.

Poor people often imagine that rich people are necessarily happy; but this is a great mistake. Happiness is a temperament of the mind independent of the mere possession of wealth. When a labourer on the road-side, who, perhaps, toils ten hours a-day for a shilling, sees a carriage roll past in which a genteel middle-aged man is reclining, apparently at his ease, he probably says to himself, "how lucky that man is! how happy must he be in enjoying such luxuries! I wish I were as well off as he." Now, if the labouring man reasoned in this manner, he would most likely make some serious miscalculations as to the exact amount of happiness enjoyed by the gentleman whom he envied. He would not reflect upon the circumstance that the acquisition of every new object of wealth and luxurious indulgence brings with it a new care—something disagreeable, which was not previously calculated upon—and that this, in every instance, forms a considerable discount off the supposed amount of happiness. If we were to inquire into the condition of the gentleman in the carriage, and find that he was a landowner by inheritance, a person standing in the highest class of society in the district, we would not on that account perceive that he has nothing troublesome to reflect upon. He is, in all likelihood, involved, whether it be his inclination or otherwise, in the conflict of political partisanship in the county representation, and at last election was hissed at the hustings; he is vexed about one of his chief tenants becoming bankrupt just before his half-yearly rent was due; he now finds his income too small to support the expenditure of his wife and family; he has just received a letter from his law agent in town, mentioning that the bond of L.3500 granted last year must be taken up before Candlemas, and that "money was never so difficult to be had as at present;" he has also been a good deal bothered with his son-in-law's affairs, and been dragged into a litigation regarding the salmon fishings on the river; and, worse than all, there has taken place a change of Ministry, who have promised a "revision of the corn laws"—in other words, he is about to become a ruined man. These and many other causes of vexation to landowner do not occur to the mind of the labouring man, when he envies him his apparently happy condition.

Let us suppose, on the other hand, that the gentleman in the carriage is not a proprietor of lands, but lives, as it is called, on the interest of his money. An individual in these circumstances is rarely a happy man; that is to say, unless he possess the principle of contentment, or an easy mind; for, in most cases, he has much greater concern in disposing of his funds to the best advantage, than the poor man has in labouring for his bread. The monied man is in a continual fret regarding the security of his property. If he lay out his capital on houses, the gathering of his rents affords an inconceivable degree of annoyance. "Never was there a poor wretch so plundered as I am," will he sometimes say to a friend; "there I have sunk L.2000 on a property that hardly produces a rent, on an average, fit to pay for the repairs and the feu-duty. Two years ago, I let it to a Captain Cormorant and his family, who removed, nobody knows where, the night before term-day, and so never paid a sixpence of rent. Last year, I allowed it to stand empty rather than let it to tenants of whose appearance I was not very fond; and this year, after laying out L.15 on repairing the roof, and mending the windows, and other L.5, 11s. on painting the dining-room and lobby, I have actually let it for two-thirds of the former rent; which, after all, I am not very certain of getting. Besides, I am beginning to discover that the street in which this unfortunate property is situated is fast losing its respectable character, and there is no saying if in a year or two the premises will let for any rent at all." Such are some of the groans of the landlords of house properties, and from which those in humbler circumstances are altogether exempted.

If the wealthy man has his resources depending on the interest of money deposited with a bank, his case is sometimes not less miserable. All that he receives is subject to constant diminution, and he cannot live upon it in the liberal way his feelings point out, or, what is fully as bad, in the style of his neighbours, and as is expected of him. If his capital be laid out in the Funds, though the interest be good, and the security excellent, yet he is perpetually liable to alarms: he shivers every time he hears of a riot at Macclesfield, or a rencontre betwixt the military and the populace at Tadrage—or a place with some such name,

in Ireland—lest a national convulsion and bankruptcy should ensue. If the money be lent to any one in business, his troubles are still more distressing; for every time the post brings him letters, he has a dread of hearing intelligence of his friend's bankruptcy, accompanied, of course, with the rumour that "the stock" will not, when sold, pay more than two shillings and ninepence halfpenny in the pound.

But the grand source of disquietude to monied men is generally found to be their families. If they escape from the struggle of business with L.30,000, and two sons and a daughter, they do not by any means retire to a state of perfect felicity. It is, on the contrary, more than probable, that, from the day they depart from their ancient place of trade, and enter their elegant new mansion, "where they expect to live happy all their days," they at once bid farewell to every thing like comfort, and commence an existence of genuine misery, which is only terminated when death kindly interposes to close the scene. It is wonderful how knowing the sons of a wealthy man are regarding their father's affairs, and how considerate they are in helping him to spend the savings of his industry. A poor man with a family seldom finds any of his sons inclined to loiter away their time in indolence; each appears more anxious than another to go out into the world to exercise the faculties with which he has been endowed for his independent subsistence. But the sons of the rich have generally a different way of thinking. They lean upon their parent's resources in all possible ways, and imagine that all they can get is quite little enough. Whether they be put into business, or into the army, or be bred to the law or medicine, or any other genteel profession, or no profession whatsoever, their cry is uniformly the same. Nothing but demands for money! money! is heard by the old man, day after day, and year after year. It is of no use for him to say that he will give them up; for they take care to grant bills and promissory notes, which he must liquidate, or see them all furnished with ignominious lodgings in the county jail. As for his daughter Maria, she becomes, at her first entrance into life, an object of heartless calculation to half the young men about town, and, ten to one, is either married to a bare youth, who requires to be supported by her father all the rest of his days, or to a less indigent person, who does not give her the honour of a slave. Even after he has got her fairly off, he labours under the fear of her coming back upon him, with a family of three girls and a boy—the youngest just cutting its first teeth—all delicate ailing children, affected with measles and hooping-cough, and so requiring nurses, doctors, and drugs without end.

It must not be supposed that the wealthy who have no families are much better off as to the amount of their happiness. No rich man can be happy who is without some one, either nearly related to him, or bound to him by ties of affection, to whom he may bequeath his wealth with the expectation that it will not be squandered foolishly. Rich men without families are, therefore, apt to be peevish, and their feelings are not improved by having a shrewd guess that their death is longed for by some distant relations. Such persons are also objects against whom all kinds of subscription papers are regularly levelled. When an operative distiller or brewer has fallen into, and been boiled in one of his own coppers—when a house-mason has fallen from a scaffold, and fractured his skull—or when a neighbouring farm-servant has been torn in pieces by a thrashing-mill—and in whichever case, a widow and a numerous family of children being to be provided for, or set up in business with a mangle, then a large subscription is expected from them; and so frequently are they thus called upon for contributions, that they at length begin to believe that mankind have entered into a conspiracy to ruin them.

Besides these sources of irritation to the minds of many of the rich, there is yet another, which is the cause of unceasing discontent. This is idleness. To have nothing to do, is a dreadful evil, and ten times worse to bear than hard labour. It is so grievous that many individuals so situated fall into very bad habits, and frequently commit extravagances which they would not do were their minds in a healthy state of action. Idleness is also productive of bodily diseases; and these, whether real or imaginary, are not borne without repining. The very circumstance of having no appetite is in itself frequently a subject of bitter lamentation to the rich and the indolent, and of this the poor man generally knows nothing. But why pursue this catalogue of miseries endured by the

wealthy? for they might be lengthened out to any extent, and yet not be half exhausted. Let us therefore try to impress it indelibly upon the minds of the humbler classes of society, that happiness is distributed, with the most astonishing impartiality, in even measure, over the whole human race. Its amount would certainly increase in proportion to the wealth and the rank of the individual, were it not, that, as we have already said, every new acquisition brings with it a new care, not formerly taken into account, and which, therefore, forms an immense discount off the anticipated aggregate sum of pleasure. Cares, it has been said, are our comforts; and every class possesses its own peculiar vexations. It is invariably felt, that, no sooner is one cause of disquietude mastered, than another rises up in its place; and when it, in its turn, is put down, yet, another, and another, come up before us. These cares haunt every human being more or less through all the stages of life; and so ceaseless are they in their iteration, and varied in their character, that when they are not of a substantial, they are of a visionary nature; and it is generally found that the latter are as little endurable as the former.

The moral to be drawn from such a picture of human disquietude is, that the poor man should not, in any case, be envious of the condition of the rich, or discontented with the lot into which he has been cast. Nevertheless, we would not that he sat down in stupid indifference, or was regardless of all feasible and honourable means of rising to better circumstances. The consciousness of rising in the world through industry, and the force of genius and virtue, yields in itself great comparative happiness, and the possession of wealth so acquired affords innumerable opportunities of doing good, and exercising some of the best principles of our nature. Yet, true unmingled happiness is certainly not attainable in this lower world; and, to be found, it must be sought for in another and better state of existence. While, therefore, prompting the poor man to seize upon every opportunity of acquiring, in an honest manner, opulence and distinction, we may remind him of the penalties under which both are secured. In the language of John Bunyan, he will recollect, with thankfulness, that

"He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

THE ISLE OF MAN.

THERE are few persons who do not love to visit islands, whether they be situated in the ocean or in fresh water lakes. We are accustomed to associate romantic and pleasing ideas with accounts of islands; we, perhaps, recal to remembrance the days of "youth's young dream," when we wished to become each a Robinson Crusoe, and have a nice little island all to ourselves; or we imagine that in these isolated territories there is no molestation from the busy world without, and that in such places there must, as a matter of course, be a perpetual holiday. In short, islands, be they large or small, even when no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, and placed in the centre of a mill-pond, are objects of interest.

In a recent number of the Journal, we presented our readers with an account of the Island of Guernsey, a place where living is at once pleasant and cheap, and where taxes are unknown. But Guernsey, agreeable though it be as a place of residence for those of limited incomes, is rivalled in a great measure by the Isle of Man, which is commodiously situated in the Irish Sea, and almost equi-distant from the three united portions of the British empire, and their respective sea-ports, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. This central insular position, now the chief cause of its rapidly-increasing population and opulence, was, in former times, productive only of mischief and ruin to the inhabitants, rendering it a sort of "debateable land," or rather common battle-field, betwixt the three hostile nations, besides exposing it to the frequent ravages of the predatory bands of Norsemen, in their periodical descents on the British Isles and their dependencies. From the nature of its relative situation towards the three kingdoms, originate, as few perhaps of our readers are aware, its somewhat peculiar arms—"three legs of man," and motto, "*stabili quoque jecuris*." The latter, however, is more fanciful than true; the tripodal figure of the arms, if facts are at all to be considered in the matter, more correctly typifying its uncertain dependence than its strength or stability. The origin of the title of "Man," it would be as profitless as misplaced here to attempt to elucidate, although, as usual, antiquaries have exhausted at once their own fancy and others' patience in the interesting research. Neither will we pause to sketch the early traditionary history of the island, which has been attempted to be traced back even into the fourth century. Suffice it to say, that,

after alternate subjection to the English, Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavian monarchs, and various private adventurers, it was, for the first time, formally ceded to Scotland, along with the other Western Islands, by Magnus, King of Norway, according to a yet existing treaty, signed at Perth in 1266. From the continual strife, however, which was kept up between England and Scotland, nearly as many changes in the sovereignty of Man occurred after as before the above period; until, in 1403, upon the attainment of Percy Earl of Northumberland, for high treason against Henry the Fourth (who had previously bestowed the island upon that wayward nobleman), it was permanently forfeited, and given, with the patronage of the bishopric, &c., to William Stanley, first Earl of Derby, and his heirs for ever, upon the feudal tenure of presenting the King with a pair of falcons at his coronation. From this period downwards, the islanders have enjoyed comparative quiet, the royalties and revenues descending almost uninterruptedly from ancestor to heir in the same family (the family of Atholl, the present possessors, being descended from a minor branch of the house of Derby, and their progenitor, the second Duke of Atholl, acquiring the regality of Man, by regular inheritance, in 1735); for, although wrested from them by the Parliamentary forces of Cromwell—the narrative of which forms the groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*—it was restored to them by Charles the Second. In the year 1765, the sovereignty was reverted in the King of England, the Duke and Duchess of Atholl receiving £70,000 sterling, as a *solatium* for this deprivation of their royal attributes. They afterwards got a further grant of £20,000 during their lives; and in 1781, upon the presentation of a petition from the late Duke, claiming the exercise of certain old feudal rights and powers, it was determined by Parliament, that instead of, as theretofore, receiving a fourth (about £3000) of the revenues of Man, he should thereafter receive an equal sum out of the consolidated fund. This was a wise measure, enabling government more effectually to check the pernicious traffic of smuggling, which was then carried on to an extent no less alarming in a financial than a moral point of view, and which was (and is even to this day) fostered by the trifling impost on, or total exemption from, the taxes laid upon many important articles of foreign produce throughout the rest of the British dominions. The beneficial consequences of the above step, to the Manksmen themselves (although, at first, loudly grumbled at), have been most palpable; their attention being thenceforward directed to the internal cultivation and improvement of the island, which had previously been entirely neglected. The population has rapidly increased, having almost doubled itself since the above period, and now consisting of nearly 50,000 individuals. Nor has the number of the islanders advanced half so strikingly as their character and habits have improved. Instead of an isolated horde of dissolute smugglers and lazy fishermen, Man has now become conspicuous, equally as the resort of fashion and wealth, and the seat of commercial and agricultural enterprise.

Man is fully thirty miles long, and twelve, at its widest, in breadth. The superficial extent is estimated at 130,000 acres, fully two-thirds of which are cultivated, the rest being barren heath or rock. A continuous ridge of mountains runs through the centre of the island, in a transverse direction, belonging chiefly to the Duke of Atholl, although the natives have a right of common to them in grazing their small mountain sheep. The soil is in general light, with a substratum of clay. The rents vary from 5s. to £3 per statute acre, the measure universally in use. The gross rental of the island is calculated at between £75,000 and £80,000 sterling, the price of agricultural produce being chiefly regulated by the Liverpool markets. The usual time of entering on a farm is the 12th of November, and the rent is paid half-yearly. There is no coal wrought on the island, although it has been pretty well ascertained to exist there; and the sole fuel used by the peasantry is turf, or peat. The chief mineral wealth of the island consists in lead and copper ore (of which there are several mines), the former, especially at the mines of Laxey, being very rich in silver, a ton of it yielding 180 ounces of the latter metal. All mines belong by prerogative to the lord of the soil, who lets them out to adventurous speculators, claiming as his own share one-eighth of the produce.

Next to agriculture, the principal source of emolument and subsistence is the herring fishery. This trade, however, which, with the contraband traffic, constituted, at one time, nearly the sole occupation of the islanders, has of late years materially decreased, owing to the gradual disappearance of the herring-shoals from the coast; a circumstance at which Mr McCulloch, in his *Commercial Dictionary*, professes no small satisfaction, as he considers such an occupation utterly incompatible with the internal improvement and prosperity of the island. We humbly confess our incapacity to comprehend the sagacity of this sage opinion. Of the native piscatorial pursuits of the Manksmen, there can, perhaps, be no stronger, and, at the same time, more curious illustration, than in the terms of the oath administered to the two *deemsters*, or judges, of the north and south districts of the island, who are sworn "to execute the laws betwixt man and man as indifferently as the herring's back-

bone doth lie in the midst of the fish." There are several thriving manufactories in the island, especially of linens, which have been long celebrated for their texture and durability.

The principal towns in Man are, Castletown (the capital) on the S.E., Douglas on the E., Ramsey on the N.E., and Peel on the W., parts of the island. These are all excellent sea-ports. Although nominally the capital, and actually the seat of government, Castletown is far inferior in importance to Douglas; to the latter, strangely enough, being restricted the importation of wines, spirits, and colonial produce, and, consequently, the principal proportion of the commerce of the island. Owing not a little to this circumstance, perhaps, but chiefly to its delightful and healthy situation, the general cheapness of every luxury as well as necessary of life, together with the expedition and convenience of communication with all parts of the three kingdoms, and other accessory recommendations, Douglas is every year increasing in size, wealth, and respectability, and becoming more and more the residence of beauty and fashion. As may be imagined, its *economical*, in addition to its other attractions, render it a most eligible resort for slender annuitants, and disbanded officers whose hopes of glory and promotion were all cut down with the French at Waterloo, and who seek to while away the "piping time of peace" in the enjoyment of the *maximum* of comfort at the *minimum* of expense. As a writer in a late periodical observes, Man is, indeed, "the Paradise of half-pay;" but it must by no means be imagined that those we have named form the staple of the human importations into Douglas. Its numerous excellent inns, public libraries, newspaper and billiard rooms, dancing and card assemblies, its frequent aquatic and overland parties, &c. &c., all betoken, unequivocally, the presence of many substantial fortunes upon the island.

There is a beautiful stone pier at Douglas, which was erected about thirty years ago, at an expense of £22,000. About a mile northward of the town, and close to the Strand, stands Castle Mona, the princely mansion of the Duke of Atholl, governor-in-chief and captain-general of the island. Douglas is one of the most admirable bathing places in Britain, from the purity of the water and the goodness of the sands. The population, at the present time, cannot be less than from 10,000 to 12,000. The market is held on Saturday, and is well supplied with provisions of all kinds; fish, of course, always cheap and abundant. The island possesses a native newspaper press.

The government of Man is vested in a governor and captain-general, under the Crown; or, in his absence, in a lieutenant-governor, assisted occasionally by a council of seven officials, and the two *deemsters*, or judges of the two districts (consisting of six shreadings or counties, with their respective coroners or sheriffs) into which the island is divided. The internal policy is regulated by an assembly, termed the *House of Keys*, consisting of 24 land proprietors, who are convened as the representatives of the people, although not elected by them. These two branches, the Governor in Council and the Keys, constitute the legislature, whose laws, after receiving the sanction of the King, become statutory. Appeals may be made from either of the two courts to the King in Council. The *deemsters* decide in all suits where the sum pursued for exceeds forty shillings. No man can leave the island without a pass, which costs ninepence; and debtors about to take French leave may be arrested, by a warrant of the water-bailiff, upon affidavit made before him to that effect by the creditor.

The Manks are in general a stout, well-shaped, civil, and very idle race. The equable nature of the climate, which is much more temperate than that of the surrounding countries, is extremely favourable to health. Their established religion is the Episcopal, the head of their hierarchy being the Bishop of Sodor and Man; but there are sects of almost every existing creed interspersed throughout the island, which is divided into seventeen parishes, vernacularly denominated *kirks*. As is the case in all fishing and other isolated sea-port communities, the lower orders are extremely superstitious; nor has their dread of mermaids, and other fanciful monsters of the deep, even yet wholly yielded to the influence of modern illumination.

The Manks language combines a strange heterogeneous mixture of Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, and Scandinavian idioms. "It is a curious circumstance," observes a late writer* on this subject, "that the incorporation of Icelandic terms is said to constitute the existing difference between the Manks and Irish or Gaelic. In the Manks, however, they also write and print as they pronounce."

It may be interesting to our readers to know the existing regulations as to the importing and exporting, and duties leviable upon foreign, colonial, and British produce. We here give an abridged

Table of the Duties of Customs on a few of the chief Articles of Import into the Isle of Man:—

Goods from the United Kingdom, per chaldron, W. M.		
Coffee, per lb.	£0	0 3
Hemp from foreign parts, for every L.100 value	0	10 4
Iron, ditto, ditto	0	10 0

* Historical Sketches of the Native Irish. By Christ. Anderson. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

Hops, British, per lb.	-	0	0	1	4
Foreign Brandy or Gin, per gallon	-	0	4	6	
Rum, from British plantations, per do.	-	0	3	0	
Sugar, Muscovado, per cwt.	-	0	1	0	
Tea, Bohea, per lb.	-	0	0	6	
Ditto, Green, per lb.	-	0	1	0	
Tobacco, per lb.	-	0	1	0	
Wine, French, per tun of 252 gallons	-	0	16	0	
Ditto, any other sort, per ditto of ditto	-	0	12	0	

For a more detailed account of the custom-regulations of the Isle of Man, we refer our readers to M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary. No British distilled spirits are allowed to be imported; and, to prevent smuggling, the quantity of spirits, tea, and tobacco, allowed to crews of vessels sailing from Man to any British or Irish port, is extremely limited.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LA PEROUSE.

JOHN FRANCIS GALAUP DE LA PEROUSE, a French navigator, alike distinguished for his talents, his enterprise, and his enlarged philanthropy, but, perhaps, more remarkable for the mystery in which his fate was for nearly forty years involved, was born at Albi, in Languedoc, in the year 1741. He received his education at the Marine School, and at an early age entered into the naval service of his country. The talent and bravery for which he was afterwards so eminent, soon began to appear, and he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In 1782, when France and England were at war, we find him entrusted with the command of an expedition destined for the destruction of the English settlement at Hudson's Bay. He succeeded in his enterprise, having destroyed Fort York, and taken the English commander prisoner. When on the eve of returning home, he was informed that on his first approach a number of the English, in order to avoid falling prisoners into his hands, had fled into the woods, where, without food or shelter, they must inevitably fall victims to the rigours of a severe northern winter. His orders had been to destroy altogether the settlement: it mattered not, so that this was fulfilled to the letter, whether the enemy fell by the arms of his soldiers, or by the elements. But the duty he owed to humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and an abundant supply of provisions, arms, and ammunition, was left for the fugitives. Another trait of generosity must also be noticed. Governor Hearne, commander of Fort York, who was his prisoner, had made two expeditions to discover Copper Mine River, in the last of which he was successful. The papers relating to this expedition of course fell into the hands of the victor, but on being solicited to restore them, he at once complied with the request. These acts of disinterested benevolence and generosity were performed to enemies in the heat of a rancorous war, and, from their rare occurrence in such circumstances, they shine with greater lustre, and perhaps the more so, in an individual whose own unhappy fate must for ever excite the sympathies of mankind.

After the restoration of peace, the French government having determined upon the prosecution of a voyage of discovery, appointed La Perouse to the command of it. Two vessels, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, were, accordingly, fitted out for the purpose. The first had one hundred and ten, including the commodore, and the second one hundred and thirteen men on board, comprising philosophers of various kinds, draughtsmen, engineers, and other such individuals. The expedition set sail from Brest on the 1st of August 1785, crossed the equinoctial line on the 29th September, and anchored between the island of St Catherine and the coast of Brazil on the 6th November, where they replenished themselves with provisions. From thence they proceeded to Concepcion Bay, in Chili, and took in refreshments, and refitted the ships. On the 28th of May 1786, they came in sight of Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, and the place where our own navigator Cook was killed. Here they stopped for a few days, bartering with the natives for provisions. On the 1st of June they quitted the Sandwich Islands, and shaped their course for the north-west coast of America, which they reached towards the end of the month, and spent some days in exploring. Here they discovered a port, which was named Port des Francaise, where they anchored, after making a very narrow escape from shipwreck. Nothing remarkable occurred during their stay, except the loss of two boats with their whole crews, amounting to twenty-one men. With the humanity which was characteristic of him, La Perouse erected a monument, with an appropriate inscription, to the memory of his unfortunate shipmates.

He spent some time in exploring the coast of America, and, after refitting the ships at a settlement in California, he set sail for China, and anchored in Macao roads on the 3d of January 1787. In crossing the North Pacific Ocean, our navigator discovered Necker Island, so called, we presume, after the celebrated French statesman of that name, the father of Madame de Staël. After sheltering himself from the monsoon for some time at Manilla, he left that place in April 1787 for the north; and passing successively the islands of Tormosa, Quelpaert, the coasts of Corea and Japan, he sailed between Chinese Tartary and Sagaleen Island, where he landed. At length, on the 6th of September, he arrived in the harbour of St Peter and St Paul, in Kamtschatka. The Russians

treated La Perouse and his companions with great kindness, supplying them with all the necessaries the place could afford; and here Viscount Lesseps, the interpreter of the commodore, quitted the expedition with dispatches for France. This individual is still, as far as we know, alive, and was of considerable use in identifying the relics which Captain Dillon brought to Europe, as having belonged to the ships of La Perouse.

On the 29th of September, our navigator left Kamtschatka, and, after traversing the "wilderness of waves" for three hundred leagues in search of land, which was said to be in a certain parallel of latitude, he proceeded towards the Navigator Islands, where a severe calamity befel the expedition. M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*, and twelve men, amongst whom was a natural philosopher, were inhumanly butchered on the island of Maouina, while on shore for a supply of water. The savages also destroyed the two long-boats, without which it was impossible to prosecute the voyage of discovery. La Perouse, therefore, determined upon proceeding to Botany Bay, where he arrived on the 26th of January 1788. New long-boats were built, supplies taken on board, dispatches connected with the expedition transmitted to France, and the commodore set sail from Botany Bay in March of the same year. For a period of thirty-eight years after this date, not the slightest trace of the course he had taken could be found, although, in 1791, two frigates were dispatched from Brest in search of him. It fell to the good fortune of an Englishman, however, after the lapse of time above mentioned, to lift the veil which so long concealed the destiny of the gallant La Perouse and his brave companions.

Captain Dillon, commander of a ship belonging to the East India Company, while on a voyage from New Zealand to Bengal, came in sight of Tucopia, one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, on the 13th of May 1826. Several canoes pulled off for the vessel, and amongst their crews was one Martin Bushart, an old acquaintance of the captain's. An interchange of commodities took place, and among other articles received from the natives was the silver guard of a sword. It had five ciphers upon it; but of these nothing could be inferred as to its history. On inquiry being made at Martin Bushart, he informed the captain, that, on his first arrival at Tucopia, he saw in the possession of the natives several ships' bolts, chain-plates, axes, and many other things. That these had been brought from the island of Maunicolo, where two ships had been cast away about forty years back, and where there still remained large quantities of the wreck. On Captain Dillon interrogating several other individuals, the report of Martin Bushart was confirmed; and the important fact was also elicited, that two of the crews which had belonged to the vessels had been conversed with by one of the natives of Tucopia a few years before. They were described as being old men, but, probably, still alive upon the island. From all these statements, delivered in the most simple and unsophisticated manner, Captain Dillon immediately came to the conclusion, that the ships wrecked on the above island were those under the command of the far-famed La Perouse; for the dates exactly corresponded, and no other two European ships were lost or missing at that remote period. He, therefore, at once proceeded to Maunicolo, where the ship was becalmed for some time, at the distance of eight leagues from the shore, and, running short of provisions, her commander was compelled to relinquish his laudable enterprise for the present, and return to Bengal.

The Bengal government warmly promoted the views of Captain Dillon. They fitted out for him a vessel, with which he set sail, and arrived safely at Maunicolo, after considerable delay, caused by one Dr Tytler. By the aid of Martin Bushart, and some other individuals with whom he had contracted an intimacy, Captain Dillon was enabled to gather a good deal of information respecting the ships which had been thrown away upon the island. The catastrophe happened during the night. Both ships had struck upon a coral reef. From one of them only a few individuals escaped; but it would appear that most of those belonging to the other got safe to land. With the remnants of the vessels, the survivors constructed a craft, with which all but two men put to sea, but the ill-starred bark was never heard of more. Of the two individuals left behind, one of them had died about three years before, and the other, a short while after that event, had been compelled to flee from the island, along with the tribe to which he had united himself. This was most unfortunate, but still the articles which Captain Dillon obtained from the islanders, leave not the smallest doubt of the identity of the vessels wrecked upon Maunicolo with those under the command of La Perouse.

After a fruitless search amongst some other islands for the supposed only surviving French mariner, Captain Dillon set sail for Calcutta. It is necessary to mention, however, that before quitting this part of the Pacific, he left behind a young man for the purpose of acquiring the language of the place, and ascertaining every fact relative to the loss of the vessels, and the fate of the survivors. From Calcutta, Captain Dillon proceeded first to England, and shortly afterwards to France, where he was deservedly received with much distinction.

We have already mentioned the name of Viscount

Lesseps, who left La Perouse's expedition at Kamtschatka. This nobleman carefully examined the relics brought home by the indefatigable Dillon. Among these were several articles upon which the French national emblem, the *fleur de lis*, was either stamped or carved. A piece of board on which this was carved, Lesseps said had most probably formed a part of the ornamental work of the *Boussole's* stern (the ship which La Perouse commanded), on which were the national arms of France, she being the only one of the ships bearing such an ornament. A silver sword handle was identified as being exactly similar to those worn by the officers belonging to the expedition. Several brass guns were also said by Lesseps to resemble strikingly those used on board of the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*. But the strongest link in the chain of evidence was afforded by a mill-stone. On observing this utensil, the Viscount suddenly turned to Dillon, and expressed his surprise, observing, "this is the best thing you have got; we had some of them mounted on the quarter-deck to grind our corn." It is only necessary to mention one other circumstance of presumptive evidence. On the bottom of a silver candlestick were stamped the arms of the noble French family of Collignon. An individual belonging to this family was botanist on board of *la Boussole*, and to him this utensil in all likelihood belonged, although some have contended that it belonged to M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*.

After reading the above detail of evidence, there seems to remain not a shadow of doubt but that Captain Dillon has so far explained the mystery of La Perouse's fate. But still his ultimate destiny remains in considerable obscurity. For instance, it may be asked, was he amongst the number of those who escaped from the shipwreck, and afterwards departed in the vessel which was built on the fatal shores of Maunicolo? What became of that craft? Did she founder at sea, and go down in the unfathomable depths of the Pacific? Or did her crew experience a disaster similar to that which had already overtaken them? And were they again cast away on one of the Solomon Islands, and butchered by savages, or left to die piecemeal? Or are some of them still alive there? These islands, as far as we are aware, have not been so completely explored as to entitle us to draw any thing like a satisfactory conclusion with respect to the latter part of our interrogatory.

HISTORY OF DOMESTIC THINGS.

FORKS are an Italian invention, and, in the days of Queen Bess, were a perfect novelty in England. At the close of the 16th century, our ancestors, in eating, made free use of their fingers, as the Turkish noblesse at present do. They were, indeed, most indelicate at their tables, scattering on the table-cloth all their bones and parings. To purify themselves from the filthy condition of their tables, the servant bore a long wooden "voiding knife," by which he scraped the fragments from the table into a basket, called "a voider." Beaumont and Fletcher describe the thing—

"They sweep the table with a wooden dagger."

In Germany, the use of forks was long ridiculed, and some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom, "as an insult on Providence not to touch our meat with our fingers." The use of the fork was ridiculed as a strange affectation for a long time in England; and it does not appear to have been in general use before the Restoration.

D'Archenholtz, in his *Tableau de l'Angleterre*, asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere, if he be observed at table, because he places his fork on the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork alone, without the knife; a German, by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a toothpick.

TOOTHPICKS seem to have come in with forks, as younger brothers of the table, and seem to have been borrowed from the nice manners of the stately Venetians. This implement was anathematized as the fantastical ornament of "the complete Signor," the Italianated Englishman. One of the last actions of Charles the First, when preparing for his execution, was to give away his gold toothpick as a present or memorial to some individual on the scaffold.

COACHES, on their first invention, offered a fruitful source of declamation as an inordinate luxury, particularly among the ascetics of monkish Spain. The Spanish biographer of Don Juan of Austria, describing that golden age, the good old times, when they only used "carts drawn by oxen, riding in this manner to court," notices that it was found necessary to prohibit coaches by a royal proclamation, "to such a height was this infernal vice got, which has done so much injury to Castile." In this style nearly every domestic novelty has been attacked. The injury inflicted in Castile by the introduction of coaches could only have been felt by the purveyors of carts and oxen for a morning's ride. The same circumstances occurred in this country. When coaches began to be kept by the gentry, or were hired out, a powerful party found "their occupation gone." Ladies would no longer ride on pillions behind their footmen; and judges and counsellors, from their inns, would be no longer conveyed by water to Westminster Hall, or jog on, with all their gravity, on a poor palfrey. Taylor, the water poet and man, in 1629, wrote an invective against coaches, dedicated to all grieved with "the world running on wheels." Taylor also wrote a tract,

in which is the following:—"Within our memories, our nobility and gentry could ride well mounted, and sometimes walk on foot, gallantly attended with four score brave fellows in blue coats; which was a glory to our nation far greater than forty of these leathern timbrels. It is a doubtful question whether the devil brought tobacco into England in a coach, for both appeared at the same time." He afterwards complains that where the gentry used formerly to keep from ten to a hundred proper serving men, they now made the best shift, and for the sake of their coach and horses, had only "a butterfly page, a trotting footman, and a stiff-drinking coachman, a cook, a clerk, a steward, and a butler, which hath forced an army of tall fellows to the gate-houses" or prisons. This satirist of the manners of the town farther observes, that as soon as a man was knighted, his lady was lamed for ever, and could not on any account be seen but in a coach. As the females had been accustomed to robust exercise on foot or on horseback, they were now forced to substitute a domestic artificial exercise in their garden. He proceeds—"They use more diligence in matching their coach-horses than in the marriage of their sons and daughters." The water poet, were he now living, might have acknowledged, that if, in the changes of time, some trades disappear, other trades rise up, and in an exchange of modes of industry the nation loses nothing. The hands which, like Taylor's, rowed boats, came to drive coaches; these complainers on all novelties, unawares always answer themselves. Our satirist affords us a most prosperous view of the condition of "this new trade of coachmakers as the gainfullest about the town."

TOBACCO.—It was thought at the time of its introduction that the nation would be ruined by the use of tobacco. Like all novel tastes, the newly imported leaf maddened all ranks amongst us. "The money spent in smoke is unknown," says a writer of that day, who feared there were more than seven thousand houses in the trade of tobacco. James the First made an attempt to allay the extravagance, in his memorable "Counter Blast to Tobacco." His Majesty vainly endeavoured to terrify his liege children by saying that "they were making sooty kitchens in their inward hearts, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco eaters, that after their death were opened."

Were we further to carry on a speculation of this nature, we should have a copious chapter to write of the opposition to new discoveries. The illustrious name of Vesalius in the study of anatomy, who was incessantly persecuted by the public prejudices against dissection—of Harvey, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood—of Lady W. Montague, in her introduction of the practice of inoculation, and, more recently, that of vaccination—and the ridicule of the invention of gas light, are sufficient evidence that objects of the highest importance to mankind, on their first appearance, were slighted and contemned.—*Old Newspaper.*

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

The damboard is known to be the ordinary Scotch way of expressing what in English is termed a draft-board. A Scotch lady newly come to London, and rather too familiar with her own country's modes of expression, inquired at a linendraper's shop for a table cloth, of a damboard pattern, meaning a chequered pattern. The cockney shopman was rather amazed at such a question asked by a lady, and answered—"Why, Ma'am, we have patterns pretty broad, but none damn'd broad."

DR SOUTH'S GRACE.

In Charles the Second's reign, a free table was allowed for the court chaplains. At one time, however, the king being rather in necessitous circumstances, ordered this dinner to be discontinued, but, to soften matters, honoured his clergymen with his presence at the last intended dinner. The grace used to be "God save the king, and bless the dinner;" but Dr South, who presided on this occasion, transposed the words to "God bless the king, and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the king, amused at the doctor's humour, and instantly countermanded the order.

STUPIDITY OF SHEEP.

As a curious illustration of the stupidity of sheep, a person driving a flock of them through a dirty lane in Liverpool, they were met by somebody coming in the opposite direction. For a little time the whole made a stop; at length one more venturesome than the rest, made a sudden effort, and leaped over the person's head; all the rest of the sheep followed the example of the first, though it cost them considerable exertion, while, if they had made the smallest bend to the right or left, they might have got forward without trouble.

QUESTION OF DOWRY.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an English nobleman and his son were with the queen's army in Ireland, and became engaged in an action with the rebels of that country, which cost them both their lives. Their wives were within sight of the battle, and the remark it drew from the son's wife was in these words: "Observe, Madam," cried she to her mother-in-law, "that your husband fell first; therefore I am entitled to my dowry."

PERVERSION OF NAME.

Mr Salt, the African traveller, used to tell of himself, that at his birth his father meant to name him Peter, but a friend of his objected to this name, alleging that, when he went to school, he would get no other appellation but Saltpetre.

BEER v. BEAR.

The following sign was over the door of an ale-house:—"TABLE BEAR SOLD BEAR." A wag made the remark, that the bear must be the person's own bruin.

THE PORTUGUESE.

AMONG the higher ranks, the state of society in Lisbon is generally melancholy and dull. There are no promenades as in Madrid and Paris, except the rudely paved streets; no Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, where the gay multitude meet in promiscuous assemblage, of all ranks and conditions of life, to enjoy a cheering relaxation from the labours of the week. A species of monastic severity, as we have already intimated, seems to keep all classes of the Portuguese almost constantly within their houses. We have already described the beauty of the lower orders of the Lisbon women. The women in a superior station of life, especially the young women, have generally a very pleasing look. Their features are small, and of a delicate chiselling; their complexions, exquisitely smooth, exhibit in more instances than one could be inclined to expect in such a tanning climate, a slight tinge of the carnation, and a warmth of tone that almost rivals the beautiful faces of our own country. They are seldom tall; their feet, possibly from their close confinement and sedentary habits, are very diminutive, and their hands are, for the most part, delicately shaped. It would be difficult to imagine how they spend their time within doors, were it not well known that listlessness takes no note of time. Thus one day rolls on, the exact counterpart of that which has preceded, and that which is to follow it. With all their beauty, the Portuguese women want dignity and force of character; vivacity of eye they certainly possess in an uncommon degree, but they are destitute of spiritual elevation and mental energy. As to the Lisbon men, they deserve to be called rather the menials than the lords of the creation. Their features are remarkably strong; a red nose of enormous size is no uncommon fixture on their faces. The lower classes of the Portuguese men have infinitely the advantage of the higher orders, in dignity of appearance, and manly beauty. The nobility, with of course a few exceptions, are a most contemptible race. Destitute of education, as of virtuous principles, their whole lives are devoted to profligacy and immorality of every kind. Their pride, their prejudices, their ignorance, extravagance, and fawning habits, have long since brought them into a state of degradation, from which it would be difficult, even for the most patriotic government, ever to extricate them. Though literally without revenues, they continue, by borrowing money, by places at court, by pensions and gambling, to keep up large establishments of servants, who for a part of the year are fed on rice and salt fish. These pauper aristocrats are the natural and irreconcilable enemies to every attempt at improvement in the state, as scarcely any improvement can take place until their privileges shall have been altogether destroyed. Their mould of visage, says a late traveller, is unethereal, the eye beamless, the mien unintellectual. In fact, the only persons among the male sex worth knowing in Lisbon are the merchants, most of whom are highly enlightened men, possessed of valuable information, liberal in their ideas, and generous and cordial in their hospitalities. It is amongst these persons that all the moral worth, intellect, integrity, and industry of the country, are to be found. Go and dine at the house of a Lisbon merchant, and you will find yourself perfectly at home. But if you be destined to present yourself at the table of a Lisbon nobleman, you should learn beforehand from Mr Kinsey what you have to expect. That gentleman gives the following characteristic enumeration of the luxuries of a Lisbon aristocratic table:—"A dish of yellow-looking salt fish, the worst supposable specimen of our saltings in Newfoundland; a platter of compact, black, greasy, dirty-looking rice; a pound, if so much, of poor half-fed meat; a certain proportion of hard-boiled beef, that has never seen the salt-pan, having already yielded all its nutritious qualities to a swinging tureen of Spartan broth, and now acquiring the accompaniment of a tongue, or friendly slice of Lamego bacon, to impart a small relish to it; potatoes of leaden continuity; dumplings of adamantine texture, that Carthaginian vinegar itself might fail to dissolve; with offensive vegetables, and a something in a round shape, said to be imported from Holland, and called cheese, but more like the unyielding rock of flint in the tenacity of its impenetrable substance; a small quantity of very poor wine; abundance of water; and an awful army of red ants, probably imported from the Brazils, in the wood of which the chairs and tables are made, hurrying across the cloth with characteristic industry!" Heaven preserve us from the honour of dining with a Portuguese fidalgo! The city of Oporto is in appearance almost English for its cleanliness and business-like bustle. In Portuguese houses generally, the kitchen is at the top of the house, so that the expression is, instead of "serve the dinner up," "bring the dinner down."—*From the Ladies' Cabinet for October.*

POETRY.

THREESmall volumes of poetry have just issued from the Scottish press. The first, by many degrees, in importance, is entitled "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell," the gentleman of whose genius we lately borrowed the exquisitely beautiful specimen, entitled "Jeannie Morrison," and whom, if he were not engaged in the arduous duty of editing a three-a-week newspaper (the Glasgow Courier), we might soon expect to reach a very high rank as a cultivator of the belles lettres in Scotland. Mr Motherwell's volume contains much poetry of a decidedly original stamp, and which must soon press its way into general notice. The remaining two volumes are entitled "The Desert Lady, by P. Knorb," and "The Wandering Bard, and other Poems," which last we understand to be the composition of Mr Ord. Both of these fairy-like little tomes appear to us to give the promise of good fruits in their juvenile authors; and from the latter of them we take the liberty of extracting what we consider a very pleasing poem:—

THE WINDS.

Harp on, ye winds! in glad content,
Your hymns on every instrument
Of rock, and mount, and cave;
The trees their joyful notes will bring,
Each flower, each blade of grass, will sing
Your measures, glad or grave.

And not to me alone the songs
That to your minstrelsy belong,
Of joys that never cease;
The lonely spring, the quiet stream,
The lake low murmuring as in dream,
Have heard your hymns of Peace.

The nightingale, in sweetest note,
To you her lone complaint hath brought,
To you each bird hath sung;
The weed-clad tower of ancient time,
The church-bell's solitary chime,
Have join'd your banner'd throng.

Who, who may tell whence ye arise?
In what far region of the skies?
In what high forest tree?
Ye come as rushing hosts of war,
As loosened cataracts heard afar,
As thunders of the sea.

Or fanning round the wild bird's wing,
Or by the moon's cold pathways sing
Along the milky way;
Or through fierce caves and arches high,
Where Ruin mocks the morning sky,
Ye woo the love-worn day.

And whence that influence, dark and dim,
That wakes the soul's Æolian hymn
To measures glad and gay?
That breathes unto the midnight hour
Such spell of mystery and power,
And holds monarchic sway?

That makes the Poet weep and sigh,
That gathers tears in Beauty's eye,
And dreams around its head;
That, breathed in sounds of awe and fear,
Doth sing unto crazed lover's ear,
Old songs of maiden deed?

That treadeth where no foot can go,
That murmurs where no foot can flow,
Where no proud pennant streams;
That to the stars and to the moon
Doth ever sing a slumbering tune—
The very Queen of Dreams?

For ever breathed your hymns of love!
Ye called the laurel-seeking dove
Out from the foundering ark;
Ye came to Ruth among the corn,
Singing of distant lands forlorn
Beyond the waters dark.

Ye waved the rushes o'er the brow
Of Moses, when the lady saw
God's chosen nod his head;
Ye caught the stir of Jordan's sea,
To Israel's king ye sang in glee
Ere Absalom was dead.

Ye speak to us of human life!
One hour of calm, one hour of strife,
Now bright, now dark your form!
At morn ye sing to tree and flower,
The evening hears your storm of power,
And trembles in the storm.

Ye speak of human life! Ye go,
We know not where—ye have a flow
Wildier than ocean wave;
Heaven scarce can hold ye, and the bound
Of earth knows not your various sound
More than the secret grave.

Ye speak of human life! now high,
Like thunder-clouds, ye brave the sky
Now sleep ye by the streams;
Ye are like earthquakes roaring wild,
And then make music, as a child
That singeth in its dreams.

Away, my fancies! even now
I feel no more upon my brow
The mountain-breezes fall:
The stars are out, and I must go
Down to my quiet home below,
Among the poplars tall.

And I, whilst dreaming in my bed,
Will list your dirges o'er my head,
And think ye sing to me,
And dream that I have wings like you,
To fan the locks on heaven's clear brow,
And roll unchain'd and free.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun. Caledonian Mercury Office; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

CHAMBERS EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."

No. 54.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THIS phrase is used in reference to that district of Ayrshire, in Scotland, which has been consecrated by the history and writings of Robert Burns. It has happened, in the natural course of things, that, though the ingenious Bard of Ayrshire lived the life of a poor man, and perished, it may be said, miserably, in the very prime of his intellect and natural years, yet, as his productions have rather increased than diminished in fame, every little circumstance connected with him has now become matter of far greater interest and attention than what was bestowed, perhaps, upon the man himself in his own lifetime. We therefore propose giving an account of the scenery of his birth-place, and of some of his most remarkable poems, in the hope that it may be the means of directing many a pilgrim's foot to what must certainly be described as one of the most endeared parts of all the romantic land of our fathers.

The county of Ayr constitutes a large part of the western coast of Scotland, to the south of the embouchure of the Clyde. Forming one large inclined plane towards the sea, it is intersected in its breadth by several rivers, such as the Irvine, the Ayr, and the Doon, all of which are rich in poetical association. The mouths of the Ayr and Doon approach within two miles of each other; and at the point where the former joins the sea, is situate the town of Ayr, having a finely cultivated country in one direction, and in the other a firth, bounded in the distance by the magnificent hills of Arran and Argyllshire. The choice part of the land scenery—and of this Burns seems to have been fully aware—is to be found on the banks of the rivers, especially the Ayr, which is certainly the means of forming a beautiful tract of woodlands. The Doon was the river of Burns's boyhood; the Ayr, of his youth and manhood.

The poet was born in a clay-built and thatched cottage, on the highway which leads from Ayr to the southern parts of the county, and about two miles and a half from that town. Connected with it may still be traced the very small farm which the poet's father cultivated; and at a little distance is the ruin of Alloway Kirk, formerly a parochial place of worship, but long left to decay, on account of the parish being annexed to that of Ayr. The road, immediately after passing the cottage and the ruined church, crosses the Doon, by a modern bridge of one arch; and at the distance of a hundred yards farther up the river, is the "Auld Brig," so noted for its concern in the tale of Tam o' Shanter; a high narrow structure, after the fashion of a former age, and now disused. On an eminence overlooking both bridges, and within a hundred yards of Alloway Kirk, stands a beautiful Grecian temple, erected some years ago after a design by the classic Hamilton, of Edinburgh, as a monument of the poet, and of his connection with this scenery. The whole range of objects, with many others of inferior importance, is comprised within the space of half a mile; and, besides all the charm which genius has lent it, it must be described as possessing all the actual beauties of picturesque landscape—as, indeed, a remarkably pleasing specimen of river-side scenery, where the architecture of Athens is added to the rural graces of Thessaly.

The "auld clay biggin" in which the poet first saw the light, is now a neat whitened public-house, where an old acquaintance of the poet, John Goudie, formerly miller at Doonside Mill, has, for the last thirty years, refreshed the passing traveller, and acted as his cicerone. Both Mr and Mrs Goudie have their recollections of the poet, whom they at one time regarded and entertained as a rustic compeer, in no way re-

markable, except, perhaps, for his outré manners, though his name alone has at last become their chief idea upon earth. They show the recess in which the poet was born, and relate the well-known incident of the house having been immediately after shattered by a storm, which rendered it necessary that his mother and himself should be removed to a neighbouring cottage—which also is shown—in order to avoid the ruin which was apprehended. The cottage was, in those days, as now, composed of two rooms, one of them serving as the kitchen; and it was in that humbler part of the establishment that the poet, whose name has since filled the world, was first introduced to it. There was then no ceiling to the humble apartment; the eye, on travelling upwards, rested on the reverse of the thatched roof, beyond which there was nothing but the roof of heaven. It is pleasing to think that this humble dwelling is visited every year by thousands, of whom the wealthiest and the proudest are as glad to survey its homely features, as are those who affect nothing beyond the poet's own honourable poverty. The most elegant and highly bred women, the most distinguished men of both our own and other countries, have stooped beneath the "lintel" of this rustic shed, and looked, with strangely varied feelings, upon the original home and nursing-place of what has since gone like sun-light over the whole earth. The number of the visitors is attested in a curious manner, by the surfaces of a pair of tables, which stand in the better part of the house. These pieces of furniture are so thickly mottled over with initials, inscribed by the pen-knives of individuals anxious to connect their own namelessness with the name of the poet, that they resemble some curious inlaid work, or the tattooed skin of the Indian, rather than what they were. In time, they must become almost as curious and valuable objects as the tables of the Roman law.

Alloway Kirk, with its little inclosed burial-ground, next demands the pilgrim's attention. It has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved, and it still retains its bell at the east end. Upon the whole, the spectator is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. The inner area is now divided by a partition wall, and one part forms the family burial-place of the late Mr Cathcart, who may perhaps be better known by his judicial designation of Lord Alloway. The "winnock bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician of the party, is a conspicuous feature, being a small window, divided by a thick mullion. Around the building are the vestiges of other openings, at any of which the hero of the tale may be supposed to have looked in upon the hellish scene. Within the last few years, the old oaken rafters of the kirk were mostly entire, but they have now been entirely taken away, to form, in various shapes, memorials of a place so remarkably signalised by genius. It is necessary for those who survey the ground in reference to the poem, to be informed that the old road from Ayr to this spot, by which Burns supposed his hero to have approached Alloway Kirk, was considerably to the west of the present one, which, nevertheless, has existed since before the time of Burns. Upon a field about a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the kirk, is a single tree inclosed with a paling, the last remnant of a group which covered

"——— the cairn
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn
and immediately beyond that object is
"——— the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smooted."
(namely, a ford over a small burn which soon after

joins the Doon); being two places which Tam o' Shanter is described as having passed on his solitary way. The road then made a sweep towards the river, and, passing a well which trickles down into the Doon, where formerly stood a thorn, on which an individual, called in the poem "Mungo's mother," committed suicide, approached Alloway Kirk upon the west. These circumstances may here appear trivial, but it is surprising with what interest any visitor to the real scene will inquire into, and behold every part of it which can be associated, however remotely, with the poem of Tam o' Shanter. The churchyard contains several old monuments, of a very humble description, marking the resting places of undistinguished persons who formerly lived in the neighbourhood, and probably had the usual hereditary title to little spaces of ground in this ancient cemetery. Among those persons rests William Burns, father of the poet, over whose grave the son had piously raised a small stone, recording his name and the date of his death, together with the short poetical tribute to his memory which is copied in the works of the bard. But for this monument, long ago destroyed and carried away piece-meal, there is now substituted one of somewhat finer proportions. But the churchyard of Alloway has now become fashionable with the dead as well as the living. Its little area is absolutely crowded with modern monuments, referring to persons, many of whom have been brought from considerable distances to take their rest in this doubly consecrated ground. Among these is one to the memory of a person named Tyrie, who, visiting the spot some years ago, happened to express a wish that he might be laid in Alloway churchyard, and, as fate would have it, was interred in the spot he had pointed out within a fortnight. Nor is this all; for even the neighbouring gentry are now contending for departments in this fold of the departed, and it is probable that the elegant mausolea of rank and wealth will soon be jostling with the stunted obelisks of humble worth and noteless poverty.

The Auld Brig of Doon, which is approached by a steep way forming Tam's line of march when pursued by the witches, and which is connected with the road by a sharp turn that may be conceived to have given that hero some trouble in a gallop, is a fine old arch, of apparently very durable workmanship, and, though disused except for foot passengers, is kept in excellent order. Two or three years ago, the parapets had suffered considerable injury by many of the coping-stones being thrown into the water by idle boys; but, at the instigation of Mr David Auld, of Ayr, a poetical petition to the Trustees was written by the Rev. Mr Paul, of Broughton, author of a *Life of Burns*, with the view of obtaining the means of repairing it. On this document being presented to a meeting of the Trustees at Ayr, it was found that they had no power to devote the public money to the repair of a disused road; but the eight or ten gentlemen present were so much amused by the petition, and, at the same time, so convinced by its arguments, that they subscribed on the spot a sum sufficient to put all to rights. The document is here subjoined in full form:—

"Unto the Honourable the Trustees of the Roads in the County of Ayr, the Petition and Complaint of the Auld Brig of Doon.
"Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?
Shall my bold arch, that proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle's, to Carrick's shore,
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulf to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?
Forbid it! every tutelary power!
That guards my keystone at the midnight hour.

Forbid it, ye who, charm'd by Burns's lay,
Amid these scenes can linger out the day!
Let Nannie's sark, and Maggie's mangled tail,
Plead in my cause, and in that cause prevail.
The man of taste, who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told, 'The Auld Brig is no more.'
Stop then, O stop, the more than Vandal rage,
'That marks this revolutionary age,
And bid the structure of your fathers last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;
Nor ever let your children's children tell,
By your decree, the ancient fabric fell.

"May it therefore please your Honours to consider
this petition, and grant such sum as you may
think proper for repairing and keeping up the
Old Bridge of Doon.

(Signed) " ————
For the Petitioner."

It may be appropriately mentioned at this place, that the original of Tam o' Shanter was an individual named Douglas Graham, a Carrick farmer. Shanter is a farm on the Carrick shore, near Kirkoswald, which Graham long possessed. The man was in sober, or rather drunken truth, the "bletherin', blusterin' blellum" that the poet has described; and his wife was as veritably a lady who most anxiously discouraged drinking in her husband. Burns, when a boy, spent some time at Kirkoswald, in the house of a maternal uncle, who at once practised the craft of a miller, and sold home-brewed ale. To this house, Graham and his brother-in-law, the farmer of Duquhat (which lies between Kirkoswald and Shanter), used to resort; and finding in Burns some qualities, which, boy as he was, recommended him to their attention, they made him every thing but their drinking companion. Sometimes, the two toppers, tired of ale, which they said was rather cold for the stomach, would adjourn to Duquhat, and correct their native liquor with good brandy, which at that time was supplied by smugglers to every house in Carrick at a price next to nominal. Burns would accompany them in these migrations, an observant boy, inspecting the actions of his dotard seniors. After perhaps spending half a night at Duquhat, the farmer of that place, with Burns, would accompany Graham to Shanter; but as the idea of the "sulky sullen dame" rose in their minds, a debate would arise as to the propriety of venturing, even in full strength, into the house, and Graham, perhaps, would, after all, return to Duquhat, and continue the debauch till next day, content to put off the present evil, even at the hazard of encountering it in an accumulated form afterwards. Such were the opportunities afforded to the poet of observing the life of the Carrick farmers of those days.

It is not easy, even for the actual writer of a fiction, to point out the skeleton ideas and incidents, the shadowy fragments of original and real life, which he has used in composing his work, and any task of this kind must, of course, be still more difficult in another party, writing at the distance of a generation. Among the facts, however, which must have gone to the composition of "Tam o' Shanter," there is one, never yet noticed, which probably suggested the tail-piece with which the diabolic panorama is concluded. Douglas Graham had, it seems, a good grey mare, which was very much identified with his own appearance. One day, being in Ayr, he tied the animal to a ring at the door of a public-house, where, contrary to his original intentions, he tarried so long, that the boys, in the meantime, plucked away the whole of his mare's tail, for the purpose of making fishing-lines. It was not till next morning, when he awoke from a protracted bouse, that the circumstance was discovered by his son, who came in, crying that the mare had lost her tail. Graham, when he comprehended the amount of the disaster, was, it seems, so much bewildered as to its cause, that he could only attribute it, after a round oath, to the agency of witches. There can be no doubt, we think, that this affair, working in Burns's recollection, was seized upon to serve as the catastrophe to a story, of which the main part, it is well known, was a fire-side legend, respecting a person of unknown name and character.

The Monument next demands attention. It was erected about ten years ago by subscription, and has only recently been surrounded in proper style by a garden of evergreens. Hardly any object of the kind could be more truly beautiful or worthy of its purpose than this happily designed and happily situated building; nor could any thing be more truly entitled to praise than the manner in which it is kept and managed. The interior contains a capital copy of the original portrait of the poet, by Nasmyth, besides various other objects of less moment. In a grotto apart are now placed the celebrated statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, executed by Mr James Thom, the self-taught sculptor, and which have already been amply described and characterised in this work. After performing the tour of the United Kingdom, and gathering a sum little short, we believe, of five thousand pounds, these singularly felicitous grotesques have been permanently fixed here, being, in fact, the property of the Monument Committee. The arrangements made for their permanent exhibition are in very good taste, and answer the purpose remarkably well.

It remains to be noticed, that a small, but neat and remarkably well managed inn, has recently been started in the neighbourhood of the monument, for

the accommodation of the numerous pilgrims to the land of Burns. As the most fastidious travellers are thus assured of experiencing no inconvenience in visiting the place, it may be safely anticipated that there will speedily be a large accession to the number of visitors. The windows of the principal room command views of all the classic objects which have been described. For the erection of this house, as well as much of the elegance and taste which is every where seen to preside over this endeared scene, the public is indebted to Mr David Auld—the same spirited individual who was the means of bringing forward the statues of Thom, and whose name must ever be identified with those admirable productions.

This subject will probably be resumed and completed at a future opportunity.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE

METEOROLOGY.—FIRST ARTICLE.

Spontaneous Evaporation.

THE atmosphere which surrounds the earth undergoes a variety of changes, which are of vast importance in the economy of nature. The investigation of these is the object of the science of Meteorology, and surely no study can be more interesting, certainly none more important. The agriculturist, whose wealth is sunk in farm-stock, extending over a vast tract of country—the seaman, who traverses, with many lives and much wealth under his care, the trackless plain of the illimitable ocean, ought to be especially familiar with its principles. Already it has been explained, that the air we breathe extends to a considerable, perhaps indeterminate height above the earth, and presses with a certain weight on every part of its surface:—this pressure is subject to variation. It has also been shewn, that the air always holds, either in solution or suspension, a quantity of vapour, derived from the waters embosomed in the earth:—this likewise is subject to variation, the moisture being sometimes diminished, and sometimes very much increased. We know that water, as most familiar to us, exists in a liquid state; but we are all aware that when heat is applied, its particles are separated to a greater distance from each other, and converted into steam, or vapour; and this is called its *evaporation*. For this process to take place, it is not necessary that artificial heat shall in all cases be applied, for it will happen spontaneously at all temperatures. Thus, if a quantity of water be exposed to the air in a shallow vessel, it will gradually diminish, and in a few days disappear. If a heavy fall of rain inundate a country, the fine weather of a few days will cause the waters to be dissipated, and the roads will again become dry and dusty, and the fields reassume their verdant aspect. This is effected by what is termed *spontaneous evaporation*; and this process in nature is going on continually, more especially in those regions of the globe where the waters are accumulated in lakes and in extensive seas. It has been said that the air always contains some moisture, and this must modify considerably the quantity of the evaporation, for the drier the air, the greater will be its capacity for retaining, and its avidity for receiving, moisture; but the more vapour it already contains, the less capable will it be of sustaining an additional quantity. In winter, the atmosphere is generally loaded with moisture, in summer it is much drier; it is drier during night than during day: accordingly, there is less evaporation going on in winter than in summer, and during the day than during the night. The coldness of the north-east winds in spring is in a great measure owing to their excessive dryness, which causes them to abstract the moisture from the skin, which moisture is converted very rapidly into invisible vapour; but in autumn, the air being saturated with watery particles, the rate of evaporation is diminished, and we then experience that delicious softness which is so strongly contrasted with the keen blasts that attend the season of spring. Besides being modified by the quantity of vapour already existing in the air, evaporation is considerably increased or diminished by variation of temperature. In winter, the earth and waters being warmer than the air, more vapour rises than during summer; but owing to the low temperature of the air, and the quantity of moisture already existing, it is immediately condensed into mists, which, when not dense enough to constitute fogs, appear like light gauzy veils hanging from the brows of rocks, or trailing along the surface of plains. The higher we ascend a mountain, the colder and drier the atmosphere becomes: hence the tops of mountains are generally shrouded with mist. But although, on the approach of frost, the evaporation be checked, during its continuance it is increased: hence ice itself, during a clear frosty night, will evaporate; and hence, too, the disappearance of snow without a fall of rain or any obvious thaw. From the same cause, in deeper snows the surface becomes grooved, scooped, or channelled—an effect which is most conspicuous around the trunks of trees, and near the interstices of palings, where the stream of air aids the evaporating process. A brisk wind always increases the quantity of the evaporation—for this reason, that the evaporation goes on only at the surface of the water; and the greater the extent of that surface, the greater will be the evaporation. Thus, by agitating the water, and extending and changing the surface, a brisk wind must aid the process. But this is not all; for if the air were still, the water evaporated would accumulate on the surface, as may often be observed by the mists

which on a calm summer evening are seen impending on the bosom of a lake; the presence of which in contact with the water very much retards any further evaporation. The wind, therefore, by sweeping this away, prevents any such obstruction. Saussure found, by experiments performed at Geneva, that wind moving at the rate of 22 feet in a second, triples the quantity of evaporation in calm air. It is not only from the surface of seas, lakes, and rivers, that evaporation takes place: the earth is always saturated with more or less moisture, and so likewise are vegetable and animal bodies: therefore the same process occurs from them. It is said, however, that there is little difference between the evaporation from green soil and bare soil; that is, from soil covered with grass, and soil that is uncovered. "Trees (says Mr White, the ingenious author of the History of Selbourne) perspire profusely, condense largely, and check evaporation so much, that woods are always moist, and, consequently, contribute much to ponds and streams." Dr Hales likewise found, that tracts of country covered with woods emit more vapour than an equal extent of ground covered with water.

Many ingenious contrivances have been devised for the purpose of estimating the quantity of moisture present in the atmosphere, and such instruments are termed *hygrometers*. Mr Boyle recommended a bit of sponge fixed in a delicate gold balance, twisted ropes, thin slips of leather, or wood, as of poplar, oak, or willow—all of which indicate a moist state of atmosphere, by having their dimensions enlarged according to the quantity of moisture they absorb. The hygrometer of Saussure is constructed so that the indicator moves by the shortening or lengthening of a human hair, previously baked. De Lur has the indicator to turn round the index, by means of a very thin slip of whalebone previously dried. Luke Howard has devised an ingenious instrument, which, for delicate observations on rain, dew, or evaporation, will indicate either to the 1000th of an inch; but for a full description of its construction, we must refer our readers to his excellent and valuable work on the "Climate of London." The late Sir John Leslie, Professor in the Edinburgh University, used as an hygrometer his differential thermometer, *i. e.* a very delicate thermometer with two bulbs, one of which he covered with silk and blotting-paper, and kept moist, so that, as the moisture evaporated, the cold produced contracted the volume of air within, and caused a coloured liquid to rise; but this instrument only measures the rapidity of evaporation, and does not by any means indicate the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere. Here a very interesting question occurs:—What is the average annual quantity of water spontaneously evaporated from the surface of the earth?

Geologists calculate that nearly three-fourths of the surface of the globe is covered by water; and, according to Abbé Richard, the yearly evaporation from the ocean all over the world amounts to a quantity of water equal to sixty inches in thickness; but we are not satisfied with the accuracy of this calculation. Upon the whole, it may, we believe, be considered that 32 inches is the mean annual evaporation from the whole of Great Britain. But this evaporation varies according to the nature and situation of the country: thus, it is less than this in a great part of Scotland, and likewise in a portion of England. Such being the general circumstances attending the phenomena of spontaneous evaporation, we may pause to consider the vast importance of this provision for ministering to the existence and wants of all beings and objects, animate and inanimate; for it is not unbecoming in philosophy to look around from her proudest throne, to contemplate, with admiration and wonder, the exquisite skill with which nature has accomplished every design, and the beauty with which she has clothed the most simple and humble objects of her all-wise creation. "Let us suppose for a moment (says one of the most ingenious and able chemical philosophers of the present day) that this spontaneous evaporation were to cease, and let us contemplate the consequences. No more rain or dew could fall—the springs would cease to flow—the rivers would be dried up—the whole water of the globe would be accumulated in the ocean—the earth would become dry and parched—vegetables, deprived of moisture, would no longer continue to grow—the cattle and beasts of every kind would lack their usual food—man himself would perish—the earth would become a dull, inanimate, sterile mass, without any vegetables to embellish its surface, or any living creature to wander through its frightful deserts."

CLOUDS.

Having now laid before our readers the general principles connected with the laws of evaporation, and shewn them the various circumstances which influence their operation, we proceed to consider the structure and the various kinds of clouds which are observed in the heavens. And here we must confess, that, notwithstanding the natural desire for knowledge implanted in the bosom of every man, the love for cultivating that which is shadowy, vague, and mysterious, has led philosophers to ponder in their studies on dark, useless, metaphysical questions concerning

* The Climate of London, deduced from Meteorological Observations made at different places in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. By Luke Howard. Vol. I. xxi.
† Dr Thomson. Consult his recent work, "An Outline of the Sciences of Heat and Electricity." Vol. I., page 241, et seq.

the abstract nature of mind and matter, rather than investigate the causes of those phenomena which are daily observed, and, perhaps, for that very reason continually neglected. It is the seaman, the shepherd, and the humble peasant who has scarcely a roof above his head, who know most of the practical doctrines of meteorology; they it is who live in more immediate communion with nature, and, like the shepherd boy described by Wordsworth,

"Learn the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes,
When others heed them not, they hear, and say
The winds are now devising work for us."

Let us now then examine the nature of a cloud, i. e. its structure, for often there is an intricacy, in itself admirable, in that which appears to the superficial eye very simple, and scarcely worth a more deliberate inspection. What is a cloud? It is an opaque body, of an irregular figure, interposed between us and that which we term the sky, and is produced by the moisture which has risen from the water of the earth, and which is condensed in the higher regions of the air. And now, what is its structure? A cloud, or mist, consists, not of solid drops of water, but of a multitude of very thin vesicles, or, as it were, water-bags enclosing some little air within, exactly as the vesicles of soap suds—a very homely, yet, at the same time, true illustration.

If clouds consisted of solid water-drops, they would descend in rain as rapidly as they are formed, and would not float in the higher regions of the air, to be wafted to far distant countries, which have not within themselves the means of supplying the earth with requisite moisture. Besides this, if clouds were so constituted, every time the beholder stood with his face looking towards the shower, and his back to the sun, he would see a rainbow, which is not the case. M. de Saussure, when travelling in the Alps, happened to be overtaken by a dense mist, the particles or drops of which floated slowly on without falling to the ground. Catching these in his hand, he found them to be bladders inconceivably thin, and all had this structure. Hence there is not any doubt that clouds consist of an aggregation or collection of vesicles or water-bags, each inclosing a small quantity of air; and on the nature or condition of the aerial matter so enclosed, and which must be modified by the temperature of the medium in which they float, will depend the variable height to which clouds rise. If the air within the vesicles be saturated with moisture, while the air surrounding them be dry, then the vesicles, being specifically lighter than the air in which they float, the cloud rises higher in the atmosphere, diminishes in size, and is gradually converted into vapour. At noon-day, especially, this may often be observed. In the air, on the contrary, that is within the vesicles, he in the same state as that wherein they float, then the vesicles are rendered heavier than the surrounding air, and descend to the earth, constituting mists or fogs. Of mists and fogs we shall speak more at length hereafter; but, in the meantime, it may be observed, that meteorologists have reduced clouds into seven different modifications, the peculiarities of which are, it is said, referable to the agency of electricity.

I. The *cirrus*, or *curl-cloud*, occurs very high in the air. It is a cloud of the least density, and assumes so vast a variety of shapes, that it has very appropriately been called "The Proteus of the Skies." After a continuance of clear weather, it is the first cloud that is seen, and in this case looks, says Mr Howard, like a fine whitish thread pencilled on the clear blue sky; to this, other faint lines are added laterally, which increase in size, and often serve as stems from which numerous branches proceed. In some instances the *cirrus*, or *curl-cloud*, presents us with a series of regular undulations; in others, it extends straight, being at one end obtusely turned upwards, constituting what is called the *conoid cirrus*, or *mare's tail*. Besides these varieties, the fibres of the *curl-cloud* often intersect each other, so as to give the sky the appearance of being covered with a beautiful net-work. When this kind of cloud is sharply marked, it is inferred that the air in which it floats is dry; when, however, it is ragged, then it is inferred that it is floating in moist air. When they extend over a considerable portion of sky, rain may be anticipated.

II. The next variety of cloud noticed by meteorologists is the *cumulus*, or *stacken-cloud*, which is commonly of a dense structure, formed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, and moving along in the current of wind that is next the earth. It is this kind of cloud which is often seen on the tops of mountains, presenting a beautiful silvery appearance. Before rain, these clouds increase rapidly in size, and descend lower in the atmosphere.

III. The *stratus*, or *fall-cloud*, is the next in the order of classification, and this is the lowest of clouds, and generally rests on the earth or on the water. It may be regarded as the cloud of night, as it frequently makes its appearance about sunset, and is dissipated by sunrise. It comprehends those mists which in a fine summer evening may be seen ascending in spreading sheets from valleys, lakes, and fields, and which, in autumn and winter, often continue throughout the day as dense as fogs.

IV. V. VI. The three next kinds of clouds are modifications of the three already mentioned, but cannot without the aid of diagrams be sufficiently explained for our present purpose; we therefore must refer our readers to the excellent work of Forster, entitled

"Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena," where all these varieties are ably explained, and well illustrated.

VII. The *nimbus* is that variety of cloud observed immediately before the fall of rain, for no cloud effuses rain until it has undergone a change sufficiently remarkable to constitute a distinct modification. This, therefore, is called the *rain-cloud*, and is caused by the particles constituting a cloud losing their vesicular form, and uniting into drops; but the phenomena attending the fall of rain we shall duly consider in the next article devoted to POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE VILLAGE MUSICIAN, AN AMERICAN STORY.

THE reader who has ever been in the pleasant town of Herkimer, in New York, may know something of Johnny Vanderbucker, a neat, square-built Dutch lad, who was a great favourite among the ladies of that place, a few years back. The reason of his popularity with the fair, I could never exactly learn; for he was the most uncomely youth that a traveller could meet between Albany and Buffalo. Perhaps it might have been in consequence of his expectations; for his father, who was a baker, was said to have several hundreds of silver dollars, locked up in an oaken chest which stood by his bedside; and as he had always permitted John to roam about the village, without paying the least attention to his education or conduct, it seemed very evident that he intended to make him his heir. Perhaps it might have been owing to his good nature; for to tell the truth, there was not a better tempered lad in the whole country. Whatever else might be said in disparagement of John, all admitted that he was a well-conditioned creature, and had not the least harm in him. He would lie for hours, under the shade of a great willow which stood before his father's door, looking at the sky, or crawl about the grass, hunting for four-leaved clover; and no change in the weather, nor other cross accident, was ever known to disturb his serenity. In this respect he was a fair example of the influence of circumstances; for having been raised—as we say in the West—by a baker, it was naturally to be expected that his heart should be light.

After all, he might owe his favour with the female public to his musical abilities, which were certainly remarkable. When quite small, he was an adept at playing on the Jew's harp, and the boys and girls would crowd around him to listen to his melody, as if he had been another Orpheus. As he grew older, he took to the violin, and his services began to be in request. A man may always fiddle his way through this world; no matter whether he play for love or money, whether he is a hired musician, or an amateur, fiddling is a genteel, popular, and profitable employment. Johnny was now a regular and an acceptable visitor at all the tea parties, quiltings, and house raisings, in and around the town, and never did any human being fill a station with more propriety than he did the responsible post of fiddler. By nature he was taciturn, a lover of sleep, a healthy eater, and fond of an inspiring beverage; qualifications, which, if they be not proofs of musical genius, may at least be set down as the appropriate accomplishments of a connoisseur in the science of sweet sounds. Seated in an easy chair—for he loved a comfortable position—he would throw back his head, close his eyes, open his huge mouth, and fiddle away for a whole night, without exhibiting the least sign of vitality, except in his elbow and his fingers. Often when a dance was ended, he would continue to play on until admonished that his labours were unnecessary; but when a new set took the floor, it was only requisite to give Johnny a smart jog, and off he went again like a machine set in motion. When refreshments were brought him, he poured into the vast crater which performed the functions of a mouth, whatever was offered, and more than once has he swallowed the contents of an inkstand, smacked his lips over a dose of Peruvian bark, or pronounced a glass of sharp vinegar "humming stuff."

Thus passed the halcyon days of Johnny Vanderbucker, until the completion of his twenty-first year, when an event occurred which entirely changed the tenor of his life. This was no other than the decease of his worthy parent, the baker, who was suddenly gathered to his fathers, on a cold winter evening while Johnny was fiddling at a neighbouring fair. The news startled our hero like the snapping of a fiddle-string. He laid aside his amusements, to follow the remains of the honest baker to their last receptacle. For a wonder, he remained wide awake the whole day, and slept quietly in his bed the whole of the ensuing night. On the following morning he unlocked the oaken chest, emptied the contents of several greasy bags on the floor, counted them over eagerly, and then determined to buy a new violin.

In his new situation many cares pressed upon the attention of our hero. Letters of administration had to be taken out, the stock in trade and the implements of his ancestor to be sold, debts to be collected, and debts to be paid; and before a week elapsed, the heir-at-law acknowledged that the gifts of fortune are not worth the trouble they bring. His new suit of black imposed an unworried constraint upon him. He could no longer roll upon the grass, for fear of soiling his clothes, and he was told that it would be wrong to fiddle at the dances while he was in mourning.

When an old man gets into trouble, he is apt to be-take himself to the bottle; when a young man becomes perplexed, he generally turns his attention to matrimony. Thus it was with Johnny, who, in those golden and joyous days when he had nothing to do but to sleep, and eat, and play the fiddle, never dreamt of the silken fetter. But when care and trouble, and leather bags, and silver dollars, and black broadcloth, came upon him, he thought it high time to shift a portion of the burden of his existence upon some other shoulders.

I must now apprise the reader, that, although my hero had never thought of marriage, it was only because he was too single-minded to think of two things at once. He had not reached the mature age of one-and-twenty, untouched by the arrows of the gentle god. In love he had been, and at the precise point of time to which we have brought this veracious history, the tender passion was blazing in his bosom, as kindly and as cheerfully as a Christmas fire. Its object was a beautiful girl of nineteen, who really did great credit to the taste of the enamoured musician. She was the daughter of a widow lady of respectable connexions, but decayed fortune. Lucy Atherton, the young lady in question, had beauty enough to compensate for the absence of wealth, and a sufficient portion of the family inheritance of pride, to enable her to hold her head quite as high as any belle in the village. In the dance she was grace personified. It was a treat to behold her laughing face, her lovely form, and her light step, as she flew, with joyous heart and noiseless foot, through the mazes of the contra-dance.

Often would Johnny surprise the company, by keeping his eyes open for whole minutes together, as the lovely vision of Lucy Atherton flitted before him. The fire would flash from his eye, and the blood rush from his heart to his elbow, as he gazed in ecstasy at the loveliest dancer in the village—his fingers fell with renewed vivacity upon the tuneful strings, and the very violin itself seemed to melt in sympathy, and gave forth softer, and mellower, and gayer tones. Then would he close his eyes, and, having laid in an agreeable idea, feed upon it in secrecy, as a stingy boy devours a dainty morsel in some hidden corner. With his stringed instrument rattling away like a locomotive engine, apparently unconscious of any animal propulsion, his mouth wide open, his visage devoid of expression, and the whole outward man reposing in death-like torpidity, he was dreaming of Lucy Atherton—his heart was beating time to the imaginary motion of her feet, as her form floated and whirled, up the sides and down the middle, cross over and right and left, through every nook and corner of his bosom. But either because this image was too dearly cherished to be shared with another, or too faintly shadowed out to be altogether intelligible to himself, he kept his own counsel so closely, that none could have suspected the object of his thoughts, or have pronounced with the slightest shadow of reason, that he had any thoughts at all—except upon one occasion, when Miss Lucy Atherton having gone through a scamper down with uncommon spirit, he exclaimed, with great emotion, that she was a "dreadful nice dancer."

When the notion of a wife came into Johnny's head, it was like the intrusion of a comet into the solar system, disturbing the regular economy of nature, and eclipsing the other orbs by its brilliancy. It entirely unsettled the well-ordered succession of his thoughts, which commonly moved on from point to point as regularly as the hands of a watch. "A wife!" quoth he, casting a look of silly bashfulness all around, as if afraid of detection—"A wife!" exclaimed he a second time, laughing aloud, as at the absurdity of such a proposition—"A wife!" muttered he again—and then the image of Lucy Atherton came dancing before him. The greatest discoveries have been the result of accident, the happiest invention is but the felicitous application of a known power to a novel purpose; and equally fortuitous was that train of thought in the mind of our hero, which united his own destiny with that of the fashionable and admired Lucy Atherton. The thought was ecstatic; it brought a glow to the heart of Johnny, such as seldom beams upon the high latitude of a Dutchman's breast, and he resolved to become, forthwith, a candidate for the hand of the village belle.

The next morning found our hero at a neighbouring shop, purchasing a variety of trinkets and clothing, for the decoration of his ungainly person. A purple watch-ribbon, a pink silk neckcloth, and a huge breast-pin, which struck him as peculiarly tasty and appropriate, were borne off in triumph; and these, together with a scarlet velvet waistcoat, of the proper goods and chattels of the late Herman Vanderbucker, deceased, which came to the hands of the said John to be administered, were severally arranged in their respective stations; and the worthy amateur, adorned with a dazzling elegance, to which he had until that time been a stranger, placed his fiddle triumphantly under his arm, and marched boldly to the dwelling of the widow Atherton.

"Good morning, Mrs Atherton," said our hero, as he entered the widow's parlour; "good morning, How's Lucy?"

The lady, surprised at this unwonted familiarity in the son of the village baker, raised her spectacles, and having gazed at him for a moment in mute astonishment, haughtily replied that Miss Atherton was well. Johnny was glad to hear it; but before he

would express his joy, the offended parent stalked out, and the young lady herself glided in. "She don't know what I came for, or she'd be more civil," thought Johnny, as he looked after the proud widow—but the entrance of the daughter changed the current of his reflections.

"How d'ye do, Lucy?" said the amateur.

Lucy was thunderstruck. The young man had never before addressed her in such a strain; but she had too much self-possession to betray the least embarrassment; for a reigning belle can generally command her feelings with as much success as a veteran politician. She returned his salutation, therefore, with the utmost sweetness and ease of manner, and took her seat, inwardly resolving to penetrate into the cause of the strange revolution which a few hours had made in the dress and address of her visitor. Arrayed in the simple elegance of a morning dress, and adorned with youth, health, and beauty, she bent gracefully over her work, and never looked prettier than at this moment, when an inquisitive archness was added to the usually intelligent expression of her countenance. For the present, however, her curiosity was balked; for Johnny, who really meant only to show his tenderness, and had already advanced to the utmost bounds of his assurance, began to falter. The courage which had sustained him thus far, and which some have insinuated was borrowed from a source that our temperance societies would hardly approve, was fast evaporating; and after sitting some time in silence, playing with his purple watch-ribbon, he drew his violin from its green bag, and inquired whether Miss Atherton would "fancy a tune."

The young lady declared that it always afforded her infinite pleasure to listen to Mr Vanderbocker's delightful music; and in an instant the musical machine started into action—the head fell back, the mouth yawned, the eye-lids closed, and Johnny, the best and drowsiest of fiddlers, added a new proof that even the tender passion is not sufficiently powerful to overcome inveterate habit. But love did not entirely quit the field, or abandon his votary, who opened his eyes at intervals, and bowed and smirked upon his fair audress in a manner not to be mistaken, while between the different airs he would inquire if the last tune was not "cruel purty," or "desperate fine," or "elegantier than all the rest."

Music, which has charms to "soothe the savage breast," seems to have operated differently on that of the young lady, on this occasion; for the antique velvet vest, the pink neckcloth, the smirking, the bowing, and, above all, the short naps which her visitor seemed to enjoy with such complacency, were altogether so irresistibly ludicrous, that, in spite of her endeavours to suppress it, she was compelled to burst into a fit of laughter. Johnny, who very properly considered this as an unequivocal expression of delight, was overjoyed at his success, and adding his own *bass* to the melodious *tenor* of his fair companion, snook the room with peals of obstreperous mirth.

Thus ended the first act of this comedy. The second commences with a sprightly dialogue. Johnny, who had now found his tongue, opened the conversation by asking "Lucy" if she did not think he ought to be married?

"Undoubtedly, Mr Vanderbocker," was the reply; "nothing could be more proper, provided you believe that marriage would conduce to your happiness."

"I don't know as I should be any happier, but somehow I think I should be better contented."

"Then you ought certainly to marry, for contentment is the chief ingredient in the cup of happiness."

"I shall quit drinking entirely," continued the lover, who misunderstood the last position of the lady.

"I am glad to hear it. Sobriety is very becoming, particularly in married men."

"And who do you think I ought to have?"

"Oh dear I cannot tell, indeed. That is a delicate question; and, perhaps, it might be necessary to determine first who would have you."

"I guess a'most any of 'em would be glad to catch at me," replied the swain; "for father's left me a snug house, and three hundred dollars in silver, besides the bake-shop."

"Quite a fortune, I declare!" exclaimed Lucy.

"To be sure, there's some that's richer than me, and some better looking," continued Johnny, glancing at the mirror which hung opposite to him; "but then you know, Miss Lucy—"

"That half a loaf is better than no bread," added the young lady, ironically.

"Yes—just so—that's my *idée* to a notch; a half bread, as you say, is better than no loaf, and so—three hundred dollars, and a house and lot—"

"And gentle Mr Vanderbocker into the bargain, would be a comfortable lot for any lady. Surely the girls in Herkimer ought not to hesitate for the temptation is very great!"

"An't it?" exclaimed Johnny, in a tone of exultation. "I guess it is!" he added, answering his own question. "It isn't every gal that gets such a chance. Now, I'll tell you a secret," continued he, lowering his voice; "if you'll have me, it's all your own, me and the fiddle, the three hundred dollars, the bake-shop, and all!"

"The impudent fellow!" thought Lucy; but she had the politeness and good sense to suppress that thought. A lady is never seriously offended with the swain who offers to marry her; for, however humble may be the source from which the proposition emanates, it is still

a compliment. Lucy's list of conquests was tolerably long for blooming nineteen, and the name of Johnny would add but little dignity to the train; yet truth obliges me to record, that a slight blush, and a very slight toss of the head, with a glance at the mirror, showed that the tribute of admiration was not unwelcome even from our hero. She civilly, but peremptorily, declined the honour which he had intended for her, and adding, "You must excuse me now, sir; I have other engagements," left the room.

"Other engagements!" thought Johnny; "that means that she is going to be married to somebody else. What a dunce was I not to speak first!" And he retired, deeply chagrined, and not a little puzzled, that a young lady of marriageable age and sound discretion, who was not worth a cent, should refuse a neat cottage, a bake-shop, and three hundred dollars, with the slight encumbrance of himself and a violin, for no better reason than that she had made a previous engagement with another gentleman!

Had there been a mill-pond at Mrs Atherton's front door, our hero would undoubtedly have drowned himself; and it is altogether probable that he would even have gone out of his way to seek the means of self-destruction, had he not prudently reflected that the estate of Herman Vanderbocker, deceased, was not yet fully administered, nor the leather bags emptied. To leave this treasure vacant, and the bake-shop unoccupied, would have been rashness. But he felt unhappy, and, being little disposed to mingle in company, he determined to mount his horse, and take a short ride.

It was nearly night, when Johnny, who was trotting briskly homewards, overtook a stranger within a mile or two of the village. He was a tall, slim man, mounted on a high, strong, bony horse; but he was so muffled up, from top to toe, that our hero could not tell whether he was old or young, gentle or simple. His hat was covered with an oil-cloth, his legs were enveloped in ample wrappers of coarse cloth, he was booted and spurred, and over all he wore one of those uncouth but comfortable coats, fabricated out of a green Mackinaw blanket, which are so common on the Mississippi. His horse was covered with mud, and evidently tired. His own appearance was way-worn and weather-beaten. He seemed to have travelled far, and faced many a storm. Before him were a pair of large holster pistols; behind him, a roll containing his surcoat and umbrella; and across the saddle, a pair of immense saddle-bags, fastened with a brass padlock.

Johnny, who had all the fiddler's wonted love of company, and was particularly averse to riding alone in the dark, trotted up alongside of the stranger, and accosted him with a cheerful "Good evening."

The traveller nodded stiffly, without deigning to turn his head.

Johnny gazed wistfully at the jaded rider, the tired nag, the Mackinaw blanket, the leggings, and other *fixens*, as we say in the West, and wondered who this could be, that was so strangely accoutred, and was too proud to return a civil salutation. Determined to satisfy his curiosity, he tried to commence a conversation, by making some common-place remark about the weather; but as this elicited no other reply than a cold monosyllable, he resolved to make a bold push, and come to the point at once.

"You seem to be travelling, mister," said he. "You have guessed right," replied the traveller. "Have you travelled far, if it's a fair question?" "Tolerably."

Now, this reply seemed to our hero most perplexingly inexplicit. "Tolerably" might comprise ten miles, or twenty, or a hundred, but it could not apply to a long journey. He took another look at the *leg-gins*, the pistols, and the green blanket-coat, and, edging up to the stranger, thought he would try it again.

"Well, mister," said he, "if I *mought* make so bold, where did you come from?" "Just back here," was the laconic reply. "From Oneida?" "No; further back." "From Cataraugus?" "No; further back."

Johnny considered a moment—for his stock of geographical knowledge was but slender—and again pushed his inquiries.

"I guess, may be, you came all the way from Buffalo?" "No; further back."

Johnny scratched his head, in some amazement, and edged off from the stranger, as if fearful he had fallen into bad company; but his curiosity overcoming every other feeling, he continued—

"Why, I don't know as any body lives any further off than that. If I *mought* make so free, what's back of Buffalo?" "Ohio." "O—o—h! yes! sure enough! So you live in Ohio?" "No; further back." "Well, what's back of that?" "Indiana." "And do you live there?" "No; further back." "And what's back of that?" "Illinois." "Oh! you live in Illinois." "No, I don't." "Where do you live?" "Further back." "I guess you don't live at all!" exclaimed Johnny, trembling all over, for it was now growing dark, and the tall stranger, who seemed to have ridden so hard and so far, appeared to deny being an inhabitant of this world. But Johnny thought he would try another question. "Well, mister, if it's no harm, what's back of Illinois." "Missouri." "Do you live there?" "Yes."

Johnny absolutely started, and stood up in his stirrups, and a cold chill ran over him; for the conversa-

tion was brought to a dead stand by this reply, with a shock resembling that with which a steam-boat, under rapid way, is checked by a snag. But he had located the stranger, and, after drawing a long breath, he exclaimed—

"Well, I'm glad on't. I am almost out of breath in finding it out. I don't know how you stood it to travel so far; it must be a long way off. How far is it, sir, if it's a fair question?"

"Something over a thousand miles. And now," said the stranger, "as I have answered all your inquiries, I hope you will allow me to put a few questions to you." "O certainly." "Do you live in this village?" "Yes—I was born here." "What's your business?" "I'm a gentleman." "What does your father do for a living?" "Nothing." "What is he?" "He is a dead man." "Do you know Mrs Atherton?" "Yes—do you?" "Is her daughter married?" "No indeed, far from it." "Why 'far from it'?" "She refused an excellent offer this morning." "From whom?" "That's a secret?" "How do you know this, if it is a secret?" "I had it from herself. But here is the hotel—I'll bid you a good evening." "Stay. Have you any objection to carry a note to Miss Atherton?" "I can't say as I have." "Well, then, as she seems to have made you her confidant, I will entrust you with one." So saying, he stepped into the tavern, and in a few minutes returned with a neat billet, which he put into the hands of Johnny, requesting him to be particularly careful to deliver it to Lucy herself.

Proud of an office which would introduce him into the presence of her who had occupied so large a share of his thoughts, he departed with alacrity, but, meeting with some of his companions, who detained him, sorely against his will, more than an hour elapsed before he reached the dwelling of Mrs Atherton. That lady and her fair daughter were seated, *tête à tête*, at their work-stand, when a modest knock was heard at the door, and in a few moments the crest-fallen Johnny Vanderbocker stood before them. Bowing reverently to both ladies, he advanced in silence, and laid the note before Lucy, who at first took it up with hesitation, supposing that it contained an effusion of the bearer's own hopeless passion; but no sooner had the superscription caught her eye, than she tore it open, and exclaimed, "He is come, he is come!—Mother, mother! he is come!"

"Who is come?" inquired Johnny, whose feelings were too much excited to permit him to remain silent. But Lucy's head had fallen upon her mother's shoulder, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks, while the good lady's eyes were also filled.

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a soothing tone; "don't be scared, ladies. If he *does* carry horse-pistols, he is not a-going to do as he pleases in Herkimer. Don't, don't cry, Miss Lucy—I'll fight for you as long as I can stand." At this juncture, the door again opened, and the stranger stood before them. The blanket-coat fell from his shoulders, and Lucy Atherton rushed into his arms. "Dear Lucy!" "Dear Charles!" was all they could utter. Mrs Atherton glided out of the room. "The old lady does not like you either," thought Johnny; "she served me just so."

"Three are poor company," continued Johnny to himself, and he too retired; but he had the consolation of believing that he had found a complete solution of the mystery of the young lady's conduct in the morning. "She would never," he argued, "have refused me, and three hundred dollars, and the bake-shop, if she hadn't been engaged already. She was sorry about it, no doubt, though she did pretend not to mind it. Dear me, what a pity! the poor thing laughed so, and was so overjoyed when I went there a-courting to-day, and now this great backwoodsman has come from nobody knows where, to carry her off. Well, she knows her own business best. Three hundred dollars went go a-begging long in Herkimer. So good bye to Lucy Atherton."

But manfully as our hero strove against his disappointment, it preyed upon him, and for two days he remained in his own house quite disconsolate, moping about like a hypochondriac, and poking the fire with the petulance of a bachelor who is past hope, or—past forty. At the end of that time he received an unexpected visit from the stranger. Stripped of his blanket-coat and leggings, and disarmed of those ferocious weapons which had excited our hero's curiosity so strongly, he seemed another person. Although somewhat above the ordinary stature, his person was slender and genteel, his face, which was browned by exposure to the weather, was remarkably handsome, and his address frank and easy. His age might have been two or three and twenty, but, having already mixed with the world, and felt the touch of care, he had the manners of an older man. "Mr Vanderbocker," said he, "you guided me into the village the other evening, when I was tired, and, perhaps, less sociable than I ought to have been, and I have called to thank you for your civility, and to request the pleasure of your company on to-morrow evening at Mrs Atherton's." Johnny pleaded his black coat, and tried to beg off; for he had heard it whispered that Lucy was to give her hand to the handsome stranger, and felt but little inclination to be present at the wedding. His visitor, however, pressed him, adding, "Miss Atherton esteems you as one of her earliest friends, and will have it so." "I will go, then," said Johnny, greatly soothed by this compli-

ment. "And now, Mr Wilkinson," for such he had learned was the stranger's name, "will you be kind enough to tell me how you managed to court one of our Herkimer ladies, without ever setting your foot in the village—our belle, too, that has had so many good offers at home?" Mr Wilkinson smiled, and replied, "Lucy and myself met at Schenectady, where we were both going to school, and were well enough pleased with each other to agree to unite our destinies. Her father was but recently deceased, and she was supposed to have inherited a fortune, while my own circumstances were such, that it was with difficulty I completed my education. Mrs Atherton might possibly have taken these things into consideration; at all events, her views differed from ours, and she no sooner heard of our attachment than she took Lucy home, and, rather haughtily as I thought, forbade my visiting at her house. Poor Lucy! her fortune turned out to be illusory. Her father had died a bankrupt, and left his family so destitute, that Mrs Atherton had to struggle with many difficulties. Though they have kept up a genteel appearance, I fear they have sometimes wanted even the necessities of life. But Lucy lived through it all with a gay heart and a noble spirit, and refused, as you remark, many a good offer. As for me, I went to the West, mortified at having been spurned from the door of a proud woman, and determined to earn that wealth and distinction which I saw could alone procure my admittance into the bosom of Lucy's family. I went, friendless and penniless, to the shores of the Mississippi, where not a heart beat responsive to my own, and where I was exposed to many hardships and dangers. But I was so eminently successful in business, that I am already independent, and able to claim the fulfilment of our promise. There is no objection now on the part of either mother or daughter, and, on to-morrow evening, I shall become the happy possessor of Lucy's hand."

"You deserve it," said Johnny, sobbing; "indeed you do—for, simple as I seem, and simple as I be, I'm not the lad to envy a true lover and a generous-hearted girl their happiness. But do you intend to take her 'further back?' " added he, pointing significantly to the West.

"Yes, that is my home now."

"Good luck to you both, then. I will certainly attend the wedding; and if father had been dead a little longer, I would play the fiddle, that I might see Miss Lucy dance for the last time. Yes, it would be the last time. Never will I see such another figure on the floor; and never shall any other woman dance to music of mine. I have hung up my violin. There will be nobody in the village fit to play for when she is gone. I have played my last tune, and I shall now do as my father did—bake bread, and lock up my dollars in the old oak chest."

Johnny kept his word. Several years have passed, and he may now be seen any summer's day, seated at the door of his cottage, with a red nightcap on his head, and a short black pipe in his mouth, chuckling over the idea that he has more hard dollars under lock and key than any man in the village. He bakes excellent bread, gives good weight, and drinks nothing but his own beer, while the sound of a violin, or the smile of a woman, never gladdens his roof, and

"The harp that once in Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled."*

The little river Restonica, in Corsica, has the wonderful property of whitening every thing thrown into it. Its waters are as clear as crystal, and the small stones which are seen in its bed are as white as chalk. Any kind of metal, but particularly iron, when dipped in it, has the appearance of being plated with silver. The quality of its waters, also, is esteemed highly salubrious.—*Boswell's Account of Corsica.*

Delicacy in literary composition has been properly, though concisely, defined to be, "the graceful and beautiful added to the just and good."

Cats are not much noted for sagacity; but one that was an inmate in a genteel family deserves some credit on that score. Observing that the family was summoned by a bell to dinner, when puss was always more or less a partaker of the good things that were going, and having been locked up in a room one day till dinner was over, it contrived to scramble up to the rope of the dinner bell, so as to make it ring, designing thus to occasion a repetition of the serving up of dinner.

A gentleman subject to the gout, being told that this disease gave a long lease of life, answered, that the lease was at a rack-rent.

The profligate Duke of Wharton once giving Ciber a ride through his grounds, owing to a prevalence of wet weather the roads proved so very miry that they could only proceed at a very slow pace. "Why, my Lord," said Ciber, "they talk of your Grace *running through your estates*, but no such thing can be the case at present."

An Irish miller, who had held some military command, was observed one day coming into a town with a cart loaded with sacks of flour. "Ho!" cried a wag of the place, "there comes Marshal Saxe, with the *flower of Tipperary!*"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

"THE ease which we now find in providing and dispersing what number of copies of books we please, by means of the press," says Dr Middleton, in his *Free Inquiry*, "makes us apt to imagine, without considering the matter, that the publication of books was the same easy affair in all former times as in the present. But the case was quite different. For when there were no books in the world, but what were written out by hand with great labour and expense, the method of publishing them was necessarily very slow, and the price very dear; so that the rich only and curious would be disposed or able to purchase them; and to such also, it was often difficult to procure them, or to know even where they were to be bought."

Of the truth of these remarks of Dr Middleton, a great variety of facts might be brought forward in proof. In 1299, the Bishop of Winchester borrowed a Bible in two volumes folio, from a convent in that city, giving a bond, drawn up in the most formal and solemn manner, for its due return. This Bible had been given to the convent by a former bishop, and in consideration of this gift, and one hundred marks, the monks founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor. In the same century, several Latin Bibles were given to the University of Oxford, on condition that the students who read them should deposit a cautionary pledge. And even after manuscripts were multiplied, by the invention of linen paper, it was enacted by the statutes of St Mary's College, at Oxford, in 1446, that "no scholar shall occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, lest others should be hindered from the use of the same." Money was often lent on the deposit of a book; and there were public chests in the universities and other seminaries, in which the books so deposited were kept. They were often particularly named and described in wills—generally left to a relative or friend, in fee, and for the term of his life, and afterwards to the library of some religious house. "When a book was bought," observes Mr Warton, "the affair was of so much importance, that it was customary to assemble persons of consequence and character, and to make a formal record that they were present on the occasion." The same author adds, "Even so late as the year 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of the Arabian physician, Rhazes, from the faculty of medicine at Paris, he not only deposited, by way of a pledge, a valuable plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as party in a deed, by which he bound himself to return it under a considerable forfeiture." Long and violent altercations, and even law-suits, sometimes took place, in consequence of the disputed property of a book.

Books were so scarce in Spain in the tenth century, that several monasteries had among them only one copy of the Bible, one of Jerome's Epistles, and one of several other religious books. There are some curious instances given by Lupus, abbot of Ferrieris, of the extreme scarcity of classical manuscripts in the middle of the ninth century. He was much devoted to literature, and, from his letters, appears to have been indefatigable in his endeavours to find out such manuscripts, in order to borrow and copy them. In a letter to the Pope, he earnestly requests of him a copy of Quintilian, and of a treatise of Cicero; for, he adds, though we have some fragments of them, a complete copy is not to be found in France. In two other of his letters, he requests of a brother abbot the loan of several manuscripts, which he assures him shall be copied and returned as soon as possible by a faithful messenger. Another time he sent a special messenger to borrow a manuscript, promising that he would take very great care of it, and return it by a safe opportunity, and requesting the person who lent it to him, if he were asked to whom he had lent it, to reply, to some near relations of his own, who had been very urgent to borrow it. Another manuscript which he seems to have prized much, and a loan of which had been so frequently requested, that he thought of *banishing* it somewhere, that it might not be destroyed or lost, he tells a friend he may perhaps lend him when he comes to see him, but that he will not trust it to the messenger who had been sent for it, though a monk, and trust-worthy, because he was travelling on foot.

Respecting the price of manuscript books, we are not in the possession of many facts. Plato paid a hundred minæ, equal to L.375, for three small treatises by Philolaus, the Pythagorean. After the death of Speusippus, Plato's disciple, his books, few in number, were purchased by Aristotle, for about L.675. It is said that St Jerome nearly ruined himself by the purchase of religious works alone. Persons of moderate fortune could not afford the means of procuring them, nor the rich even without the sacrifice of some luxuries. The mere money which was paid for them in the dark ages, whenever a person distinguished himself for his love of literature, was seldom the sole or the principal expense. It was often necessary to send to a great distance, and to spend much time in finding out where they were. In the ninth century, an English bishop was obliged to make five journeys to Rome, principally in order to purchase books; for one of his books thus procured, Alfred gave him an estate of eight hides of land, or as much land as eight ploughs could till. About the period of the invention of cotton paper, 1174, the homilies of St Bede, and St Augustine's Psalter, were bought by a prior in Winchester, from

the monks of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, for twelve measures of barley, and a pall, richly embroidered in silver. Stow informs us that in 1274, a Bible, in nine volumes, fairly written, with a gloss or comment, sold for fifty marks, or L.33, 6s. 8d. About this time, the price of wheat averaged 3s. 4d. a quarter; a labourer's wages were 1d. a-day; a harvest man's 2d. In a blank page of Comestor's Scholastic History, deposited in the British Museum, it is stated that this manuscript was taken from the King of France, at the battle of Poitiers. It was afterwards purchased by the Earl of Salisbury for a hundred marks, or L.66, 13s. 4d. It was directed, by the last will of his countess, to be sold for forty livres. At this time the king's surgeon's pay was L.5, 13s. 4d. per annum, and one shilling a-day besides. Master carpenters had four pence a-day; their servants two pence. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, some books were bequeathed to Merton College, Oxford, of which the following are the names and valuation. A Scholastic History, twenty shillings; a Concordance, ten shillings; the four greater Prophets, with glosses, five shillings; a Psalter, with glosses, ten shillings; St Austin on Genesis, ten shillings. About the year 1400, a copy of the Roman *de la Rou* was sold before the palace gate, at Paris, for L.33, 6s. 6d. The Countess of Anjou paid, for a copy of the homilies of Bishop Haiman, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, five quarters of barley, and five quarters of millet. On the conquest of Paris, in 1425, the Duke of Bedford sent the royal library to England. It consisted of only eight hundred and fifty-three volumes, but it was valued at more than two thousand two hundred pounds sterling. Further facts, of a similar character, will be found in the life of the individual, to which we now proceed.

WILLIAM CAXTON was born in the Weald of Kent, about the year 1412. At this period, learning of all kinds was in a much more depressed state in England than in most of the continental countries, in consequence principally of the civil war in which the nation was embroiled, the habits of restlessness thus produced, and the constant pre-occupation of the time and thoughts of men in promoting the cause they espoused, and in protecting their lives and property. Under these circumstances, the most plain and common education was often neglected. Caxton's parents, however, performed their duty to him. "I am bounden," says he, "to pray for my father and mother, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living, I hope truly." When he was about fifteen or sixteen, he was put apprentice to William Large, a mercer of London, and afterwards mayor. The name *mercner* was given at the time to general merchants trading in all kinds of goods. After he had served his apprenticeship, Caxton took up his freedom in the Mercers' Company, and became a citizen of London. Some subsequent years he spent in travelling in various countries on the Continent of Europe. In 1464, he was appointed ambassador to the court of the Duke of Burgundy. During his residence in the Low Countries, he acquired or perfected his knowledge of the French language, gained some knowledge of Flemish or Dutch, imbibed a taste for literature and romance, and, at great expense, made himself master of the art of printing. About 1472, Caxton returned to England, and introduced, in all probability, the art of printing into that country. The common opinion is, that the "Game of Chess" was the first book printed by Caxton, though Mr Dibdin thinks that the "Romance of Jason" was printed before it. Caxton was most indefatigable in cultivating his art. Besides the labour necessarily attached to his press, he translated not fewer than five thousand closely printed folio pages, though well stricken in years. The productions of his press amount to sixty-four. In 1480, he published his *Chronicle*, and his *Description of Britain*, which is usually subjoined to it. These were very popular, having been reprinted four times in this century, and seven times in the sixteenth century.

"After divers works," says he, "made, translated, and achieved, having no work in hand, I, sitting in my study, where as lay many divers pamphlets and books, it happened that to my hand came a little book in French, which late was translated out of Latin, by some noble clerk of France, which book is named 'Eneid,' as made in Latin by that noble person and great clerk, Virgil, which book I saw over and read therein. (He then describes the contents.) In which book I had great pleasure, by cause of the fair and honest terms and words, in French, which I never saw tofore like, no none so pleasant, no so well ordered; which book, as me seemed should be much requisite to noble men to see, as well for the eloquence as histories; and when I had advised me in this said book, I deliberated, and concluded to translate it into English, and forthwith took a pen and ink, and wrote a leaf or twain, which I oversaw again, to correct it; and when I saw the fair and strange terms therein, I doubted that it should not please some gentlemen, which late blamed me, saying that in my former translations I had over curious terms, which could not be understood of common people; and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations; and fain would I satisfy every man, and as to do, took an old book, and read therein; and certainly the English was so rude and broad, that I could not well understand it; and also, my Lord Abbot of Westminster did show to me late certain evidences, written in old English, for to reduce it into our English now used;

* The above tale is from the *Taken*, an American Annual, for 1831; the name of the writer is James Hall.

and certainly it was written in such wise, that was more like to Dutch than to English. I could not reduce, nor bring it to be understanden. Certainly the language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born; for we Englishmen been born under the domination of the moon, which is never at rest, but ever wavering. The most quantity of the people understand not Latin, nor French, in this realm of England."

Caxton seems to have been much puzzled and perplexed about the language he should use in his translations; for, while some advised him to use old and homely terms, others, "honest and great clerks," he adds, "have been with me, and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find—and thus betwixt plain, rude, and curious, I stand abashed."

Among the books which Caxton published, were two editions of Chaucer's Tales. He seems to have had a veneration for the memory of this poet, and to have formed, with sound judgment and good taste, a most correct and precise estimate of the peculiar merits of his poetry. As a proof of the former, we may mention, that Caxton, at his own expense, procured a long epigraph to be written in honour of Chaucer, which was hung on a pillar near the poet's grave, in Westminster Abbey. The following remarks of Caxton show that he was able thoroughly to relish the merits and beauties of Chaucer's poetry.

"We ought to give a singular laud unto that noble and great philosopher, Geoffrey Chaucer, the which, for his orate writings in our tongue, may well have the name of a laureate poet. For, tofore that he embellished and ornated and made fair our English, in this realm was had rude speech and incongruous, as yet appeareth by old books, which, at this day, ought not to have place, ne be compared among unto his beauteous volumes and orate writings, of whom he made many books and treatises of many a noble history, as well in metre as in rhyme and prose; and then so craftily made, that he comprehended his matters in short, quick, and high sentences, eschewing perplexity, casting away the chaff of superfluity, and showing the picked grain of sentence, uttered by crafty and sugared eloquence. In all his works he excelleth, in mine opinion, all other writers in our English, for he writeth no void words, but all his matter is full of high and quick sentence, to whom ought to be given laud and praise for his noble making and writing."

Caxton died in 1490-1, was buried in St Margaret's, and left some books to that church. "His character," says his biographer, "may be collected from the account we have given of his labours. He was possessed of good sense and sound judgment; steady, persevering, active, zealous, and liberal in his services for that important art which he introduced into England; labouring not only as printer, but as translator and editor."—*Edwards's Biography of self-taught Men*; Boston, U. S. 1832.

ALLAN NA SOHP.

THIS notable person was the youngest son of Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, and was born about the beginning of the 16th century. He distinguished himself for courage and activity at an early age; and as his father had made no provision for him, he resolved to avail himself of the means then too often resorted to in that country by soldiers of fortune for acquiring an independence, that is, seizing on the property of the most defenceless.

A gentleman of his own name and family, who was possessed of a considerable estate in Mull, was then very far advanced in life, and Allan paid him a visit. The young adventurer had not been received with all the courtesy that he expected, but of this he took no notice at the time. He consulted the old man as to the most advisable way of improving his fortune, and the advice which he received was indeed very creditable to the giver. His neighbour, Mac Quarie of Ulva, was then old, and had no children; the other advised Allan to put him to death, and seize on his property. It seems that Allan had once been treated by Mac Quarie with great kindness when he stood in much need of it, and he declared his abhorrence of this base counsel. But he was not satisfied alone with expressing these sentiments; he retaliated on his ungenerous host his own perfidious advice; despatched him, and took possession of his lands. It were well if he had been satisfied with this usurpation, but that was by no means the case; he afterwards became a very troublesome man, and the greatest freebooter of that age and country. He was well known over the west of Scotland and the north of Ireland, under the appellation of Allan na Sohp (or of the Wisp), which he obtained from the frequent use he made of straw in setting fire to houses and barn-yards in his marauding expeditions.

He was a man of considerable ability and of much address. Notwithstanding his numerous acts of violence, he contrived means to acquire very extensive landed estates, and procured charters or gifts of non-entries of more than one of them from the reigning princes. In some of these, which we have seen, dated 1539, he is designated "of Gigha and Tarbert."

His favourite residence was the castle of Tarbert, still standing on the shore of the bay of that name, which cuts deep into the isthmus that connects the great peninsula of Kintyre with Knapdale, in Argyllshire. This was a station indeed admirably adapted

to his purpose; for in an October night, with moonlight, he would make a descent on the fertile district of lower Cowal, or the island of Bute, and the adjacent islands to the east, and return to his stronghold before day-light. Or he could extend his depredations to Islay, on the west, with the same advantages. Ireland was also very convenient to him. He had, besides, the command of the communication between the two seas, which for open boats was then, and still in some degree continues to be, carried on by dragging them across the narrow neck of Tarbert, a distance not more than four hundred yards. There is no doubt that Allan made good use of this favourable situation.

He even directed his course to the vicinity of Rothsay (the capital of Bute, and a royal residence), for the purpose of carrying away cattle; and the sheriff of the island having had intelligence of his arrival, he collected some men for the purpose of protecting the property of the people. It was in October, the time generally selected for such purposes, and the women and children followed the Bute men at some distance. Several shots were fired, and the women found some dead bodies among the corn. They supposed them to be those of the plunderers, and they were very liberal in praise of the sheriff's warlike exploits; but unfortunately, on procuring light, they turned out to be the bodies of their friends. Some of Allan's party lay concealed, and heard the remarks, which are still repeated in Mull in ridicule of the corrupt dialect spoken in Bute, and the disappointment of the poor women.

He extended his depredations sometimes to a much greater distance; and we find that Abercromby, in his *Martial Achievements of the Scots*, states that a hero, who is there styled "Allan Maclean the robber," in company with another person, named Murdoch Gair, had made an irruption into the lands of the Colquhouns, and others on the banks of Lochlomond, where they are stated to have done much mischief "with their reef and sorners." Murdoch is there surnamed Gibson, because in the provincial dialect of that district of Dumbartonshire the word *Gair*, which signifies short, active, or snug, is converted into the word *Gibboch*, and this Abercromby very naturally conceived to mean Gibson. Allan and his associates had very easy access to Lochlomond, by dragging their boats across the low isthmus from Arochar to the Lake, and they could attack any part of the country around that beautiful and extensive sheet of water at pleasure. Tradition says that these two powerful marauders left sad memorials of their visit on this expedition, and that they deprived of their ears more than one laird. It is worthy of remark, that Haco, king of Norway, in his expedition to Scotland in 1263, sent a division of his forces by this route to ravage the same country.

Maclean, of Coll, had often been known to express high disapprobation of the conduct of Allan na Sohp; and Allan, who frequently resided on his estate in Mull, was determined to have his revenge. Coll was very studious, and was in the habit of retiring frequently in the evenings to walk in a solitary place near the sea, for contemplation. Allan had information of this, and took his measures accordingly. He very easily got the laird into his hands, and having bound him with a rope, he conveyed him to his boat. He set sail for the south, and it may be conceived that the prisoner did not feel much at ease in the power of such a man. Coll was a poet, and he made the best use he could of his talents. Under circumstances certainly not favourable to the Muses, he made shift to compose Allan na Sohp's March, which is still preserved. He sung it with the best grace his situation would permit; and the stern heart of the marauder was not proof against the charms of music and verse united. He released the captive laird, and after advising him to speak of him with more respect thereafter, he returned to the island of Coll, and landed his prisoner in safety where he had found him.

When Allan advanced in years, he was not so often employed in acquiring booty, and some of his followers were by no means pleased with the change in his habits. One day at dinner, one of his associates had some trouble in picking a rib of beef, and he remarked that times were indeed altered when Allan's house was so scantily supplied with that article. The landlord heard the remark, and was determined to show that his vigour had not decreased. He ordered all his people to attend him, and proceeded to the river Clyde, where he penetrated as far as Erskine ferry, near Renfrew. He carried off cattle and levied contributions to a large amount, and returned home in triumph. This was the richest *creach* or *hershup* he had ever made; and it was afterwards denominated *Creach an Aisne*, after the rib, from which it originated.

Allan na Sohp died in peace at an old age; and having made the best compromise in his power with the holy Church for as speedy an escape from purgatory as circumstances would admit, he was buried with his ancestors in the sacred cemetery of Saint Oran, in Iona. He left one son, but he was not permitted to become so celebrated as his father. He was accused of having conspired against his chief, and was put to death for that crime at an early age, and without children. His estate of Torloisk reverted to his chief, as superior. Allan had a daughter, who was married to the son of his friend Murdoch Gair, of Lochbuy.

† From Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the London Literary Gazette.

POPULAR MORALS.

[We here continue our extracts from Mr Sullivan's Moral Classic Book, of which the first in order was given in the 50th number of the Journal. It will be of much service to the reader, in the perusal of these excellent papers, if he takes the trouble to glance at the preceding, before beginning to read that which is put into his hands, by which means he will keep up in his mind a full understanding of the general tendency of the series.]

"THE propositions which must be established as the foundation of religious duty and of moral conduct in this life, and of hope in another and better life, are in substance these:—

SECT. 1. There is a Supreme Being who is the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things and of all beings; he intended human life to be a benefit to those to whom it is given—and it may be a benefit, or not, according to the use which is made of it; the means of making it a benefit are placed within the comprehension of all to whom life and reason are given. Mankind are permitted to choose whether they will obey or disobey; and subjected in this life, and in a future one, to the consequences of their acts and omissions.

2. In the first proposition, that there is a Supreme Being, we place revelation at present out of the inquiry, and ask how can it be known that there is such a Being?—and that he has prescribed rules for the conduct of the human race? How can we certainly know that man does not perish, and return to the earth, as we believe, that the vegetable kingdom and the whole race of animals inferior to man certainly do?

3. We propose to address the proofs which we have to offer to those minds which admit that man whence-soever he came, and whithersoever he is to go, and whether he returns to the earth, or ascends to heaven, is capable in his own nature of comprehending facts and truths; and that he may, and commonly does, govern himself in his most serious and interesting acts of life, by ascertaining what is true when he can, and by inferences from known or supposed truths, when he can approach no nearer to certainty. It is believed that in the common exercise of the human faculties, there can be no other rule of government. If there be any persons who claim to be governed or guided by any other rules, we do not attempt to deal with them. It may be said that all knowledge is founded on experience, and that nothing is to be admitted to be true of which we have no experience. This saying is true, as to the common operation of the laws of nature in the material world. It cannot be true in relation to those things of which we have not had any experience. Thus knowledge is founded in experience as to the properties and action of the elements. We know some of the properties of these from repeated experiments, which give always the same results. We do not know, in like manner, that there is a future state of being; but we know certain truths, from which the inference that there is such a state is to be drawn.

4. We do not know, as we do know experimentally certain truths concerning the material world, that there is a Supreme Being, since he is not known to us by the means which we have of knowing such truths. No one has seen the Deity: nor is his personal existence known to us through the senses, as we know of other existence: but his existence, power, and government, may be known to us, by necessary and certain inference, from fact and truths, which are as undeniable as our own existence.

5. Does any one doubt that there is an existing material universe? Does any one doubt that he is a part of that universe? Did any human being form himself? Could any one of those from whom he sprang, form himself? If intellectual, spiritual man could not be originally the Creator of himself, could the material world, which is without intellect or spirit, create itself, and subject itself to the laws which we know, from experience, do govern it? Certainly all things, and all beings, were created. To this assertion it may possibly be replied, No. The supposition of creation is not proved.

6. It may be asserted that all things may have existed from eternity, just as we see them. What intelligible thought does this assertion communicate to a reasonable mind? What is eternity? Can the human mind form any conception of eternity? Add thousands to thousands, and millions to millions, till the power of computation is exhausted, and it comes to no more than a succession of years. We are incapable of judging of duration but by a succession of some measure of time. Let us ascend to the highest possible duration of which we can conceive, we shall find a material universe existing there; the question would be the same then as it is now. How came it into being? Did it create itself? The answer to such inquiries has always been, in every age of that world, by the most exalted minds, that the universe could not be its own author; it must have had some author; when, and in what manner it was created, may not be intended for us to know. It is enough for us to know that it had a Creator. What, then, can we learn of Him, of his majesty and power, his beneficence and laws, from the contemplation of his works? Every step which we take in exploring the works of the Most High forces upon us, more and more strongly, the conviction that all which we are made capable of understanding proceeds from infinite wisdom, and from awful authority. We have only to trust in this examination to our own senses, and to the inferences which we draw

from what they disclose to us, to be assured of the existence, of the presence, and of the government, of such a Being.

7. There are few who have had the benefit of instruction, probably few who are sensible of existence, who have not raised their eyes, in a cloudless night, to the starry firmament, and who have not felt some emotion, however undefined, that all which they see there was the work of some incomprehensible Being, and that it continues to exist in pursuance of his laws. Familiar as this continually recurring spectacle may be, it is ever magnificent, and ever new, and ever fills the mind with astonishment and awe. Examined by the light of science, and contemplated in its systematic regularity, the feeling of reverence and awe sinks deeper and deeper;—and well has it been said,

* An undevout astronomer is mad !

8. How wonderful is it that such a comparatively insignificant being as he who moves on the surface of this little globe, and whose mortal frame is tied down to it by the irresistible power of attraction, should be able to foretell, with unerring certainty, the very moment when the light of the sun will be shut out from the earth by the intervening of its satellite : Nay, the precise moment when a comet was visible from our little globe at a time long past, when he was not in being himself; and when it will be again visible, when he must be gone, and perhaps unremembered on the earth.

9. Omitting always the light derived from revelation, in the present view of the subject, we know in these days the Author of the Universe only by approaching towards him in the contemplation of his works. In doing this it will be demonstrated to all rational minds that every where the proofs of an infinitely wise and powerful Deity are clearly disclosed.

10. The usual course of instruction in our schools makes known only that part of the firmament which is called the solar system, and of which our own planet is a part. This system, it will be remembered, comprises the sun, the eleven planets, the two rings and seven moons of one of them (Saturn); the four moons of another (Jupiter); and the moon of our own planet. All these planets have the sun for the centre of their system, and seem to us to be dependent on him for light and heat, and are well known to move around him with the most exact regularity, while the moons of such of these planets as have them, move with the like regularity around them. Each of these planets, and each of their satellites, revolve in measured time as they move. What must that power be which appointed to the unconsumed and undiminished sun, his place, and to the planets which move round him their unchangeable orbits? The sun is 520 times larger than all the planetary globes which revolve around him, and 1,300,000 times larger than our globe. Such is the power of this luminary, that the planet Herschel is held in his orbit, lighted and warmed by his brilliancy at the distance of 1800 millions of miles from his surface. Who upholds these orbs in their paths, and prevents them from rushing into one common ruin? If it be answered, it is the law of their being; who, then, ordained that law?

11. Besides the sun, and the planets which revolve around him, there belong to the same system, comets, the design and purpose of which is, to us, utterly inconceivable. Their magnitude and rapidity of motion are equally so. They, too, are nevertheless known to insignificant mortals to move with the same exact precision which is every where of divine authority. One of them is, by such agency, known to be 11,200 millions of miles from the sun at its greatest distance, and to move at the rate of 880,000 miles in one hour, when nearest to him. The tail of the comet which appeared in 1680, was computed by Sir Isaac Newton to be 80 millions of miles in length!

12. Magnificent and glorious as the solar system may be, what is it in magnitude and distance, when compared with all the numberless worlds and systems beyond it? In every clear night, the naked eye may discover nearly a thousand fixed stars, which are supposed to be such luminaries as the sun. If all these luminaries are suns, and have their attendant planets, as we know our sun to have, it would comprise a mass of matter equal to 1320 millions of globes of the size of our earth. The assistance which the human eye has obtained in extending its view into the works of the Almighty by artificial means, discloses to us the certainty that orbs exist at such a distance from us, that a cannon ball moving at the rate of 480 miles an hour would require nine millions of years to pass from some of them to the earth. The sun is computed to be 95 millions of miles from the earth; yet in eight minutes and a quarter, the light reaches the earth from that luminary. What must be the magnitude of luminous bodies, which are seen with the help of glasses at such a distance, that it would require some years for light to come from them to the earth?

13. It is said by some modern astronomers, that stars are seen at such distance, that light must have left them four hundred years before it strikes on our earth. Beyond all that is now known to us to exist, there may be still other systems, and all of them in motion according to the laws assigned to them; all of them preserved and governed by one awful incomprehensible Power. All of them may be, and probably are, the abodes of intelligent beings, capable of comprehending and adoring the Universal God. Where shall the imagination fix the boundaries of creation? From

whatever point on the surface of our sphere the eye is directed towards the firmament, worlds on worlds, systems on systems, are disclosed. Are we in the centre of the universe? Are we in some remote extremity of the universe? What is the centre, what is an extremity of the universe? If there be a centre, if there be limits to the works of the Almighty, what is there beyond them; and who and what exists where the Almighty Creator does not exist and reign?

14. If we are astonished at the magnitude and distance of these luminaries, how much more so must we be, when we try to think of them collectively, and in motion? We know that like the substances on the earth they are held by the law of gravitation; and we know what strength it requires to move a weight of a few hundred pounds. If we could suppose our comparatively small earth to be a perfectly smooth ball on a plain, it is believed that it would require a mechanical force which no human mind can compute to give it any motion. Yet we know that it moves at the rate of 66,000 miles in every hour, revolving as it flies, yet so easily and surely, that we have no perception of its motion. The planet Mercury moves at the rate of 1750 miles in a single minute; a motion which may be measured by supposing a ball to pass from America to Europe in one minute and three quarters, or round our earth in seventeen minutes. If the magnitude, the distance, the brightness, the motion and all of these together, speak not a language to the reason of man in the name of the Almighty, then may he number himself with the reptiles of the earth, and lie down with them in the dust of their common mother.

15. Who that claims to have the use of his senses, and the exercise of his reason, will presume to say that these things are not so? Will he be hardy enough to say that these are the works of chance, and of accident? If so, how came they to be subjects of accident and chance? What are accident and chance, when spoken of in relation to organized systems, which move by unerring laws, through endless ages?

16. If we limit our attention to the globe on which we live, and consider its connexion with, and dependence on the sun, its own atmosphere, its waters; and consider its objects, and animals, whether beneath or on its surface; wherever, and however minutely we push our inquiries, we shall find, and no less in the least of the animal or vegetable kingdoms, than in the glorious orbs above us, irresistible proofs of the existence and government of the Deity.

17. On the nature and properties of the common air which surrounds this globe, volumes might be written, and every truth contained in them would serve to prove the power and wisdom of its Creator. The progress of science, by actual experiment, in modern times, has enlarged surprisingly our knowledge of the agency of this subtle fluid on animal and vegetable existence. We can touch but sparingly on this abundant topic, and can only select some of the more prominent truths in proof of our proposition.

18. From the earth's surface, the atmosphere (which is from two Greek words meaning 'vapour' and 'sphere') is supposed to extend upwards about 45 miles. It comprises the common air, the electric fluid, fluids that ascend by evaporation, and all substances less heavy than itself. This whole mass is subject to the power of attraction. It goes with the earth in its annual flight and daily revolution. It is sometimes so still that the lightest substance is unmoved by it; sometimes chilling, and binding in fetters all that it can act upon; sometimes suffocating with its heat; sometimes fanning with its healthy breeze; sometimes scattering pestilence in its transit; sometimes prostrating human abodes; and uprooting the fast holding of the 'gnarled oak.' Subtle and active as it is, its pressure is 15 pounds to every square inch, so that a common sized man sustains a pressure of 32,000 pounds, which would instantly crush him if it were not from the counter pressure from the air within him. The pressure of the whole atmosphere on the earth is computed at five thousand million of millions of tons; a number of which we have no power to conceive. The constituents of the common air are ascertained, by very modern experiments, to be two gases (the word gas cannot be otherwise defined, for common use, than by the words elastic airy fluid), of which 21 parts in an 100 are oxygen, 79 are nitrogen. Oxygen is composed of two Greek words signifying 'acid' and 'to generate,' so named from its power of generating acids, and is supposed to constitute the principle of vital air. Nitrogen is composed of two words, from the same language, signifying 'nitre,' and 'to produce,' or that principle of the air which produces nitre, which is a salt commonly called saltpetre. Science has been able to do no more, in this instance, than in many others; that is, to arrive at some knowledge of properties or qualities, without approaching to any knowledge of essence. That constituent of the air called oxygen is known to be the principle of combustion, the conductor of heat, the support of animal life, and to be indispensable to vegetable life. Nitrogen has none of these properties, and seems to be mingled with the former to lessen its action. Oxygen seems to be to nitrogen as 21 drops of one kind of liquid mingled with 79 drops of one of an opposite character. If there were only oxygen in the air, it is said that it would inflame and consume everything, even metallic substances; if only nitrogen, there would be no flame, nor animal nor vegetable life. Here, then, the doubting are met by a view and embarrassing inquiry: By whom was the air pre-

pared and tempered to its uses, and by what power is it kept in its dutiful action? By what power was the air made fit for man, for animals, however comparatively large or small, and for every member of the thousand varieties of the vegetable kingdom, and for the action of fire, without which man would have no use of the minerals of the earth?

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

THE following account of this celebrated victory is extracted from a HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, just published by Mr Bentley, of London, in two small volumes, and which is the composition of one of the Editors of the Edinburgh Journal. The work is calculated for the use of young people between school and college, or about to enter life, and, for this purpose, aims chiefly at giving an intelligible and comprehensive view of the political history of the kingdom. There is a very mistaken idea that the history of Scotland ends with the union of the crowns in 1603—merely because there is no longer after that period a separate king to be chronicled. On the contrary, the history of the nation, after it lost its kings, exceeds in interest all that went before, and is always more and more worthy of attention as it advances to the present time. Under this view, the present writer has devoted the half of his work to the history after 1603, and brings the narrative, in as ample a form as possible, down to the passing of the Reform Bills last year. We are forbidden, by obvious considerations, to say any thing respecting the style or manner of this little work; but we may be permitted to remark, that, in design, extent, and price, it serves a purpose not served by any other existing compilation:—

"For several years, King Robert was incessantly employed in skirmishes with the garrisons which the English king maintained in Scotland, or in contending with those native lords of the soil who were adverse to his claims. In the course of this partisan warfare, he was sometimes at the head of a powerful party, and sometimes a single fugitive pursued by blood-hounds. Throughout all his vicissitudes he seems to have invariably enjoyed the good wishes of the common people, to whom his cause was endeared by its being their own, and who always found some means of assisting and supporting him, however controlled in general by their landlords. At length, by a series of minute military transactions, which almost tires the reader of old chronicles, he found himself, in 1313, in possession of every fortress of any consequence in the kingdom, except Stirling, with the governor of which his brother Edward made a paction, that, unless relieved by an English army before midsummer, next year, it should be delivered into the hands of the Scots.

It was this circumstance that led to the celebrated battle of Bannockburn, by which the independence of Scotland was destined to be so fully and definitely asserted. Robert himself was much distressed when he learned the terms which his brother had made, as he well knew that the chivalrous spirit of the age would make it necessary that an English army should be brought to rescue the castle; a visit which he could have as well spared, if with honour. The principles of chivalry, however, had as strong a hold of Bruce's mind as they could have of any man's in that age; and while still regretting the cause, he determined on meeting the English, as thus pledged, in a fair-stricken field.

As he had calculated, the English king was now at length roused, by the terms of this treaty, to undertake what he had too long delayed—a personal expedition to Scotland, and that upon such a scale as seemed calculated to ensure success. The army collected for this purpose comprehended the whole feudal service of ninety-three great tenants of the English crown, besides a considerable force from Wales and Ireland, and some foreign mercenaries. In round numbers it amounted to a hundred thousand men, whereof four thousand were clad in complete steel, horse and man, and fifty thousand were archers, each of whom bore a bow as tall as himself, and shot arrows a cloth-yard long. An idea may be formed of the infinite pomp and circumstance of this array, from the fact, as calculated by a monkish writer of the time, that its baggage-waggons extended would have made a line a hundred and eighty miles long. It comprised, indeed, the whole chivalry, the whole military force of England; and so confidently did Edward anticipate victory by its means, that he brought with him a poetical monk, as one of the supernumeraries, to celebrate his successes as soon as they should take place.

Bruce, for his part, made all the preparations which circumstances could admit of. Forty thousand brave men obeyed the summons which called them to defend the independence of their country, or see it for ever destroyed. These he rendezvoused in the Torwood, near Stirling, a scene already hallowed to patriotism, from having frequently been the retreat of Wallace, and where it was necessary to make a stand on the present occasion, so as to prevent the approach of the English army to that fortress, which was the immediate object of the expedition. In this host were men from every part of Scotland—Anglo-Saxons from the south and east districts, civilized Caledonians from the north-east province, Ialesmen but recently transferred from a Norwegian to a Scottish allegiance, Highlanders descended from the earliest subjects of the Scottish kings, and men from Carrick and Galloway, who

owned a local as well as a national attachment to the fortunes of King Robert, from being the tenants of his patrimonial estates. One common sentiment animated them—implacable hostility against the nation whose ambitious sovereigns had for thirty years wrought them so much evil, joined to a resolution either to work out their country's deliverance, or to die in the attempt.

When Bruce learned that the English army had reached Edinburgh, thirty-six miles from his position, he drew out his troops in battle array upon a field or park, a little to the south of Stirling, where certain irregularities of ground promised him greater advantages than if he had remained precisely in front of that town and fortress. Arranging his first line in three divisions, whereof the right was protected by the banks of the rivulet called Bannockburn, while the left rested upon the village of St Ninians, he himself assumed the command of a second line, or corps-de-reserve, which consisted chiefly of men from the remoter parts of his dominions. The commanders to whom he entrusted his foremost battalions, were those hardy warriors who had fought by his side, or in his interest, through the whole period of his struggles for the crown; one was his brother Edward; another his nephew, the celebrated Randolph, Earl of Moray; a third, Walter, High Steward of Scotland, who, through his daughter, was destined to give a long train of heirs to the kingdom. It does not appear that many of the national nobility mingled in his army. They were still, perhaps, under scruples as to his right, or afraid of the eventual triumph of Edward. The host seems to have chiefly consisted of volunteer commoners, officered (if the expression may be used) by the king's own band of friends and fellow-adventurers. It contained no more than five hundred horse; but the king, recollecting the instance of a late continental battle, where the French cavalry were defeated by Flemish pikemen, trusted to the firmness of his ranks, and to the hedge of long spears which they would present on every side, for the means of counteracting this disadvantage.

On the evening of Saturday the 22d of June, the enormous host of Edward slept at Falkirk. Continuing their march next day, they soon perceived the Scottish army lying in three or four detached masses along a series of gentle heights, and paused to consider the propriety of giving immediate battle. This question being soon determined in the negative, on account of the fatigued state of the army, the English sovereign caused his men to encamp for the night.

King Robert was riding about in front of his ranks, attended by a little cluster of officers, from whom he was distinguished only by a slight coronet of gold, which he wore above his helmet, when an English knight, named Sir Henry de Bohun, formed an ambitious wish of entering into private combat with him, in the hope, if successful, of winning eternal honour, by the end which he would thereby put to the whole war. He therefore set his powerful war-horse in motion, placed his lance in the rest, and galloped towards the King of Scots, who, comparatively unarmed, and mounted on a much smaller animal, must have seemed very ill fitted to withstand his attack. Bruce eyed him advancing, and, being too much of a knight to think of the commander at such a moment, did not avoid the meeting, as he might have justifiably done, but on the contrary rode out a little way from his circle of friends, as if anxious to afford every advantage to the design of his assailant. He seemed for a moment to await the shock of the English soldier, and both armies looked in breathless anxiety for a result which they knew was either to accomplish or mar the purpose for which they were assembled, and which was so instantly to be expected, that a twinkle of the eye-lid threatened to lose them the sight. The moment passed—a crash was heard—and Robert Bruce was seen still mounted on his little palfrey, while Sir Henry de Bohun lay a damaged and breathless corpse at his feet. The king had dexterously avoided the lance of the English knight, and, rising in his stirrups as he swept past, had broken head and helmet, and dashed him to the earth by one blow of his battle-axe, which was shivered to pieces by the blow, leaving only the handle in his grasp. The friends who instantly came round the king could not help entering a remonstrance against his imprudence, in thus risking his life at a time when it was of such importance to his people. He only glanced down at the stump of his weapon, and remarked, 'I am sorry for my good battle-axe.' He considered, in all probability, that though the risk was great, yet the shame of retreat from a fair personal combat, at such a moment, would have had a most unfavourable effect upon the minds of his soldiers; whereas an achievement like this, which long experience made him almost sure of performing to his desire, was calculated to inspire his men with additional confidence in their leader. It was thus with confirmed, though still modest hopes of success, that the Scots lay down for the night; while the English, on the other hand, though yet entertaining the highest expectations from their numbers, and from their national reputation for superiority, were sensibly dashed at this striking omen.

Both armies rose betimes next morning, and fitted themselves for the encounter. The English, who had spent the night riotously, included in their preparations only such arrangements as referred to the defence and nourishment of the person. The Scots re-

garded also the edification of the mind. With that attention to things spiritual which to this day characterises the people in so remarkable a manner, they heard mass said by the Abbot of Inchaffray in front of their lines before breakfast, and afterwards knelt with devout feeling to receive the personal benediction of that holy man, who, for the purpose of bestowing it, passed along bare-footed and bare-headed, displaying in his hands a crucifix supposed to be of miraculous sanctity. The English king, who was now advancing with his proud squadrons, saw this last motion of the Scots, and exclaimed with delight, that they were kneeling to ask his mercy. To this a Scottish baron, who had long been in his service, made answer, that they asked mercy, but it was from heaven, not from the King of England. Edward concealed his mortification by ordering the charge to be sounded.

Firm in their ranks, each battalion under its local banner, and all beneath the lion standard of Scotland, which floated in ample folds from the highest part of the field—being fixed in a large earth-fast stone, which is yet pointed out with veneration—the host of Bruce awaited the formidable attack, to resist or yield to which, promised them continued independence or everlasting degradation. The first charge was made by the English cavalry under the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, and it was firmly met by the division under Edward Bruce, the king's brother. In a short time the other parts of the English line came up, and the small Scottish columns became absorbed and lost in the multitudinous bands opposed to them, as rivers enter and are swallowed up in the sea. Every where the Scottish infantry presented their lengthy spears to the charge of the English cavalry and men-at-arms, and were every where successful in repelling, by those means, attacks which otherwise must have overpowered them. Where the conflict came to personal rencontre, the Scottish soldier handled his short battle-axe and dagger with fearful effect. An arrow-flight as thick as rain proceeded from the English archers; but King Robert was fortunately able to put a speedy end to that annoyance, by his small party of light horse, whose attack the bowmen had no proper means of resisting. The battle then became what is so seldom exemplified in modern warfare, a hand-to-hand contention, in which many thousands of brave men fought eagerly and closely with each other for honour and life. It became a widely-extended single combat. 'It was awful at this moment,' says a historian who is supposed to have drawn his narration from eye-witnesses, "to hear the noise of the four battalions fighting in a line, the clang of arms, the shouts of the knights as they raised their war-cry; to see the flight of the arrows, which maddened the horses; the alternate sinking and rising of the banners and the ground streaming with blood, and covered with shreds of armour, broken spears, pennons, and rich scarfs, torn and soiled with blood and clay; and to listen to the groans of the wounded and dying.'

It is generally found in the case of a charge in modern times, that the whole question is one of nerves, not of comparative military power; and that the party, therefore, which best bears the horrors of the first encounter, is sure to be left victor. Upon this principle, it would appear that the Scots having had the fortitude to endure the close fight for a certain space, by virtue of that high moral tension to which they were stretched, the English, as a matter of course, soon began to display marks of failing resolution. Just at this crisis, it happened that a large body of servants and camp-followers, who had been placed by King Robert behind a hill, chose to make their appearance with sheets displayed banner-wise, and with wild cries, so as to impress the English with the idea of a large force come to the assistance of the Scotch. No more was necessary to decide the fight. The press of battle relaxed. The heavy masses of the English began to sway back like a receding tide. The Scotch, hitherto fighting on the defensive, began to assume the assailant. Cries of 'On them! on them! They fail! they fail!' resounded over the field. The king called out his *ensenyie* with redoubled vehemence, and charged the enemy with a fury which nothing could withstand. In a second's space the fate of Scotland was fixed on the ascendant, and the enemies of her independence, who had just before been a host so powerful as to oppress the very imagination, became as worthless and unavailing as the chaff which flies before the wind.

The slaughter on neither side had as yet been great. It now became immense on the part of the fugitives. As they pressed through the narrow defiles behind their position, the Scots made most grievous havoc among them, taking unrestrained revenge for the slaughters and oppressions of the last thirty years, and only sparing such persons of rank as promised to produce a good ransom. The rivulet of Bannockburn, which gave its name to the battle, is said to have been actually bridged over with the heaps of the slain. The King of England escaped with a small party, and found his first resting-place at Dunbar Castle, sixty miles distant, from which a mean fishing-boat afforded him a passage to England, almost as solitary as that of Xerxes, whose whole story the present so much resembles. His camp and baggage, containing immense wealth, became the prey of the Scots, who further gained prodigious sums by the ransom of their pri-

soners. As a ludicrous commentary upon the disappointed vain-glory of the English king, Bruce caused the poet-laureate whom Edward had brought to celebrate his triumphs, and who had fallen into the hands of the Scots, to write a poem on the opposite score; with which order the unfortunate monk complied, though the bad grace with which he consented is very evident on the face of his production.* As a matter of course, Stirling Castle now fell into the hands of King Robert, whereby his conquest of the whole country was completed.

The impression made on the public mind by this victory seems to have been very great; so great as to excite even the superstitions of the people, which are so invariably called into play in an ignorant age, when any thing uncommon or important takes place. Among the wild stories told after it, one bears a highly picturesque, and even poetical character. It was said that on the day of the victory, 'a knight in fair bright armour' suddenly appeared on horseback in the market-place of Aberdeen, where he related to the people all the particulars of the fight; after which he was seen riding across the Pentland Firth, towards the Orkney Islands. As Aberdeen is at least a hundred and forty miles from Bannockburn, it was clear that this could scarcely be any one who had been present at the battle; the people, therefore, considering the direction in which the figure was subsequently seen to ride, believed it to be the spirit of St Magnus, of Kirkwall. This holy shade had chosen, no doubt from motives of patriotism, to be present at the victory, and, in returning to his shrine in Orkney, had thought proper to tell what he had witnessed to the good folk of Aberdeen, who, from their distinguished loyalty on all occasions to Bruce, might be supposed particularly interested in the battle."

* This person is believed to have remained in Scotland, to have settled at the village of Gatonside, near Melrose, and to have become founder of the name of Boston in Scotland.

MEMORY.—William Lawson, teacher of mathematics (who died at Edinburgh 17th November 1757), when a young man, and tutor in a gentleman's family, gave proof of a remarkable strength of memory. His patron had wagered that the numbers from 1 to 40 inclusive could be multiplied regularly in progression, 40 being the last multiplier, and that merely by force of memory, without having recourse to written calculation. Mr Lawson was with reluctance prevailed upon to undertake the task. He began it next morning at seven o'clock, taught his pupils, as usual, their Latin lesson in the course of the day, and finished the operation at six in the evening, when he reported the product to the gentlemen concerned in the wager, which they took down in writing, making a line of 48 figures, and found it to be just. The shortness of the time rendered the work the more difficult, as each multiplication was in its turn so far to be forgotten as not to interfere with those that succeeded. When the operation was over, he could perceive his veins to start, like those of a man in a nervous fever, and the following night he dreamed continually of figures. Indeed, he was often heard to say that no inducement would ever engage him in a similar attempt. A fair copy of the whole calculation, attested by the three gentlemen, parties in the wager, was put in a glass frame, and hung up in his patron's dining-room.

LITERARY PIRACY—NOTORIOUS INSTANCES.—Upon the first appearance of "Akenaide's Pleasures of Imagination"—the author's name not being prefixed—a Mr Rolt, author of a "Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," had the impudence to go over to Dublin, publish an edition, and put his name to it. Upon the fame of this he lived several months, being entertained at the best tables as the "ingenious Mr Rolt." Akenaide at length detected the fraud, and vindicated his right, by publishing the poem with the real author's name.

Dr Campbell, of St Andrew's, wrote a Treatise on the Authenticity of the Gospel History, and sent the manuscript to his friend and countryman, a Mr Innes, a clergyman in England. The latter published it with his own name, and, before the imposition was discovered, obtained considerable promotion as a reward of merit.

Dr Hugh Blair, and Mr Ballantine, a friend of his, when students of divinity, wrote a poem, entitled "Redemption," copies of which in MS. were handed about. They were at length surprised to see a pompous edition of it in folio, dedicated to the Queen, by a Dr Dangler, as his own.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun. Caledonian Mercury Office; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."

No. 55.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BOOTS.

WHOEVER has spent any part of his life in travelling, must have discovered, that in all inns there is a real or supposed personage called Boots, whose lineaments, however, if he were called upon to recollect them in any instance, would be found to have entirely escaped his observation. The fact is, Boots is a kind of lubber-fiend, such as Milton alludes to in his *L'Allegro*, who works—that is certain, for his work appears—but is hardly ever seen himself. Some one out of many travellers may have a dim recollection of a Caliban-like being whom he saw one morning flitting, in misty and mysterious touziness of shape, across a long narrow passage leading back into the kitchen. Or he may have passed a dusky recess in some of the back passages of the house, and heard a curious mingled sound of whistling and brushing, proceeding, as he would observe on casting his eye inwards, from something in human shape—the spirit of the den—of whose form, however, the details were completely beyond the ken of vision. Or, when hurrying out to a coach just about to start from the door, he may have heard the words, "Mind Boots, sir, if you please," uttered by some person near him, and who, after receiving a trifle, bowed and retired. But though Boots, in desperate cases, thus rushes forth from his grim abode, and presents himself in bodily shape to the eye of the traveller, no one can pretend to have ever exactly measured him with eye, or spoken to him with tongue, or touched him with finger. The opportunities of actually seeing Boots are invariably too hasty and transient to allow of any proper observation being taken of him. He flits before the human eye like a disembodied spirit of the air, and remains as great a mystery as ever.

Having an odd habit of poking into the outlying corners of human nature, and thinking of things that no other body thinks of thinking of, we have sometimes had very thoughtful cogitations within ourselves respecting the character and destiny of Boots. It is a dreadful thing to reflect that a vast number of persons, young and old, should live all their lives in a state of such hopeless spirituality as do those who bear the name of Boots. We cannot suppose that in England, Boots is ever a *confirmed* person—how could the bishop lay his hand upon a head so unessential as his?—nor can we suppose that in Scotland he is ever what is called an *examinable* person. In the first place, how could the minister get a hold of him? In the second, even supposing that he had dragged the struggling savage into day, what would be the use of asking "What is the chief end of man?"* of a person who does not consider himself as man at all, but is only—Boots! Does Boots go to Church? Surely no man will say that he ever saw him there. Is Boots taken into account in the census of the national population? If he were, he would, of course, be entitled to rank as two, for, in grammar, Boots is plural. But he never ranks either as one or as two: he is an unnoticed being altogether. So apt are people to overlook his existence, that, though they never were at an inn without having occasion for his services, yet, when they are paying their bills, they never recollect there is such a being as Boots; and unless he shoots like a star from his sphere, and comes athwart them in the lobby, as they are going out, with a hint of his name and service, he is bilked utterly—fairly done—left quite unrequited. This shows that Boots has no regularly acknowledged existence in the mind of any man: the idea of him is not continued from

one day to another: he may have been believed to exist on Tuesday; but nobody on that account believes him to exist on Wednesday. In fact, Boots is entirely a puzzle. Hath Boots eyes? Hath Boots taste, smell, or touch? Doth he breathe the same air with us, see the same objects of nature, eat, drink, or sleep? No, no, no! The idea of bed, board, and washing, is incompatible with the idea of Boots. Or if he has a bed at all, it is also board; and if he has a board, it is also his bed. Washing! could any body wash to a disembodied spirit? You might as well talk of darning the stockings of the Cocklane Ghost. Still less can it be supposed that Boots ever experiences what mortals know under the name of the tender passion. Boots in love! The oyster in love is nothing to this. Boots in love!! can any man form such an idea? With whom, in the first place, is he to fall in love? Cham'-maid would evidently have nothing to do with him—she looks to the waiter. Cook would despise him—she looks to the hostler. "No, no," they would all say; "when we are to have a man, he must be a man." What woman would marry an unessential spirit, so long as the real human being was to be got? Besides, even allowing that Boots were of this world, he is not *one*, but *two*—he is a *pair* already. To marry Boots would be a kind of bigamy. The thing is as clear as his own work, or as day, or as Mr Day, of Day and Martin—take any of the three similes you please. By reason of the very fact that he is double, he is condemned to remain single all the days of his unnatural life. He is married within himself—quite matrimonially self-contained, as it were. The right of him stands for husband, the left for wife; and so he ties off with himself from all debate about the matter.

If Boots be thus strangely circumstanced in this world, he is, we suspect, far more oddly situated as to the next. The ministers, it is already mentioned, have no hold of Boots—he is totally out of the pale of the visible church. Man's chief end is a thing he has nothing to do with. If he enjoys mortal life at all—and that is very questionable—it must be only animal life. Within the sphere of his physical contexture no soul resides. You might as well suppose that a pair of limbs beneath the knee had a soul, which, on their being amputated, left the flesh behind. Yet Boots must not be confounded, either, with the creatures inferior to man. He must have some faint outline or vestige of a soul, such as what was believed to exist in the days of classical mythology. Perhaps the constellation of BOOTES is the place appointed for the future residence of this lesser intelligence, when disengaged from its tenement on earth. But this is a part of the subject which we are willing to leave to the consideration of more abstract men than those concerned in CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

TOP BOOTS.

TOP BOOTS, as every body must have remarked, are now nearly altogether out of fashion. Their race is all but extinct. An occasional pair may indeed still be seen encasing the brawny legs of a stout elderly country gentleman, on a market day, or on the occasion of a flying visit to the metropolis; but with this exception, and with probably that of some hale obstinate bachelor octogenarian, who, in full recollection of the impression which his top boots had made on the public mind some fifty years since, still persists in thrusting his shrivelled shanks into the boots of his youth—we say, with the first positive, and the last probable exception, this highly respectable-looking

and somewhat flashy article of dress has entirely disappeared.

Time was, however, and we recollect it well, when matters stood far otherwise with top boots. We have a distinct vision of numberless pairs flitting before our eyes, through the mazes of the various thoroughfares of the city; but, alas! they have vanished, one after another, like stars before the light of approaching day. Rest to their *soles*, they are now gathered to their fathers, their brightness is extinguished, their glory is gone. The Conqueror of Waterloo hath conquered them also. The top boots have fallen before the Wellingtons.

We have said, that we recollect when it was otherwise with top boots, and so we do. We recollect when a pair of top boots was a great object of ambition with the young, whose worldly prosperity was all yet to come, whose means of indulging in such little vanities of the flesh were yet to be acquired. To them a pair of top boots was a sort of land-mark in the voyage of life; a palpable, prominent, and desirable object to be attained; a sort of Cape Horn to be doubled. Nor were they less objects of ambition at the time we speak of—say about 40 years since—to the more advanced, whose circumstances required a long previous hint to prepare for such an event as the purchase of a pair of top boots. In short, top boots were the rage of the day. The apprentice, the moment he got out of his time, got into his top boots. The first thing the young grocer did was to get a pair of top boots. No lover then went to woo his mistress but in top boots, or at least if he did, the chance was, that he would go to very little purpose. The buckishly-inclined mechanic, too, hoarded his superfluous earnings until they reached the height of a pair of top boots, in which to entomb his lower limbs. Although their visits now, as we have already hinted, are "few and far between," we have seen the day when, instead of being but occasionally seen, like solitary points of light as they are now, on the dusky street, they converted it by their numbers into an absolute *via lactea*—a perfect galaxy of white leather—or shot, frequent, pale, lacteous, and flitting, like northern streamers through the dark tide of humanity as it rolled along. No marvel it is, then, that, in the midst of the wide prevalence of this top boot epidemic, poor Tommy Aikin should have fallen a victim to the disease—that his heart should have been set upon a pair of top boots; nor is it a marvel that Mr Aikin should have been able finally to gratify this longing of his, seeing that he was in tolerable circumstances, or at least in such circumstances as enabled him, by retrenching a little somewhere else, to attain the great object of his ambition—a pair of top boots. No marvel, then, as we have said, are these things which we have related of Mr Aikin; but great marvel is it that a pair of top boots should have wrought any man such mischief, as we shall presently show they did, to that honest man. But let us not anticipate. Let us, as has been before wisely said, begin at the beginning, and say who Mr Aikin was, and what were the evils in which his top boots involved him. Be it known, then, to all whom it may concern, that Mr Thomas Aikin was an officer of Excise, and was, at the period to which our story relates, residing in a certain small town not more than fifty miles distant from the city of Glasgow. Mr Aikin was a stout-made middle-aged man, exceedingly good-natured, kind, civil, and obliging. In short, he was an excellent fellow, honest and upright in all his dealings, and a faithful servant of the revenue. Every body liked Mr Aikin, and Mr Aikin liked every body; and sorely did every body lament his misfortunes

* The first question in the Catechism of the Church of Scotland. No. 3, Vol. II.

when they fell upon him. Mr Aikin had for many years led a happy life in the bosom of his family. He laughed and joked away, took his jug of toddy, caressed his children, spoke always affectionately to and of his wife, and was so spoken to and of by her in return. In short, Mr Aikin was a happy man up to that evil hour when he conceived the idea of possessing himself of a pair of top boots.

"Mary," said Mr Aikin, one luckless evening, to his loving wife, after having sat for about half an hour looking into the fire.

"Aweel, Thomas?" said his spouse, in token of her attention.

"I wad like to hae a pair o' tap boots," replied Mr Aikin, shortly, and without further preamble, although he had in reality bestowed a good deal of thought on the subject previously; indeed, a dim undefined vision of top boots had been floating before his mind's eye for nearly a month before it took the distinct shape of such a determination as he was now about to express.

"Aweel, Thomas," replied his better half, with equal brevity, "ye had better get a pair."

"They're decent-lookin' things," rejoined Mr Aikin.

"Indeed are they," said his indulgent spouse, "very decent and respectable, Thomas."

"Rather flashy though, I doubt, for the like o' me," quoth Mr Aikin.

"I dinna see that, Thomas, sae lang as ye're able to pay for them," remarked Mrs Aikin.

"No so very able, my dear," responded her husband; "but I wad like to hae a pair for a' that, just to wear on Sundays and collection days."

"Aweel, Thomas, get them; and what for no?" replied Mrs Aikin, "since your mind's bent on them. We'll save the price o' them aff something else."

We need not pursue farther the amiable colloquy which took place on this fatal night between Mr Aikin and his wife. Suffice it to say, that that night fixed Mr Aikin's resolution to order a pair of top boots. On the very next day he was measured for the said boots; and late on the Saturday evening following, the boots, with their tops carefully papered, to protect them from injury, were regularly delivered by an apprentice boy into the hands of Mrs Aikin herself, for her husband's interest.

As Mr Aikin was not himself in the house when the boots were brought home, they were placed in a corner of the parlour to await his pleasure; and certainly nothing could look more harmless or more inoffensive than did these treacherous boots, as they now stood, with their muffled tops and shining feet, in the corner of Mr Aikin's parlour. But alas! alas! short-sighted mortals that we are! that could not foresee any the slightest portion of the evils with which these rascally boots were fraught. To shorten our story as much as possible, we proceed to say that Mr Aikin at length came home, and being directed to where the boots lay, he raised them up in one hand, holding a candle in the other; and having turned them round and round several times, admiring their gloss and fair proportions, laid them down again with a calm quiet smile of satisfaction, and retired to bed. Sunday came, the church bells rang, and Mr Aikin sallied forth, in all the pomp and glory of a pair of spick and span new top boots. With all Mr Aikin's good qualities, there was, however, and we forgot to mention it before, a *leetle* touch of personal vanity; the slightest imaginable it was, but still such an ingredient did enter into the composition of his character, and it was this weakness, as philosophers call it, which made him hold his head at an unwonted height, and throw out his legs with a flourish, and plant his foot with a firmness and decision on this particular Sunday, which was quite unusual with him, or, at least, which had passed unnoticed before. With the exception, however, of a few passing remarks, in which there was neither much acrimony nor much novelty, Mr Aikin's boots were allowed to go to and from the church in peace and quietness. "Hae ye seen Mr Aikin's tap boots?" "Faith, Mr Aikin looks weel in his tap boots." "Mr Aikin was unco grand the day in his tap boots." Such and such like were the only observations which Mr Aikin's top boots elicited on the first Sunday of their appearance. Sunday after Sunday came and departed, and with the Sundays came also and departed Mr Aikin's top boots, for he wore them only on that sacred day, and on collection days, as he himself originally proposed. Like every other marvel, they at length sunk quietly to rest, becoming so associated and identified with the wearer, that no one ever thought of discussing them separately. Deceitful, calm, treacherous silence—it was but the gathering of the storm. It so happened that Mr Aikin, in the language of the Excise, surveyed, that is, ascertained and levied the duties payable by a tanner, or leather dresser, who carried on his business in the town in which Mr Aikin resided. Now, the Honourable Board of Excise were in those days extremely jealous of the fidelity of their officers, and, in a spirit of suspicion of the honour and faith of man peculiar to themselves, readily listened to every report prejudicial to the character of their servants. Here, then, was an apparently intimate connection, and of the worst sort—a pair of top boots—between a revenue officer and a trader, a dresser of leather. Remote and obscure hints of connivance between the former and the latter began to arise, and in despite of the general esteem in which Mr Aikin was held, and the high opinion which was entertained of his worth and integrity, these hints and suspicions

—such is the wickedness and perversity of human nature—gradually gained ground, until they at length reached the ears of the Board, with the most absurd aggravations.

Their honours were told, but by whom was never ascertained, that the most nefarious practices were going on in —, and to an enormous extent. Large speculations in contraband leather, on the joint account of the officer and trader, were talked of; the one sinking his capital, the other sacrificing the king's duties. Whole hogsheds of manufactured boots and shoes were said to be exported to the West Indies, as the common adventure of the officer and trader. The whole family and friends of the former, to the tenth degree of propinquity, were said to have been supplied gratis with boots and shoes for the last ten years. In short, the whole affair was laid before their honours the Commissioners of Excise, decked out in the blackest colours, and so swollen, distorted, and exaggerated, that no man could have conceived for a moment that so monstrous a tale of dishonesty and turpitude could have been manufactured out of a thing so simple as a pair of top boots. Indeed, how could he? for the boots, the real ground of the vile fabrication, were never once mentioned, nor in the slightest degree alluded to; but, as it was, the thing bore a serious aspect, and so thought the Honourable Board of Excise. A long and grave consultation was held in the board-room, and the result was, an order to the then Collector of Excise in Glasgow to make a strict and immediate inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and to report thereon; a measure which was followed up in a day or two afterwards, by their honours dispatching two Surveying-generals, as they are called, also to Glasgow, to assist at and superintend the investigation which the Collector had been directed to set on foot. On the arrival of these officers at Glasgow, they forthwith waited upon the Collector, to ascertain what he had learnt regarding Mr Aikin's nefarious practices. The result of the consultation which was here again held, was a determination, on the part of the Generals and the Collector, to proceed to the scene of Mr Aikin's ignominy, and to prosecute their inquiries on the spot, as the most likely way of arriving at a due knowledge of the facts. Accordingly, two chaises were hired at the expense of the crown, one for the two Generals, and another for the Collector and his clerk—all this, good reader, be it remembered, arising from the simple circumstance of Mr Aikin's having indulged himself in the luxury of a single solitary pair of top boots, and, moreover, the first pair he ever had. The gentlemen having seated themselves in the carriages, were joined, just before starting, by a friend of the Collector's on horseback, who, agreeably to an arrangement he had made with the latter on the preceding day, now came to ride out with them to the scene of their impending labours; and thus, though of course he had nothing to do with the proceedings of the day, he added not a little to the imposing character of the procession, which was now about to move in the direction of Mr Aikin's top boots. An hour and a half's drive brought the whole cavalcade into the little town in which the unfortunate owner of the said boots resided; and little did he think, honest man, as he eyed the procession passing his windows, marvelling the while what it could mean—little, we say, did he think that the sole and only object, *pro tempore* at least, of those who composed it, was to inquire how, and by what means, and from whom, he had gotten his top boots. Of this fact, however, he was soon made aware. In less than half an hour he was sent for, and told, for the first time, of the heavy charges which lay against him. A long, tedious investigation took place; item after item of poor Aikin's indictment melted away beneath the process of inquiry; until at length the whole affair resolved itself into the original cause of all the mischief, the pair of top boots. Nothing which could in the slightest degree impugn Mr Aikin's honesty remained, but these unlucky top boots, and for them he immediately produced his shoemaker's receipt. "Mr Aikin—Bought of David Anderson, one pair of top boots, L.2, 2s. Settled in full, D. Anderson." With this finisher the investigation closed, and Mr Aikin stood fully and honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against him. The impression, however, which the affair made at head-quarters, was far from being favourable to him. He was ever after considered there in the light, not of an innocent man, but as one against whom nothing could be proven; and his motions were watched with the utmost vigilance. The consequence was, that, in less than three months, he was dismissed from the service of the revenue, ostensibly for some trifling omission of duty; but he himself thought, and so did every body else, that the top boots were in reality the cause of his misfortune.

One would have thought that this was quite enough of mischief to arise from one pair of top boots, and so thought every body but the top boots themselves, we suppose. This was but a beginning of the misfortunes into which they walked with their unfortunate owner.

About four miles distant from the town in which Mr Aikin lived, there resided an extensive coal-mine proprietor, of the name of Davidson; and it so happened that he, too, had a predilection for that particular article of dress, already so often named, viz. top boots; indeed, he was never known to wear anything else in their place. Davidson was an elderly gentleman, harsh and haughty in his manner, and extremely mean in all his dealings—a manner and disposition

which made him greatly disliked by the whole country, and especially by his workmen, the miners, of whom he employed upwards of a hundred and fifty. The abhorrence in which Mr Davidson was at all times held by his servants, was at this particular moment greatly increased by an attempt which he was making to reduce his workmen's wages; and to such a height had their resentment risen against their employer, that some of the more ferocious of them were heard to throw out dark hints of personal violence; and it was much feared by Davidson's friends—of whom he had, however, but a very few, and these mostly connected with him by motives of interest—that such an occurrence would, in reality, happen one night or other, and that at no great distance of time. Nor was this fear groundless. Mr Davidson was invited to dine with a neighbouring gentleman. He accepted the invitation, very foolishly, as his family thought; but he did accept it, and went accordingly. It was in the winter time, and the house of his host was about a mile distant from his own residence. Such an opportunity as this of giving their employer a sound drubbing had been long looked for by some half dozen of Mr Davidson's workmen, and early and correct information on the subject of his dining out enabled them to avail themselves of it. The conspirators having held a consultation, resolved to waylay Davidson on his return home. With this view they proceeded, after it became dark, in the direction of the house in which their employer was dining. Having gone about half way, they halted, and held another consultation, whereat it was determined that they should conceal themselves in a sunk fence which ran alongside of the road, until the object of their resentment approached, when they should all rush out upon him at once, and belabour him to their heart's content. This settled, they all cowered down into the ditch, to await the arrival of their victim. "But how will we ken him i' the dark," said Jock Tamson, one of the conspirators, in a low whisper, to his next neighbour; "we may fa' foul o' somebody else in a mistak." The question rather poked Jock's neighbour, who immediately put it to the person next him, and he again to the next, and on went the important query, until all were in possession of it; but none could answer it. At length, one of more happy device than the rest suggested that Mr Davidson might be recognised by his top boots. The idea pleased all, and was by all considered infallible, for the fame of Mr Aikin's boots had not yet reached this particular quarter of the country. Satisfied that they had hit upon an unerring mark by which to know their man, the ruffians waited patiently for his approach. At length, after fully two hours' watching, the fall of a foot-step broke faintly on their ears; it came nearer and nearer, and became every moment more and more distinct. Breathless with the intensity of their feelings, the conspirators, in dead silence, grasped their cudgels with increased energy, and sunk themselves in the ditch until their eyes were on a level with the ground, that they might at once place the approaching object full before them, and between them and the feeble light which lingered in the western sky. In the meantime, the wayfarer approached; two dim white objects glimmered indistinctly in the darkness. They were instantly recognised to be Mr Davidson's top boots; a loud shout followed this feeling of conviction; the colliers rushed from their hiding-place, and in the next instant half a dozen bludgeons whistled round the ears of the unfortunate wayfarer. The sufferer roared lustily for mercy, but he roared in vain. The blows fell thick and fast upon his luckless head and shoulders, for it was necessary that the work should be done quickly; and a few seconds more saw him lying senseless and bleeding in the ditch in which his assailants had concealed themselves. Having satisfied their vengeance, the ruffians now fled, leaving their victim behind them in the condition we have described. Morning came—a man was found in a ditch, speechless, and bleeding profusely from several severe wounds on the head and face. He was dragged out, and, after cleansing his face from the blood and dirt with which it was encrusted, the unfortunate man was recognised to be—Mr Thomas Aikin!

The cursed boots, and they alone, were the cause of poor Aikin's mischance. He had, indeed, been mauled by mistake, as the reader will have already anticipated. There was no intention whatever on the part of the colliers to do Mr Aikin any injury, for Mr Aikin, in the whole course of his harmless life, had never done them any; indeed, he was wholly unknown to them, and they to him. It was the top boots, and nothing but the top boots, that did all the mischief. But to go on with our story: Aikin was carried home, and, through the strength of a naturally good constitution and skilful surgical assistance, recovered so far in six weeks as to be able to go about as usual, although he bore to his grave with him on his face the marks of the violence which he had received, besides being disfigured by the loss of some half dozen of his front teeth.

The top boots, which poor Aikin had worn before as articles of dress, and, of course, as a matter of choice, he was now obliged to wear daily from necessity, being, as we have already related, dismissed from his situation in the Excise. One would think that Aikin had now suffered enough for his predilection for top boots, seeing, at least so far as we can see, that there was no great harm in such an apparently

inoffensive indulgence; but Mr Aikin's evil stars, or his top boots themselves, we do not know which, were of a totally different opinion, and on this opinion they forthwith proceeded to act.

Some weeks after the occurrence of the disaster just recorded, the little town of —, where Aikin resided, was suddenly thrown into a state of the utmost horror and consternation, by the report of a foul murder and robbery having been committed on the highway, and within a short distance of the town; and of all the inhabitants who felt horror-struck on this occasion, there was no one more horrified than Mr Thomas Aikin. The report, however, of the murder and robbery, was incorrect, in so far as the unfortunate man was still living, although little more, when found in the morning, for the deed had been committed over night. Being a stranger, he was immediately conveyed to the principal inn of the town, put to bed, and medical aid called in. The Fiscal, on learning that the man was still in existence, instantly summoned his clerk, and, accompanied by a magistrate, hastened to the dying man's bed-side, to take down whatever particulars could be learnt from him regarding the assault and robbery. After patiently and laboriously connecting the half intelligible and disjointed sentences which they from time to time elicited from him, they made out that he was a cattle-dealer, that he belonged to Edinburgh, that he had been in Glasgow, and that, having missed the evening coach which plies between the former and the latter city, he had taken the road on foot, with the view of accomplishing one stage, and there awaiting the coming up of the next coach. They further elicited from him that he had had a large sum of money upon him, of which, of course, he had been deprived. The Fiscal next proceeded to inquire if he could identify the person or persons who attacked him. He mumbled a reply in the negative.

"How many were there of them?" inquired the Magistrate; "was there more than one?"

"Only one," muttered the unfortunate man.

"Was there any peculiarity in his dress or appearance that struck you?" asked the Fiscal.

He mumbled a reply, but none of the bystanders could make it out. The question was again put, and both the Magistrate and Fiscal stooped down simultaneously to catch the answer. After an interval it came —and what think you it was, good reader? Why, "top boots," distinctly and unequivocally. The Fiscal and Magistrate looked at each other for a second, but neither durst venture to hint at the astounding suspicion which the mention of these remarkable objects forced upon them.

"He wore top boots, you say?" again inquired the Fiscal, to make sure that he had heard aright.

"Y-e-s, t-o-p b-o-o-t-s," was again the reply.

"Was he a thin man, or a stout man?"

"A stout man."

"Young or middle-aged?"

"Middle-aged."

"Tall or short?"

"Short," groaned out the sufferer, and, with that word, the breath of life departed from him.

This event, of course, put an immediate end to the inquiry. The Fiscal and Magistrate now retired to consult together regarding what was best to be done, and to reconsider the deposition of the murdered man. There was a certain pair of top boots present to the minds of both, but the wearer of them had hitherto borne an unblemished character, and was personally known to them both as a kind-hearted, inoffensive man. Indeed, up to this hour, they would as soon have believed that the minister of the parish would commit a robbery as Mr Aikin—we say Mr Aikin, for we can no longer conceal the fact, that it was Aikin's boots, however reluctantly admitted, that flashed upon the minds of the two gentlemen of whom we are now speaking.

"The thing is impossible, incredible of such a man as Mr Aikin," said the Magistrate, in reply to the first open insinuation of the Fiscal, although, in saying this, he said what was not in strict accordance with certain vague suspicions which had taken possession of his own mind.

"Why, I should say so too," replied the officer of the law, "were I to judge by the character which he has hitherto borne; but here," he said, holding up the deposition of the murdered man, "here are circumstances which we cannot be warranted in overlooking, let them implicate whom they may. There is in especial the top boots," went on the Fiscal; "now, there is not another pair within ten miles of us but Aikin's; for Mr Davidson, the only man whom I know that wears them besides, is now in London. There is the personal description, too, exact. And besides all this, Bailie," continued the law officer, "you will recollect that Mr Aikin is, and has been out of employment for the last six months;—and there is no saying what a man who has a large family upon his hands will do in these circumstances."

The Bailie acknowledged the force of his colleague's observations, but remarked, that, as it was a serious charge, it must be gone cautiously and warily about. "For it wad be," he said, "rather a hard matter to hang a man upon nae ither evidence than a pair o' tap boots."

"Doubtless it would," replied the Fiscal; "but here is," he said, "a concatenation of circumstances—a chain of evidence, so far as it goes, perfectly entire

and connected. But," he continued, as if to reconcile the Bailie to the dangerous suspicion, "an alibi on the part o' Mr Aikin will set a' to rights, and blaw the hail charge awa like peelins o' ingans; and if he be an innocent man, Bailie, he can hae nae difficulty in establishing an alibi."

Not so fast, Mr Fiscal, not so fast, if you please; this alibi was not so easily established, or rather it could not be established at all. Most unfortunately for poor Aikin, it turned out, upon an inquiry which the official authorities thought it necessary to set on foot before proceeding to extremities, that is, before taking any decisive steps against the object of their suspicion, that he had been not only absent from his own house until a late hour of the night on which the murder and robbery was committed, but had actually been at that late hour on the very identical road on which it had taken place. The truth is, that Aikin had been dining with a friend who lived about a mile into the country, and, as it unfortunately happened, in the very direction in which the crime had been perpetrated; still could it not have been shewn that no unnecessary time had elapsed between the moment of his leaving his friend's house and his arrival at his own. Such a circumstance would surely have weighed something in his favour. So it would, probably; but, alas! even this slender exculpatory incident could not be urged in his behalf; for the poor man, little dreaming of what was to happen, had drunk a tumbler or two more than enough, and had fallen asleep on the road. In short, the Fiscal, considering all the circumstances of the case as they now stood, did not think it consistent with his duty either to delay proceedings longer against Aikin, or to maintain any further delicacy with regard to him. A report of the whole affair was made to the Sheriff of Glasgow, who immediately ordered a warrant to be made out for the apprehension of Aikin. This instrument was given forthwith into the custody of two criminal officers, who set out directly in a post-chaise to execute their commission. Arriving in the middle of the night, they found poor Aikin, wholly unconscious of the situation in which he stood, in bed and sound asleep. Having roused the unhappy man, and barely allowed him time to draw on his top boots, they hurried him into the chaise, and in little more than an hour thereafter, Aikin was fairly lodged in Glasgow Jail, to stand his trial for murder and robbery, and this mainly, if not wholly, on the strength of his top boots. The day of trial came. The judge summed up the evidence, and, in an eloquent speech, directed the special attention of the jury to Aikin's top boots: indeed, on these he dwelt so much, and with such effect, that the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner at the bar, who accordingly received sentence of death, but was strongly recommended to mercy by the jury, as well on the ground of his previous good character, as on that of certain misgivings regarding the top boots, which a number of the jury could not help entertaining, in despite of their prominence in the evidence which was led against their unfortunate owner. Aikin's friends, who could not be persuaded of his guilt, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial proof with which it was apparently established, availing themselves of this recommendation of the jury, immediately set to work to second the humane interference; and Providence in its mercy kindly assisted them. From a communication which the Superintendent of Police in Glasgow received from the corresponding officer in Edinburgh about a week after Aikin's condemnation, it appeared that there were more gentlemen of suspicious character in the world who wore top boots than poor Aikin. The letter alluded to announced the capture of a notorious character—regarding whom information had been received from Bow Street—a flash cove, fresh from London, on a foraging expedition in Scotland. The communication described him as being remarkably well dressed, and, in especial, alluded to the circumstance of his wearing top boots; concluding the whole, which was indeed the principal purpose of the letter, by inquiring if there was any charge in Glasgow against such a person as they described. The circumstance, by some fortunate chance, reached the ears of Aikin's friends, and in the hope that something might be made of it, they employed an eminent lawyer in Edinburgh to sift the matter to the bottom. In the meantime, the Englishman in the top boots was brought to trial for another highway robbery, found guilty, and sentenced to death without hope of mercy. The lawyer whom Aikin's friends had employed, thinking this a favourable opportunity for eliciting the truth from him, seeing that he had now nothing more to fear in this world, waited upon the unfortunate man, and, amidst a confession of a long series of crimes, obtained from him that of the murder and robbery for which poor Aikin had been tried and condemned. The consequence of this important discovery was, the immediate liberation of Aikin, who again returned in peace to the bosom of his family. His friends, however, not contented with what they had done, represented the whole circumstances of the case to the Secretary of State for the Home Department; and under the impression that there lay a claim on the country for reparation for the injury, though inadvertent, which its laws had done to an innocent man, the application was replied to in favourable terms in course of post, and in less than three weeks thereafter, Mr Thomas Aikin was appointed to a situation

in the Custom-house in London, worth two hundred pounds a-year. His steadiness, integrity, and general good conduct, soon procured him still further advancement, and he finally died, after enjoying his appointment for many years, in the annual receipt of more than double the sum which we have just named. And thus ends the eventful history of Mr Thomas Aikin and his Top Boots.

TURKEY.

In an article on the History of the Turks, we gave lately some account of the present enfeebled state of that empire. The following notice of the reasons which have kept it so far in the rear of the nations which lie near its territories, may be interesting to our readers:—

One of the principal causes of the backwardness of the Turks, in respect of that improvement which they might have learned from intercourse with the nations of Europe, depends on the nature of their laws. These are founded solely on the Koran, the book of their religion, which consists of a set of pretended revelations, delivered by the impostor Mahommed, as the "Word of God," to his countrymen and followers. The whole work is full of mystery and fable, mixed up with certain moral precepts, and plentifully strewn with anathemas against all religions but that which itself teaches. It was calculated at first for the Arabs, a nation who have little connection or commerce with the rest of the world, and who at that time reckoned military virtue, and attachment to their pretended prophet, the perfection of a man's character; hence the Koran breathed a spirit of exclusiveness and intolerance, which led all the nations who adopted it to regard the rest of the world with the same feeling as the Arabs did, and taught them never to seek friendship with any but those who adopted their own religion. The laws which were founded on such a work as their basis, were, of course, perfectly contrary to the spirit of commerce and mutual intercourse between nations; every people whose religion was different were considered as inferior, and their improvement or knowledge of no real value. No provision is therefore made by these laws for the intercourse and negotiations of trade; and their intolerance is such, that it would be almost impossible to engraft upon them a set of regulations fitted for a commercial people.

The form of their government is another obstacle to the improvement of the Turkish nation. Their sultan, or sovereign, has the powers of the government at his own sole disposal, without being fettered by the legal control of any body of his subjects. He can make war or peace; appoint the officers of his empire, or dismiss them, at his own pleasure. Any advisers whom he may adopt are chosen entirely by himself, and have no influence but while they continue to enjoy his favour. Hence the whole character of the government depends on the personal qualities of the sovereign; if that individual happens to be a steady experienced man, he will select favourites of the same description, and the affairs of the state may be managed during his life with prudence; but the probability of such an occurrence is greatly lessened by the policy which the reigning sovereigns have long adopted with regard to those of their family who are likely to succeed them. In order to prevent these persons from intriguing to gain a party, and (like Absalom in Hebrew history) seizing prematurely on the throne, they are kept secluded from business, and immured in the palace among eunuchs and women. Hence the sovereigns of Turkey, during the last century, have been generally poor ignorant creatures, who had no conception of the situation to which they were raised, except that it restored them to liberty, and gave them the means of gratifying, without restraint, some favourite passion. Such men were necessarily always under the influence of one favourite or other, who procured for them the means of satisfying their desires, while he himself wielded the actual powers of the empire. One or two of these favourites have been men, who, by superior abilities, have risen through the bloodshed and intrigue which lie in the way to distinction in semi-barbarous countries; and such have really aimed at benefiting the people: but others crept into the palace by the most despicable means; and all (in a country where there are no means of education) were bigoted and ignorant. It is evident, that, under the management of such persons, no course of improvement could be judiciously chosen or pursued; and when any of them attempted to introduce a new discipline in the army, or perhaps in some other way to combat the prejudices of his countrymen, the first tumult excited by his innovations was often appeased by his weak sovereign giving up his minister's head for a peace-offering to the mob.

The sultan and his favourites have the unquestioned power of appointing to all public offices, except those of religion; and as a large present was always expected from the successful candidate, it was by no means the best qualified who received the appointment. The offices are in truth put up for sale, and this sale is often renewed yearly. Hence the first object of a Turkish officer, or governor, on entering on his charge, is often to reimburse himself by his exactions on the people, for the money he has expended. All travellers agree that the taxes of Turkey are not in themselves oppressive, were it not that they are

doubled or trebled by the extortions of the governors in their several provinces. These grievances are aggravated by a law, which provides that every one who has once held any office under government, shall leave all his property at death to the state. Hence the great officers endeavour, by a thousand artifices, to alienate their wealth secretly for their relations, or to provide for them by greater accumulations. The court, in the meantime, winks at their extortions, and often seizes an opportunity of confiscating all that they have gathered. From a government so disposed, it were idle to expect any steady attention to the improvement of the country; and as the only way in which the several governors of provinces can recommend themselves at court, is by successful war with some hostile nation, or with some other governor who has rebelled, all patient regard to the occupations of peace in their districts is out of the question.

But besides the faults of its government, the preferences claimed by one class of its subjects over another, is a continual source of weakness to the Turkish empire. The population (as was remarked in a former article) is composed partly of Mahomedans, and partly of Christians. The former, though the least numerous, are the ruling class; and the latter are every where subjected to humiliation, and even to heavier taxes. The poll-tax is demanded only of Christians; and so much hardship do many of the poor find in paying their share, that, at the time when it is due, the jails are crowded with defaulters. The Christians, in general, have no means of securing exemption from the insults of their Mahomedan countrymen, but by courting the protection of some wealthy Turk. Hence the one becomes cunning, cringing, and deceitful, while the other gains proportionally in insolence. The demoralizing effect of this situation of the two parties, infects the whole constitution of society throughout Turkey; and it is alleged by intelligent travellers that it even destroys, in Christian families, the influence of parental authority. The children of these people, whenever they find the discipline of home disagreeable to them, threaten to turn Mahomedans; and as such a desertion of their religion is reckoned disgraceful to the whole family, every sacrifice is made to prevent it. The Christians in the several towns consist of people of different nations—Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, &c., and each of these has in certain cases a chief elected by themselves, who apportions to the individuals of his nation their share of the general Christian poll-tax, and is responsible to the government for its payment. This situation is one of the greatest anxiety and hazard; and though it is sought for by wealthy Christians, from the consideration which it gives them above their own despised class, it frequently leads them to prison and confiscation. When it is considered that by far the greatest part of the trade of Turkey is in the hands of people who are thus treated, it must be obvious, that, however fertile the country, it can, under such management, never improve its natural advantages.

This state of things might be gradually ameliorated, were the Turkish governors and high officers men of information, who were able, by comparison with the state of other countries, to trace the source of the evils which depress their own. But these individuals have often risen to power merely by dint of their superior qualifications as soldiers. Promotion in an European army always implies acquaintance with certain military sciences at least; but as the Turkish forces are composed of mere illiterate boors, officered by the strongest or fiercest of their own number, the attainment of high rank among them implies little else than a superiority in the attributes of courage and cunning. Even, however, if these men were desirous of improving their minds in useful knowledge, there are no means within their reach for such a purpose. The only learning held in repute in Turkey is an acquaintance with commentaries on their obscure theological laws, with the finical niceties of grammar, or with judicial astrology, and the art of foretelling future events by the stars. These are the only branches of education which are taught in their schools and colleges, or upon which their learned men rest their hopes of distinction. An acquaintance with mathematics, or with the geography and statistics of the rest of the world, may be looked on as a kind of humble useful knowledge, like that of a tradesman in his craft, but would not entitle its possessor to open his lips in presence of a learned man who could write a sonnet in Persian, or recite some classical Arabic poem. This despised kind of knowledge, therefore, is little cultivated; but even the humble accomplishments of reading and writing are slightly attended to; and it is no uncommon thing to see a Turkish bashaw under the necessity of keeping a secretary constantly beside him, not merely to write his letters, but for the more important purpose of reading those which he receives.

The diversity of nations and tongues among the people who occupy the Turkish empire, is another obstacle to the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of the country. Turkey is not like Britain, where all the people speak one language, and live in communities among which knowledge circulates by the mere impulse of curiosity. There is a different tongue for almost every province. In Europe there is the Slavonian, mixed Italian, Bulgarian, modern Greek, and the Osmanli, or polite Turkish. In Asia there are many dialects—the Turki, or language of the wandering Turcomans; the Arabic, the Chingana, the Curdeen, and several others. The spoken lan-

guage of the different tribes is often greatly different from what is known as a written tongue under the same name. To teach a tradesman of Aleppo to understand the written Arabic, for instance (though his own language is called Arabic), would almost be to give him a new tongue. There is no common language even among those who are of the same religion; the Greek Christians of Aleppo speak a corrupt Arabic, while the Mahomedans of Western Albania speak Italian and Greek. Books published in Turkish would be in a foreign language to more than nine-tenths of the people of the country; so that the operation of printing, which diffuses knowledge so readily in other places, would here meet with innumerable obstacles in producing such an effect. Any one who has observed the difficulties encountered in seeking to introduce any kind of learning among the people speaking Gaelic in this country, will be somewhat able to appreciate the numerous failures that must take place in a quarter where the number of dissimilar tongues is so great, and where the ignorance and want of curiosity among the people would repel all the advances of those who sought to improve them.

The observations we have hitherto made refer chiefly to the inhabitants of towns, and the districts regularly settled. But in Asia Minor (and even in Moldavia and Wallachia), there are immense tracts occupied by wandering tribes, whose thousands are as little amenable to law as the gipsies of England. They are half herdsmen, half robbers; and levy a contribution, or blackmail, on all travellers who pass through their wilds. The wandering Turcomans move in bodies of several thousands, carrying their flocks and herds along with them, to choose suitable pastures for the different seasons; numbers of the Arab tribes in the north of Syria lead a similar life; and the Kurds of Natolia, the Druses, and other mountain hordes, hardly own the Turkish law. In truth, many of these restless people have here the same relation to the classes who submit to government and live in towns, as the Indians of North America have to the inhabitants of the United States; only that they are far more numerous, and have more efficient means of annoying their civilized neighbours, than those aboriginal tribes now have.

In a country where the laws and government are so defective, and where the people consist of tribes so little assimilated to each other, it is obvious that the course of improvement can be but slow. There is no class among the population from which men having either the requisite education, or proper moral feeling, can be selected to form efficient public officers; and even if these could be procured, the antipathies, prejudices, and ignorance of the people themselves, would be serious obstacles to the good such men might intend. What may be the course of events with regard to this country, it is difficult to say: its future fate presents a wide field for speculation; but into this it is impossible now to enter. We have stated the causes which chiefly tend to its continued depression, imagining that the fate of so beautiful a portion of the globe could not be otherwise than interesting to our readers.

JOHN MACTAGGART,

A HIGHLAND STORY.

ABOUT ninety years ago, a decent Highlander of this name rented two farms upon the promontory of Kintyre, in Argyshire—one of them a corn farm upon the coast, and the other a sheep farm, upon the high grounds about four miles distant. As might be expected from a man in such circumstances, John was a highly respectable character. He had a wife and some sons and daughters, all of whom had arrived at maturity, and few men bore a better appearance at either kirk or market.

One snowy day, in the winter of 1748, a young female, dressed in a style above the vulgar, but apparently travel-worn and weary, passed John's house upon the coast, and, contrary to the custom of wayfarers, did not come in. The circumstance excited some surprise in the inmates, who remarked that it was strange to see an individual of that kind travelling on such a day, and passing, without refreshment, the last house she would see for several miles. In the afternoon, as the storm seemed likely to be worse before it would be better, John thought it necessary to go up to his hill farm, to give some directions about saving the sheep. He set off two hours before night, mounted on his favourite grey mare; but though that animal had long been accustomed to all kinds of Highland weather, it was dusk before she had advanced half way up the moor, and the snow was then taking her up to the belly, and threatened to retard her further progress altogether. John began to feel himself in some danger; but yet his horse had so often served him in cases of peril, that he did not by any means despair.

While honest John was reflecting upon his own case, another of a much more hapless description was presented to his view. Almost at his horse's feet, cowering beneath a little bush, and half buried in the snow, lay the female who had been observed to pass his door in the course of the day. John instantly dismounted, and, raising the head of the unfortunate woman from

the ground, learned, from a few whispered words of almost expiring anguish, that she was in a condition the most distressing that the imagination of the reader can conceive. "Leave me, however," she said in Gaelic, "to the fate which I have provoked—for to me death is better than life." John answered in a few soothing words, but found himself unable, for a few moments, to convey any hope that he could save the life of which she seemed so indifferent. To go either back or forward for assistance, seemed in vain; for before he could expect to regain the spot, the wretched lady must have perished from cold, and probably would be buried deep in the snow. To remain with her seemed alike unavailing, for he could not expect to keep either her or himself in life for any considerable length of time, in the midst of such a storm. If the reader will pause for a moment, and consider all the circumstances of the case, he will feel that the perplexity must have been extreme; and perhaps he will hardly believe beforehand, that any means of escaping from it was within the reach of the honest farmer.

A real exigency, however, will sometimes suggest expedients which no deliberate ingenuity could have devised. John instantly resolved upon a sacrifice which, in calm blood, hardly any sum of money could have tempted him to perform. With his *skene dhru* (an unclasp knife then worn by every Highlander) he cut the throat of his highly valued mare, took out the entrails, and, in the hollow of the warm carcase, deposited the unhappy woman, now almost about to become a mother. Then stripping off his upper coat, which, as he remarked, was of no use to a traveller without a horse, he spread it over the lady; and, having whispered to her an assurance that he would return with assistance, or himself perish in the attempt, he set off towards his hill farm, with all the speed that the nature of the way would admit of. As he had calculated, the snow was not so deep upon the high as on the low grounds, and he therefore reached his destination in about an hour.

The whole strength of the household was immediately put in requisition for the benefit of the poor wanderer. The single female servant was left to prepare a warm bed for her reception, along with every other comfort which the establishment could furnish. Three shepherds, each provided with a blanket, and John himself, carrying that Highland catholicon, a bottle of whisky, boldly faced the storm, and, after a toilsome march, reached the place where she lay. To the great joy of Mactaggart, his expedient for preserving animation had been attended with success. Supported by the natural warmth of her rude receptacle, and protected both from the wind and the snow, the lady was still alive, though no doubt in a very precarious state. To the further joy of Mactaggart—as she murmured forth her thanks for his kind exertions, it was in such a tone as assured him, that, in finding herself the object of such a providential deliverance, a hope had been generated which promised to restore her to the appreciation of existence. With hands not the most gentle that could have been wished, but feelings the tenderest that could have been manifested, John, assisted by his shepherds, removed her from her place of shelter, and wrapped her carefully up in the blankets; after which, a refreshment from the bottle was offered as kindly as it was thankfully accepted. She was then carried forward by two of the men, relieved by the third, while John himself piloted the way to the cottage. After a tedious march, in which the spirit of humanity and the spirit of barley conspired to sustain John and his men against every difficulty, the procession reached the house in perfect safety, where the lady was immediately placed in bed, and administered to after the manner proper to individuals in her situation.

Not long after her arrival, she was delivered of a female child, and, notwithstanding the absence of many comforts and appliances, which, in the usual circumstances, are thought indispensable, both mother and daughter did well. In due time they were removed to the farm-house upon the coast, where her protector's family resided; and as the persons concerned were Highlanders, it is needless to say that she was treated by them with the greatest kindness, and welcomed to stay as long as she pleased. Though naturally anxious to be made acquainted with her history, neither Mactaggart nor his wife could venture to make any direct inquiries about it. They soon learned, what indeed the lady herself was more anxious to communicate than they to learn, that she was a *wife*; but her superior manners, and the mystery she assumed, deterred them from asking further. For some months, though far from the despair in which she had been found by Mactaggart, she appeared in very low spirits; but the cloud gradually drew off, and, after a twelve-month's residence under the roof of her protector, she became as cheerful as she had formerly been dull. Before this time, John had become excessively attached to his guest, and also to her child, whom he was the more inclined to cherish, in as far as several of his own children at this time emigrated to America, along with a great number of his neighbours. His heart indeed was completely devoted to these two interesting strangers, while the lady, on her part, repaid his kindness with an affection only inferior to that of a daughter. One day, however, after she had been fifteen months in his house, she went out with her child in her arms, as if to take a walk, and, to the inexpressible grief of Mactaggart, she never returned.

The story, reader, does not end here. Its conclu-

sion was as remarkable, in one respect, as its commencement; and that we shall now give. In the first place, however, it must be explained that the lady was a daughter of Maclean of —, in the island of Mull, privately wedded to a young gentleman, whose family residence was upon the opposite coast of Morven. Like Romeo and Juliet, these young persons had formed an attachment in defiance of an inveterate feud between their parents. When Stewart of — learned the state of his son's affections, he hastily procured a commission for him in the navy, and had him sent off to the station at Minorca, before he could take any measures for acknowledging his bride. On this event, Flora Maclean confessed to her father that she had been secretly married to her lover; but the old man was so averse to an alliance with his rival and enemy, that he commanded her never to say a word of the circumstance, and, when a rumour to that effect was circulated, took every opportunity of contradicting it. The passions of her father were of so dreadful a character, that, though she soon after found herself in a condition which rendered the avowal of her marriage more than ever necessary, she durst not take any such steps. For some time she hoped that her lover might find some means of rescuing her, but in this she was cruelly disappointed. By the vigilance of her father, every means which he took to correspond with her was balked. At length, confounded with the unusual distress into which she was plunged, without a friend to consult as to her future course, and desperate under the extreme cruelty of her parent, she left her home, and wandered forth she knew not whither, and with no object but to perish in a land where she might be unknown.

Being rescued, in the manner already related, at once from death and from despair, she contrived, while living under the roof of her deliverer, to correspond with her husband. The elder Stewart, in the mean time, died, leaving his son to inherit his large estates in Morven and Breadalbane. The youth accordingly returned home, and, as had been concerted, his spouse at a certain time left the house of John Mactaggart, in order to meet him. The secret manner of her departure was the result of considerations arising rather from the artificial ideas of society, than from natural feeling. Though grateful and affectionate in the highest degree to her kind protector, she feared to let her extraordinary story follow her into the sphere of life in which she was henceforth to move. Judging, therefore, that to inform Mactaggart of her intentions could not be done without the risk of a divulgement of her secret, she resolved that even he should never know whom he had saved. Every idea of a pecuniary remuneration for his kindness was precluded by the comfortable circumstances in which he seemed to live.

John, however, was not destined to be always prosperous. Already deserted by all his children, who joined the tide of emigration then rolling towards North America, he endured a shock more severe than he could well endure, in the loss of the lady and her child. His worldly wealth had been much diminished by the provisions he was required to make for his children; his own listlessness of mind tended further to injure his affairs; and, finally, one or two bad seasons completely ruined him. Just at this crisis, his wife died, and poor John was left quite alone in the world, to struggle in his old age with hardships he was ill able to endure. He then wandered from his home, with much the same object as what had been once entertained by Flora Maclean—namely, to sink in some place where his poverty and misery would bring no discredit upon his name or kindred. As he afterwards confessed, he was not without money; but it was only enough to furnish the means of putting him under the earth, without assistance from strangers—an object he cherished so warmly, that no extremity of want could have induced him to break in upon the little sum. His course was eastward into Perthshire, and for some days he wandered regardlessly on, receiving here and there food and lodging from people nearly as poor as himself. At length he was overtaken in Glendochart by a very severe snow-storm, with which he struggled for some hours till he was nearly exhausted. "I once," he thought to himself, "saved a fellow creature from dying in the snow: it now seems likely that such will be my own fate." He was just about to give up all hope, when he arrived at the gate of a respectable mansion, and, on applying for admission, was kindly received into the kitchen, and solaced with some warm soup by the cook. While he sat by the fire, pondering on fancies all of which were bitter, a lady came down to give some household orders, attended by a girl of four or five years, who began to play about the kitchen. The lady, seeing the old man's eye fixed upon the child, asked if he had ever seen her before. "Ay," said Mactaggart, in his native language, "I have seen both you and her before: it was on a white day that I saw you first, but, alas, the blackest day to me that I ever knew." The lady was Flora Maclean. Overcome by her feelings, she screamed, and threw herself upon the bosom of her kind protector, where she remained for several minutes in a passion of tears. The noise brought her husband down to see what was the matter, and she speedily explained to him that this old man was he who had saved her own life and that of her child.

John Mactaggart spent all the remainder of his life in this happy mansion, and never took a meal any where but at the same table with Allan Stewart and Flora Maclean.

MISCELLANEA PICKED UP IN A DAY'S READING.

TEACHING THE DEAF.

THE following account of the origin and invention of teaching a deaf person to speak, is extracted from Dr Wallis's *Memorials of his Own Life*, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

"In the year 1653," says Dr Wallis, "I was persuaded to publish a grammar of the English tongue, chiefly to gratify strangers, who were willing to learn it (because of many desirable things published in our language), but complained of its difficulty for want of a grammar suited to the propriety and true genius of the language. To this I prefixed a treatise of speech (*de loquela*), wherein I have philosophically considered the formation of all sounds used in articulate speech (as well of our own as of any other language that I knew), by what organs, and in what position, each sound was formed, with the nice distinctions of each (which in some letters of the same organ is very subtle); so that, by such organs, in such positions, the breath issuing from the lungs will form such sounds, whether the person do or do not hear himself speak; which was, I think, a new attempt, not before undertaken by any (that I knew of) before that time. For though it were observed that some letters were labials, some dentals, some palatines, and some gutturals—and some grammarians have in some measure shewed a different formation in some few of the same organ—yet it is but of very few they have so done, and very imperfectly; none (that I know of) had before attempted it, as to all, whatever may have been done since in pursuance of what I then taught.

In pursuance of this, I thought it very possible to teach a deaf person to speak, by directing him so to apply the organs of speech as the sound of each letter required (which children learn by imitation and manifold attempts, rather than by art); and in the year 1660, being importuned by some friends of his, I undertook to teach Mr Daniel Walley, of Northampton, who had been deaf and dumb from a child. I began the work in 1661, and in little more than a year's time I had taught him to pronounce distinctly any words, so as I directed him, even the most difficult of the Polish language, which a Polish lord then in Oxford could propose to him, by way of trial, of those five or six select hard words, which they use to propose to others, as not to be pronounced by any but themselves; and in good measure to understand a language, and express his own mind in writing; and he had in that time read over to me distinctly (the whole or greater part of) the English Bible, and did pretty well understand (at least) the historical part of it.

In the year 1662, I did the like for Mr Alexander Popham (son of the Lady Wharton, by her former husband Admiral Popham) with like success; on whom Dr William Holder had before attempted it, but gave it over.

I know that both of these (who I think are yet living) were apt to forget (after their parting from me) much of that nicety (which before they had) in the distinct pronouncing some letters (which they would recover, when I had occasionally been with them to set them right); wanting the help of their ear to direct their speaking, as that of the eye directs the hand in writing. For which reason a man who writes a good hand would soon forget so to do, if grown blind. And, therefore, one who thus learns to speak, will (for the continuance and use of it) need somebody continually with him, who may prompt him when he mistakes.

I have since that time (upon the same account) taught diverse persons (and some of them very considerable) to speak plain and distinctly, who did before hesitate and stutter very much; and others to pronounce such words or letters, as before they thought impossible for them to do: by teaching them how to rectify such mistakes in the formation, as by some natural impediment, or acquired custom, they had been subject to."

NEWSPAPERS.

Before the introduction of printed newspapers, it appears that great families had a sort of Gazetteers in London, who transmitted to them the news of the day in written letters. This custom accounts for the following memorandum preserved in the Clifford family:—"To Captain Robinson, by my lord's commands, for writing letters of news to his lordship for a half year, five pounds."—*Whitaker's Hist. of the Deanery of Craven*.

ALMANACKS.

Almanacks, in their present shape, are comparatively of a modern date. The first almanack in England was printed at Oxford in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "near thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanack of twopence, that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said almanack, and its title, they were all vendid. Its sale was so great, that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross it in their own hands."

DINNER HOUR.

Till towards the middle of the seventeenth century, it was the custom to dine at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. "With us," says the preface to *Holingshed*, "the nobility, gentry, and students, do or-

dinarily go to dinner at eleven before noon, and to supper at five, or between five and six, at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon, and six at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the term, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten."

FALSTAFF'S BUCKRAM-MEN.

Sir John Falstaff was a benefactor to Magdalene College, Oxford. He bequeathed estates to that society, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior Demies. A half fellow at this college is called a Demy. But this benefaction, in time, yielding no more than a penny a-week to those who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, "Falstaff's Buckram-Men." (*Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, Vol. I., p. 234, note.)—The proper name of this knight was Fastolf. He was a celebrated general and nobleman in France during the English conquests in that kingdom, and intimate with William Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester, the founder of Magdalene College. It is thought that the name which Shakspeare gave to his humorous knight was merely accidental, and that he did not intend the least allusion to this great warrior, under the name of Sir John Falstaff. It is evident, indeed, that although their names are somewhat similar, their characters are very different.

THE PLAYERS AT OXFORD.

Many of Dryden's Prologues, and indeed the most excellent of them, were written on occasion of the players going to Oxford, a custom which was introduced while Dr Ralph Bathurst, president of Trinity College, was vice-chancellor of the university. At this time, Dryden was so famous for his prologues, that no piece was relished, nor would the theatres scarcely venture to produce it, if it wanted this fashionable ornament. To this purpose, an anecdote is recorded of Southerne, who, on bringing his first play on the stage, did not fail to bespeak a prologue of the artist in vogue. The usual price had been four guineas. In the present case, Dryden insisted that he must have six for his work, "which," said the mercantile bard, "is out of no disrespect to you, young man, but the players have had my goods too cheap."—*Warton's Essay on Pope*.

MEMORY.

There is no faculty of the mind by which different individuals are more distinguished than by the possession of a retentive memory. Among the ancients, Seneca, Latro Porcius, Cyneas, and some others, are represented as having possessed wonderful memories. The following is a translation of what Seneca says of himself:—"I do not deny that I myself possessed powers of memory in a very considerable degree. It was not only sufficient for the ordinary business of life, but appeared to some to be almost miraculous. I repeated the names of two thousand persons in the order in which they were spoken. When single verses were prescribed to each individual who came to attend our preceptor, on hearing them prescribed, I recited them in order, beginning with the last, and ending with the first." The number of verses was more than two hundred. Seneca mentions, in the same work, the great memory of Latro Porcius, whom he calls his very dear companion, who retained in his memory all the declamations he had ever spoken, and never knew his memory fail him, not so much as in one single word. He also takes notice of Cyneas, who was ambassador to the Romans, from King Pyrrhus, who in one day had so well learned the names of his spectators, that on the subsequent day he saluted the senate, &c. by their proper names.—*Seneca: Controvers. L. I.*

Pliny mentions similar instances (*Lib. 7. c. 24*). Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers in his army. Lucius Scipio knew the names of the Roman people. Mithridates, who ruled over twenty-two kingdoms, delivered laws to them in as many languages, and publicly addressed the natives of each kingdom in their own tongue, without an interpreter. Charmidas, or rather Carneades, could name all the books in a great library as they stood in order.

Bishop Jewel had a most wonderful memory. He could exactly repeat whatever he had written, after one reading. During the ringing of the bell, he committed to memory a repetition sermon, and pronounced it without hesitation. His custom was to write the heads of his discourses, and imprint them so firmly upon his mind, that he used to say, "if ten thousand people were quarrelling or fighting all the while he was preaching, yet they could not put him out." In order to try him, Dr Parkhurst having proposed to him some of the most difficult and barbarous words out of a calendar, and John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, forty Welsh, Irish, and foreign words, he after once or twice reading, and a little recollection, repeated them all by heart, backward and forward. In the year 1563, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, having read to him, out of Erasmus's *Paraphrase*, the last clauses of ten lines confused, and imperfect on purpose, he, sitting silent awhile, and covering his face with his hand, immediately rehearsed all those broken parcels of sentences, the right way and the contrary, without hesitation. He professed to teach others this art, and taught it his tutor Dr Parkhurst, at Zurich, who in the space of twenty-eight days, and only by spending an hour a-day, learned all the twenty-eight chapters of St Matthew's Gospel, so perfectly that he could repeat any verse, knowing at

the same time what went before and what followed. He died in 1571.

But one of the most extraordinary instances of abstraction and memory united is to be found in the following letter from the celebrated Dr John Wallis, Professor of Geometry at Oxford, to Dr Smith, December 22, 1669. "In the dark night, in bed (without pen, ink, paper, or any thing equivalent), I did, by memory, extract the square root of 3,0000,0000,0000,0000,0000,0000,0000,0000,0000,0000, which I so found to be 1,73205,08075,68877,29353, *ferè* (almost), and did the next day commit to writing.—Feb. 18, 1670.—J. G. P. Regiomontanus, giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like, when I had then for a long time been afflicted with a quartan ague, I did that night propose to myself in bed, by dark, without other help than my memory, a number of fifty-three places —2,4681,3579,1012,1411,1315,1618,2017,1921,2224,2623,3023,2527,2931, of which I so extracted the square root of 27 places, viz.—157,1030,1687,1482,8058,1715,2171, nearly, which numbers, the one and the other, I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit, March 11, following, when I did, from my memory, dictate them to him, who then wrote them from my mouth, and took them with him to examine.

"Yours, JOHN WALLIS.

"Oxford, Feb. 16, 1680-1."

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THE first division of the Scriptures, as already mentioned, is into the *Old and New Testament*. The *New* belongs to the Christians, but the *Old* was received from the Jews; and it is from them, therefore, that we must learn what the number of the books of it originally was, and every thing else relating to this most ancient and interesting production.

The celebrated Jewish writers, Josephus and Philo, reckon two and twenty canonical books in the Old Testament, which is the number of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet: and, to make out this, they join the book of *Ruth* to that of *Judges*, and the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah to the book of his Prophecies. But other Jewish doctors divide the book of *Ruth* from that of *Judges*, and, making likewise a separate book of the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah, they reckon four and twenty books in all. In order to accommodate this number to that of the letters of the alphabet, they repeat the letter *god* three times, as they say, in honour to the great name of God *Jehovah*, of which *god* is the first letter; and in Chaldee, three *gods* together were used to express this adorable name; but as the modern Jews thought that this savoured too much of what Christians call the *Trinity*, they use only two *gods* for this purpose. St Jerome is of opinion that St John had this division of the Hebrew Scriptures in view, when, in his *Revelation*, he speaks of the *four and twenty elders* who paid adoration to the Lamb of God.

The Jews divide the whole of these books into three classes, namely, the *Law*, the *Prophets*, and the *Hagiographa*, or *Holy Writings*, which last division includes more particularly the *poetical* parts; and some are of opinion that Jesus Christ alludes to this division of the Scriptures, when he says that "all things must be fulfilled that were written in the *Law of Moses*, and in the *Prophets*, and in the *Psalms*, concerning him." For by the Book of *Psalms* they understand all the books of the third class. The *Law* comprehends the *Pentateuch*, that is, *Genesis*, *Exodus*, *Leviticus*, *Numbers*, and *Deuteronomy*. The *Prophetic* books are eight; viz. 1. *Joshua*, 2. *Judges* with *Ruth*, 3. *Samuel*, 4. *Kings*, 5. *Isaiah*, 6. *Jeremiah*, 7. *Ezekiel*, and 8. *The Twelve Lesser Prophets*. The four first books of this division are called the *Former Prophets*, and the four last the *Latter Prophets*. The *Hagiographa*, or *Holy Writings*, are nine; viz. 1. *Job*, 2. the *Psalms*, 3. the *Proverbs*, 4. *Ecclesiastes*, 5. the *Song of Songs*, 6. *Daniel*, 7. *Chronicles*, 8. *Ezra* with *Nehemiah*, and 9. *Esther*. The Jews do not put *Daniel* in the rank of a prophet, although they acknowledge him to have been a man inspired by God, and whose writings are full of the clearest prophecies concerning the time of the Messiah's coming, and what should happen to their nation. Jesus Christ, therefore, gives him the name of a *Prophet*, and the Jewish doctors are much puzzled to find out a proper reason for their not doing the same. "It is," says Maimonides, "because every thing that *Daniel* wrote was not revealed to him when he was awake and had the use of his reason, but in the night, and in obscure dreams." But this is a very unsatisfactory account of the matter; and others are of opinion that the name of a *Prophet* was commonly given to those only who were of a certain college, and whose business it was to write the *Annals*; and that, therefore, their works were ranked among the *prophetic* books, though they did not contain a single prediction of any thing to come, as the Books of *Joshua* and *Judges*; whilst, on the contrary, the works of those who were not of these colleges of the *Prophets* were not ranked among the *prophetic* books, although they contained true prophecies.

The Latins agree with the Jews as to the number of the *Psalms*, which is a hundred and fifty, but both they and the Greeks divide them differently from the Hebrews. In the Greek Bible, and the Vulgate, or common Latin version, the ninth and tenth, according to the Hebrew, make but one Psalm; and, therefore,

in order to make up the number of a hundred and fifty, they divide the hundred and forty-seventh into two.

This is the general division of the Sacred Books among the Jews. But they divide the *Pentateuch* in particular into certain Paragraphs or Sections, which they call *Parashiuth*, and which they subdivide into the *Great* and the *Little*. A Great Section contains as much as is to be read in the synagogue in a week. There are in all fifty-four of these, in as much as there may be so many weeks in a year; for the Jews are obliged to read all the *Pentateuch* over once every year, finishing it on the Feast of Tabernacles, and beginning it again on the next Sabbath day. In the time of the persecution by Antiochus Epiphanes, they also selected fifty-four sections to be read out of the *Prophets*, which have ever since constituted the second Lessons in the Jewish synagogue-service. The *Little Sections*, which are subdivisions of the *Greater*, are made according to the subjects they treat of; and these *Great* and *Little Sections* are again of two sorts; one of which is called *Petichoth*, that is, *Open Sections*, and the other *Sethumoth*, that is, *Close Sections*. The former commence in the Hebrew Bibles always at the beginning of lines, and are marked with three *Pe's*, if it be a Great Section, and with only one, if it be a Little Section; because *Pe* is the first letter of the word *Petichoth*. Every *Open Section* takes its name from its first word; and thus the first Section in the whole Bible is called *Bereshith*, which is the first word of the Book of *Genesis* in Hebrew. The *Close Sections* begin in the middle of a line, and are marked with the letter *Samech*, which is the first letter of the word *Sethumoth*; if it be a Great Section, it has three *Samechs*, if a Little one, only one. Every *Great Section* is also divided again into seven parts, which are read in the synagogue by so many different persons. If any priest be present, he begins, and a Levite reads after him; and in the choice of the rest, regard is had to their dignity and condition. The divisions of the prophetic books, already mentioned, are read jointly with those of Moses, in the same manner. These latter divisions they call *Haptheroth*, a term which signifies in Hebrew *Dismissions*; because after this reading is over, they dismiss the people.

The Jews call the division of the Holy Scriptures into chapters, *Perukim*, which signifies *Fragments*; and the division into verses they call *Pesukim*, a word of nearly the same signification as the former. These last are marked out in the Hebrew Bibles by two great points at the end of them, called from hence *Soph-Pasuk*, i. e. *The end of the verse*. But the division of the Scriptures into chapters and verses, as we now have them, is of a much later date. The *Psalms*, indeed, were always divided as at present; for St Paul, in his sermon at Antioch, in Pisidia, quotes the second Psalm. But as to the rest of the Holy Scriptures, the division of them into such chapters as at present, is what the ancients knew nothing of. Some attribute it to Stephen Langton, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reigns of King John, and his son Henry the Third. But the true author of this invention, as is shown by Dean Prideaux at great length, was Hugo de Sancto Caro, who, being from a Dominican monk advanced to the dignity of a Cardinal, and the first of that order that was so, is commonly called Hugo Cardinals.

This Cardinal Hugo, who flourished about the year 1240, and died in 1262, had laboured much in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and made a comment upon the whole of them. The carrying on of this work gave him the occasion of inventing the first Concordance that was made of the Scriptures, that is, of the vulgar Latin Bible; for conceiving that such an index of all the words and phrases in the Bible would be of great use for the attaining of a better understanding of it, he projected a scheme for the making of such an index, and forthwith set a great number of the monks of his order on the collecting of the words under their proper classes in every letter of the alphabet, in order to this design; and, by the help of so many hands, he soon brought it to what he intended. This work was afterwards much improved by those who followed him, especially by Arlottus Thuseus, and Conrad Halberstadius, the former a Franciscan, and the other a Dominican friar, who both lived about the end of the same century. But the whole intention of the work being for the easier finding of any word or passage in the Scriptures, to make it answer this purpose, the Cardinal found it necessary, in the first place, to divide the book into sections, and the sections into other divisions, that by these he might the better make the references, and the more exactly point out in the index where any word or passage might be found in the text; and these sections are the chapters into which the Bible has ever since been divided. For, on the publishing of this Concordance, the usefulness of it being immediately discerned, all were desirous to have it; and, for the sake of the use of it, they all divided their Bibles as Hugo had done; for the references in the Concordance being made by these chapters, and the subdivisions of them, unless their Bibles were so divided too, the Concordance would be of no use to them. And thus this division of the several books of the Bible into chapters had its original, which has ever since been made use of in all places, and among all people, wherever the Bible itself is used in these western parts of the world; for before this there was no division of the books in the vulgar Latin Bibles at all.

But the subdivision of the chapters was not then by verses as now. Hugo's way of subdividing them was by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, placed in the margin at equal distances from one another, according as the chapters were longer or shorter. In long chapters all these seven letters were used, in others fewer, as the length of the chapters required; for the subdivision of the chapters by verses, which is now in all our Bibles, was not introduced into them till some ages after; and then it was from the Jews that the use of it, as we now have it, took its original on the following occasion.

About the year 1430, there lived here among the western Jews a famous Rabbi, called by some Rabbi Mordecai Nathan, by others, Rabbi Isaac Nathan, and by many by both these names, as if he were first called by one of them, and then by a change of it by the other. This Rabbi being much conversant with the Christians, and having frequent disputes with their learned men about religion, he thereby came to the knowledge of the great use which they made of the Latin Concordance, composed by Cardinal Hugo, and the benefit which they had from it, in the ready finding of any place in the Scriptures that they had occasion to consult; which he was so much taken with, that he immediately set about making such a Concordance to the Hebrew Bible for the use of the Jews. He began this work in the year 1438, and finished it in 1445, being seven years in composing it; and the first publishing of it happening about the time when printing was invented, it has since undergone several editions from the press. The Buxtorfs, father and son, bestowed much pains on this work; and the edition of it published by them at Basil, in 1632, is by far the most complete, and has deservedly the reputation of being the best book of the kind that is extant. Indeed, it is so useful for the understanding of the Hebrew Scriptures, that no one who employs his studies in this way can have a better companion; it being the best dictionary, as well as the best Concordance to them.

In the composing of this book, Rabbi Nathan, finding it necessary to follow the same division of the Scriptures into chapters, which Hugo had made in them, it had the like effect as to the Hebrew Bibles that Hugo's had as to the Latin, causing the same divisions to be made in all the Hebrew Bibles, which were afterwards either written out or printed for common use; and from hence the division of the books into chapters first came into the Hebrew Bibles. But Nathan, though he followed Hugo in the division into chapters, yet he did not do so in the division of the chapters by the letters A, B, C, &c. in the margin, but introduced a better usage, by employing the division that was made by verses. This division, as already mentioned, was very ancient; but it was till now without any numbers put to the verses. The numbering, therefore, of the verses in the chapters, and the quoting of the passages in every chapter by the verses, was Rabbi Nathan's invention; in every thing else he followed the pattern which Cardinal Hugo had set him. But it is to be observed, that he did not number the verses any otherwise than by affixing the numerical Hebrew letters in the margin at every fifth verse; and this has been the usage of the Jews in all their Hebrew Bibles ever since, except that latterly they have also introduced the common figures for numbering the intermediate verses between every fifth. Vatablus soon after published a Latin Bible according to this pattern, with the chapters divided into verses, and the verses so numbered; and this example has been followed in all other editions that have been since put forth. So that, as the Jews borrowed the division of the books of the Holy Scriptures into chapters from the Christians, in like manner the Christians borrowed that of the chapters into verses from the Jews. But, to this day, the Book of the Law, which is read by the Jews in their synagogues every Sabbath day, has none of these distinctions, that is, is not divided into verses as the Bibles are.

The division of the books of Scripture into *Great* and *Little Sections*, does, without doubt, contribute much to the clearing up of their contents; and for this reason, as well as because they found it practised in the synagogues, the Christians also divided the books of the *New Testament* into what the Greeks call *Pericopes*, that is, *Sections*, that they might be read in their order. Each of these *Sections* contained, under the same title, all the matters that had any relation to one another, and were solemnly read in the churches by the public readers, after the deacons had admonished the faithful to be attentive to it, crying with a loud voice, ATTENDAMUS, *Let us attend*. The name of *Titles* was given to these *Sections*, because each of them had its own *Title*. Robert Stephens, the famous printer, who died at Geneva in 1559, gets the credit of being the first who made the division of the chapters of the *New Testament* into verses, and for the same reason as Rabbi Nathan had done before him as to the *Old Testament*, that is, for the sake of a Concordance which he was then composing for the Greek Testament, and which was afterwards printed by Henry Stephens, his son, who gives this account of the matter in his preface to that Concordance. Since that time, this division of the whole Bible by chapters and verses, and the quoting of all passages in them by the numbers of both, has grown into use every where among us in these western parts; so that not only all Latin Bibles, but all Greek ones also, as well as every other that has been printed in any of the modern languages, have followed this divi-

tion. They who most approve of this division of the Bible into chapters and verses, as at present used, agree that a much more convenient one might be made; since it often happens, that things which ought to be separated are joined together, and many things which ought to be joined together are divided.

The respect which the Jews have for the sacred books, and which even degenerates into superstition, is one of the principal of their religious practices. Nothing can be added to the care they take in writing them. The books of the ancients were of a different form from ours; they did not consist of several leaves, but of one or more skins of parchment sewn together, and fastened at the ends to rollers of wood, upon which they were rolled up; so that a book, when thus shut up, might easily be sealed in several places. And such was the book mentioned in the *Revelations*, which, St John says, *was sealed with seven seals*, and which no one but the *Lion of the Tribe of Judah* could open and explain.

The Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible are of two kinds—the rolled ones, or those used in the synagogues, and the square ones, or those which are to be found in private collections. The rules laid down by the Jews, with respect to their manuscripts, have, undoubtedly, tended much to preserve the integrity of the text. They are directed to be written upon parchment, made from the skin of a clean animal, and to be tied together with strings of similar substance, or sewn with goats' hair, which has been spun and prepared by a Jewess. It must be likewise a Jew that writes the Law, and they are extremely diligent and exact in it, because the least fault in the world profanes the book. Every skin of parchment is to contain a certain number of columns, which are to be of a precise length and breadth, and to contain a certain number of words. They are to be written with the purest ink, and no word is to be written by heart, or with the points; it must be first orally pronounced by the copyist. The name of God is directed to be written with the utmost attention and devotion, and the transcriber is to wash his pen before he inscribes it on the parchment. If there should chance to be a word with either a deficient or a redundant letter, or should any of the prosaic part of the Old Testament be written as verse, or *vice versa*, the manuscript is vitiated. No Hebrew manuscript with any illumination is, on any account, admitted into a synagogue, although private individuals are permitted to have them ornamented for their own use; but in the illustrations the resemblance of any animal denounced by the Jews as unclean cannot be admitted. Among the modern Jews, the Book of Esther, in particular, is frequently decorated with rude figures of various kinds; but with respect to this book, it must be observed, that owing to its wanting the sacred name of God, it is not held in such repute for holiness as the other books are. The manuscripts for private use may be either upon parchment, vellum, or paper, and of various sizes. "There is," says Priedeaux, "in the church of St Dominic, in Bononia, a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures, kept with a great deal of care, which they pretend to be the original copy, written by Ezra himself; and, therefore, it is there valued at so high a rate, that great sums of money have been borrowed by the Bononians upon the pawn of it, and again repaid for its redemption. It is written in a very fair character upon a sort of leather, and made up in a roll, according to the ancient manner; but it having the vowel-points annexed, and the writing being fresh and fair, without any decay, both these particulars prove the novelty of that copy. But such forgeries are no uncommon things among the Papistical sect."

To open and shut up the roll or book of the Law, to hold it, and to raise and show it to the people, are three offices, which are sold, and bring in a great deal of money. The skins on which the Law is written are fastened to two rollers, whose ends jut out at the sides beyond the skins, and are usually adorned with silver; and it is by them that they hold the book, when they lift it up, and exhibit it to the congregation; because they are forbidden to touch the book itself with their hands. All who are in the synagogue kiss it, and they who are not near enough to reach it with their mouths, touch the silken cover of it, and then kiss their hands, and put the two fingers with which they touched it upon their eyes, which they think preserves the sight. They keep it in a cupboard, which supplies the place of the ark of the covenant, and they therefore call this cupboard *Aron*, which is the Hebrew name for the *Ark*; and this is always placed in the east end of the synagogue. He who presides chooses any one whom he pleases to read and explain the Scripture, which was a mark of distinction; as we see in the thirteenth chapter of the *Acts*, where we find the rulers of the synagogue desiring the Apostles, when they were in the synagogues, to make a discourse to the people. Ordinarily speaking, a *Priest* began, a *Levite* read on, and at last one of the people, whom the President chose, concluded. He who reads stands upright, and is not suffered so much as to lean against a wall. Before he begins, he says with a loud voice, *Bless ye God*, and the congregation answers, *Blessed be thou, O my God, blessed be thou for ever*; and when the lesson is ended, the book is rolled up, and wrapped in a piece of silk.

The Jews still retain so great a veneration for the

Hebrew tongue, that they do not think it lawful to use any other Bibles in the synagogues but such as are written in that language. This was what enraged them so much against the *Hellenistic* or *Græcising* Jews, who read the *Septuagint* Greek version in their synagogues; and so much were they grieved that this version was ever made, that they instituted a fast, in which they annually lament this as a misfortune. But because the Hebrew was, after the captivity, no longer the vulgar tongue, there was an interpreter in the synagogues, who explained to the people in the Chaldee, or common tongue, what was read to them in the Hebrew. The use they made of the Scriptures, however, gave the people at least an imperfect knowledge of the Hebrew language. And thus, we see that the Eunuch who is mentioned in the *Acts*, could read *Isaiah*, and understand enough of it to form the question which he put to Philip, concerning the passage in the prophecy relating to Jesus Christ.

TRAVELS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

WE are now going to tell the boys who read the Journal, many curious particulars regarding a country called Lapland, which lies very far distant in the northern part of Europe, and is inhabited by a race of people who are not taller than children of twelve or fourteen years old here. The following account is furnished by Mr Brooks, a very intelligent Englishman, who was in that country about nine years ago; and we shall let him tell his own story (altered to suit the tastes of young readers*), which may be liked better than if told in another manner.

"I resided some months (says he) upon Whale Island, which is about fifty miles distant from the North Cape. It is so named from the number of whales on its coasts, and is about sixty English miles round. Any one but a native would think it the most desolate place in the world. The inhabitants are confined to a narrow strip of land along the shores, by high and steep mountains, which approach almost to the sea. They seldom climb these mountains, being an indolent people, and loving to smoke better than to walk. They of course know but little of their own island. They are as often on the water as upon the land, and are so accustomed to it, as to feel quite as much at ease in their boats as in their huts.

I afterwards lived at Fuglenes, three quarters of a mile from the small town called Hammerfest. The two places were situated on opposite sides of the same bay. Wishing to visit Hammerfest frequently, I bought one of the Lapland boats. It was twelve feet long, shaped like an Indian canoe, narrow, and pointed, and so light, that one person could easily drive it through the water. The Finmark boats have no rudder. In the place of it one of the boat's crew sits at the stern, facing the other men, using two oars. He is called the headsmen.

The harbour of Hammerfest is not large enough to hold more than ten or fifteen vessels, but it is very safe. It reaches so far inward, that when a gale of wind is blowing outside, the water is calm and smooth like a pond.

Hammerfest is on the Finmark coast. (Finmark is the most northerly part of Lapland.) Many hundred Russian vessels go there every year with grain and fish-tackle, to exchange for the Laplander's fish. They use no money in that trade.

The water is wonderfully clear at Hammerfest. You may see everything that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you will see the young cod snapping at your hook; if you have one a little lower, the coal-fish; and the huge plaice, and halibut, on the white sand at the bottom. In other places are star-fish, as large as a plate; and purple and green shell-fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner: In calm weather, the fisherman takes a strong fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale-harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen on the bottom, the boat is stopped, and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus he is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh 500lbs. weight, and if drawn up carelessly, they will overturn the boat. Many Russian and other vessels came to Hammerfest while I was at Fuglenes, and the strangers who arrive in them often visited me.

The Finmark parties here begin at four o'clock in the afternoon, in winter. Every man brings his pipe, and they puff away till they can scarcely see each other for the smoke. They use cards, also, for amusement, and sing songs.

There are two kinds of Laplanders in Finmark: the Fishing-Laplanders, who live on the shores and the mountains, and the Rein-deer Laplanders, who rove about, summer and winter, with no shelter but tents. In summer, the mountaineers always come to the coasts and islands, with their herds of deer. The deer cannot live in the woods during the hot weather, on account of the great number of gad-flies and gnats. The people, to protect themselves from their stings, smear their faces with tar. They visit the coast, not merely to escape from the insects, but to buy cloth,

meat, and powder, from the merchants who reside there. They give in exchange for these articles the horns of the deer, and the furs of the animals killed during the winter.

The journey from the mountains to the coast is from two to three hundred miles. The mountaineers set out in June. Most of them prefer the islands along the shore, to the shore itself, because their deer are safer there from the wolves and bears. They often swim them two miles to the islands, a whole herd going together; and there the Laplander lives by fishing, till fall, when he goes back to the mountains. His tent which he lives in, in all kinds of weather, is nothing but coarse cloth stretched upon poles, making a room about six feet wide. In this little space he lives with his wife and children, bowls, pots, and boxes, and sometimes with another family. If there is any room left, the dogs occupy it. I have seen twenty of these animals in a tent, sleeping at night on their master's bodies. The fire is built in the centre of the tent. A part of the smoke escapes at a small opening at the top, but the tent is always full of it. Near the outlet for the smoke, poles are put across, which the cheeses are placed upon. The door of the tent is a small hole. The floor is strewn with birch-boughs and deer-skins.

In winter, both men and women wear deer-skins. In summer, the women wear short gowns, and the men, frocks of coarse cloth, with cloth caps, leathern socks stuffed with grass, and pantaloons.

The Lapland cradle is a queer thing. It looks like a sledge, with the lower part open. Before the child is placed in it, it is stuffed with fine soft moss. If the mother wishes to carry the child with her, she fastens the cradle on her back, with the child's head peeping over her shoulders. If she had rather leave it at home, alone, she lets down the cloth at the cradle-head to keep off the gnats, sunshine, or cold; and if there are wolves in the neighbourhood, she hangs it on a tree. As the wind breezes up, the child rocks to and fro, and lies quietly enough.

The mountain Laplander lives almost entirely by his deer. A common flock is from three to five hundred. With two hundred he can make cheese enough in summer for the year, and can afford to kill deer enough in winter to supply his family with venison. If he has no more than fifty, he sells them, and becomes a servant or a fisherman on the coast. Some persons have two thousand. In summer, the people live chiefly upon milk, berries, and whey, laying by their cheeses for winter. The rein-deer milk is rich, but the cheese is very hard. None but a Laplander could eat such stuff.

I was frequently upon the water, shooting and sailing. In the evening the sea was very brilliant, owing, I suppose, to immense numbers of small sea-animals, shedding a light, something like that of the common fire-fly. The waves shone like faint flames of fire, and a blaze seemed to kindle up at every stroke of the oar.

I sometimes went, too, to see the milking of the rein-deer, towards evening. At that time, the hills all around were full of life and motion—the dogs running about, barking at the deer to collect them; and the deer bounding or browsing upon the moss, and tossing up their large, proud antlers, three or four hundred of them together. Then you would see the Lapland girls, going with their milk-vessels from one deer to another; their brothers holding them by the horns; the animals struggling; the girls laughing; and the father and mother at a little distance, scolding them all for their frolic.

The Laplanders thought a great deal of seeing an Englishman like me. When I went among them at first, it was soon spread about, that 'a great man, an Englishman,' was come. Some of them heard I was brother to the king of England, and they believed all they heard. So when I showed them a halfpenny, with the image of the king on it, they pointed at it, and at my face, and thought it 'an excellent family likeness.' They are very fond of show, and the men carry a knife, tobacco-pouch, and all the silver ornaments they can get, in their belts. They wear their best dress upon Sunday, as people do elsewhere.

I visited a neighbouring island, Hojoen, one day, to see a friend. I found about two hundred rein-deer on that island running wild. It is hard to catch these deer, and not very easy to shoot them; for they scent the hunter at a mile's distance, and always run against the wind. On my return home, I found a Lapland faged, or sheriff, had called to make me a visit. He is a great man in this country, and wore gold lace on his pantaloons, a crimson coat, and spurs on his heels merely for ornament. Many of the gentlemen wear spurs in Lapland and Sweden even at private parties.

In September, the mountain Laplanders went home from the coast with their herds. I saw a company of these people, the evening before they started. One of them butchered a deer, which they were to use as meat. He tied him, threw him on the ground, and plunged his knife between his fore-legs. The animal was then loosed, and walked about a little, but soon dropped dead. The knife was left in, to save the blood, which the people are fond of eating and drinking. The party all went off next day, men, women, and children, deer, dogs, baggage and all, together.

The tent was packed upon one deer. Another deer carried the cheeses, in a pannier or basket on his back. One of these panniers hangs on each side. A child is frequently packed away in one, and the cheeses in

* We adopt the abridgement of Solomon Bell, an American author, from his "Tales of Travels in the North of Europe," an entertaining little book for young people.

the other; and thus they ride, like a doctor's saddle-bags. The family go on foot, the baggage deer being driven a-head, and the dogs march behind.

The rein-deer is very useful to the Laplander. In winter he drags him over the snow in his sledge with great ease and speed. His horns grow out in May, and fall off in the winter months. No animal has a thicker skin. The Laplanders make all their winter clothing of it. The deer feed upon moss, which they find under the snow; and in summer they pick leaves from the birch, and other trees, and tender shoots from the small shrubbery. They will eat rats, too, like cats. These rats are abundant in the mountains, and are called lemmings. The rein-deer will drag three hundred pounds over the snow, and draw a sledge ten miles an hour, quite easily. I knew one to travel one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours. In some places the people ride upon the backs of deer, making use of a wooden saddle. The Laplanders of the interior trade a good deal with the merchants along the coast. They buy more brandy than they ought to do. They are particular, when they receive money, to take nothing but hard coin, and, for safe keeping, bury it in some place near their tents. They put it away so snugly, sometimes, as to forget where it lies, and thus the cash is lost.

On October 18th, I left Hammerfest by water, for Alten; this is a town on the coast, where the merchants resort in winter, to trade with the Laplanders who come there from the mountains. Here they have a great fair in February. I went to a wedding at this place, and they gave me bear's flesh by way of cake, and punch instead of tea.

The Laplanders are a quiet, good sort of people. As they never steal, locks and bolts are not used among them. You may leave any thing in the open air, safely. They are not quarrelsome, and though the men carry knives in their belts, they never stab each other. I observed, however, that several of them understood kicking and pulling hair tolerably well.

The Laplanders do not make brave soldiers, but they bear the cold, heat, hunger and fatigue, with great patience. They are seldom troubled with any disease but the rheumatism, or something of that kind. For any pain in the limb, they put on fire, and raise a blister. For all the other complaints, they drink brandy and pepper, or brandy and gunpowder. This is a terrible dose, to be sure; but it always cures them, they say. They never take cold. Blindness is common among them, owing perhaps to the glare of the snow, or their smoky tents.

Drunkness is their chief fault. I knew one family to drink a barrel of brandy in four months. They buy it of the merchants. If a Laplander earns twenty dollars by fishing, he will perhaps buy a few dollars' worth of cloth, and drink out the rest during the week. These people never refuse brandy. I had some with me, that was very strong; they made wry faces at drinking it, but always wanted more.

By the 10th of October, the country was covered with snow. At this season the bears are troublesome. They come out from their lurking-places, and if they can find a horse or a cow, they kill and drag it to some den or cavern, and live upon it during the winter. The Laplanders use the rifle in hunting bears. Their powder is coarse, and the bullet is no bigger than a pea. The hunter must get pretty near to his game, therefore; which makes it dangerous work to pursue these animals. Of course, a Laplander is proud of killing one. The people say, the bear has ten men's strength, and twelve men's sense; and they think it understands their speech. I once knew a Laplander to chase a bear to shoot at him; his rifle missed fire. The bear turned round, and was about to spring upon the man. 'You ought to be ashamed, you great rascal,' said the hunter, 'to bite a man with a poor rifle.' Whether the bear thought this remark reasonable, or was frightened, I don't know, but he ran away, and gave the hunter no more alarm.

The other wild animals of the country are wolves, foxes, weasels, squirrels, and wild deer. There are eider-ducks also, partridges, ptarmigan, wild geese, swans, and other birds. It is easy to shoot the ptarmigan in the spring. You will hear the male bird at day-break, hissing and cooing on some high pine. He soon brings other birds about him, and the hunter creeps up, while the ptarmigan cackles away on the tree so busy as to see nothing but himself, and so loud as to hear only his own noise. You may fire at the flock as many times as you please, so long as he keeps up the cackling.

I heard of a Laplander who overtook a wolf in the snow, and killed him, as he thought, with his staff. Taking him by the tail, he threw him over his shoulders, and marched off toward home, proud enough of his wolf. The beast was only stunned, and before the man had gone far, he turned round and seized him by the neck, and he was glad to let the creature go again.

At Drontheim, in Norway, they have a regiment of soldiers, called skate-runners. They wear long gaiters for travelling in deep snow, and a green uniform. They carry a short sword, a rifle fastened by a broad strap passing over the shoulder, and a climbing-staff seven feet long, with an iron spike at the end. They move so fast in the snow, that no cavalry or infantry can overtake them; and it does little good to fire cannon balls at them, as they go two hundred or three hundred paces apart. They are very useful soldiers in

following an enemy on a march. They go over mountains, and marshes, rivers and lakes, at a great rate.

It was now late in October, and the days were growing short. The sun disappears here the 26th of November, and is out of sight for two months. As I wished to go back from Alten, where I now was, to Hammerfest, before that time, I began to prepare. I bought, among other things, a stout dog-skin cap. The dogs of whose skin these caps are made, are a different kind of dog from the small ones that watch the deer. They are large, shaggy, and yellowish, and the Laplander is not so fond of them. He fets and kills them; and when he pats the dog's fine fur coat, seems to be thinking how comfortable it will be on his own head, in the shape of a winter cap.

I began my voyage on the 16th. We were in a large boat, and being wrapped up in furs, lay snug and warm. As the wind soon came against us, we landed at Komagford, and staid over night with an old friend. I went into a Laplander's winter hut, there. It was round, and about five feet high. I crept through the door-way, and found seven or eight Laplanders squatted about a dim wood fire. They bade me welcome; gave me the best seat, a box by the fire; and lighted their lamp. They had just returned from fishing; and their faces being begrimed with smoke and dirt, and their bodies wrapped up in sheep-skins, they looked like wild beasts.

The lamp was supplied with oil, mixed with the coal-fish liver. The hut was divided into apartments by pieces of wood, some of which were set up, and some laid across. In one of the apartments were two infants, fast asleep, amid a great pile of sheep-skins. The hut was full of smoke. One end was fenced off by a bar of wood, for several sheep and goats, who were lying quite at their ease, in what appeared to be the best room. The hut consisted of turf, piled up with stones braced against it, and covered with a roof; but the people seemed happy.

We proceeded on our voyage the next morning, lying snugly in the stern of the boat. We passed the islands Seyland and Sorøe. The mountains on them, four thousand feet high, were covered with snow. There are few inhabitants upon them. We reached Hammerfest this day.

Hitherto I had worn my summer shooting jacket. I now bought me a seaman's jacket and trousers, with a high fox-skin collar. These, with my great dog-skin cap, and a pair of seaman's boots which came up to my thighs, were my morning dress, and kept me warm. In the evening, as I saw more of the ladies within doors, I dressed a little more gaily, using an English coat and trousers, and mounting a pair of half-boots I had brought with me from Drontheim. I could dance finely in these, and the Laplanders thought them a miracle of neatness, compared with the heavy articles which the Hammerfest merchants wore.

I now found myself really living among the Laplanders. My landlord's shop being opposite my windows, I saw it thronged with the people daily. They came with boat-loads of fish to sell. The Shore-Laplanders are half their lives upon the water, and the women are as good sailors as the men. Multitudes of them came from a great distance one day, to be baptized by the minister. They were dressed in all their finery, and behaved very well at the ceremony. But half an hour after, they were reeling to and fro in all directions, as tipsy as they could well be; and by nine o'clock my landlord's outhouses were full of them. They were fuddled with brandy, and lay asleep in their sheep-skins.

There are many Norwegians at Hammerfest, and in other parts of Finnmark. I will give you some account of them. You will find them much like the Laplanders, but rather more civilized. The Finnmark merchants are almost all Norwegians. They lead an easy life in the winter. Nobody smokes so much as one of these individuals. His pipe is brought to him long before he gets out of bed in the morning. He puffs away some time, then drinks a cup of coffee, and takes another nap. He goes at eight or nine o'clock to his store, opens the shutters, and then goes home to breakfast. Dinner comes at one o'clock, and after that his pipe is in his mouth till bed-time. He drinks rather too much punch, and plays at cards every evening. The merchants here play with each other for money, and pay up at the end of the year. They keep a regular gambling account.

They say they must smoke to keep off the fogs, and drink punch because smoking makes them thirsty. They are fond of singing and dancing; and in every house some one plays on a fiddle. They drink a good deal of tea as well as coffee, but they make it very weak. Their way of sweetening it is rather queer. They generally drink the tea first, and then swallow the sugar. I have often seen them drink tea and rum mixed together. The lady of the house always waits upon her company at dinner: you never see the servants, even when they have any. I found the Norwegians hospitable, good natured, sociable people."

The remainder of Mr Brooks's account of his travels must be delayed till another opportunity.

MAINS is a word which is often added to the names of lands in the low country of Scotland. It is a contraction of demesnes, and signifies that part of the estate which anciently the proprietor retained in his own hands.

Column for berg Young Ladies.

THIS column shall consist of a letter lately written by a medical gentleman of eminence in our city, to the eldest of three ingenious young ladies, ranging between eleven and fourteen years of age, the family of a widow lady of our acquaintance. In thus describing the document, we are quite serious. Beautiful as it is in composition, it is a *genuine letter*, written by one individual to another, and not intended for being published. On being read, however, to one of the Editors of the present work, he was so much pleased with it, as to request and obtain permission to give it circulation, for the benefit of a wider circle than that for which its respectable writer originally designed it:—

—, 12th November 1833.

"MY DEAR —,

"I was much pleased on Saturday with the progress you and your sisters have made in the cultivation of your musical talents, since I had last an opportunity of hearing you perform. This must have been the result of much steady application and practice, and shows how much may be done by persevering industry, where the natural capacity is good, as it is in you all. But in deriving pleasure from surveying our past improvement, we ought at the same time to look constantly forward to what remains to be accomplished, and to view the progress already made chiefly as a guarantee on which we can rely, that still greater success will attend the continuance of our efforts; for there never was any one, however he may have laboured, and however far he may have advanced, who did not feel that more remained for him to do than he had any notion of at the outset. Praise and the approbation of friends are perhaps more immediately pleasing and efficacious in stimulating sluggish minds to exertion; but minds of a higher order will find more permanent and grateful encouragement in the nearer approach they feel themselves making to the perfection at which they are aiming. I need not say to you which of these motives I think you should keep in view; your own good sense will choose the latter, and such a choice will have the additional advantage of rendering you independent for the use of your powers on the caprice or dispositions of those in whose society you may happen afterwards to be placed. Those who seek excellence merely from a love of praise, and a desire to outshine their neighbours, not only become exceedingly sensitive about trifles, and watchful of every form of expression made use of towards them by others, but they feel dissatisfied, and unable for exertion, when they meet with persons either incapable of appreciating their powers, or unwilling to give them credit for the ability they display. Their comfort and even their talents are thus placed very much at the mercy of others, which is the most insecure of all foundations for so important an object as happiness. Those, again, who seek excellence for its own sake, or for the sake of the purposes to which high attainments may be applied in adding to our own usefulness, and thereby advancing our own welfare and that of others, rest on a support which no whim of another can affect, and no praise or unmerited neglect or blame for a moment withdraw. It is, therefore, a most important object, in improving both our moral and intellectual nature, to keep the excellence itself in view, and not the praise which attends it, as our motive to exertion.

"When I found you and your sisters advancing in your musical studies, and giving proof of industry and application, by your successful progress, I was much gratified; but my satisfaction was much increased by observing, that, in you all, it seemed to be the result of exertions made from the higher motive, and not from mere love of praise. I came to this conclusion from remarking none of the forward confidence and anxiety to shine, which the appetite for praise tends to produce when made the main object of pursuit; but, on the contrary, the same modest timidity which I used to meet with formerly, and which is so becoming, especially in youth.

"It is a doctor's privilege to give advice, and it is alleged that it is one I rarely allow to lie dormant, when young ladies are concerned, in whose mental or bodily welfare I take an interest. Not to make an exception of you, as I am anxious to see you all turn out every thing that your best friends could desire, I would say, in all your pursuits, and in all your conduct, make *doing what is right* your principal object, without reference to what others will think of you; and when you find yourself, as will sometimes happen, swayed too much by this latter feeling, check yourself by the question—*why am I doing this?* When you follow this course, you will secure at the same time the only approbation of others which is worth caring for, viz. that sanctioned by your own conscience; while you will escape that overstrained sensibility which makes one the sport of every breath of praise or blame, whether just or unjust, which may happen to be thrown out upon you.

"I have written at greater length than I intended, but will now close with wishing you all success in your future improvement, and health to fit you for every exertion which may be required of you; and with affectionate regards to your sisters and yourself, I remain,

"My dear —,

"Your sincere friend,

"—"

MEMOIRS.

The French are remarkable for the number of their writings called memoirs. In war, almost every officer writes a journal of the transactions in which he is engaged. It is said that the memoirs, in manuscript, in the King of France's library formerly, relating solely to the civil wars of that country in the sixteenth century, are so numerous, that it has been calculated it would require any single person four hundred years to peruse them all, allowing him to read sixteen hours in the day.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Book-sellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun. Caledonian Mercury Office; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."

No. 56.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY is the first day of the week, according to the Christian calendar; but, in human feeling, it is the last day, as the Sabbath used to be. Monday is, to all intents and purposes, the initial day: it is the day on which the *business* of the week commences, while Sunday is the day on which that business terminates, as it ought to do, in compensatory repose. On Monday morning, every man rises with the sense that he has *all the week before him*. His feelings are agreeable or otherwise, as it may happen that he rejoices or not in the secular employment which has fallen to his destiny. If he loves his labour, he braces himself for the struggle with the buoyant satisfaction of a warrior, who puts on his armour in the full expectation of conquest. He looks forward upon the six coming days, as the farmer glances over the extensive field of ripening grain, which he is about to make his own; it is all the better that the time is long, as, in the other case, it is all the better that the field is large. At ten, as he tucks up his sleeves to commence his work, it is with a resolute formality that he does not feel, in such extent, on any other morning. And in he plunges into his sea of toils, either loving them for their own sake, or closing his eyes to their irksomeness. In the case of him who does not love his task, then Monday is, indeed, an unhappy day, though it is still possible to get over a good deal of its infelicity by exerting a dogged resolution. There is no class of individuals who are more liable to feel the horrors of Monday than the poor schoolboys. In their case, the vacation of Saturday and Sunday has produced a considerable derangement of ideas: it has taught them the sweets of idleness. The *habit* of going monotonously on with their school duties has been partially disturbed. Their lessons, also, though sure to have been learnt on the Sunday evening, instead of Saturday (for to this extent all boys that I ever knew were Sabbath-breakers), are invariably less perfectly learned than on any other day. Hence, on no morning do the unfortunate wretches crawl so unwillingly to school as on this morning. So far as my recollection serves me, Monday always seemed to bring a colder, rawer, and every way less comfortable morning than any other day. The school looked still more of a Tartarus than usual, and the master always seemed a good deal less gentle of aspect. Our *raws*, which had all been partially cicatrised during the joyous relaxation of Saturday, and the hardly less pleasant vacuity of Sunday, were torn open with a pain proportioned to their progress towards a cure, and, like galled horses in the first few miles of a journey, we felt the whole forenoon more intolerable than perhaps any other two days. I have known schoolboys who were so deeply impressed with the horrors of Monday morning, and the dread of what was to ensue from unconned lessons, and questions which they could neither answer nor understand, that, even in advanced life, they continued to experience a gloomy feeling during the early part of Monday, and, to use their own phrase, never felt altogether safe till after one o'clock in the day. Monday is perhaps the busiest day of the whole week. There is always an accumulation of business, and possibilities of business, during the previous days, which is wrought off on this day. It is a day of tough, unintermitting, substantial business, from end to end, without a "cry-you-mercy" in it all. Like a wheel going so fast that the spokes are unobservable, a man works on and on throughout Monday with so little idleness, that he hardly knows he is working, till, surprised by the sound of the dinner-hour, he lifts his half-drowned head from his ocean of troubles, and looks round him in amaze at what he has gone through. Even on Monday evening, the

hard-working character of the day is not altogether relaxed. A man would scarcely select Monday out of the other days of the week to indulge in a visit to any place of public amusement, or in seeing an assemblage of his friends. He goes back to the counting-house or the shop at the earliest hour possible, and satisfies himself that all the manifold businesses of the day are properly seen to and wound up.

Tuesday is a half-brother of Monday. We hardly have so much to do on this day as on the preceding one, and we are not inclined to do so much. It is a respectable hard-working day too, but not just so thoroughly *sees* as Monday. The excessive activity of Monday tells a little upon Tuesday, and, though hardly conscious of it, perhaps, we use it partly as a kind of foil to our labours of the preceding day. In dignity, Tuesday is inferior to Monday. It has that inferiority in consideration which a second brother has in comparison with the eldest. Monday is a full, complete, independent day, of twenty-four hours, not a moment less. It is good for work from the beginning to the end. But Tuesday is an imperfect day. It is overshadowed and reduced in domain by the umbrageous fullness of Monday; and we hardly think we are out of the great first day of the week till we are half-way into the diminutive second. On Tuesday evening, one does not think it just so necessary as on the preceding day, to go away and fuss one's self about business. It is a good night for going to the Theatre, or having a friend into one's house, or going a sauntering through the streets. The day was a kind of broken day at any rate; and so what matters it that we spend the evening rather idly?

Wednesday, again, is a complete day of business, but in a more moderate way than on Monday. Starting up from the recreancy of Tuesday, we resolve to exert ourselves manfully, and see a great many things put to rights. But it is not by any means such a day of tucking up of cuffs as Monday. We must not be idle to-day, but neither may we put ourselves very much about. No enthusiasm in business on Wednesday; unless, by the way, it be a market-day, as often happens; and then, of course, its natural character of a respectable *festina-lente* business-day is considerably altered for the busier. Still, however, though a rather bustling day in this case, there is no objection to bringing home a country friend to dinner, and enjoying one's self with him for the remainder of the evening; in which event, the relaxation of the latter part makes up for the over-exertion of the early part of the day; and thus the proper equilibrium is restored, and the day rendered exactly what nature has intended it to be—a day of moderate activity. On Wednesday evening, we begin to feel that we have got a good way down the inclined plane, or, as a Scotchman would say, the *brae* of the week; it is beginning to have a middle-aged feeling. We have still a good deal to do—we must be very busy to-morrow and on Friday; but, yet, there is certainly a good deal of the throng of the week past. This feeling increases on Thursday, which is generally a day very much like Wednesday as to its degree of exertion. We now begin to put off considerable and extraordinary pieces of business till "the beginning of the week"—that is to say, till next Monday; for, as already mentioned, that is the day for all great exertions. Wednesday and Thursday are the least conspicuous and distinguished days of the week. They are remote from both ends, and are lost, in a manner, in the *turba diurnum*—the crowd of days. A great deal of the business of the week, however, is done on Wednesday and Thursday. Men are then warm in the harness,

and schoolboys too; and on they go in their respective duties, in a regular equable manner, with neither a very regretful retrospect to the vacation of last Sunday, nor a very solicitous prospect towards the coming joys of the next. On Thursday night, dry land first begins to appear. On this evening, as the boy cons his lesson for next day, a pleasing idea of Saturday comes into his mind. But one day now intervenes between him and play. He looks over Friday towards the hour of emancipation, like Moses looking from Mount Pisgah towards the promised land. "Friday," he thinks to himself, "thou art still another day of toil and restraint; but I will endure thee as I best may, for the sake of the happy day which comes after." Thursday evening is a space of time which people spend *any way*: it is an evening of no character. People are now beginning to feel a serene indifference about things. The week is pretty well through. We'll see about any thing of importance on Monday or Tuesday next. "John, you need not post up that ledger for a day or two yet. If any body calls for me, say I've just gone to take a game at the golf."*

Friday, however, is a day of decided character. The week is now wearing towards a close. We must attend, no doubt, to business, but not so very busily as either on Wednesday or Thursday. We'll do very well if we just see that nothing goes wrong. Friday is, in fact, a day consecrated to languor. Its decisiveness of character arises from its being properly of no character whatever. There are more festive assemblages, perhaps, on Friday, than on any other day of the week. People have an unconscious perception that Saturday is the best day of the week in which to awaken from a debauch, because it is a day of no particular exertion; therefore Friday is the day for the debauch. Not to say that the thing is calculated upon, for no one ever allows himself to think, on sitting down, that he is to exceed in any way. The caution is a matter of unconfessed instinct. People begin no business of considerable magnitude on Friday. They put off all such matters to the beginning of the ensuing week, when they will have a large expanse of unbroken days before them. Things are all getting easy, and slipshod, and unceremonious, by Friday night. We have all the week before us, you know; the artizan and the schoolboy go home from their respective toils on this evening, with a tranquil satisfied feeling, as if the *couleur-de-rose* of Saturday had tinged the previous hours with an Aurora of its own dye.

Saturday comes at last—the voluptuous sunset of the week. To awake upon it, and feel, through the skirts of a departing dream, that it is Saturday, is one of the most delightful sensations which men (excepting the altogether idle class) can enjoy. We spring into the waking world with a "whoop and a call," like boys bounding out to play. The sun salutes us through our windows with a merrier gleam; the birds bid us a blyther good-morrow from the trees. Of course, if there is to be a day of better weather than usual in the week, it is sure to fall on Saturday, in order that we may the more fully enjoy our relaxation. We long to get breakfast over, that we may dash into the sunniness of out-of-doors, and breathe the free communion of nature. If any part of the day is to be spent in duty, how it is grudged! How painful to see the glowing hours—eleven, twelve, one, two—passing by, and us not enjoying them! There is, however, a material difference between the Saturday of Scotland and the Saturday of England. In the latter country, especially among the busy classes, Sunday is almost exclusively the only day of relaxation in the week. It is made to serve there as both a day of

* The reader is requested to excuse this local allusion.

devotion and a day of pleasure. Now, in Scotland, where Sunday is generally given up more entirely to devotion, or at least to a decent seclusion, Saturday is necessarily intruded upon for part of its time, which is given up to recreation. Confining our attention to Scotland, we would say that little business of importance is transacted on that day. People are too much agog with the expectation of the afternoon's pleasures, to apply their minds anxiously to great concerns. As for the children, they burst forth from the restraint of school with the effervescence of pent-up small beer, or, we might rather say, the vigorously-dispersive qualities of the Congreve rocket. From the focus of the school-door, at eleven o'clock, they radiate into a thousand various paths of pleasure and fun, thinking that they will almost have time to go round the world, and be back before night. Every moment is worthy and precious in their eyes, and care must of course be taken to spend it well. The delicious draught must be drained to the last drop, and no part of it to pass without having given its relish. But is it to the pupil alone that Saturday is thus delicious? No. I see by his ill-affected staidness, while his eye is ever and anon cast hurriedly through the trellised window, that the master longs for the hour of dismissal fully as much as the boys. What! is not this the Dominie's day—the true *dies dominica*? Yes, verily; and what would that life be—that monotonous chopping of the mind into bits for babes—that wearing agony—were it not for this delightful exception from its miseries? Then for the poor sons of labour—what a day is Saturday for them! See them pouring out at six in the evening, from their various dens, all rejoicing in the prospect of that blessed relaxation which God himself has granted from his own stern decree, “That, by the sweat of their brow, his creatures shall earn their bread.” That evening the village group congregated around some neighbour's door to tell the news, sends forth a merrier laugh. The maiden, passing here and there on inexplicable errands, crosses their eyes—a brighter and happier vision. The very cows, as they come in from the leaning, utter more gladness and familiar sounds, as if participating in the human joy. Although just released from six days of incessant toil, so complete is the general rebound, on account of the anticipated relaxation of next day, that there is no period of the week when the poor man feels himself less oppressed with labour. He could dance now with a far lighter heart, and, therefore, far lighter heels, than even on Monday morning.

Saturday night goes down with the cup and the song—Sunday rises amidst the universal hymn of Nature to Nature's God. Aurora on that morning seems as if she had borrowed the glorious robes of Religion to deck her more lustreously forth. She walks up the east with a statelier step, and pours down upon our heads a more perfect effulgence. There is not a work-day movement, nor a work-day sound, to mar the general solemnity. But nature's own sounds—the whistling of the birds, the hum of the bees—or, what is not less delightful, the far tinkling parish bell, warning of the approaching hour of worship—these all come with a greater force upon the ear. The time of prayer arrives, and the humble denizens of this world enter the temples of their Creator, to consecrate their affections to him, and soothe every rough feeling away under the blessed influence of devotion. Were there nothing but old habit in this practice, it would still be delightful and meritorious. To think that the prayers which are read were composed centuries ago by the Fathers of the Church, some of whom perished for their faith at the stake, and have, ever since, been used by a large class of individuals endeared by country or by relationship; or to reflect, that the psalms which we sing (supposing a Presbyterian place of worship) are still the same which were sung by the ardent and steadfast Covenanters, amidst the wildernesses to which they were driven; to think that the Great Book itself contains the communications which God, in long past ages, condescended to make for the benefit of his fallen creatures, together with the glad words which he afterwards vouchsafed for their redemption: these are ideas which come over the mind on this occasion, to elevate and purify it above its ordinary state. In the evening, the same repose reigns unbroken, and men at last fall asleep in the hush of nature, as if they were never again to rise.*

* The above article appeared first in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, to which it was contributed by one of the Editors of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE ROMANS. Religion and Manners.

ONE principal excellence of the Christian religion is, that it affords a clear guide for the moral conduct of its followers. They may differ, and do differ essentially, on points of doctrine and church discipline; but there are none of them that give two meanings to Christ's Sermon on the Mount; or who can misunderstand his words when he says, “If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.” In these, and other such precepts, our religion lays down decisive rules for the conduct of every man towards his neighbour; and it is plainly intimated that no manner of deference, submission, or sacrifice to the Divine Being, will be accepted, if his injunctions as to moral conduct be violated by the worshipper.

The religions of antiquity were altogether the reverse of this; there, the will of the gods and the duties of morality were two considerations perfectly distinct from each other. The gods themselves were represented as beings indeed of great power, and not subject to death; but placed, by their elevated situation, as much above the moral law as above the laws of nature. They could not only work miracles without difficulty, but could do wrong without being blamed. If it was the will of a god, the clouds might rain blood; and if the same god prompted a man to kill his brother, the action was to be deemed irreprehensible. They were in truth regarded only as beings too powerful to be limited by any of the difficulties or restraints which encircle mankind; and the whole of the histories in which they were made known to the people, exhibited them rather in the character of potent but reckless magicians, unlimited both in their good and evil, than as all-seeing and benevolent deities. It is clear, therefore, that a religion which consisted in the worship of a class of beings like this, could have no beneficial influence upon the morals of the people: indeed, the whole religious observances of these times were rather practised as means for averting the capricious anger of the deities, or begging their favour, than as evidences of penitence for sin, or prayers for support in well-doing. The temples were not frequented by persons who went thither in order to hear the will of the gods or the instructions of their priests with regard to moral conduct: nor did the worship aspire to make men more pure, by refusing the offerings of the vicious or honouring those of the good. At the mysteries of Eleusis, indeed, no one was allowed to be present who had shed blood; but that this had little reference to moral character, is evident from the circumstance that those who had caused the death of a man by accident, were excluded equally with those who had committed deliberate murder. The whole service and duties of the temple lay in its processions, ceremonies, and offerings; and it was no business of the priests to teach, or of the worshippers to hear teaching. The gods were supposed to be gratified if they received more obedience; and all kinds of attention and service were acceptable, in proportion to their magnificence or costliness. Sacrifices of cattle, fruits, or perfumes; long and gorgeous processions; dramatic entertainments; even combats of gladiators, were all employed as means for evincing respect to the gods; and though the public shows were not perhaps intended directly as services to heaven, it was thought acceptable to place them under the patronage of one or other of the divinities. In worshipping at some of their temples, it was deemed meritorious, for their sake, to break through all the decencies of ordinary intercourse; the votaries imagining that the moralities and obligations of common life were established for the convenience of men themselves; and that they could not better please the gods than make a sacrifice of these on their altar, as they did of any thing else that was valuable in the eyes of mankind. Hence we have instances of young women prostituting themselves, in some of the temples, as a service to the god: in the mysteries (or sacred worship) of Eleusis and of the “good goddess” at Rome, every kind of indecency, both in word and action, was thought laudable, and an acceptable sacrifice of human feelings to the divine will. At Athens, it was thought highly meritorious to get drunk at the sacrifices in honour of the gods. The Latin writers are continually straining to elevate the barbarism of their country to a level with what they consider as the superior civilization of Greece; and hence they pass over many of the most repulsive circumstances, as well in the worship of their gods as in other matters: but we have still a glimpse of some things that are sufficiently horrible. The augurs, or men who were supposed to know by signs the will of the gods, were privileged to keep their sacred office, though guilty of the greatest crimes. Pliny, a Roman philosopher, tells us, that as late as the time of the Messiah, his countrymen offered human sacrifices to their gods; and he adds, that it was even thought *salutary* to eat them. This strange fact, though an important one both in regard to the religion and manners of the Romans, is little attended to in treating of that people; yet a decree of the Senate was necessary to put a stop to the practice; and as most public acts which go to war with the manners of a people are ineffectual, there is reason to think that it was still deemed the most effi-

cient way of propitiating the gods, and used on great occasions accordingly. Indeed, that it was familiar to the minds of the people, and deemed by them agreeable to their deities, is proved from the fact, that Augustus sacrificed at one time four hundred men (of some rank) on the altar of the “God Julius Cæsar;” and Sextus Pompeius threw both men and horses into the sea alive, as an acceptable sacrifice to Neptune.

It appears, therefore, that the spirit of the ancient religions was noways directed towards the regulation of the moral conduct of men; its only object was to propitiate the good will, or avert the anger of a set of imaginary and capricious beings, who were more interested in avenging any slight to their own dignity, than in punishing or rewarding the conduct of men towards each other. Philosophers in their books endeavoured to refine this character of the gods from part of its grossness; but these opinions are no index to the feelings or ideas of the people, and were, indeed, unknown to them; for books in those days were never seen by the multitude. It is only the kind of worship which was paid to the deities that can guide us to the popular opinion of their character; and it is only this popular opinion which produces any effect on public morals.

We see, then, that the religion of Rome, and Greece, was calculated to produce none of those effects on the lives of men which are now thought to be the most essential properties of all religion. It was in every thing the reverse of that which says, “Leave thy gift on the altar; and go, be reconciled to thy brother: ‘I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.’” The spirit which breathed from the altars of Rome was rather, “I will have sacrifice in preference to mercy.”

Some will be disposed to question the existence of such a state of things among the celebrated nations of Greece and Rome, to whom we are indebted for so many splendid models of excellence in poetry, philosophy, and the arts. But it must be remembered, that a peculiar state of things existed in those times, which rendered the progress made by learned men in their various pursuits less an index to the general state of improvement and civilization among their countrymen, than it is at the present day. A few men who had leisure, and some portion of wealth, were able to cultivate knowledge for themselves, to improve their own minds, and those of a small circle of persons around them; but there were no means of diffusing the information thus acquired among the people at large. There were then no books but those written by the hand, which were necessarily very expensive; and though they may serve the purposes of the learned to communicate their productions to each other, or preserve them to posterity, they can never become so plentiful as to be in general request among people not professionally devoted to learning. At Pompeii, through all the streets which have yet been opened, no books have been found, except in one house (and these, be it remarked, all Greek); not even a single stray volume has appeared in any of the others, though evidently belonging to persons of opulence. One of the Roman emperors, from the little attention paid to books in ancient times, was so much afraid that the works of Tacitus, one of the best of the Latin historians, would be altogether lost, that he ordered a yearly impression of twelve copies to be made, in order to give them a better chance of preservation: yet his care did not prevent the greater part of the work from sharing the fate which he apprehended. Had books been in any thing like general use among the ancients, it is incredible that so many of their best volumes should have perished; and it is to be surmised, that it was not merely the barbarism of the middle ages to which the loss of classical works is to be attributed, but the indifference of all, except a few of the people of classical antiquity itself, to these treasures. It is evident, indeed, that literature was at that time rather the exclusive source of enjoyment to a few, than a means of enlightening the people. Literary men looked only to the praise of literary men, or to that of a limited class in the great capitals, for their fame or reward; the idea of moving the vast mountain of ignorance, prejudice, and darkness, which covered the understandings of the mass of the population, never occurred to them. Horace speaks with contempt of those who sought to please the mean tastes of any below the rank of knighthood. It is even doubtful whether the language used by Latin writers in their productions was intelligible to the common people. We are all aware, that, by continual labouring after correctness and polish of expression, the written languages, even of the present day (when the universal use of books tends to keep them alike), are a good deal different from their spoken dialects; and a modern writer

* Had this circumstance been related of the Mexicans, it would have been received as a satisfactory proof of their barbarism: to the learned it will be almost profanation to insinuate that any thing is to be deduced from it as to the manners of classical Rome; yet it is certain that in a country where such a deed could be esteemed acceptable to a superior being, the mass of the people could have been little superior to the Mexicans. Hume has an interesting essay on the inconsistency of our admiration for the ancients; where he shows very clearly that we are contented to admire people, whom we would be a good deal scandalized to imitate.

† In the East Indies, where printing is not yet used for the native books, a small volume of 400 pages, not containing more matter than two numbers of this Journal, costs about twenty rupees, or the wages of a working man for four months; less neatly written, it may perhaps be half that sum, but still too expensive to be within reach of the mass of the people.

(Lanzi) has gone far to prove, that the popular tongue of a great part of Italy more resembled the modern Italian than the ancient Latin. We know, at any rate, that that country was, in the days of the Romans, divided among many tribes, who had different languages; some being colonies of Gauls, some of Greeks, and others Etruscans; among whom writings in the Latin language could have little circulation. It is known, too, that the states of Italy were not allowed to use the Latin language in their public affairs without permission. As books, therefore, were few, and as it is certain that only a small part of the people understood those which existed, it is evident that the literature which we now so much admire could produce but a very small effect among the mass of the Roman people, and is by no means to be taken as the measure, or any thing like the measure, of the kind of opinions generally existing.

It is obvious, therefore, that we must not look at the style of thinking in the classical works, as that which formed or influenced the manners of antiquity. It is rather to be concluded, that the harshness and barbarity which was nourished by the ignorance of the common people, influenced the manners of those classes to whom literature had access. This remark is supported by the whole history of Roman power, in which we find the emperors and great commanders continually stained with cruelties, which could only have been perpetrated by men trained up among a half-barbarous people, to whom literature and the arts were known only as the occupation of a few secluded or unimportant individuals of the community.

There is one source of deception which often leads the mind widely astray with regard to ancient manners, and, indeed, with regard to the manners of foreign nations in general. This is the natural and necessary ambiguity of language: the word *aratum*, for instance, which signifies *plough* in Latin, gives no indication of the difference between that instrument as used among the Romans, and the English plough; hence the imagination of a modern reader is led at once to fix on the only model of a plough with which he is familiar, and he does not immediately recollect that that of Rome was a different and much ruder instrument. Pains are sometimes taken by using models, drawings, or description, to correct this illusion; but even with those who are able to procure all those subsidiary means of study, the error is seldom completely removed from the imagination, and with the great bulk of readers, not at all. Ask any student what idea he has concerning the word "*fenestra*," and he will reply that it means a "*window*;" the word "*sella*," in like manner, he will probably tell you, means "*chair*;" and as he has nothing to guide his ideas concerning these but the English models with which he is acquainted, the shapes which he gives them are totally different from what they had in Rome. If this be the case with regard to sensible objects, the misconception is increased tenfold with regard to traits of manners, and things of an abstract nature. When we hear of *Roman liberty*, for instance, we immediately give the word its English sense, and imagine that the people of Rome were free as we are; yet it is certain that, in the freest times of that city, more than one-half of the people were slaves, and that this portion of the inhabitants had no political rights whatever: their civil rights were so much curtailed, that they could contract no legitimate marriage, were not admitted to give evidence in law, and could not bequeath their property; they might be flogged, and even put to death, at the pleasure of their masters. It was not mere labourers who were in this condition, but clerks, overseers, and persons acquainted with literature. Even among those nominally free, and who had the right of citizenship, all who were not themselves rich were obliged to attach themselves to some nobleman, or *patrician*, as their protector, and were called *his clients*. Without the powerful influence of such a person to enforce his rights, a Roman citizen would have been excommunicated and defenceless. The tie between a patron and his clients in Rome was as close, and as little flattering to the inferior party, as that between a chieftain and his clansmen in more recent times. The rich men kept the poorer citizens in pay, and almost in subsistence, for the sake of their votes in the public assemblies; hence this class had their habits of industry destroyed, and, being content to live in miserable dependence on the largesses of the wealthy and ambitious, became an idle dissipated set, less respectable even than the slaves. It was by the votes of these *freemen* of Rome that most candidates were appointed to offices; and this produced a state of things akin to what would happen if the (old) *freemen* of London or Liverpool had had the power of appointing the Governor of India or Jamaica, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. There was a general caressing of the populace by all who expected to be candidates; shows, entertainments, distributions of corn, were continually proposed or offered by one or other, to keep them in good humour; and a particular system of bribery was practised when the elections came to be decided. Hence Cicero calls the people, *plebs urbana*, the "scum and dirt of the town," "the abandoned mob," "lean miserable leeches;" and all this arose from a humble and inconsiderable class of people having votes to sell, which it became the interest of the rich to buy. The slaves (and freed slaves, not citizens), who formed, as we have said, by far the most numerous part of the working people, had of course no votes; and being maintained and che-

rished only in proportion to their industry and talents, were many of them a confidential and esteemed class among wealthy people in Rome; while the citizens who had hereditary political rights were fed and despised.

OULIE HIELAN.*

There is at all times something fascinating in the contemplation of a character marked by uncommon features; and if these are the indications of a master spirit, that soars beyond the sphere of a narrow destiny apparently marked out for it—if we see in this person unbounded generosity, undaunted courage, and unwearied activity, our interest is doubled, and we listen to all the particulars of his history, and follow his fate, with an absorbing anxiety.

But when he who thus takes possession of the imagination is the hero of a tale of violence, and the rebellious and refractory contemner of laws, there is great danger to our moral and religious principles in the undefinable admiration which he excites. This danger would be still greater, did there exist many men endowed with such extraordinary gifts as OULIE HIELAN, a Norwegian captain of banditti, who is still alive, and whose whole history tends to excite a degree of romantic interest perhaps seldom surpassed in any age or country; while all that can be said in defence of his lawless life is, that, as subjected to his peculiar circumstances, and singular rules, less odium is attached to him than to the wretched being in more civilized countries, who, having the benefit of pure religion to guide him, sets at naught all its precepts, and sinks down into the crime and meanness of a common thief. The state of religion at this day in Norway is of a most heterogeneous nature, partaking in nearly equal parts of the superstitions of the ancient Scandinavian mythology, the forms of the succeeding Catholicism, and the doctrines of Luther; which last is the present acknowledged religion of the country. And although more enlightened Christians must lament the mistaken views of their Norwegian brethren, in the most momentous of all concerns, they cannot avoid perceiving that their fanciful faith, embracing as it does a belief in supernatural agency, is exactly of that kind which is fitted, amid the misty mountains, the dark forests, and the solitary lakes of their country, to distinguish them from other nations who are differently situated. They are the children of freedom, born amidst the grandest scenes of nature, and their corresponding character is in general that of a spirited, active, frank, and undaunted people. Amidst such a race, there must at times burst forth from the common mass some singular emanation of the spirit of the country, and the extraordinary man of whose history it is here intended to give a brief sketch, is an illustration of this fact.

The father of Oulie Hielan was a decent Norwegian peasant, whose occupation was that of a sawyer of wood; but his son, of whom we are writing, had no ambition to become either a "hewer of wood" or "a drawer of water;" and as he was a remarkably handsome boy, he was taken, in admiration of this perfection, at the age of twelve years, into the service of the sister of a rich banker at Christiansand. There he was treated with so much indulgence, that he found ample time for acquiring those accomplishments on which his countrymen set the greatest value, namely, feats of activity and strength; so that he soon became a proficient in lifting stones of great weight—wrestling with those older and of more experience in the art than himself—swimming—diving—shooting at a mark—running, and with his snow-shoes on, surpassing even the rein-deer in swiftness; while to these parts of his education he added a thorough knowledge of the wild legends of his country, and became perfectly acquainted with all the attributes of the spirits of the woods, waters, earth, and air. But when he had lived six years in this place, he began to show symptoms of restlessness and dissatisfaction, and to feel that the uncommon strength of frame which was manifesting itself in his outward appearance, and of which he was inwardly conscious, reproached him for still continuing in the service of a lady. He therefore left his kind mistress, though with feelings of deep gratitude, and went to live in the capacity of groom with an eminent merchant, at his country house, a short distance from Christiansand. Here his occupation was more to his liking, as being more manly; and for a considerable time he found much pleasure and amusement in training the horses, as is the custom in Norway, to obey his voice in a surprising manner. They were treated by him as his friends and companions; with them he shared his loaf, and it was on their bed that he rested, and on their backs that he

explored the distant valleys, and skirted the lonely rocks, with a vague hope of encountering and slaying the "Rock Bull," one of the most renowned and formidable phantoms of his country, which, however, on being overcome, is all at once metamorphosed into the most delicious and fattest of beesves. Oulie Hielan at length, however, became tired of this way of life also, on account of the strict discipline and harsh conduct of his master, against which his free spirit rebelled. In short, he began to find that his acquirements had not fitted him for the dull plodding of every-day life, and boldly chalked out a path for himself, which he contemplated with the greater delight, from the very difficulty of treading it.

The ambition of signaling himself had been his ruling passion from his infancy; for even in the earliest stages of childhood, he had sought pre-eminence among his companions; and now that his vigour of mind and body were alike remarkable, he felt as if able to surmount all difficulties, and marked out for himself the plan of a mode of warfare as dangerous and extraordinary as it was unjustifiable. This was to form a band of robbers, who should be completely under his control, and in conjunction with whom he meditated the performance of feats which should couple his name in future ages with those of the geni of his country. He was not avaricious, or anxious to amass riches on his own account; for this he would have considered as sinking him far below the character at which he aimed, which was to become a redresser of wrongs, and to wrest from the rich what he intended to bestow on the poor.

Oulie Hielan was acquainted with many of the rocky fastnesses in the neighbourhood of Christiansand—caves and dens placed in such perilous situations, and so difficult of access, that none but himself and the wild goats had dared to explore them. These places he had marked as his own peculiar haunts, whenever it suited him to burst asunder for ever the bonds imposed on him by laws and law-givers. Nor was this time long in coming; for, when once determined on his plans, he brooked no delay, he owned no impediment, and he dreaded no consequences. It was necessary, however, to procure some money, that he might furnish himself with arms and provisions. While he was puzzling over this difficulty, his master sent him with a sum to one of his clerks, which was sufficient for his occasions, and this opportunity was eagerly seized; he absconded, took possession of one of his impenetrable holds, and for a few days baffled all pursuit. But he seemed now, as he often did in after life, the most careless of men, because he fancied himself, from his innate resources, the most secure. He ventured too soon into the town to procure the arms and provisions which were become necessary to him, and, falling into the hands of the police, was persecuted with vindictive malice by the merchant, tried, and condemned to a certain number of lashes, and a long imprisonment. The imprisonment was nothing, but the lashes were another matter. To the free-spirited Norwegian, there is no punishment that is not more easily endured, and if this is generally the case, how did the heart of the proud and ambitious Hielan recoil from it! This would indeed be a strange commencement of the career of him who flattered himself with becoming, in after years, the theme of the Norwegian youth, and the hero of the fire-side tale; a beginning, he thought, which would frustrate for ever the fulfilment of his long cherished dreams. But night came—the jailor slept—Hielan had a tough struggle with the iron bars of his window; but they had never before held within them such gigantic strength, or such a determined spirit. This strength and this spirit was moreover increased in a tenfold degree, for the dreaded morrow was to give him to the ignominious lash: he removed the bars, and was free. For a short time he was taught more caution. He selected a few daring spirits as his companions, and to them he entrusted the task of providing arms and provisions, before they had done any thing to attract notice, and he was soon joined by them, and provided with all he wanted. It was then that he began to levy contributions on the rich, and to shower his benefits on the poor; and from this time his iron strength, his extraordinary activity, and his never-resting spirit, carried him on through scenes and adventures, which, though well attested by his countrymen, we can hardly credit as realities. The name of Oulie Hielan henceforward inspired the rich with terror, and the poor with confidence. His good qualities, as well as his evil ones, were strongly marked; for nothing could be more inviolable than his word—nothing more unbounded than his generosity, or more tender than his sensibility. His wish was fulfilled, for his name was soon coupled with those of the geni of his country. When a poor peasant found his byre replenished with good milk cows, which were to enable him to provide for a numerous family, or when any other act of timely assistance was anonymously rendered to the poor, the remark which followed was, "that they were either indebted for it to Niepen, the benevolent Brownie of Norway, or to Oulie Hielan;" but to which of them the obligation was really owing, generally remained a mystery, for it was quite as impossible to interrogate the one as the other. And to the superstitious belief and customs of his country, he was often indebted for hair-breadth escapes. One remarkable instance of this robber chief's susceptibility of feeling occurred during a rigorous winter, when he and his men were driven by an intense frost from their concealment in the rocks. On

* The information embodied in this article has been procured from an individual who lately spent a considerable time in Norway, and oftener than once saw Oulie Hielan.

this occasion they habited themselves as peasants, and effecting such alterations on their hair, beards, and complexions, as have often been practised, they scattered themselves abroad on the face of the country. Hielan gained admittance, under some pretext, into the house of a widow, who was, as is common in the lower class of that country, the proprietor of a small farm. Here his value, as one whose strength enabled him to perform treble labour, was soon appreciated, and he became for several weeks domesticated with the widow and her family. He was here the main-spring of all exertion in the way of business, the wise adviser of the old woman, and the play-fellow of her children, who frequently entertained him with an exaggerated recital of his own achievements, in his proper character of the fearful robber Oulie Hielan. But when those few quiet weeks were passed away, and he was thinking of taking his departure to resume once more his self-constituted dominion over his countrymen, the tax-gatherers, a race of people peculiarly dreaded in Norway, arrived upon the little farm, and threatened the old woman with being instantly turned out if she did not pay them what she had not to give. The poor creature rushed into the house to reveal her difficulties to her friend Hielan, while a cry of anguish burst from her, for all she had in the world was little more than sufficient to pay the heavy tax. Nor did she apply to one insensible to her misery. He had nothing with him to give, but his determination was instantly taken. He started up, and strode hastily up and down the floor. An expression of exultation passed over his noble features, and the man whose ruling passion was the love of freedom, stood suddenly before his old hostess, and offered his liberty as her ransom. "I am Oulie Hielan," said he to the wondering old woman. "You know the sum offered for my apprehension—it is more than sufficient for your purpose—go—demand it, and I solemnly promise to remain upon this spot till I accompany the officers of the law."

The poor creature whom he addressed was astounded. She knew not what to think. Was he indeed that far-famed robber of whom she had heard so much? Yes, it must be he; for there was truth in his whole deportment: and was he not always represented as the friend of the poor, and the powerful protector of the oppressed? But she would suffer any thing before she would give him up to the ruthless arm of the law, and she told him so twenty times in a breath. He, however, silenced her scruples, by treating with the most scornful derision the idea of his being long confined by bolts and bars, or even of his remaining the captive of those sent to conduct him to prison until they should be able to lodge him there. Thus assured, his hostess consented to inform against him, making it, by his advice, a condition that the money should be paid to her on his apprehension. This condition was kept, and he was handcuffed, and marched off, guarded by a file of soldiers, but not before he had slung at his back two flasks of the widow's strongest brandywine. They halted for that night at the hut of a peasant, and the soldiers, accustomed to deal only with men of common prowess, and confident in their number, sat around him, delighted with his discourse, which was of deeds of hardihood, no less than with the excellence of his brandywine, of which he was most liberal.

The strong spirit did its office, as it was wont, and the hut, ere midnight, assumed more the appearance of the cave of Somnus than the well-guarded apartment of a prisoner. Hielan had taken care to keep pace with, and seemingly to exceed them, in this act of intemperance, and was one of the first to assume an attitude of rest and the semblance of a profound sleep; till, assured that they were all incapable of being easily disturbed, when he walked forth to the open air, where a single stroke with his powerful arms upon a friendly piece of rock made his handcuffs fly from their rivets, and released him from even the semblance of bondage. He then commenced a retrograde movement to the cottage of the old woman, to show her that he had kept his word; and, having set her heart at rest in this particular, he returned once more to his rocky stronghold; and the first intelligence the soldiers to whom he had given the slip heard of him was, that, on the night following, he had relieved a miser of his cash at the distance of more than fifty miles from the place where he had left them.

It was thus that he delighted to puzzle and surprise his countrymen by an appearance of ubiquity, and by the performance of acts of daring which placed him at an immeasurable distance from them all. The city and the country—the guard-room of the soldiers and the cottage of the peasant—all places were filled with the fame and the fear of this bandit. He had defied all power vested in his countrymen, and become an outlaw against whom was every man's hand; but, always accustomed to surmount natural difficulties in a country where their forms are ever varying, he felt no fear of those thrown in his way by human beings, and seemed often to engage in perilous enterprises merely for the pleasure of subduing dangers.

By the banditti subject to him, which generally amounted to sixteen or eighteen men, he was both feared and admired. Strict in his discipline, he by turns forbade or authorised the exercise of their power, punishing or encouraging at will those who would have submitted to no other authority. This man had formed a code of morality for himself, not more mistaken and dangerous, perhaps, than that of many who

are moving within the decent circle of civilized society, since it served to justify to himself every action of his life. He was never known to break a promise, or to injure a poor man, unless that man had injured his poorer neighbour; while hundreds were relieved by him from oppression, or from the stern dominion of pinching poverty. In short, he had made himself acquainted with the character and circumstances of all within his extensive sphere of action, and had become, in a great measure, the arbiter of their fate, measuring out to them the justice which his own perverted opinion and despotic will awarded to them. One of the traits in the character of this singular man was an enthusiastic admiration of the savage grandeur of his native land, where all is sublime. Nor was his heart always untouched by veneration for a Presiding Deity, though his religion was nothing more than that of nature, so inadequate to the wants of a frail and sinful mortality. He loved the brilliant star-light of his northern skies, and the grand spectacle of the aurora borealis, which, like armies of colossal phantoms, seemed to encounter in the shock of battle. And when, in the profound stillness of midnight, disturbed alone by the trembling leaves of the aspen, he looked from the brink of some stupendous cliff upon the rocks beneath, cleft into ten thousand fantastic shapes, from each cleft of which arose the stately pine, or the graceful birch—or when he cast his eyes abroad upon the solemn woods, or the mighty rivers rolling their torrents to the ocean, or to that pathless deep itself, studded with wooded islands, and reflecting on its glassy surface all the glories of the heavens, he then felt that assurance of immortality which such sublime objects are fitted to awaken. But his was only an immortality for heroes such as is imaged forth in the fables of Odin, and the thought only encouraged him to proceed in the singular path he had marked out for himself. Hielan's men were picked spirits, partaking of his own energies, and embracing his own views; and, in conjunction with them, he performed feats, which weaker and less energetic beings, having no power to achieve, seem only to consider as fabulous exaggerations. He had harboured the deepest resentment against the merchant ever since the persecution he suffered on his account; but this hated man had been long absent from his country on mercantile affairs, and the bandit would not deign to touch his property till his return. He was, however, no sooner settled again in the usual routine of business, than he determined to make him feel the weight of his displeasure, and chose a time when he knew a large sum of money had been paid to him at his country house. This house stood near the brink of a deep river, on which were moored a number of fishing-boats; these he caused his men to have in readiness, and having watched till his enemy departed for his counting-house at Christian-sand, and having secured the servants, he laid his hands on nearly a thousand pounds sterling in money, and plundered the house of plate, and all else that was valuable, among which we may well reckon the food or provisions just laid in for winter, which in that country, so given to hospitality, are on a scale of magnitude not easily comprehended by the inhabitants of warmer regions.

All this booty the boats speedily conveyed to the other side of the river, where, in a few hours, it was safely deposited in a concealment of which none knew save Hielan and his band. There was, however, small satisfaction in this achievement to the mind of the robber chief, when compared to that which he promised himself, in being an eye-witness of the consternation of the merchant when he should return to his desolated premises. Over the opposite side of the river on which the house was situated, there impended an enormous rock, the height of which was not less than a hundred feet, and the summit of which was totally inaccessible on three sides, and only to be gained on that furthest from the river, by such a path as Hielan alone was accustomed to tread. It was to the very pinnacle of this commanding eminence that the outlaw took his triumphant way, with the most splendid and valued of the merchant's silver drinking-cups in his right hand, and a flask of his best Madeira slung at his belt. Not long had he bent his eagle eye on the little plain beneath, when the plundered man arrived, accompanied by a band of soldiers, a posse of police, a host of idlers who are always ready on such occasions, and the affrighted servants, whom Hielan had released as soon as his work was finished, and sent to bear the tidings to their master. All around the house was now commotion and uproar; while many were the boasts and vaunts of the motley group, could they but see the perpetrator of the deed; when all at once Hielan was espied sitting on the very edge of the overhanging rock, like an eagle in his eyrie. Instantly a simultaneous shout arose from the multitude beneath, and was answered by the robber chief, who, taking his fur cap from his head, waved it aloft, while the loud sounds of defiance, uttered in the clear tones of his powerful voice, rung in prolonged notes from the thousand rocks around him. All was now thrown into tenfold confusion below; for though so near him, they well knew it was impossible to take him. The soldiers might indeed take aim at him with their firelocks, but the governor's order was to secure him alive, with an assurance that the man who shot him above the knee should answer it with his life. This order had been lately given in consequence of another person having been shot by mistake for him. Enraged by the thought that the

governor's order prevented their firing, except at their own peril, and there being no such marksman as William Tell among them, the people vented their rage in useless threats and violent gestures, which only served to provoke the mirth of Hielan, who looked on them with as little fear as he would on the antics of a puppet-show.

The rage of the unfortunate merchant did not, however, attain its climax till the robber chief held up to his view the mussy cup—the apple of his eye, the pride of his heart—and filled it with his choicest wine; and as he raised it to his lips, he shouted out "Gamle Norge" (old Norway), that magic toast which is first drank by every Norwegian, and which inspires him with unbounded enthusiasm. But enough of these details, which, if prosecuted further, would swell this account beyond the limits it is intended to occupy. Let us therefore hasten to relate the sequel. But how shall we touch the remaining part of the outlaw's history with the colouring of truth?—how paint it so as that, while penetrated with pity, and dazzled with traits in his character which approach so near to virtues, we may detest his vices? This youthful chief of robbers was at length betrayed by one of his own men, whom he had punished. On a distant excursion, he attacked a house situated in a circumscribed valley, which was, in consequence of the information, surrounded, before he entered it, by a cordon of a hundred soldiers concealed in the rocks which skirted it. Thus he and seven of his band were taken, after a resistance so valiant, that, had it been in a better cause, it would have crowned their brows with laurel. He was now no longer guarded by small numbers, or trusted to insecure prisons, but marched on, night and day, with little respite, a distance of two hundred miles, to Christiana, where he was destined to perpetual slavery, and to be confined in the fortress of Aggerhuys for life. But on reaching the suburbs of the city, they were obliged to halt, for the fame of Hielan's capture had spread in every direction, and thousands from the country, and from the city were assembled, all eager to behold a man of whose robber fame, whose herculean strength, and whose perfect beauty of form, they had heard such accounts, that they considered him almost as a supernatural being. The governor of Christiana had been previously waited on by a deputation from the ladies of the city, and presented with a petition in favour of the outlaw chief, in which they offered a thousand dollars for his ransom, on condition of his giving a solemn promise to forsake his former mode of life, and become a peaceable citizen. And it was during this temporary halt that a messenger was sent to Hielan, to inform him of the offer of his countrywomen, and, strange as it may appear, to tender him his liberty on the proposed condition. "Tell the ladies of Christiana," said this extraordinary man, "that I am prouder of their offer than if the crown of Sweden had been placed upon my head; but I know not how I might endure any life but that to which I have been accustomed, and, therefore, cannot accept it." Hielan and his band were now heavily fettered, and their necks enclosed in a peculiar kind of iron collar, with two spikes, a foot and a half long, projecting from it over each shoulder. This collar is the distinguishing mark of bondage for life; and as he assumed the ignominious badge, the indignant blood of the captain of robbers told, in a reddened glow of shame and rage, that he who had been so long accustomed to command was now a slave. The idea with which he had entered on his career was not so much that he was a captain of banditti; as that he was a redresser of wrongs; and this idea he still adhered to. Therefore, when he was paraded through the streets of the city, his air was unembarrassed, and, as he looked on the crowd which thronged him on every side, bethought him of how many of them he had befriended. Nay, not only was it unembarrassed, but the natural majesty of his fine form seemed almost to expand into colossal grandeur, and the fire of strong and renovated feeling burnt in his eye as he turned his look upward to the windows, and saw them crowded with the softer sex, who, by the waving of their handkerchiefs, one might have supposed, were celebrating the entrance of a triumphant conqueror, instead of that of a band of manacled robbers, had they not proved their sympathy by their tears. The most tender pity penetrated their bosoms for the man whom they now beheld. Among his other extraordinary acts, he had often been the means of uniting lovers, in spite of all opposition, and almost of fate itself; and their imaginations had been captivated by what they heard of him, who now seemed, by his noble appearance, to vouch for its truth. And as, in passing along, he ever and anon bowed his finely turned head, uncovered save by its thick and clustering curls of bright chestnut, and raised his eloquent eyes filled with gratitude to his benefactresses, his delighted ear was regaled by repeated murmurs of enthusiastic admiration. The step and bearing of Hielan was that of a soldier, and carried on it the impress of a daring spirit, still secure in its own resources. In fact, a captain of banditti in a wild and savage country acquires much of a chivalrous and military character, and differs as widely from the paltry thief of civilized society as the ambitious and bloody conqueror of kingdoms does from the midnight assassin. The governor and his functionaries rejoiced exceedingly in having secured this formidable man, and believed, that, when the gates of the castle were once closed upon him, he would give them no more trouble. But they were ignorant of the uncon-

querable spirit with whom they had to do. When carried before the governor, and questioned by him as to his former mode of life, the answers of Hielan were perfectly frank, for, according to his own perverted notions, he had no degrading confession to make. He asked no grace for himself, but pled long and earnestly for the freedom of the men whom his example had seduced from their peaceful occupations. But when this prayer was sternly rejected, a fearful tempest of feeling seemed to take possession of his breast, and a deep gloom to overspread his features, except when a scornful smile passed over them as a momentary gleam of lightning pierces the blackness of night. But though the boon was denied him, he was released from his irons on his promise of not attempting an escape, and allowed to remain the first night of his imprisonment in the same apartment with his men, who were the next day to be employed in the public works with the other convicts in the castle. The interest which had been made in Hielan's favour, and the strong feeling of pity he had excited, procured him the distinction of not being sent to hard work with the other slaves, but of being allowed to exercise the craft of turning wood, in which he had made himself a proficient while in the service of the banker's sister. So were matters arranged by the governor; but Hielan had settled it otherwise, in as far as least as related to some of the parties, for the next morning's light showed the apartment empty which he and his band had occupied. Had this man then at length grown faithless, whose name had been so long proverbial for a strict adherence to his word? No. When the castle gates were opened in the morning, and the drawbridge lowered, there sat on the other side of the moat the robber chief, true to his promise, and ready to re-enter his prison. The reward of this exploit, however, was heavy irons for some length of time before he was permitted to exercise his ingenuity at the turning-loom. But the chains felt light on Hielan's limbs, for he had liberated his comrades. We have said that the irons were taken off from him on his being, as the governor thought, secured within the castle walls. This gave him an opportunity of releasing his men from their manacles, when, availing themselves of their united strength, and aided by the spikes of their collars, they forced the bars of a window, and got out. This window was but a short distance from the ground, to which they easily descended; but still the rampart wall was to pass, and this wall was raised a considerable distance above the rock on which the castle stood. The difficulty here was foreseen, and overcome, by linking together their spikes, chains, and bars, and using them as a means of descent. Hielan was the first to show the way, though almost the only one who escaped without some dislocation, or painful wound, or bruise. The castle of Aggerhuys is situated on a high rock, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on that next the land by a broad and deep moat, which renders it totally isolated; but there were boats moored not far off, and after a perilous descent down the precipitous and jagged rocks, Hielan and his men threw themselves into the sea, and swam to a boat in which those to whom he had given freedom continued their flight along the coast, only stopping to set him on shore. Some years passed away, and the bandit chief became almost a prisoner on parole. But though he appeared to the careless eye calm and contented, and sung the chivalrous songs of other days, and repeated the wild legends of his country, his brow was clouded by his inward struggles, and he often dwelt in melancholy mood on those scenes when his word was a law, and his steps as free as those of the wild wolf. With such as him this could not last: he became impatient of longer control, and suddenly announced to the governor that he was so, recalled his promise, and vouched his determination of escaping; and although means were taken to prevent his intention, he was not long in placing himself once more at liberty. Unfortunately for him, a storm arose as he was making a voyage along the coast, when, being wrecked, he was picked up by a pilot-boat, and landed near to Christiansand; but having, in his own fearless and incautious manner, joined a merry-making party at that place, where it was the time of the fair, he was again captured, and returned to his old quarters in the castle, where he now is. It is astonishing to see with what facility the human heart creates for itself new pursuits, and new interests, when those to which it has been accustomed have been long withdrawn. This is strongly illustrated in the bandit chief, who now seems really reconciled to his fate, and, having given a renewed promise of not again attempting an escape, is allowed to walk on the ramparts without irons, and even at times to visit the city. When on one of those visits, he was pointed out, not a twelvemonth ago, to the person who relates the facts now recorded. The only hope of liberty which now remains to Hielan is from a visit of Bernadotte to the castle of Aggerhuys, as it is common on those occasions to release the most favoured of the slaves. It is, however, the general opinion of his countrymen, that he is too dangerous a person to obtain his freedom again, and that no such consequence will follow the visit of the King of Sweden. In recording this rapid sketch of a character which is neither common nor yet imaginary, it is impossible to help lamenting the false ambition and self-delusion of a mind so naturally noble, or regretting more deeply, that a man so gifted with extraordinary endowments should have become a captain of robbers, and be probably doomed to perpetual imprisonment.

FIRE-DAMP—THE SAFETY-LAMP OF DAVY.

WHAT is generally known under the name of fire or choke-damp in mines, is just the coal gas or carburetted hydrogen escaping from strata of coal under particular circumstances, and flowing out so as to occupy the space of the mine. When such gas is accumulated in certain quantities, so as to amount to a half or even less of the air of the mine, on a lighted lamp or any flame being presented to it, an instantaneous explosion takes place. This gas is very prevalent in the mines of the English districts, but rare in those of Scotland. In the chemical process which takes place, by which vegetable matter is gradually changed into coal, there appears to be a formation of this carburetted hydrogen; for it has been found, on examining thin slices of the more bituminous sorts of coal with a powerful microscope, that numerous small bubbles of thin air are contained within the minute hollow tubes which still remain distinct, though somewhat flattened; thus indicating the true vegetable origin of the substance. When a stratum of coal that has been subjected to great pressure, and completely excluded from all communication with the external air, is suddenly broke in upon by the miner, the compressed air thus finds an opening, and, rushing out, expands in volume so as to fill a large space of the shaft or hollow part of the mine; and it will thus continue to do so until the whole of the confined gas makes its escape, or finds an equilibrium of density. There is yet another cause supposed to give origin to the fire-damp; and this is, the occurrence of what miners call *whin dykes*, or troubles. These are masses of trap rocks, which frequently come across the coal strata, and completely cut up and derange the levels of the various seams. These whin dykes evidently appear to be rocks thrown up from below by the action of internal fire, and at a period after the coal and its accompanying strata had been formed. That these rocks have been in a hot and melted state, is apparent from their general aspect and composition; but is farther proved, from the fact, that, on each side where they come to touch the coal seams, the latter are completely charred; in other words, converted into a coke, or cinder. During this exposure to great heat, a large quantity of gas must have been produced, exactly in a similar manner as coal gas is artificially made; but owing to the process having taken place deep under ground, this gas has not escaped, but remains shut up in the various crevices of the strata under a strong pressure, until the operations of the miner expose the whole. In this way it is probable large volumes of fire-damp find their way into the hollows of mines; and it is remarkable, that, in Scotland, where few such whin dykes occur, although there are numerous other shifts or troubles of the strata, accidents from choke-damp are rare, or almost unknown; whereas, in the English districts, where dykes are very numerous, few coal-mines are ever entirely free from the noxious gas. In the neighbourhood of Newcastle, one of those coal seams was lately exposed, which strikingly illustrated the effects of charring, from the protrusion of a mass of rock through the coal; and numerous other instances leave no doubt of the fact.

Since ever coal mines have been extensively wrought, the loss of human life from explosions of fire-damp has been very great. Every year had its awful calamities, and almost every month brought its detail of the sufferings of unfortunate victims, and of the bereavement and misery of many orphan families. At last the feelings of public humanity were excited to a painful degree, and many proposals and attempts were made to remedy the evil. None of these, however, proved successful, till at length the genius of Sir H. Davy grappled with the subject. With his accustomed energy, he immediately set about considering the whole bearings of the matter; and first of all, by repeated inspections and experiment, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the enemy he had to vanquish. Having done so, he then patiently sat down to devise a remedy. Fortunately his efforts were crowned with complete success; and his highly ingenious invention had this rare merit, that it was not the result of happy accident, or the chance suggestion of the moment, but was perfected from one step to another, by patient experiments and philosophic reasoning. Like all other great inventions, when once discovered and explained, the safety-lamp of Sir H. Davy appears a very simple apparatus indeed. It consists of a common oil lamp, over which is screwed a cylindrical frame, covered with an extremely fine wire gauze, the apertures of which are not more than one-twentieth of an inch square. Every part of this cylinder and of the lamp is accurately soldered, so that no air can get admittance to the flame, except through the minute holes of the wire gauze. A wire passes upwards from the bottom, by which the wick is trimmed, and a tube communicating with the well of the lamp opens outside, by which oil may be poured in to replenish it, without having occasion to unscrew the gauze cylinder. Furnished with this lamp, the miner may go with perfect safety into places where the choke-damp is lodged, and may calmly, and without apprehension, pursue his subterranean labours, day after day, where, if he attempted to enter with a naked flame, immediate explosion and destruction would take place. Sir H. Davy, in his first experiments, tried the effect of conveying air for the supply of an inclosed flame, through long tubes

with an exceedingly small bore, calculating justly, that flame, in passing through these long minute apertures, would lose its heat, and, consequently, its power of communicating flame to the external air or gas. Having ascertained this important fact, he next tried how short he might venture to make these tubes, and, gradually filing them down, he at length discovered that the thinnest plate of metal, when pierced with small holes, was quite sufficient for the purpose required. This immediately led to the trial of wire gauze, and hence his discovery was perfected. When the safety-lamp is immersed in the highly inflammable air of mines, the portion of air contained within the gauze cylinder is immediately exploded, but no communication of the explosion is made to the air around, because the flame of the burning gas, in passing through the small apertures of the wire gauze, is cooled down so much, that its power of inflaming other air is lost. When the mixture of inflammable air in mines is only in moderate proportion, the miner can breathe it with comparative impunity, and the flame will be supported without an explosion; but where the gas prevails in greater proportion—and this will take place suddenly, and without previous warning—then the great importance of the safety-lamp is manifest. The miner is immediately apprised of the circumstance, and he can deliberately explore his way to another part of the mine, whereas, under other circumstances, a sudden explosion, and his inevitable destruction, would have been the consequence.

The beautiful simplicity of this contrivance of Sir Humphry Davy, the perfect manner in which it was found to answer all the purposes required, and the noble philanthropy with which its inventor freely bestowed it for the good of society, without fee or reward, could not fail to excite the admiration of all classes of the community. But those immediately concerned, the extensive coal proprietors of the English districts, were more particularly interested and excited by the invention, and, accordingly, as a mark of their gratitude and respect for the high talents of the inventor, they resolved on presenting him with a superb service of plate. A subscription of £2000 was immediately formed, a public meeting was held in the north of England, and, at a dinner given to Sir Humphry, he had the proud satisfaction of receiving the grateful tribute due to his genius and philanthropy. The lamp is now known all over the mining countries by the name of "the Davy;" and time has not in the smallest degree tended to lessen the confidence which was originally reposed in its efficacy as a protector of human life.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LINNEUS.

CHARLES LINNEUS was the son of a poor village pastor, and was born at Rashult, in the province of Smeland, in Sweden, in the year 1707. To great originality of genius, were joined an enthusiastic disposition, and a perseverance of character, which enabled him to make his way through poverty and obscurity to a distinguished pre-eminence as a man of science and learning. An ardent love for the study of nature, especially for botanical knowledge, early took possession of him. While yet a boy, he seems to have been fonder of rambling about the fields, and perusing the great book of nature, than the folios of the schools; for so little satisfaction does he seem to have given his first teachers, that his father, dissatisfied with the reports of his progress, contemplated binding him to the trade of a shoemaker. The intervention of friends, and his own earnest entreaties, however, at last persuaded his parent to permit him to study the profession of medicine. At the university we find him rising into distinction, even in the midst of extreme poverty—in want of books—in want of clothes—in want of bread to eat—and even patching up old shoes with the bark of trees, to enable him to wander into the fields in prosecution of his favourite study of botany.

While yet a mere youth, he was pitched upon, by the Academy of Sciences of Upsal, to explore the dreary regions of Lapland, and to ascertain what natural productions they contained; and we find him embracing with ardour this laborious and solitary undertaking, with a pittance barely sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey. After his return from this scientific expedition, he commenced a course of public lectures on botany and mineralogy in the University of Upsal; he was full of the subject, and the novelty and originality of his discourses immediately drew around him a crowded audience: but envy, which too often is the malignant concomitant of rising talent, soon blasted his fair prosperity. It was discovered, that, by a law of the university, no person was entitled to give public lectures, unless he had previously taken a degree. Linneus unfortunately had obtained no academic honours, and Dr Rosen, the professor of medicine, accused him before the senate, and insisted that the statutes should be put in force. What must have been the feelings of the youthful, ardent, and aspiring botanist, at this harsh and oppressive measure! Conscious of superior talents, full of hope, and flushed with the success of his first efforts, he was, by this ungenerous proceeding, excited to madness; and, goaded on to the extremity of desperation, he drew his sword upon Rosen, at the door of the senate-house, and attempted to stab him; powerful friends interfered in his behalf, or expulsion would have been the consequence. For some time, his resentment was strong, and he persisted

in his determination; but at last his passion cooled, he listened to milder suggestions, gave up his hopes of present distinction, but with them also all resentful feelings—admirable triumph of a great and noble mind! for little did he then think, that in a few years afterwards he should occupy and fill with distinguished honour the very same chair which his antagonist Rosen then possessed. Disappointed of his prospects at the University of Upsal, he, along with some of his pupils, made a mineralogical and botanical excursion into the province of Dalecarlia. At Fahlun, the capital of this province, he became acquainted with Dr Moræus, the chief physician. The doctor was a kind and learned man, and had plants and flowers which excited the admiration of the young botanist; but he had a fairer flower than any which Linnæus had ever yet beheld in garden or meadow. In short, for the eldest daughter of Dr Moræus, our botanist conceived an ardent affection; his admiration was met by the young lady with a grateful attachment; and in accordance with the ardour and enthusiasm of his disposition, Linnæus solicited of the father the young lady's hand in marriage. The good doctor had conceived a liking for the young, learned, and eloquent stranger; he loved him and his pursuits, and his ingenious bearing; but he tenderly loved his daughter also, and, more cool and considerate than the young and fond lovers, foresaw that a poor friendless young man, without any fixed profession or employment, was not likely to improve his own or his daughter's happiness by such a rash step. He therefore persuaded him to delay the match for three years; that his daughter should remain unmarried in the meantime; and if, at the end of that period, he (by the study of medicine, which he strongly recommended) was in a condition to marry, his sanction to the nuptials would be readily given.

Nothing could be more reasonable than this proposal. Linnæus summoned his philosophy to his aid. Love lent him new energy to encounter difficulties. It was resolved that he should forthwith depart for Leyden, in order to obtain a degree. Before his departure, Miss Moræus brought forth her accumulated saving of pocket money, amounting to a purse of 100 dollars, and laid it at his feet as a love-offering and unequivocal proof of her attachment. He pressed her fair hand, kissed her fervently, and, with a heart glowing with the most unbounded attachment and admiration of her generosity, he bade her farewell.

Many a poetical word would have gone forth dreaming in reverie, writing sonnets alternately to his mistress and the moon, and ever and anon bewailing his hard fate at the awful and interminable separation. Not so our philosopher: he went forth cheered and stimulated with the thoughts that there was one who loved him and his pursuits, and to merit whose love he was resolved to strain every nerve in the path of learning and distinction. At Leyden he prosecuted his studies with his wonted assiduity; attracted the notice of Dr Boerhaave, and other celebrated men of science; was appointed family physician to the burgo-master of Amsterdam; produced, during the two years he held this situation, many of his most elaborate works; and visited England and other countries in quest of knowledge. Indeed, the extent of his labours and his indefatigable industry during this period is almost incredible. There was almost no department of natural science which he did not investigate, and bring within the compass of his methodical arrangements; but botany was his chief and favourite study, and in this department he raised himself a reputation which can only perish with the science itself.

But amid these pursuits, more than the three years of his probationary exile had expired; and had he forgotten the fair flower of Fahlun, that he left so long ago lonely amid the garden of the physician of Dalecarlia? There were not wanting those who suggested such vile suspicions to the fond maiden. He had far exceeded the period of his stipulated absence; he had wandered far and wide, and seen many new faces, and formed many fresh acquaintances; his growing fame and reputation had absorbed all his other feelings; and the praise and notice of the learned and the great had sophisticated his heart. One day secret intelligence was brought to Linnæus that such insinuations were insidiously spread against him, and this, too, by one whose treachery stung him to the heart. He had regularly corresponded with his intended bride through the medium of a friend for whom he had procured a professor's chair. This treacherous professor conceived a passion for Miss Moræus, and, in order to supplant Linnæus in her affections, basely took the opportunity of his protracted absence to insinuate these suspicions into the ear of Doctor Moræus and his fair daughter. Linnæus was so overpowered by the tidings of this heartless treachery and ingratitude, that he was seized with a deep melancholy, which terminated in a paroxysm of fever. On his recovering, he left Holland without delay, and hastened to the presence of his mistress. Though others might have doubted of his constancy, and despaired of his return, her heart was still unchanged. She had despised the insinuations, and repelled the advances of his rival, and met her lover once more with smiles of love and all the confidence of affection. Our philosopher, though rich in fame and acquisitions, was still poor in this world's wealth. He endeavoured to establish himself in medical practice in Stockholm, and was for a time haunted with that envy and petty jealousy which his superior talents excited in the minds of unworthy and ungenerous

rivals. At length, however, one of those lucky chances, which do more for a physician than all his learning and industry, raised him in the estimation of the whole country. He was fortunate enough to prescribe successfully for a cough which troubled Queen Eleonora; and henceforth he became the fashionable doctor of Stockholm, and was appointed physician to the admiralty, and botanist to the king. Having now a settled income, he married the lady of his affections five years after his first courtship. Not long afterwards he was appointed medical professor in the University of Upsal; and his former enemy, Rosen, having obtained the botanical chair of that University, an amicable adjustment was made, by which they exchanged their professorships; and Linnæus saw himself seated in the botanical chair of the University, which, from the first, had been the chief object of his ambition, and which he continued to fill with distinguished honour for a period of thirty-seven years.

How gratifying must have been his sensations, to find himself a professor of the University, where, a few years before, he had entered a poor unfriended and solitary student—to find himself raised to affluence and distinction by his own persevering efforts—encouraged by public approbation and applause—cheered by all the endearments of a domestic union which had stood the test of time and the trying circumstances of suspense and treachery, and enjoying that learned and philosophic leisure which the votary of science can so aptly improve and so highly appreciate!

ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

OF all situations which open to the aspiring mind of youth, none is so interesting, so fraught with conflicting feelings, as the first entry of a young novice on board a ship of war: 'tis like bursting into a new world, yet without quitting the old one. The day on which my inauguration took place happened to be the anniversary of the birth of "Royal George." The captain permitted me to accompany him in his own boat, and when we reach'd Spithead, the ships, dress'd in their gayest colours, commenced saluting. O what a view was this for an enthusiastic mind! It spoke of glory in a voice of thunder; and, while looking at the British ensign waving in the breeze, I felt a glow of conscious pride at being enrolled among the gallant defenders of its dearest rights. The barge cut through the azure wave, and swept up alongside the "Albion." The boatswain's shrill pipe sounded, and four lads sprung over the side to extend the gangway man-ropes. So I followed up the captain, and found the officers on the quarter-deck uncovered, the marines drawn up with presented arms, and the band playing "Rule Britannia," to salute their brave commander. My senses were bewildered with astonishment. "This is a young friend of mine," said Captain Montague, presenting me to the first lieutenant: "I hope you will find him all you can wish. And now, sir, you may go and visit your future companions." "Mr Evans (said the first lieutenant, calling to a midshipman on the larboard side of the deck, whose weekly account had been fresh pipe-clay'd, and now he was employed in trimming the collar of his shirt, so hat his eye just peep'd point blank above it)—"Mr Evans."

"Sir," replied the cockpit bean, touching his hat. "As soon as you have done adjusting your lee-boards, and bows'd all taut, take this young gentleman round the ship, and then conduct him to your mess-birth." "Ay, ay, sir; ay, ay," said Evans; and then, in a lower tone, "I'll show him the lions;" and away we went together. After examining the wonders of the wooden world, and swallowing as many marvellous stories as would fill a volume, we descended to the cockpit, and were guided by the glimmering rays of a candle to the midshipmen's birth. "Allow me to introduce Mr B.," said my conductor, pushing open the door, and thrusting me in. "Halloo! why, Evans, what gulpin have you got there?" exclaimed a squat tawny figure, who was nearly enveloped in smoke, and stifled in grease. "'Tis a new messmate," squeaked a little youngster. "A new messmate!" replied the other, "then let's have a survey," taking down from a nail the frame of what had once been a large and beautiful mirror, and, raising it to his eye by way of quizzing-glass, he uttered a yell that fill'd me with horror. "Evans," said he, "Evans, I'm fainting at the sight! Bear a hand on deck, and order the captain to man the boat and send him ashore again directly." I shrunk back. "Halloo, shipmate, don't lag astern!" said Evans, pushing me forward; "don't mind that old swab; 'tis only Tim Bucket, the blind fiddler." "Me blind!" rejoined the other, flourishing his pipe in a tragical manner; "you know that you are Brutus that spake this, or by the gods this speech were else your last;" and down he sat. I was now literally haul'd into the birth, and placed directly by the side of this terrific being. "Let's look at your teeth," said he. It was complied with. "Ha, I thought so!—teeth like a shark—eat more in a day than I could chew in a month. Here, boy—you boy!" "Yes, sir," replied a miserable-looking object, poking his head in at the birth-door. "Go, you rascal, and lock the bread-bag up, or we shall soon have a southerly wind in it." Then turning to me: "Here, sir, take this card, with my compliments to the purser's steward, and ask him to measure your mouth for a spoon. And bear a hand, d'ye hear? for the burgo is almost ready; there'll not be much to spare when

the doctor's mates come out of the sick bay." "Which way am I to go?" inquired I: "I can't find the stairs." However, the boy of the mess was ordered to attend me to the midshipman of the watch, who directed me to the purser's steward. He sent me to the cook; the cook dispatched me to the boatswain's yeoman; and he again to the carpenter's mate for a two-foot rule. I now bade very fair to make a complete tour of the ship, and run the gauntlet through all the petty officers; but the gunner, understanding my difficulty, apprised me of the trick, as one to which all fresh-comers were exposed; advising me to bear it patiently, and give joke for joke. Again I descended. "Well, have you got your spoon?" inquired my tormentor. "No," replied I. "No!" repeated he, starting upon his feet; "how's that?" "Ask the gunner," was the reply. "Here, doctor," rejoined the first, turning to a genteel young man of a pleasing countenance; "here, doctor, you must open a vein for him. But, no, no, avast; where's the cobbing-board? Ay, ay, my spark, two dozen for impertinence to your superior officer. Here's a green horn hasn't been caught above two hours, and comes Westminster Hall over me already; but I'll soon make you a subject for dissection." "Who is this young gentleman?" inquired the assistant-surgeon. "Who! why it's some great man in disguise come to sea to wear his old clothes out. However, give us your fist, my boy—don't sit mute;" and he grasped my hand like a smith's vice, till I roared with anguish, to the great diversion of all present. "Here," continued he, "take hold of the grog," handing it across the table. I was unwilling to let slip so favourable an opportunity of showing good friendship and courting forbearance, so took the glass, but hadn't time to convey it to my lips before it was hastily snatched away. "There, there, that's enough, you must only smell it; I never allow any body to drink with me." The ward-room steward appeared with an invitation from the first lieutenant to dinner. This was a very seasonable relief, and gladly accepted. O how different was my reception here!—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The remainder of the day passed away with much pleasantness; and at ten o'clock I again descended, with a palpitating heart, to my hammock. Recollections of my parents, of my home, of my friends, now rushed upon my mind as I surveyed the dark and gloomy place which was to be my future abode. It doubly embittered the moment, and I was nearly playing the infant with my eyes; but the sentry opening his lantern to retirm his lamp, a gleam danced upon the bright buttons of my uniform, and instant conviction flashed upon my mind that manly fortitude was the characteristic of a British sailor. Advancing towards my swinging bed, I stripped, and, desirous of displaying my agility, made one spring into it. Poor novice! over it went; down I came, breaking my shins upon the cable. A burst of laughter echoed from all sides. "A clean capsize, by Jove," said one. "Strong gales and squally," cried another. "Foundered in the lee scuppers," said a third. "Dowse the glim," cried a fourth, and instantly we were in total darkness. I reproached them with bitterness of heart for their ungenerous treatment of a stranger, and received in reply a whole bucket of cold water. Roaring with all my might for some time, I had at last the satisfaction of seeing some one descending the main hatchway with a lantern. "Bear a hand with the glim, you bog-trotter, do." He was obeyed; and though I was drenched to the skin, and shivering with cold, sitting astride the muddy cable, yet to have kept from laughing at the scene which presented itself was utterly impossible. Pat Howard, a tall raw-boned figure, full six feet high, with the remnant of a shirt upon his shoulders reaching no lower than his loins, under which a blanket was rolled round, resembling a petticoat, and leaving an amazing length of train behind, one arm entirely void of covering, thick bushy hair and whiskers, with a pair of hands and a beard outrivalling the shades of night, now made his appearance. "Halloo, Pat!" cried Harvey; "why, you look like a comet revolving round the rays of a farthing candle." This drew my attention to the speaker. He was neither sitting, lying, nor kneeling, but appeared to be in all three postures at the same time. His efforts to get disengaged had forced his head through the sail, and his struggles had twisted it several turns round his throat, threatening strangulation, but displaying a most formidable cravat. On being relieved from this superfluous article of dress, how was I surprised to find the old boy had been all this while actually hanging by the middle in a running noose thrown over him, and hauled taut upon deck for this purpose! "Lower away!" bellowed Pat, turning the old quarter-master round on his jack like a roasting capon; "lower away handsomely." It was done, and he stood once more on his legs. "I'll trounce the young rogue for this!" exclaimed Harvey. "I'll keel-haul the young lubber! No more sleeping in his watch!" "Whisht, whisht; dinna mak a blathering about it, but gang your ways, and let honest men sleep," said Sanders; while Pat assisted me in arranging my hammock and shifting my dress. Pascoe now appeared: "Why, Harvey, what's the matter here?" "Matter!" cried the enraged veteran; "I'll tell you what, young sir, you've played these tricks too long, and now—" "You'll go and have a glass of grog," exclaimed the midshipman, interrupting him. "Ay, ay, with all my heart, but no more of the monkey." "I kenn'd as much—

I kenn'd as much," roared Sanders; while, with a heavy heart and dear-bought caution, I once more essayed to enter my bed, and, with Pat's assistance, succeeded. But sleep departed from me. The novelty of my situation, the discipline I had undergone, with the smarting of my shins, all combined to keep me awake; and 'twas not till very near morning that I closed my weary eyes, and forgot all my cares and troubles in a sweet refreshing slumber.—*Greenwich Hospital.*

VOLUNTARY AND INVOLUNTARY MOTIONS.

"THE motions of the body," says Adair, a writer on physiology, "have been divided into voluntary and involuntary. The voluntary motions are such as depend on the influence of the will: thus, if I will to move my arm, various muscles contract instantaneously, and, by their combined power, perform precisely that degree and kind of motion which I intend. Involuntary motions are those which are performed without the direction of the will, as those of the heart, &c. It would have been very dangerous to have subjected the movements of all the organs to the direction of will or mind, the faculties of which are often employed in the various duties of life, or deeply engaged in abstract speculations, and are in a great degree suspended during sleep; many operations, therefore, of the animal economy, are performed without the direction or consciousness of the mind." Well-attested examples of persons possessing a control over the involuntary motions, are rare; there is none that we are aware of where such a power was continued to any individual for a length of time, or where it was not conjoined with some radical disorder of the vital system. Dr Cheyne, in his "English Malady" (p. 307), has recorded in a very distinct manner a singular instance of a gentleman who twice interrupted in himself every symptom of vitality, and again restored to activity the superseded functions; but it was on the eve of his actual decease. The first time he became aware of this faculty, he was alone; but it appeared to himself so extraordinary, that he was anxious to display it before competent witnesses. The second time, the spectacle was exhibited to persons fully qualified to detect any deception if it had been practised. The patient does not seem to have given an account of the nature of the exertion by means of which he accomplished the extinction of every symptom of life, nor of his condition while they were suspended, nor of their resuscitation. As respects external appearances, the narrative is full and clear; it is as follows:—"Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of excellent natural parts, and of great honour and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint, attended with constant vomitings, which had made his life painful and miserable. During the whole time of his illness, he had observed the strictest regimen, living on the softest vegetables and lightest animal foods, drinking asses' milk daily, even in the camp; and for common drink, Bristol water, which, the summer before his death, he had drunk on the spot. But his illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr Baynard, who is since dead, and I, were called to him, and attended him twice a-day for about the space of a week; but his vomitings continuing still incessant, and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us early one morning; we waited on him with Mr Skrine, his apothecary, since dead also; we found his senses clear, and his mind calm; his nurse and several servants were about him. He had made his will, and settled his affairs. He told us he had sent for us to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time felt and observed in himself, which was, that, composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased; and yet, by an effort or somehow, he could come to life again; which, it seems, he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for from now common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it; unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest, in his weak condition, he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above a quarter of an hour about this (to him) surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and trepid, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time. While I held his right hand, Dr Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and, at last, were satisfied he was actually dead, and

were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour by nine o'clock in the morning in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were all astonished, to the last degree, at this unexpected change, and, after some farther conversation with him and among ourselves, went away, fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, settled legacies on his servants, received the sacrament, and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening. Next day he was opened (as he had ordered); his body was the soundest and best made I had ever seen; his lungs were fair, large, and sound, his heart big and strong, and his intestines sweet and clean; his stomach was of a due proportion, the coats sound and thick, and the villous membrane quite entire. But when we came to examine the kidneys, though the left was perfectly sound and of a just size, the right was about four times as big, distended like a blown bladder, and yielding, as if full of pap; he having often passed a wheyish liquor after his wine, during his illness. Upon opening this kidney, we found it quite full of a chalky matter, like plaster of Paris, and all the fleshy substance dissolved and worn away by what I called a nephritic cancer. This had been the source of all his misery; and the symptomatic vomitings from the irritation on the consentient nerves, had quite starved and worn him down. I have narrated the facts as I saw, and observed them deliberately and distinctly, and shall leave to the philosophic reader to make what inferences he thinks fit; the truth of the material circumstances I will warrant."

AYRSHIRE ANECDOTES.

THERE formerly lived at Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, a natural fool called Will Brown, of whom many droll anecdotes are related. Whether Will possessed a vein of real wit, or only said good things by chance, is uncertain; but assuredly some of his sarcasms, if pronounced by a sane man, would have been esteemed in the highest degree pointed.

Will, for instance, was one day present at the edge of a frozen lake near his native town, where some gentlemen, fond of the sport of curling, had assembled, but were in some doubt as to the validity of the ice. Thinking Will an excellent cat's-paw, they asked if he would be the first to go on, and they would immediately follow. "O no," said the natural, "I hae mair manners than to gang afore gentlemen."

On another occasion, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Muirkirk were deliberating with a corps of engineers as to the proper place for sinking a coal-pit. In the midst of their anxious deliberations, Will thrust in his advice—"Gentlemen," said he, "what d'ye say to Airmoss? [a deep morass not far off]; if ye dinna get coal there, ye're sure o' peat."

It is recorded of Will, that, calling once at a farmhouse in a moorland part of the country, the goodwife feed him with a piece of bread and butter, to conduct to the next town a blind man, who had, in a similar manner, been led to her house that forenoon. Will went away with the mendicant and the piece; and as long as any part of the latter remained uneaten, the former had no reason to complain. When the piece was done, however, all sense of the duty which he had undertaken was done too; and he said to his travelling companion, "Blind man, d'ye see yon peat-stack? haud straight for it, and ye'll find a house." And so the blind man, like Lord Ullin, "was left lamenting;" Will immediately striking off towards his own home.

In the last age there flourished in Ayrshire two gentlemen of the name of Logan, both of whom were remarkable for *bon mots* and eccentric sayings. The elder of the two, Logan of Logan, near Cumnock, was a rude, ready-witted, and rather home-spun character; but the other, Major William Logan, the son of a gentleman near Dalmellington, was a man of polish and address, possessing, for one accomplishment, an amazing gift of violin-playing, and fitted to mingle—as he did—in the first circles of society.

The common people at Cumnock, like the other people of Scotland, were very averse to the establishment of the militia, which took place for the first time in 1798; and on the day when they were called together to meet the deputy-lieutenants, in order to proceed to the business of balloting, a great riot took place, during which the above officers were severely pelted. Logan of Logan was himself one of the lieutenants; but, on his entering the town rather late, and finding himself involved in a crowd which was eagerly engaged in lapidating his brethren, he saw it best to put his commission into his pocket, and side with the dominant party. "What's the matter?" he cried; "what ails ye at them?" "O," cried the crowd, "they're going to press us to be sodgers against our will." "Are they really?" cried the politic laird; "filthy fellows! stane them weel, lads—stane them weel!" and, bawling this with all his might, he made his escape from the throng.

Though the folk at Cumnock were thus furious against the militia system, they had no objection to be volunteers, and even expressed some pique that there should be a troop of that kind at Ayr, while their own town had none! "Patience a wee, my friends," said Logan; "an the French were ance landed at Ayr, there wad be plenty o' volunteers at Cumnock." He meant that, in that event, the men of Ayr would retreat from the coast into the interior of the country.

One of the two Logans—it is uncertain which—once

called for a dram at a tavern, and the landlady, in handing it to him, inquired politely if he would have water along with it? "I would rather you took the water out of it," said the old gentleman, drily—the house being noted for a practice of reducing spirits.

Major Logan retained the ruling passion to the last, even amidst the agonies of a very painful disorder. A clergyman, visiting him in his latter days, remarked that it would require fortitude to bear up under such distresses. "Ay, it would take *fiftitude*," said the expiring wit.

There once lived—it is believed about Maybole—a peasant named Will Dick, who, though only a thatcher of cottages, possessed a flow of language and a turn for fanciful caricature altogether surprising. He had a full, sonorous way of speaking, as if he had been taking large bites of something, and this peculiarity lent an additional characteristic charm to his sayings, but which, it is to be feared, cannot be conveyed along with them in print.

"Man," said Will, in describing a country church he had been visiting, "there was a big sermon-greedy wife, that sat at the end o' the aisle; and she laid herself a' abreed to catch what fell frae the poopit. She sat just this way, man [laying himself back in his chair], wi' her apron spread down on her knees, and her head back on her seat, and her bannet and her mouth wide agape—exactly forment the minister. Man, I dinna believe that the folk ahint her got a single word o' what was gaun—it gaed a' swoofin down the thrapple o' that greedy wife, like reek pourin' out at a window."

On another occasion, Will was describing a harvest feast, at which he had been present. "Ye see, we were a' put into the barn, and set down at twa lang tables; and they brought in the kail in things they ca'd tur-heens. And sae we a' set to our wark wi' micht and main, and there was sic rattlin' o' spunes upon plates as the like was never heard sin' the world was begun. Howanawbee, there was ae chiel there—he could na be content wi' a dish, but he wad hae a tur-heen to himself; and man, ye never saw sic a supper o' kail in yere born days. Od, they just ower his throat like dougs driving sheep, or cluds gaun ower the mune, or the kirk-port when it's skailin'!"—an accumulation of similes all of which are so appropriate, that the sentence might be owned with pride by any living author.

SERGEANT CAMPBELL'S STATEMENT OF HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT PARIS, IN 1815.

[The following little scene of imperial curiosity may be amusing to our readers. It reminds us somewhat of the ordeal through which Gulliver is described as having passed in the presence of their majesties of Brobdingnag or Lilliput. There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the narrative, which was drawn up by Sergeant Campbell, at the request of an officer of his regiment.]

In the month of August 1815, I was ordered to proceed with Piper John Fraser and Piper Kenneth Mackay, to the Palais d'Elisée in Paris, then the residence of the Emperor of Russia, when we were joined by Sergeant Macgrigor, Private Munro, and Piper Macenzie of the 42d regiment; Sergeant Grant, Piper Logan, and Piper Cameron of the 92d regiment. About half an hour after our arrival at the palace, Lord Cathcart sent a valet to conduct us to the grand hall, where we met his Lordship, whom I immediately recognised; he was pleased to order me to take charge of the party, while he went to the Emperor to acquaint him of our arrival, and in about ten minutes after, the Emperor entered the hall, accompanied by his two brothers, Prince Blucher, Count Platoff, and several other distinguished personages. The Emperor had a very minute inspection of us, and his curiosity led him to point upon me (as being the most robust of those that accompanied me) to step to the front, and ordered the rest to sit down. As soon as I stepped to the front, I was surrounded by the astonished nobility, and the Emperor commenced his inspection and questions, viz.

1. Examined my appointments—drew my sword—inquired if I could perform any exercise of that weapon, which I told him I could not; and, at the same time, Lord Cathcart made a remark that it was a deficiency in the British army that he never took into consideration before.

2. Examined my hose, garters, legs, and pinched my skin, thinking I wore something under my kilt, and had the curiosity of lifting my kilt up, so that he might not be deceived. The questions were—How long I was in the army—how many actions I was in—if I was present at the actions of the 16th, 17th, and 18th—how many officers and men the regiment lost on the 16th, 17th, and 18th June—whether I was in Egypt—if we wore the kilt in winter, or if I did not feel cold in that season—if I was married—if my parents were alive, &c.

The Emperor then ordered Lord Cathcart to make me put John Fraser through the manual and platoon exercise, at which performance he was highly pleased. He then ordered the pipers to play up, and Lord Cathcart desired them to play the Highland tune called *Cogae na Shu*, war or peace, which he explained to the Emperor, who seemed highly delighted with the music. After the Emperor was done with me, the veteran, Count Platoff, came up to me, and took me by the hand, and told me in broken English that I was a good and brave soldier, as all my countrymen were. He then pressed my hand to his breast, and gave me his to press to mine. After all was over, I was ordered to take the party to Lord Cathcart's quarters, where we had a refreshment, and received a piece of money each from his Lordship, and also his approbation for our appearance, &c.

TH. CAMPBELL, Sergt. 79th Regt.
Camp near Blandford, 3d July 1818.

JESTING.

(From Fuller's Holy State.)

[Fuller is one of the greatest masters of that quaint style of composition which seems to have been thought so ornamental among the old English writers. He was one of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and occasional associates, and wrote many works remarkable for their good sense, their piety, and their wit. His "Holy State" is, we think, little known. It is a moral treatise, illustrating rules of life, by characters and examples. We shall give our readers, at present, a specimen of this lively work, from that part of it which he calls "General Rules;" and, at another time, we may probably produce some of his well-drawn characters.]

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pshaw!" said the Queen, "it is his profession, I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font? or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission; and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome day of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the Majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which fieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. O it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingemii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

[The following humorous sketch is from a work entitled "The Art of Whedding," of which we cannot assign the precise date, but which refers to the period when pretenders to skill in medicine went about the country from village to village, like tumblers in modern times, erecting a platform where they found a place convenient for the exercise of their craft, and haranguing the people on the melancholy effects of disease, and on their own indefatigable exertions and infallible nostrums for checking its ravages. Newspapers not being then in use, by means of which they might have published to the world the grateful attestations of those whom they had rescued from the jaws of death, it seems farther to have been their practice to have kept in waiting an assortment of proper persons, who at the necessary juncture ascended the stage, and by word of mouth testified to the wonderful nature of the cures performed upon them.]

MR DOCTOR comes, and ascends the stage, where, having walked to and fro very stately, and filling his hands with papers and small vials, he then begins to disgorging the names of those diseases he not long since swallowed, which, like vomits, will no longer be contained; he then tells you what excellent pills, plasters, powders, spirits, ointments, balsams, waters, and elixirs, he hath for all diseases that ever were or shall be; how he did cut off such a wen, such a sore breast, healed such a harelip; and in confirmation thereof, whole crowds of diseased persons cured by him ascend the stage, and confirm the truth of his sayings. To raise him further credit, he openly proclaims he will cure the poor for God's sake; but those who buy his ingredients shall, in the price, pay for such poor, and themselves together. At length, about to depart out of the town, wherein he hath sojourned some time, and, being on the stage, he, in a studied speech, acknowledges to the people how much he has been be-

holden to them; and, to express his gratitude, if the poor will assemble here to-morrow (for he informs them he must go away that day), as many as come shall have twelve pence a-piece. The people, with abundance of poor, assemble the next day, and those that are able buy several of his ingredients; and, fearing they should never see this worthy charitable doctor again, store themselves with something of every thing he exposes there to sale. When he has done vending, "Now," says he, "I must be as good as my promise to the poor; and so I shall, in bestowing upon every one of them a shilling. Look you, then, here is a powder, good for all wounds, ulcers, &c.; the price I sell it for is two shillings; I will but take one: here is a rich cordial water, the price half a crown; I will but take eighteen pence;" and so after that rate goes on. But when the poor saw themselves deluded by this wheedling knavish doctor, they began to handle his stage so roughly, that, had not he presently fled for it, and, mounting, rode in all haste away, I know not but (like De Wit by the Dutch rabble) they would have made him a sacrifice to their revenge.

HIGH-EARED RACE OF MEN.

M. Dureau de Lamalle has made out the strongest evidence in proof of the existence of a distinct variety of the human race, characterised by the position of their ears. Not only, as they are represented in the Memnonium and other Egyptian statues and coins, were the old Egypto-Caucasians remarkable for their high ears, but in more than forty mummies, which were unrolled and examined by M. de Lamalle at Turin, the auricular foramen, which, drawing a horizontal line, is placed in us on a level with the inferior part of the nose, was, in these examples, found to be on a level with the middle of the eye; the elevation, as measured, amounted to a full inch and a half; the facial angle was, at the same time, found equal to that of Europeans, but the temporal region much more depressed than in our variety. Nor does it appear that the high-eared race is extinct; there are instances of it among the people of Upper Egypt at this day; and indeed there is in Paris, at present, a teacher of Arabic, a Copt of Upper Egypt, who is possessed of this conformation in a most decided degree.—*Medical Gazette.*

MY GRAVE!

Far from the city's ceaseless hum,
Hither let thy relics come!
Lowly and lonely be my grave,
Fast by this streamlet's oozing wave,
Still to the gentle angler dear,
And heaven's fair face reflecting clear!
No rank luxuriance from the dead
Draw the green turf above my head;
But cowslips, here and there, be found,
Sweet natives of the hallowed ground,
Diffusing nature's incense round!
Kindly sloping to the sun
When his course is nearly run,
Let it catch his fair warm beams,
Brief and pale, as best becoms;
But let the melancholy yew
(Still to the cemetery true)
Defend it from his noon-day ray,
Debarring visitant so gay:
And when the robin's boddy song
Is hushed the harkling houghs draw
There may the spirit of the wind
A heaven-reared tabernacle find,
To warble wild a vesper hymn,
To soothe my shade, at twilight dim!
Seldom let feet of man be there,
Save bending towards the house of prayer;
Few human sounds disturb the calm,
Save words of grace, and solemn psalm!
Yet, would I not my humble tomb
Should wear an uninviting gloom,
As if there seemed to hover near,
In fancy's ken, a thing of fear;
And, viewed with superstitious awe,
Be duly shunned, and scornfully draw
The sidelong glance of passer-by,
As haunt of spirit with blasting eye!
Or noted be by some sad token
Bearing a name in whispers spoken!
No! let some thoughtful schoolboy stray
Far from his giddy mates at play,
My secret place of prayer discover:
There pore on page of classic lore:
Thither let hoary men of age
Perform a pensive pilgrimage,
And think, as o'er my turf they bend,
It woos them to their welcome end:
And let the woe-worn wand'ring one,
Blind to the rays of reason's sun,
Thither his weary way incline,
There catch a gleam of light divine:
But, chiefly, let the friend sincere
There drop a tributary tear;
There pause in musing mood, and all
The bygone hours of bliss recall,
Delightful hours! too deeply flown!
By the heart's pulses only known!

RAINS IN JAMAICA.

I have myself witnessed, in the town of Kingston, in Jamaica, the effects of sudden and violent rains, exhibited in a manner at once alarming and ludicrous. Situated as it is on a slope upwards of a mile in length, it not unfrequently happens that a thunder-pump falls at the top of the town, of which those at the lower end receive no notice, until the water suddenly comes down upon them a foot or two a-breast. What a turmoil and dispersion then ensues amongst the spruce and ginger-beer dealers, and the vendors of fruit, yams, plantains, &c., seated beside their piled-up stores on the sides of the sandy streets! Swine, poultry, oranges, shadoocks, empy canes, &c.—nay, as I have seen more than once, a little naked pickanney or two—all come tumbling down the torrent in promiscuous confusion; the negroes, men and women, screaming, hallooing, and floundering through the muddy stream, striving to regain their property ere it is swept into the harbour (where the sharks are always on the outlook on such occasions), this one grabbing a fowl, another pulling out a grumphy by the leg, being themselves every now and then carried off their own feet; whilst the merchants, clerks, and negroes, all crowd forth into the upper balconies of the various stores, enjoying the hubbub amid peals of laughter.—*Author of Scenes in Jamaica.*

CIPHER WRITING.

IN former times, but especially in the seventeenth century, when epistolary correspondence was neither carried on easily nor without danger, this system of writing was much in vogue. It consisted, in some instances, of a simple substitution of figures for words, the meaning of the said figures being previously known to the party receiving the letter. In other cases, a second communication was necessary to point out what words in the first were meant to be used. The following curious passage respecting this disused art is from Waller's Memoirs, a work already quoted in the Journal:—

"About the beginning of the civil wars, in the year 1642, a chaplain of Sir William Wallers' (one evening as we were sitting down to supper at the Lady Vere's, in London, with whom I then dwelt) showed me an intercepted letter written in cipher. He showed it to me as a curiosity (and it was, indeed, the first thing I had ever seen written in cipher), and asked me, between jest and earnest, whether I could make any thing of it. And he was surprised when I said (upon the first view), perhaps I might, if it proved no more but a new alphabet.

It was about ten o'clock when we rose from supper. I then withdrew to my chamber to consider of it. And, by the number of different characters therein (not above 22 or 23), I judged that it could not be more than a new alphabet; and in about two hours' time (before I went to bed) I had deciphered it; and I sent a copy of it so deciphered the next morning to him from whom I had it. And this was my first attempt at deciphering.

This unexpected success on an easy cipher was then looked upon as a great matter; and I was somewhile after pressed to attempt one of another nature, which was a letter of Mr Secretary Windebank, then in France, to his son in England, in a cipher hard enough, and not unbecoming a Secretary of State. It was in numeral figures, extending in number to above seven hundred, with many other characters intermixed; but not so hard as many I have since met with. I was backward at first to attempt it, and, after I had spent some time upon it, threw it by as desperate; but, after some months, resumed it again, and had the good hap to master it.

Being encouraged by this success beyond expectation, I afterwards ventured on many others (some of more, some of less difficulty), and scarce missed of any that I undertook for many years during our civil wars and afterwards. But of late years, the French methods of cipher are grown so intricate beyond what it was wont to be, that I have failed of many, though I have mastered divers of them. Of such deciphered letters, there be copies of divers remaining in the archives of the Bodleyan Library in Oxford, and many more in my own custody, and with the Secretaries of State.

I understand there have been of late complaints made of me, that I deciphered the late King's letters, meaning those taken in the late King's cabinet at Naseby fight, and after printed. As to this, without saying any thing whether it be now proper to repeat what was done above forty years ago, the thing is quite otherwise. Of those letters and papers (whatever they were) I never saw any one of them but in print; nor did those papers, as I have been told, need any deciphering at all, either by me or any body else, being taken in words at length, just as they were printed, save that some of them were—I know not by whom—translated out of French into English. 'Tis true, that afterwards some other letters of other persons, which had been occasionally intercepted, were brought to my hands, some of which I did decipher, and some of them I did not think fit to do, to the displeasing of some who were then great men. And I managed myself in that whole business by such measures as I think could give nobody any displeasure. I did his Majesty who then was (King Charles the First), and his friends, many good offices, as I had opportunity, both before and after that King's death, and ventured farther to do them service, than perhaps some of those who now complain of me would have had the courage to do, had they been in my circumstances. And I did to his late Majesty, King Charles the Second, many good services, both before and since his restoration, which himself has been pleased divers times to profess to me with great kindness. And if either my Lord Chancellor Clarendon, or Mr Secretary Nicholas, or his late Majesty, were now alive, they would give a very different character from what it seems some others have done. And I think his Majesty that now is knows something of it, and some other persons of honour yet alive.—April 8, 1685."

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun., and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun., Caledonian Mercury Office; and printed by BATTISTINI and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."

No. 57.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PARTICULAR INVITATIONS.

PARTY-WORK is confessedly busy in all parts of the British empire. It is, according to Junius, as quoted time out of mind by the *Examiner*, "the madness of many for the gain of a few." Exactly the same sentiment was embodied long before the days of Junius by a proverb—a right musty aphorism—"Fools make feasts, and wise men (always a minority) eat them." Parties, nevertheless, are necessary to the great ends of social life. Where could the young people fall in love with each other, if not at parties either for dinner, tea, or supper, or two of the three combined? Where would married ladies confabulate about fashions and house-keeping? Where would old maids and bachelors alleviate their miserable lives with cards, if there were no parties? Parties, in short, are indispensable—without parties the world would be a desert.

There are various kinds of parties, as of almost every thing else—pleasant parties—dull parties—musical parties—dancing parties—parties of children full of romps, of youths and maidens sighing for impracticable happiness, and of stayed married people taking things coolly. In the formation of parties, great skill is required to render them at all agreeable, and it is to the consideration of what is necessary for that purpose, that the present paper is to be devoted.

The greatest bore in the world is what is called a *meeting of creditors*. Say you have been dining right and left for a long time over the whole town, without ever thinking that all this civility on the part of your friends was to be repaid in kind by yourself, in order that the common chain of connection might be kept unbroken. At length, some day about the beginning of March, your wife takes you at an unguarded moment, as you are just planting yourself by the fire-side, with your last tumbler in your hand, and commences a harangue about the necessity of paying back some of your late dinners. "There's the Browns, the Whites, and the Reids—they have not been in our house this twelvemonth, although we have dined twice with every one of them in that time, besides an odd tea and supper at the Whites's last November. Then there's the Smiths, the Wrights, and the Slaters—hardly any of them have ever been with us at all. I think absolute shame to meet Mrs Slater, never having yet asked them since they were married, though I'm sure when she and I were at the school together, we thought we never could have lived separate for a day. Then there's the Jacksons, the Jamesons, and the Thomsons. Mrs Jameson was my mother's most intimate friend, and takes such an interest in us! We've never had her but once—although you may recollect what a splendid, what a most respectable party she made up for us, the very Friday night after our marriage. The most of these are people that never go out to supper, and, in fact, after the dinners we have got from them, it would be a disgrace to us to ask them for an evening. We must just have them all to dinner. We'll make it a handsome one, and be done with it, and we may the rather do so, that we have had so little company lately. Just leave it all to me."

Mrs B. having thus made all clear to demonstration, you are obliged, whether you incline or not, to invest your wife with a commission of botheration against the Browns, the Whites, the Reids, the Smiths, the Wrights, the Slaters, the Jacksons, the Jamesons, and the Thomsons—peaceful innocent people! the half of them at this time sleeping in their beds, unwitting of any design against their peace whatsoever, while the rest are sitting by their own fire-sides like yourselves, congratulating each other upon not being

obliged to go out on this sleety wintry night. "There will just be exactly twenty," including ourselves," says your spouse, as she seals up the last note—"a nice party; and it will be such a load off my mind."

Left afterwards to your own reflections, you say to yourself, "well, twenty is certainly a great number of people; but yet, when I think on't, the whole of these are my wife's acquaintances, and all of them very sombre quiet people. There's Tom Young—the best fellow on earth for keeping people in spirits at a large dinner party. And there's my good honest friend Bob Gray—a capital hand at a song. And now I think on it, there's both Thomas Simpson and Bill Forbes—what nights I have had in their lodgings before I was married! and, how the thought smites me! I have never yet had them once with us since that event took place." You disclose these ideas to your loving partner, thinking very feebly that amidst some twenty of the acquaintances which she has brought you into, three or four of yours might surely be admitted. But here you calculated without your hostess. Simply as Mrs B. brought the affair above board last night, it had all been planned in that wise head of hers for days before. The party was made up in her mind's eye long ere she spoke of it to you. The table was spread and filled; the whole planisphere of it was a fixed idea with her. There was just to be the Browns, the Whites, and the Reids—the Smiths, the Wrights, &c. There was not room in the plan for an additional salt-foot. "These friends of yours, my dear, I dare say they are all very fine fellows; but you know our dining-room will not admit the whole length of our tables. You would insist, you know, upon staying in this wretched cramped house, where I have hardly room to turn myself; and if the table will dine no more than those people I have already invited, it is not my blame." Glad to escape from the subject of the small dining-room, which you have winked at as hard as you could for several months past, you give up friends, Tom, Bob, and Bill, and make up your mind just to make the best of the sacred nine and their wives.

Well, the day comes, the house is kept in hot water, or rather out of it, for three days. There is a rubbing and a scrubbing, and a rioting, and a lifting of carpets, and a borrowing of tea and dessert spoons, and a boiling of things upon other people's fires, without end. You come home from business an hour earlier than usual, in order to prepare your armoury of liquors, and dress for dinner; and, to your surprise, you find Mrs B., even at this late hour, flying about the dining-room, like an inspired Pythoness, a perfect vision of tawdry and drudging dishabille, marshalling glasses and dinner-rolls, and ever and anon calling down stairs to ascertain if such and such a thing be yet put to the fire—and all this within forty minutes, or less, of the time when she must appear, an elegantly-dressed, well-bred, and sedate lady, at the head of a table, which she at present does not seem fitted even to wait upon. Having got all preparations adjusted, you walk into your drawing-room, and, with the feeling of a St Sebastian tied to the tree and waiting for the arrows, you take up a book, which you pretend to yourself you are reading—till the expected guests shall come. Just upon the hour, the first knock is heard at the door, and you watch, with a fidgettiness there is no describing, every movement you hear below stairs. The footfall of the first guest, as he ascends, produces, in a person all but hardened in hospitable intercourse, one of the most agonizing

* In good society, twelve is looked upon as the utmost number that can be admitted to a dinner table.

sensations in the world; and as your heart is by no means in this party of your wife's contrivance, you experience the full force of the misery. The very magician, when he expected the door to open and the devil to come in, did not feel so queerly as you do when the first of this string of Whites and Browns is ushered into your presence. But this is only the first of your distresses.

It takes half an hour to collect a party of even the most experienced diners-out, and about the end of that period the state of things is this: On a sofa and a supplementary range of chairs near the fire, sit the ladies all clustered together, united, but yet unsocial, for hardly one of them knows another, and your wife, who alone knows all, is at their head, and busily engaged in conversation with the single individual who sits beside her. In another cluster towards the door, stand the gentlemen, and you amongst them; one half with their hands crossed in front, like soldiers under the command "stand at ease," and looking straight towards the fire; the other half grouped around the only gentleman who, apparently, has any thing to say. In fact, the two sexes seem here to be actually at that war which fabling poets have represented husbands and wives to have been from the beginning of time. Were there a vacant seat on the sofa, there is not a gentleman who would not throw himself upon the serried spears of a hostile army rather than take it. It may be remarked, that gentlemen have generally, from their intercourse with the world, an easy polite way of making friends with each other, on any occasion where they may be by chance thrown together. But there is a great difference between a stranger gentleman and a stranger lady. Somehow or other, one's wife is always a cast above one's self in gentility. She is more dignified naturally, or more under artificial restraint, or something or other: hence, I know many men as very plain familiar persons, while I could not speak to their wives without a great deal of polite and deferential reserve. This difficulty as to the ladies is a matter which tends to add greatly to the horrors of the evening, now fairly commenced.

When a party of this kind is finally seated at table, nothing but a real meeting of creditors could possibly be more sombre than it is, and no situation but that of the debtor could be more embarrassing than yours. Mr Brown is placed between Mrs White and Mrs Reid, and Mrs Brown is stuck in between the husbands of those ladies; but there is no prismatic phenomenon to make these colours harmonize or blend, as in their namesakes of the rainbow. The whole is an inert mass of dull well-dressed people, without a single spark of Promethean fire to put it into action, and which even the best of meat and drink is exerted upon in vain. The dinner is eaten without any other conversation than what is necessary for the interchange and distribution of the good things upon the table; and even the half cheerful request of a dram from some heartier guest than the rest, placed near the landlord, fails of its usual effect in lighting up a general smile, if it does not absolutely throw some into a gloomy quandary as to the propriety of mentioning such a thing as spirits at such a table. After a little while, the sacred nine, with your wife as a kind of Calliope at their head, retire, and then the table looks like a tree which has suddenly shed all its blossoms—unless that the fruit remains behind. You then move to the head of the table, and make an effort at inspiring cordiality by requesting your friends to draw up near you. But all won't do. These good decent men will drink, and drink, and drink, and yet be dull. Two or three of them talk in groups about some stu-

pid municipal matter, or what some clergyman said about something one day (such people have a way of reporting clergymen's sayings with a great deal of reverential appreciation), or about any other matter of narrow local interest. But every thing like the true social effect of the grape is absent, and—so, after sitting very inanely for two hours or so (drinking a great deal of wine, however), a particularly grave and reverend signior makes a motion that you should go up to the drawing-room, in order to get a cup of tea; a proposition you assent to, but without any hope of its either cheering or inebriating the men you have been entertaining. Here the before-dinner scene is renewed in all but its former stiffness and coldness, and then, and then, they all troop off, leaving you in an utter vacation of spirits, your house revolutionized, and your wife in raptures with the compliment paid to her by Mrs Reid, as to what a *pleasant party* she had got together.

Reader, this is but one branch of a mighty topic. We'll conclude it, if you please, at tea and supper some early Saturday, and then I will endeavour to give you an *improvement* upon the subject at large.

THE STORM.

IT was on the morning of a day in the end of November, that, having taken my gun on my shoulder, put my spy-glass in my pocket, and whistled out my dogs, I left my own house, situated on the very verge of a bank overhanging the ocean, and began a walk in quest of game along one of the most rugged coasts on the mainland of Scotland. There is something humiliating to a sportsman in returning home without success, and as I was not fortunate on my first outset, I continued going on mile after mile, till, having filled my game-bag, I began to reflect that it must be dark long ere I could again reach my own fire-side. My worthy old housekeeper, too, would probably experience more alarm on so unwonted an occurrence, than even the delight of unpacking my well-filled bag could repay her for, though this was in general with her an occupation of most absorbing interest. And, indeed, I saw cause to wish, on my own account, that I had not extended my ramble so far; for, as I began to retrace my steps, I perceived all those portentous sights and sounds which, from my long residence near the sea, I knew full well were the sure indications of a coming storm. The sun was slanting his sickly setting beams from amidst murky clouds on the dark and sullen waters, when I espied a vessel like a dim speck in the distant horizon. On looking at her through my glass, I saw that she was a large merchant brig, apparently heavily laden, and labouring on her course, as I hoped, toward a convenient little harbour at the distance of two or three miles further along the coast than the site of my residence. The clouds now began to "blot the sun," and were fast gathering into a lowering gloom. The innumerable sea-birds rose from their roosting-places on the rocks with harsh and boding screams, and winged their flight landward. The tide was moving onward, and the waves came in with a heavy swell, as if the weight of waters at their back meant to force them far beyond the usual tide-mark, and a sort of drowsy sound arose from them in hollow cadence. The sea became more dusky and indistinct, and I looked in vain for the vessel. The wind suddenly swept along the ocean, and doleful and melancholy sounds were echoed back from the rocks and caverns, while the storm seemed to be mustering up its powers of destruction. All was black and terrific, and presently there came on the thickest and most suffocating shower of small sleet I remembered to have ever witnessed. My back was, however, to this whirlwind blast, and it drove me on with much more speed than I could otherwise have attained. When the shower had passed on, I again looked toward the point where I had seen the ship, but it was too dark now to perceive her. Somehow, this vessel seemed to have taken a strong hold of my imagination. I had witnessed many storms during a long residence on the coast, and seen crafts of all dimensions struggling through them, but it appeared to me that I had never felt the same interest in any of them. And when the tempest still waxed more and more wrathful, and the surges began to rush upon the shore with headlong rage, and seemed in their thundering incursions to make the firm earth to tremble, and I looked upon the boiling deep, and heard the fierce winds contending with it in its bleak domain, a presentiment seemed to seize upon me that she would never more reach a haven. The idea haunted me; and all the way home I thought on the merciless and exterminating warfare which the relentless elements were waging with this doomed ship and her hopeless mariners. When I had nearly reached my own house, I turned and stood a while on the top of the bank, and saw wave succeeding wave, rolling impetuously to the shore, each rising higher than the last, till their ranks were broken and lost in the foamy surf, which even then, though the tide wanted more than two hours of being at its height, threw its white froth upon the green sward of the bank, that sloped down to a little bay.

The gloom was now gathering into utter darkness. Another shower of mingled hail and sleet was coming fast on the wings of the tempest, and I hurried into the house. My dogs, glad to escape from such a night, had got there before me, and in a great measure tranquillized the mind of my old domestic, who, hav-

ing, as usual, with indefatigable care, aired for me a charge of garments, and placed my slippers and a bottle of Fowler's best ale at the fire, was anxiously awaiting my arrival. But neither the old woman's joy at my appearing in safety, after fearing that I might have been driven by the storm over a rock or a precipice, nor her exclamations of exultation as she peered into the game-bag, and bore it off in triumph to parade its contents before the eyes of the man-servant and the scullion, or the sight of a good dinner and a good fire, though cold and hungry, drove from my mind the thoughts of the labouring vessel. I was tired with my long walk, and the rough buffetings I had received from the uncivil elements, and I tried to take half an hour's nap; but there was no sleep in my eyes. I tried to read a new and interesting book, but I could not fix my attention. I tried to think on a thousand momentous subjects, but there was only one that would keep the lead in spite of me—and that was the ship. I rose, and, going into a dark room that looked toward the sea, I threw up the sash of the window. All was impenetrable darkness, except the line of white foam at the bottom of the bank, and this was dimly seen. But if the eye could discern nothing, it was not so with the ear; for the howling of the winds, the deafening bursts of the sea upon the land, and now and then a distant peal of thunder, told that the storm was still more hideous and more fiercely raging than before. It was now high tide, and I trusted when it began to turn, there might be some abatement in the severity of the storm. With this hope I was about to shut down the window, when I fancied that I heard, mingling with the hoarser tones of the blast, shrill and discordant cries, such as the sea-birds had uttered when they forsook the rocks. I listened long, and, even after having shut the window, returned, and opened it again and again; but no such sound was repeated. Still I could not help fancying that these cries might have come from human beings, and I became so restless and uneasy, that I was determined to go down the bank, and try to ascertain the fact. Where was that vessel of which I thought so much? Might she not now be near, even almost at my door, though the darkness prevented my seeing her? And might not the cries, which I still persuaded myself were not imaginary, have been those of her wretched mariners? I could no longer bear the suspense which these questions gave rise to, and, buttoning on a rough greatcoat, and putting on a pair of thick shoes and gaiters, I directed my man-servant to accoutre himself in a similar manner. When this was accomplished, I made him take with him the stable lantern. Thus provided for the storm, we descended the bank. I had been right in supposing that the receding tide would bring some abatement of the tempest; for so it proved. The wind was not so high as it had been, the clouds were moving faster, and the moon, newly risen, was making an ineffectual attempt to show herself for more than a minute at a time. The sea was swelling proudly, as if indignant at being foiled in her attempt to overmaster the land, and, though slowly retreating, like a brave but vanquished foe, was dealing her parting strokes with unabated fury.

The little bay of which I have spoken was in some measure divided into two, by a large rock which rose on the edge of the common sea-mark, and by a small burn which ran into the sea at its side. This little brook, which in its calmer moods wound itself quietly round many a grassy knoll and rocky fragment, and used to look in the moonlight like a stream of molten silver, now foamed and fretted, and urged on its turbid and angry waters to the ocean, forming a barrier between one side of the bay and the other. It was to this place, however, that I directed my steps; for if there had been seathes, I felt assured it was on the other side of the burn, for there the rocks were most dangerous, and it was from that quarter I had heard the cries, which still seemed to ring in my ears. The water of the swollen rivulet ran deep in its channel; and as the lantern was held up, and I saw that it would take me above the middle, I paused for an instant on the brink. But during this pause I looked on the other side; and though the moon was hid, and all was dim obscurity, I yet thought that I discerned an unusual appearance on the part of the beach and the foot of the bank which the sea had left. My servant thought the same. George was a stout fellow, who did not mind a good drenching, and, holding up the lantern above the water, he immediately dashed through to the other side, and in an instant shouted out, "A wreck! a wreck!" My fears were now confirmed, and I passed the burn, and followed him to where the gravel and the grass were covered like a bleach-ground with garments of all descriptions.

The moon now peeped forth again from among the heavy clouds, and as they drove onward, her light shone more steadily; but there was no vessel to be seen. We climbed a rock which again divided the bay from the other part of the coast, and there lay beneath us, high on the top of a ridge of pointed rocks, and keel upwards, the huge dark hull of the fated vessel. We descended as quickly as possible, and, while searching about for her hapless crew, shouted loudly at intervals, that if any still remained alive, they might know that help was nigh. It was, however, in vain: no answer was returned. We remained a long time, still repeating our shouts without success; and as the sea had not retired far enough

for us to approach the ship, we at length began to ascend the grassy bank, and had proceeded but a few steps, when we saw a man stretched at the foot of it. The upper part of his body was naked, and we perceived the blood oozing from a wound in his left side. We attempted to lift him up, for he was not dead; but finding him quite insensible, we again placed him on the grass, and by rubbing his limbs, and putting the dry parts of our greatcoats round his shoulders, endeavoured by warmth to restore the circulation. In this we succeeded after some length of time. But his speech was so incoherent, that we could learn little or nothing about the wreck. He however constantly affirmed that he was the only one left alive—that all, all had perished; and raved wildly about Jessy and her screams; and when we attempted to move him farther up the bank till George went home to procure more assistance, that he might be conveyed from the beach, he expressed his determination to remain where he was, that he might die with Jessy; but whether this person, who, it appeared, had found a watery grave, was his wife, his sister, or his sweetheart, it was impossible to guess. He was, however, in spite of his desire to remain where he was, in no condition to resist; and when George and some men whom he brought with him arrived, he was placed on a horse before one of them, and held on, while another slowly led the animal to the house. Here he was put under the care of my old housekeeper, who dressed his wound, wrapt him in warm blankets, and having cautiously administered some stimulating liquid, kept him quiet, till exhausted nature found a short relief in sleep. Meanwhile, the tide had so far receded that I and my servant ventured to approach the vessel, though ever and anon she was struck by a wave stronger than its fellows, which sent its spray high in the air, to descend in a heavy shower of brine. In spite of this, however, we entered by a yawning rent in her side, and found that she was indeed an utter wreck—her bottom having been stove in, and her cargo, and nearly every thing else, out of her, except some planks and cordage, in which three of the bodies of her unfortunate crew were entangled. We groped about, aided by the feeble light of the lantern, in the faint hope of finding some one still alive. But I shall never forget the indescribable awe which I felt during this search, or the thrilling horror which assailed me when my touch came in contact with a corpse. The search was vain, in so far as that we found no living thing within her; and it being impossible to do more till we were aided by the light of day, I returned home, and went to bed for a few hours. The morning came, and presented a most complete and appalling picture of maritime desolation. The tide had again been at the full, and left behind it, for a considerable distance along the shore, clothes, bedding, barrels, chests, masts, cordage, and dead bodies. The latter were put into carts, decently covered by a white sheet, and removed to the village church, at the distance of a mile, there to be dressed and coffined, and to remain till their interment. In the meantime, my good old dame had, by dint of reiterated questions, aided by her own tact and his wild ravings, learnt much of the story of her unhappy patient, and somewhat about the vessel, which it appeared had been loaded with slates at a port far on the east coast of Scotland, and was bound for Newcastle-on-Tyne. The poor young man was a sailor, a native of the little town from whence the vessel had just come, and had been several voyages to sea. He had saved a little money, and had returned to his native place to ask the consent of Jessy's parents to her becoming his wife, which was refused. But her sailor William had long since won his way to her heart. She loved him passionately, and she could not see him depart again without her. They were to be married as soon as they reached Newcastle; and all would be forgiven when she wrote and told them how happy she was.

Seven corses were flung upon the beach during the first day, but that of the unfortunate young woman was not among them. On the morning following, however, as I was directing the people I had employed to secure whatever was of any value for the benefit of the owners, a cry was raised that her body had come on shore. My housekeeper had provided for all contingencies; so that, as soon as the corpse came in upon the waves, two women, who had been sent by her to watch for it, were ready to receive and dress it in a long white cotton garment: this done, they carried her to the foot of the bank, and stretched her out on the green sward. A sort of painful curiosity, mingled with a deeper feeling, carried me to look upon the remains of the poor girl.

She appeared not more than eighteen, of middle size, and delicate in her form. Her eyes were gently closed, and she looked lovely in death, for the bloom of life and health had not forsaken her cheek, and her lips were still of a coral red, thus preserved by the suddenness of her decease, and the icy bath in which she had been immersed for so many hours. There was a sweet and placid expression on the features, which had probably regained that which was natural to them when the traces of terror had passed away. Her long fair hair had got entangled with the sea-weed, which it was found impossible to separate from it; but this had become an ornament; for the way in which the women had twisted the hair round the head, brought the weeds of different colours into the form of a garland, that well became the marble brow, and

was touchingly in keeping with the sad story of her fate. As I stood moralizing on the brief history of this confiding innocent young creature, whom love and her lover had wiled away from her duty, I looked up and beheld the wretched William approaching the spot, with all the haste his stiffened wound and bruises allowed him to make. He had expressed so many earnest wishes for the recovery of the body, that my housekeeper informed him instantly when it was found, but was unable to keep him in the house another moment. As soon as he reached the body, and had gazed upon it for a few moments, he threw himself on his knees by her side, and impetuously kissed her lips and cheeks, while his heart seemed as if it would burst through his throbbing breast. I could not, I confess, any longer stand to witness this heart-breaking scene. Indeed I felt it was a grief too sacred to be disturbed by the presence of any human being; and I moved to a distance and kept watch, that I might prevent the intrusion of any other person until the arrival of a coffin, for which I had sent immediately on the body being found. By the time it arrived, the first frantic paroxysm of grief had subsided, and he stood silently by while the women lifted her in to it. I felt the deepest pity for this poor young man, and directed the body to be taken up to my house, there to lie till its interment. This, however, to my surprise, he opposed, and briefly, but strongly, entreated that it might be carried straight to the church, and that the lid of the coffin might not be screwed down. I have said I was surprised at his rejecting the offer I had made, from the idea that he would wish to watch it till it was hid from his sight in the grave. I, however, soon understood the motive which had actuated him; for no entreaties could move him from following her he loved to the church, and remaining there for two nights, where he felt at full liberty to give vent to the grief which he could not always restrain. It was thought proper that the interment of all the bodies should take place on the second day from that on which the young woman was found; and the male sufferers were accordingly buried in a retired part of the churchyard, set apart as the place of sepulture for the friendless drowned. William, however, had entreated that his Jessy should not be buried there, and, through my interest, her grave was dug in a picturesque corner of the churchyard, beneath a weeping birch, which hung its boughs tenderly over the spot.

The lover supported the head of the coffin as the representative of those who should have been there, for there was no parent, brother or sister, kindred or friend, save himself, to mourn the fate of her who had departed in her bloom, cut down as a flower of the field; but the grief of all seemed centred in him who had taken this office upon himself. He did not speak, nor did he shed a tear, or utter a groan; but when I looked upon his face as the coffin was lowered into the earth, and saw his despairing eye, his compressed lips, and contracted brow, I felt that his was a sorrow which would not soon pass away. As soon as the earth was heaped upon the coffin, and the green sod adjusted, all left the churchyard save the broken-hearted William, who lingered on the spot, from which I did not attempt to withdraw him, till more than an hour afterwards, when, returning to the churchyard, I found him lying on the grave in a state of seeming torpor, from which I gently roused him, and prevailed on him to accompany me home. While on our way, I endeavoured to suggest such grounds of comfort as presented themselves to me—such as the softening and obliterating effects of time—his own youth (for he was only two-and-twenty)—and the happiness which might be yet in reserve for him. To all this he answered not a word; but shook his head; and when I looked on his already wasted form, and thought of the severe stroke he had received on his side when dashed on the rocks, and of his fastings and watchings, and, above all, of his devouring grief, I feared the foundation of some dangerous illness was laid. Having this impression on my mind, I would fain have had him remain quietly at my house for some time before he attempted to return home, but no persuasions were of any avail. "Only let me reach the house of her parents," he said, "and let me hear them say they forgive her, and that is all now in this world that I care for."

He, accordingly, departed almost immediately. Nearly eight months afterwards, he returned, worn to a shadow, while the bright colour that flushed his cheek, and the unnatural brilliance of his dark eyes, full of an unearthly expression, showed that consumption had been stealing upon him, and marked him for its prey. During his absence, no new scene, no employment, no pleasure, had for a moment the power to draw his thoughts from the grave of his Jessy; and he had now returned to fulfil his only wish—to be laid by her side. "She forsook all for me," he said, "and it is but meet that I should leave all, and return to her." His end now rapidly approached, and a pious old woman with whom he lodged brought her minister to see him. This worthy man was a dissenting clergyman, who was ever the friend of the poor and the sorrowful. He had studied medicine as well as divinity, and acquired considerable skill during his village practice, and administered both to the mind and body of poor William. For the body he could do little, but he assisted to effect in his mind a pious resignation to his fate. Nor did he wait long before his last hour arrived, in which his spirit went to the

merciful Being in whom he trusted, while his mortal remains were laid beside his Jessy.

The melancholy story of these two unfortunate lovers made for some time a deep impression on my mind, and I erected a neat tomb of white stone to their memory, on which is briefly recorded their simple and affecting story.

POPULAR MORALS.

[FROM SULLIVAN'S MORAL CLASS-BOOK.]

SECT. 19. In further support of the proposition, that the material world must have been the work of design, and that all its parts are necessarily connected, and fitted to each other, we have briefly to notice the element of water. We have seen that the air is connected with animal and vegetable life; so also is water, and both are indispensable. No one is ignorant that if no rain should fall on the earth in our climate, from the commencement of spring to the end of autumn, all vegetable being would perish, and probably most of animated beings.

20. By whose order and will is it that the clouds are filled with water, and poured out upon the earth? By whose designing is it that the ocean, to which all rivers flow, is ever of the same fullness; and that the rivers flow on from year to year from unexhausted fountains? Who has ordained the ocean to be the fountain of the rains that descend upon it, and the rivers that render their unceasing tribute to it? What power was that which planned, and for ever keeps in action, the silent, unseen process of evaporation, through which the waters are gathered in the clouds, borne by the winds, and commanded to fall on the refreshed and fertilized ground, and to replenish the streams, intended to adorn and beautify the earth, and to minister to the comfort of man, and give scope to his enterprise and his inventive genius? What intelligence was that which so apportioned the water to the earth, and the earth to the water, that by the action of natural laws, the earth is neither too wet nor too dry to permit vegetation, or to furnish the medium essential to animal and vegetable being? This circulation of the waters, from the ocean to the atmosphere, from the atmosphere to the mountains, from the mountains to the ocean, is like the beams of the sun, and the common air, too familiar to excite one thought of Him who ordained it, or inspire one emotion of gratitude and praise.

21. It is not, it is believed, by evaporation only that these fountains are supplied. When we consider the analogies of the natural world, it is probable that the water returns to the fountains, not only through the air, but through the earth. If the depths of the sea bear a proportionable relation to the elevation of mountains, it may not be deeper any where than 5-9000ths of the earth's diameter. It may be that the waters find their way through the earth by attraction, and become purified from their salt in the transit. It may be that they are sent on their way, to bring from deep buried mines solutions necessary or convenient for human use, or to come forth again to the light of the sun, pure, limpid, and healthful, for vegetable and animal existence.

22. The saltiness of the ocean is another theme on which much may be said on the design of Providence. It is sufficient to refer to it, and to awaken reflection on this quality, not only as to the universal diffusion of it throughout the immeasurable expanse of waters, but in its uses.

23. The tides and currents of the ocean ought not to be passed by unnoticed. On the contrary, they are among the most striking proofs of that order which can have no origin but through intelligence. It is very doubtful whether all the natural causes of the flowing of ocean waters are yet understood. There may be, however fanciful it may seem, some analogy between these and the pulses and currents of the human system.

24. In connexion with this subject, we can only suggest for reflection, that world that lies below the now smooth and glassy face of the deep, and the now wild and tremendous action of its waters; the varied forms, qualities, and habits of its animated tenants; their subjection to man, and their subservience to his use. No thoughtful mind can behold the ocean without feeling that it has come into the very presence of its Creator. It seems to be like the ever-enduring forest, such as it was when it first began to be. The art and science of man can make no change in this monument of eternal power. Yet the ocean, seemingly the same from age to age, is ever submitting to the law of revolution and change. The same law reigns among all that its sublime expanse conceals from all human power, but that of imagination. It presents to us a new relation connected with human art, ingenuity, and science, by which its pathless surface is made to be the means through which nations know each other in opposite hemispheres, and through which knowledge, refinement, and the light of eternal truth, are conveyed from those who can read and understand, to those "who sit in darkness, and who see no light."

25. The presence and the agency of the same infinite mind is disclosed to us on and beneath the surface of the globe. The interior of the globe is known but imperfectly, even within the comparatively small extent to which it has been penetrated. The utmost extent (and this in some very few places) in which the earth has been penetrated, is less than one nine thou-

sandth part of its diameter. The knowledge which we have has been obtained by the excavation of mines, from natural caverns, in searching for water, or from examination, requiring a research less deep than is required for those purposes. Some very learned discussions of facts have been presented to the world of late years, and different theories have been founded on these, as to the changes to which our planet has been subjected.

26. These learned writers agree that at some time, and while the earth was the abode of many animals in different orders of being, it must have undergone some general convulsion, the proof of which is clear, from the examination of its exterior, and of its interior so far as it is known to us. One of these writers says "the structure of the globe, in all its parts, presents the appearance of a vast ruin. The confusion and overthrow of most of its strata, the irregular succession of those which remain in their original situations; the wonderful variety which the direction of the veins and the forms of the caverns display; the immense heaps of confused and broken substances, the transposition of enormous blocks to a great distance from the mountains of which they appear to have formed a part, make us feel that the history of our globe reaches back to periods for anterior to the existence of the human race."

27. These expressions, undoubtedly founded in fact, are not (as will be elsewhere shown) inconsistent with the scriptural account of the beginning of things. There are not materials from the researches hitherto made which are sufficient to form any satisfactory opinion of what the earth was before this universal convulsion occurred.

28. It is well ascertained that among all the researches made, no bones of the human frame have been discovered. The suggestion that human bones might be more easily decomposed than those of other animals, has been considered; and it is denied that there is any such difference, in this respect, as will account for their absence. It is hence inferred that man was created since that convulsion to which these fossil remains are to be referred. In whatever mode the absence of all fossil remains of man may be accounted for, this fact is not inconsistent with the Mosaic account. Moses is supposed to have written 2500 years after the time at which he fixes the creation of the world. His work may have been composed in part from other works then existing; and it is remarkable, that the geological computations refer the appearances on which they rest, to a date which is consistent with that which Moses assigns to the creation. It is not improbable that the globe had then undergone some tremendous convulsion, and that a new creation had then been made; and that in some prior state of the globe, animals had existed on it, though man did not; and that man was then created; and that a new order of animals was created.

29. It is also probable that the deluge was not that convulsion from which these remains are to be dated; nor is it by any means proved that the deluge would have occasioned such convulsion. The objection to this may be that Moses speaks of six days as the time within which the creation was made. But it is far from being certain that Moses intended six diurnal revolutions of the earth, as we now measure days. This expression may have been used by him figuratively; and it is said that the Hebrew prophets are often to be so understood; and the prophet Daniel is referred to in proof, that the word day must mean some other lapse of time than the natural day. Geological theories rather confirm the Mosaic account in assigning to man his origin, at the same period which that account assigns to him.

30. It is to be remarked, that there are two classes of philosophers who entertain opposite opinions as to the changes which have occurred in the earth. The one is called Neptunists (from Neptune, the god of the sea), who refer these changes to the action of water; the other is called Vulcanists (from Vulcan, one of the fabled gods, as well as the Greeks as Romans, who is supposed to have taught the use of fire as applied to metals), who refer these changes to the action of fire. The latter suppose that the earth was in a state of igneous fusion, or a liquid mass intensely heated; that it gradually cooled, and was covered with water at a subsequent period.

31. The Neptunists hold that the earth was first in a state of watery solution; and that the present forma-

* The proofs that it did occur are seen in many forms, some of which are the following. In lands far distant from the sea, in every quarter of the earth, shells of animals, whose proper element is the sea; are found in immense quantities; and also at elevations above the level of the sea varying from 6000 to 13,000 feet. What is surprising is, that many of them are of an order which no longer exists. The most common proof, next after that of shells, are remains of fishes, and some of these of descriptions now unknown. These remains are found in similar elevations, embedded in clay, in slate, and even in solid rock. Specimens of this sort have been noticed in many places, and among others in the province of Burgundy in France, in grey calcareous hard stone; and at Narbonne, near Paris, the remains of a fish exceeding ten inches in length have been found in a solid bed of stone, at the depth of seventeen feet. These, and a multitude of other marine substances and fossil remains (fossil is from a Latin word which signifies to dig, and is applied, in science, to substances found in a state of preservation), seem to prove the action of overwhelming waters, or that the ocean has retired from the face of the earth. The action of tumultuous waters conforms to the received opinion as to the deluge. These are fossil remains of various land animals. They are found in all elevations and in different sorts of earth, and in stone and marble. Remains of animals are found which show that there were animals unlike any which now exist on the earth; and remains are found in one quarter of the earth where no such living animal is now found. This is said to be the case as to a species of opossum, found near Paris, which is known to exist only in South America.

tion arose from the drying, and from the gravitation of floating parts, and from crystallization, &c., in which form so many substances are known to us. Snow, sugar, salt, frost on the windows in winter, are crystallizations. Both theories may be in some way true, since there are so many proofs of the action of both these elements in geological science.

32. Geology is understood to be that science which treats of the origin of non-organic substances, that form the solid crust of the globe. It includes the structure of the earth, and the nature, qualities, and changes through which the materials of which this crust is composed, may have passed. Mineralogy is the science of defining and classing these substances; mineral, therefore, is a very comprehensive term. The substances which it includes may be properly considered in reference to the power and design of the Creator, in adapting them to the use of man, and man to use them. Perhaps it is not an unreasonable supposition, that the convulsions which interest the curiosity of geologists, were intended to make the earth a convenient and proper place for human abode. Whatever may be thought of this, it is certain that the inexhaustible treasury which is beneath the surface, but within human reach, can be and is used by man. None of it was placed there in vain, though all the benefit hitherto derived from it may be far short of that which further experiments may disclose.

33. It is foreign to the present object to enumerate the parts of the mineral kingdom. This has been done by different authors, as is well known, and especially by those who have favoured the reading world with chemical discussions, as well as by geologists. The limits of the present object will only permit a brief allusion, for the purpose of showing the consistency of these provisions of the Creator, with the condition which he has assigned to man, and with the faculties which have been given to him. And for these purposes, we may refer to the quantity, variety, and position of coal, which is so indispensable to daily comfort, and to the generation and application of heat, seen in so many and so important uses. The quality imparted to this mineral constitutes it an agent, by which all other minerals are wholly or in part disengaged from the substances with which they are connected, and then fitted to the purposes for which they appear to have been intended. The well-known qualities of iron, silver, gold, copper, tin, zinc, lead, platinum, and the compounds made of them, are, in some way, brought into a state for use by heat. Heat, also, is applied to a great variety of substances, of which lime is a constituent part, and which are called calcareous.* Chalk is said to be "a very ancient chemical decomposition of the altered and obliterated remains of shell-fish." Every description of marble may be reduced to lime by the action of heat.

SCOTTISH DUKES.

MONTROSE.

THE family of De Graham, known in old Scottish historical poetry as "the gallant Grahams," was a Norman importation of the era of the first David. In the reign of Alexander the Third, we find the representative styled Sir David Graham of Dundaff, and possessed of considerable lands in Perthshire. The second son of this knight was the famed Sir John de Graham, companion and compatriot of Wallace, and who fell bravely fighting at the battle of Falkirk in 1298. During the next century, the family gradually came more and more into notice, and in the reign of James the First, Patrick Graham "of Kincardine" was created a peer, under the title of Lord Graham. William third Lord Graham was, in 1505, created Earl of Montrose, and added much to the territorial possessions of the family. James, the fifth Earl, may be styled, emphatically, the great man of the family. He joined at first, when a young man, with the Covenanters, but, taking some offence at his party, he was gained over by the king, and subsequently became the greatest scourge whom the friends of presbytery ever knew. In a few months he overran the whole country with a handful of Highlanders, gaining six victories over forces which were invariably much more numerous and better appointed than his own. This was in 1644-5. Being defeated latterly at Philiphaugh, he left the country, and did not return till 1650, when he was sent under a commission from the expatriated Charles the Second, to try an insurrection of the royalists. He was in this attempt completely defeated, was brought ignominiously to Edinburgh, and there hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a traitor to the cause. His remains, however, were interred, after the Restoration, with a pomp and solemnity such as had never been before known in Scotland; and succeeding generations have, almost without a dissentient voice, allowed him the title of "the great Montrose." This unfortunate peer had, in 1643, been honoured by King Charles with the title of Marquis, which descended to three generations of his family in succession, till his great-grandson James was created Duke in 1707, on account of his services in behalf of the Union. This distinguished nobleman was one of the Lords Justices appointed to manage state affairs between the death of Queen Anne and the arrival of George the First in England. The present Duke, who also enjoys the British title of Earl Graham, is his grandson. It is a curious

fact, that his Grace is only the third who has enjoyed the title since the year 1684, a period of a hundred and forty-eight years; while, in the thirty-one years previous to that era, the same number of persons had enjoyed it. The Duke has many large estates throughout Scotland, particularly those which once formed the dukedom of Lennox, which were bought by his grandfather. He is a high Tory, and, previous to the current reign, enjoyed the office of Master of the Horse in the royal household. His Grace also enjoys immense patronage in Scotland, exercising, for one matter, an almost unlimited control over the University of Glasgow.

WATER IN THE DESERTS.

A CHEAP and convenient mode of procuring water is adopted in some places, where the sinking of wells would be either too expensive, or, from the great depth, quite impracticable. The method is simply by boring with a kind of large auger, till the instrument reach to a reservoir of water under ground, which then rises to the surface through the auger-hole, and issues in a jet, by means of a tin pipe, which is fixed in the opening. This method, however, will only be successful in certain situations, and these occur chiefly in districts where the rock next the soil is formed of beds of sandstone. When these beds lie sloping upon one another, water oozes into the soil at their upper edges, and continues trickling down between the layers, and gathering by the same process from different quarters, till it runs along in some of the interstices in a constant but slow current. It is forced to flow down the slope by the accumulated weight of its own body above, but finds no ready vent in the downward direction it is pursuing; hence it works onwards under a great pressure; and if any opening is presented to it either above or below, it rushes into it with great force. Such an opening is the auger-hole of the borers, which, lighting on a body of water thus pressed on all sides, is filled instantly, and becomes a fountain throwing out its jet often to a considerable height. This mode has been practised with great and beneficial success in some of the sandstone districts of England, formerly ill supplied with water; but more interest is attached to it from a trial which has been made in certain places of Africa, where water is as scarce and as valuable as in a ship that has been six months at sea. The experiment was tried by Mr Briggs, the British Consul in Egypt, under the patronage of the Pasha of that country, and was attended with complete success. Wells were opened, and reservoirs formed of thousands of cubic feet of water, in places where the sands had hardly ever been moistened, even by a shower, since the creation of the world, and where the Arabs, in performing the ceremonial washings of the body required by their Mahomedan law, were obliged, like sparrows on a dusty road, to go through the forms with sand in the absence of water. These reservoirs were formed, we believe, on what would, if water were present, be a great commercial line of communication between the Nile and the Red Sea; and there is every prospect that they will be the means of establishing such a line. But the importance of the discovery would be ill appreciated, were we to suppose its operations limited to this point. The vast sandy desert of Africa, a tract more than 2000 miles long, and 1000 broad, is almost without water, and has hitherto been a barrier preventing all communication between the northern shores of the country, and the fertile districts southward in the interior. This region is every where filled with districts presenting the same kind of formation of rocks, as that in which water has been so easily procured elsewhere; and there is hence the prospect that wells may be opened on the route from Tripoli to Fezzan, Bornou, and Timbuctoo, on a road which is now covered with the bones of thousands who have died from want of water in attempting to pass it. Major Denham was at times waked from a reverie on horseback while passing this dreary track of sand, by his horse's hoofs treading on the crackling and dried skeletons which lay in the way, of travellers who had perished by thirst. The probability of finding water, by boring, on this route, is increased by the opinions current among the natives, who believe that there is here what they call an *underground sea*, and that it is only on the surface that drought prevails. There is, besides, no doubt that the same kind of structure exists here which has furnished water in other places; and it is more than likely that wells might be found, not only for supplying travellers, but for carrying on cultivation. This simple discovery, therefore, may, in process of time, have an effect as powerful upon the torrid districts of the earth, as any of the great inventions of modern times have produced in Europe. It is only the want of water which leaves the central parts both of Arabia and Africa in the state of deserts. If the soil were duly moistened, it would be as fertile as other parts of the tropics; and there is much reason to anticipate, that, when this process comes to be understood and valued as it ought, many portions of the desert will become so. It is an agreeable idea to anticipate, that an apparently trifling discovery, originating from the geological science of England, may be the means of raising up new corn-islands in the African sands, and conferring on the wandering Bedouin many of the blessings of civilization.

REMINISCENCES OF A SPORTSMAN.

I DO NOT know that I ever possessed the organ of destructiveness; but I perfectly well remember that in my earliest years I was fond of hunting. The pursuit of a fly, to deprive it of life, was delightful; thence I was led to entrap birds—to lie in wait for rabbits—to run with greyhounds after a hare—to ride, with a pack in full cry, after a stag—until I became passionately fond of all noble sports, as they are denominated. The love of those destroying recreations I carried with me to India, where I soon became expert at hunting the jackall, the leopard, and the tiger. I had frequently heard of elephant-catching, and resolved to enjoy that noble sport also. To secure the accomplishment of my wishes, I sought an intimacy with the most expert hunters; and the little knowledge I possessed of the language enabled me to explain my wish to accompany the next hunting party. I professed willingness to obey every rule and instruction—I gave assurances of my courage and contempt of danger; which, accompanied with certain gratuities, obtained me the confidence of Tagore, one of the most expert and courageous elephant hunters in India. Accordingly, I received his instructions how to act under various circumstances which might arise during this dangerous enterprise. In my earnestness I frequently anticipated my tutor's instructions, and came to such just conclusions under difficult and trying occasions of probable danger, that Tagore seemed to place great reliance on my coolness and judgment. It was therefore arranged I should have the management of a female elephant with the next hunting party. Week after week passed in exercises occupying my thoughts by day and my dreams by night, until I verily believed I was master of all that could be required in the capture of an elephant. By kindness, and by often presenting favourite food to the female elephant I was to mount, I became familiar with her peculiarities, and secured her attachment, which I considered important, since, in cases of extreme danger, the elephant often preserves her rider. She would raise her leg for me to mount, caress me with her proboscis, and attend even to my whispered commands. Tagore noticed all these particulars, and confessed he had no doubt of my competence to meet any emergency. At length the day arrived, and our journey was commenced. We had to recruit ourselves at a distance from our starting-point, which required eight hours' travelling to accomplish. I was liberal to my elephant, as if she had been an Italian marchesa, whom I could captivate with *bon-bons*; and my expectation was answered. Tagore was surprised and gratified. Often while I was applauding her, I saw her little sparkling eyes turned upwards, and her proboscis came regularly over her broad forehead to receive my tribute of acknowledgment. I practised dismounting slowly, and regaining my seat expeditiously, to the entire satisfaction of Tagore.

In this way we travelled through jungles, over tracts of sedgy grass, up mounds, and down ravines, till we came into an open level country surrounded by gently rising ground, covered with wood. We were approaching a grove with our minds raised to the highest pitch of excitement, when Tagore uttered an exclamation, and pointed to some straggling trees; my heart swelled with rapture, but I could not discover to what he would call my attention, till, shading my eyes from the sun's rays, and the heat refracted from the yellow dry jungle grass, I saw a tremendous elephant! "Excellent," cried I; "that is the fellow we must capture." "We will attempt it," replied Tagore. We slung our cables and small cords on our arms, covered ourselves with cloths the colour of the elephants, and couched close on their necks. "Follow me," said Tagore; "the animals know their business; do you be steady and act with me." "Proceed," said I. As we jolted along, I perceived the huge elephant was very dark, with remarkably clean tusks of surprising length. I felt an indescribable sensation of delight at being about to enjoy what I had so long and so ardently desired. In perfect dependence on the skill of Tagore, and confidence in myself, I recalled the directions I had received. Tagore slackened pace as he approached the monster, who seemed not to regard us, but continued to pluck branches from the limbs of a tree which stood in front of others that straggled on the edge of a neighbouring forest. Our elephants made a slight curve in their line of approach, and took some of the torn branches, at which the monster snorted so loud that my beast trembled. I was in a profuse perspiration, not altogether from alarm, but from being confined beneath my cloth, and receiving the humidity of the animal. I soon found myself on the left side of the monster, and my beast caressing him by rolling her proboscis over his head and shoulders. Tagore and his elephant were entirely hidden from me by the enormous bulk of the male, but I found by the gradual sidelong movement of the whole group, that we were placed so as to bring the legs of the male elephant near the trunk of a large tree. This was the moment to be seized. I slid cautiously down with my ropes, and found Tagore had already fastened his strongest rope round the tree. Our elephants became more assiduous in engaging the attention of the monster, or, as it were, more eloquently speaking the prologue of their loves. Tagore, with his finger on his lips and a nod to me, placed a noose round one leg of the enormous beast; the leg was raised, and kept suspended during a minute. It

* From being combined with lime, from the Latin word *calx*, which signifies lime, and also chalk.

appeared an hour of the greatest excitement; and when the foot descended, the ground shook beneath us. I looked at Tagore; he was collected, but the pupils of his eyes were unshadowed by their lids, and large drops of perspiration trickled from his brow. During this period his elephant rubbed the leg of the monster with her proboscis, as if to disguise the application of the ropes. This was the act for which Tagore waited; he drew the noose tight; in an instant we doubly secured it from slipping with smaller cords, and retreated to the rear. Our beasts immediately came jogging towards us. We regained our seats, covered ourselves with our cloths, and took a triumphant look at our tremendous captive. He was struggling with violence, and bellowing like thunder. We made towards the edge of the forest, with the intention to take a little refreshment after our arduous task, and wait till our captive was exhausted. I turned to congratulate Tagore on our success. "Make for the nearest tree," cried he, urging his beast forward. My heart nearly leaped from my breast. The enraged monster had disengaged himself, and was following us. I gained the nearest tree, and had sprung from my elephant's neck to one of the extended branches as the monster came roaring up, his proboscis elevated within two feet of my body. Terrified as I was, it is surprising I did not lose my grasp, and fall a prey to his vengeance. I saw his fiery eyes directed towards me, and shook with horror, but managed to ascend a branch higher, and there sat in breathless agitation. I perceived my elephant lying near the tree with my cloth on her neck. Tagore's beast was hastening away; he was not on her neck, but, horrid sight! I saw his cloth fixed on the monster's tusk. Tagore has fallen, thought I; and what is to become of me? But these speculations were stayed, by the return of the bellowing monster. He looked at me; then, as if studying revenge, surveyed the body of the tree, and, like a battering ram, drove his immense weight against the trunk with such repeated violence, that I was nearly shaken from my hold. He paused, and then commenced tearing the earth from the root of the tree with such vehemence, that I saw no possibility of escape when the tree should fall. My fortune seemed to forsake me, and I contemplated casting myself to the ground, that my misery might not be protracted. Meanwhile, the small inflamed eyes of the monster were at intervals directed towards me as he pursued his attack, alternately tearing away the earth and straining his head against the tree. Heavens! what I felt as it yielded to the pressure. I prepared to render my almost lifeless being to the infuriated beast. The tree fell! but, by the eagerness of the exertion, in a slanting direction, and its summit became entangled with the lower limbs of an adjoining tree. Hope revived; not a moment was to be lost; I hastened from my post; the enraged monster watched me from limb to limb, waiting, as it were, to catch me on my passage to the other tree. I gained it with incredible rapidity, dreading another touch might bring the suspended tree to the ground. I perceived my new resting-place was much stronger than that I had quitted, and began to breathe as if I had some prospect of retaining life a little longer. The roarings of the beast became less and less terrific, and I could contemplate his actions in comparative security. The survey he took of the tree seemed to inform him it was too powerful to be overthrown. He snorted, glared around in fierce disappointment, and passed sullenly into the forest. I saw his huge form occasionally between the trees, and continued to watch him until the thickening foliage intervened. I then reflected on the great danger I had escaped. Escaped! the word dwelt on my mind, my escape being cut off by an enraged elephant. By remaining, I should be starved to death. The thought was distracting. My brave companion lost! my elephant gone! I looked around: nothing remained of our outset. I was wretched, and a revolution seemed to have taken place in my ideas respecting hunting. Man, thought I, considers the whole of the creation under his dominion; but let those who are thus arrogant be placed on a falling tree, with a furious beast beneath seeking their extermination, and I think they will ever after be inclined to admit they have overrated their powers. This was elevated philosophy, for I dared not descend; yet, alarmed and exhausted as I was, it occurred to me that I had taken out my flask and refreshment at the moment we discovered the male elephant at liberty, and such was the force of hunger, that I contemplated venturing to search for them before night came on. The jungle-grass was high, but the tracks of the elephants remained evident; in one of them I hoped to gain what I so much required. I watched the declining power of the sun, and, summoning the shattered remnant of my fortitude, secured the branches of the trees where they crossed each other, so that, in case of necessity, I might ascend to my place of security. All was still. I descended, and proceeded in the track which I judged to be that made by my elephant, and at about thirty yards off discovered my flask. I grasped it as an inestimable treasure; but I could not perceive any other portion of my stock. Like a bird, picking, and searching, and watching, while on ground unsafe, I became alarmed at the noise made by the rustling of the dried grass, and at my remoteness from the tree, the protector of my life. Hurrying back, I stumbled on my cloth, and, by a kind of presentiment, caught it up. Just as I had regained the tree, a noise of something approaching almost deprived me of mo-

tion. I however saw, before I had reached my elevation, a boar rush harmless along. I was out of reach, and, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, raised the flask to my mouth; in the act, my arm came in contact with a broken branch, and the flask was forced from my hand. Oh! with what dismay did I witness it bound from limb to limb, until it reached the ground! Farewell to the consolation that it might have afforded. The loss was irreparable.

Night was coming on apace, and, that the dews might not seriously affect me, I tied my cloth so as to permit its being put on my head in the manner of an extinguisher on a lamp. Alas, thought I during the act, the light now obscured may never shine on me again; yet, to render all secure as possible, I fastened myself to the upright stem of the tree, and sat astride one of the branches. Fatigue and silence induced a drowsiness, which I welcomed as a restoring balm to my harassed mind; a few sighs seemed to give me relief; yet the thought of perishing intruded itself. This dreadful passage into cold obscurity startled the remaining energies of my mind. How celestial is hope! what will it not enable us to endure! I thought it possible that Tagore's elephant might return, and that her sagacity might lead to this spot those who were interested for our fates. There existed the possibility of his escape from the enraged elephant, although I had seen a cloth on its tusk. The beast I had ridden was nowhere to be seen: she must have recovered from the shock, and hurried home. In these and other conjectures I indulged, till I sunk into a repose, of what continuance I know not; for I was awoken by a sudden weight pressing on my shoulders, and depriving me of motion. I uttered a yell of horror: no cause presented itself to my confused mind. I imagined security I had, by cloth and cords, prevented my seeing or moving. In this state of helplessness I remained till the cloth was gently raised. I groaned aloud, and, in an agony approaching to desperation, tore the cloth from my head. I felt at liberty, and saw the moonbeams playing on the branches beneath me, amongst which I thought I could perceive a moving object. No, nothing moved; nothing could I hear; even sunrise was wanting. Straining my eyes on every side, and listening in utmost anxiety, I unsheathed my dirk, till now forgotten in my cumbrance, and sat till my tortured imagination and shattered nerves were sinking under this new accumulation of horrors. Again I saw an object moving. Danger, thought I, is deprived of half its terrors if we can meet it face to face. In a moment a frightful countenance came close to mine from the other side of the tree. I struck my dirk into a body; as it fell, I knew by the chattering shriek it was an ape. This is not hunting animals, thought I. Man should profit by experience. These noble sports, this seeking danger on an enraged elephant's tusk, is folly—infatuation—madness! During these cogitations, just as morning dawned, I heard Tagore's voice in the distance; he had brought both food and security in a strong party.

On our journey to the rendezvous, I learned that he had escaped by the manoeuvres of his elephant and his own dexterity: That he had seen me ascend the tree when my elephant was borne down by the monster; but that she had escaped unhurt. "So," said Tagore, "we have you, and all is well. When will you go hunting again?" "Never; never more. I shall exhibit the effects of my last excursion by wrinkles on my face, which add twenty years to my age in appearance, and by the change of black hair into a spotless white; and on my mind there is impressed what no language can describe nor time eradicate. I shall never more take to the hunting of elephants."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MAHOMET.

Most of our readers, even the youngest, must have heard of Mahomet, the founder of the Mahometan religion; a kind of faith which has occupied the largest and fairest portion of the Old World for nearly 1200 years, and is at present professed by not less than 150,000,000 of human beings! A fair record of the actions of such a man, of his opinions, his sayings, his sufferings, and his successes—in his various capacities as a trader, a pretended prophet, a negotiator, a warrior, and an emperor—might be considered as furnishing one of the most interesting pieces of biography that could be wished.

Towards the commencement of the seventh century of the Christian era, the eastern churches were overrun with many heresies and vices of various kinds. They were engaged in perpetual controversies, and torn to pieces by the disputes of the Arians, Sabellians, Nestorians, and Eutychians; whilst the simony, the incontinence, and general barbarism and ignorance which were to be found amongst the clergy, caused great scandal to the Christian religion, and introduced universal profligacy of manners amongst the people. Arabia was of old famous for heresies, which might be in some measure attributed to the liberty and independency of the tribes. Some of the Christians of that nation believed the soul died with the body, and was to be raised again with it at the last day. These Origen is said to have convinced. Among the Arabs it was that the heresies of Ebion, Beryllus, and the Nazareans, and also that of the Collyridians, were broached, or at least propagated: the latter introduced

the Virgin Mary for God, or worshipped her as such, offering her a sort of twisted cake called *collyris*, whence the sect had its name. Other sects there were of many denominations within the borders of Arabia, which took refuge there from the proscriptions of the imperial edicts; several of whose notions Mahomet incorporated with his religion.

Though the Jews were an inconsiderable and despised people in other parts of the world, yet in Arabia, whither many of them fled from the destruction of Jerusalem, they grew very powerful, several tribes and princes embracing their religion; which made Mahomet at first show great regard to them; adopting many of their opinions, doctrines, and customs; thereby to draw them, if possible, into his interest. But that people were so far from becoming his proselytes, that they were some of the bitterest enemies he had, waging continual war with him, so that their reduction cost him infinite trouble and danger, and at last his life. This aversion of theirs created, at length, as great a one in him to them; so that he used them, during the latter part of his life, much worse than he did the Christians, and frequently exclaims against them in his Koran: his followers, to this day, observe the same difference between them and the Christians; treating the Jews always as the most abject and contemptible people on earth.

As the Roman and Grecian empires, and also the kingdom of the Persians, were weak and declining, so Arabia, at the time of Mahomet's setting up, was strong and flourishing, having been peopled at the expense of the Grecian empire, whence the violent proceedings of the domineering sects forced many to seek refuge in a free country, as Arabia then was, where they who could not enjoy tranquillity and their conscience at home found a secure retreat. The Arabians were not only a populous nation, but unacquainted with the luxury and delicacies of the Greeks and Persians, and inured to hardships of all sorts—living in a most parsimonious manner, seldom eating any flesh, drinking no wine, and sitting on the ground. Their political government was also such as favoured the designs of such an impostor as Mahomet; for the division and independency of their tribes was so necessary to the propagation of his religion, and the foundation of his power, that it would have been scarcely possible for him to have effected either, had the Arabs been united in one society. But when they had embraced his religion, the consequent union of their tribes was no less necessary and conducive to their future conquests and grandeur.

Such was the posture of public affairs in the eastern world, both as to its religious and political state, at the time of Mahomet's appearance; and as he was a man of extraordinary parts and address, he knew how to make the best use of every incident, and turn what might seem dangerous to another to his own advantage.

Mahomet was born at Mecca, the capital city of Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, A. D. 569, during the reign of Noosheervan, surnamed the Just, King of Persia. He was of the family of Haschem, and of the tribe of the Koreish, the noblest in Arabia. His father Abdallah was a younger son of Abdalmotalleb, and dying very young, and in his father's lifetime, left his widow and infant son in very mean circumstances, his whole substance consisting but of five camels and one Ethiopian she-slave. Abdalmotalleb was therefore obliged to take charge of his grandchild Mahomet, which he not only did during his life, but at his death enjoined his eldest son Abu Taleb, who was brother to Abdallah by the same mother, to provide for him for the future. This was very affectionately performed by Abu Taleb, who instructed him in the business of a merchant, which he followed; and to that end he took him with him into Syria when he was but thirteen years old, and afterwards recommended him to Khadijah, a noble and rich widow, for her factor, in whose service he behaved so well, that by making him her husband, she soon raised him to an equality with the richest in Mecca.

It was after he began, by this advantageous match, to live at his ease, that he formed the scheme of establishing a new religion, or, as he expressed it, of replanting the only true and ancient one professed by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and all the prophets, by destroying the gross idolatry into which the generality of his countrymen had fallen, and weeding out the corruptions and superstitions which the latter Jews and Christians had, as he thought, introduced into their religion, and reducing it to its original purity, which consisted chiefly in the worship of one only God. He hereupon began to affect solitude, usually retiring for a month in the year to a cave in Mount Hara, near Mecca. He had indisputably a very piercing and sagacious wit, and was thoroughly versed in all the arts of insinuation. The eastern historians describe him to have been a man of an excellent judgment, and a happy memory; and these natural parts were improved by a great experience and knowledge of mankind, and the observations he had made in his travels. They say he was a person of few words, of an equal, cheerful temper, pleasant and familiar in conversation, of inoffensive behaviour towards his friends and acquaintances, and of great condescension towards his inferiors; to all which were joined a comely agreeable person, and a polite address—accomplishments of no small service in anticipating these in his favour whom he attempted to persuade.

As to acquired learning, it is generally confessed that Mahomet had none at all; having had no other education than what was customary in his tribe, who neglected and probably despised what we call literature; esteeming no language in comparison with their own, their skill in which they gained by use, and not by books, and contenting themselves with improving their private experience by committing to memory such passages of their poets as they judged might be of use to them in life. This defect was so far from being prejudicial or putting a stop to his design, that he made the greatest use of it; insisting that the writings which he produced as revelations from God, could not possibly be a forgery of his own; because it was not conceivable that a person who could neither write nor read should be able to compose a book of such excellent doctrine, and in so elegant a style, and thereby obviating an objection that might have been considered as possessing a great deal of weight; and, for this reason, his followers, instead of being ashamed of their master's ignorance, glory in it, as an evident proof of his divine mission, and scruple not to call him (as he is denominated indeed in the Korân itself) "the illiterate prophet."

"When the Prophet was about four years old," says Mahmut the Arabian, "accompanying the sons of his nurse into the field, the blessed child retired into a cave, at the foot of the mountain Uriel, to pray, when the Archangel Gabriel appeared to him, and said, *Bismillâh rahmanir rahimi, i. e.* 'In the name of God, compassionate and merciful, O child greatly beloved, I am sent to displant from thy heart the root of evil; for thy ejaculations made the gates of Paradise to fly open!' The young resigned one said, 'The will of thy Lord and mine be done.' Then the angel opened his breast with a razor of adamant, and, taking out his heart, squeezed from it the black contagion which was derived from Adam; and having put the child's heart in its place again, he blessed him, and retired to the invisibles. From that time the young favourite of Heaven grew up and prospered in all things, having the smiles of God and man. He was under the tuition of his uncle Abu Taleb, who, discerning the mark of an immense soul in his young nephew, was more solicitous for his welfare than if he had been his son. His fortune being low in the world, he had no other way to provide for his illustrious charge, than by placing him as a factor to Khadijah, a widow of the same tribe with Mahomet, which was the noblest among the Arabians."

Mahomet's marriage with the rich and affectionate widow Khadijah took place when they were respectively twenty-five years of age; and it was not till twelve years after this marriage that he began to fabricate his imposture, in the cave of Mount Hara, about three miles from Mecca, to which he usually retired during the month of Ramadan, being the time of Lent. At length, A. D. 609, when he was fully forty years old, he disclosed his prophetic mission, at first only to his own wife Khadijah. He told her that the Angel Gabriel, or the Holy Spirit, had appeared to him in glory, and declared that God had commissioned him as an apostle to reform the world; that he then delivered to him the Korân for a divine law, which should complete all antecedent revelations. Khadijah gained for her husband an important proselyte in her uncle Waraka, a Christian, who was well read in the Old and New Testaments. He pronounced Mahomet "to be the great Prophet foretold by Moses the son of Amram." Waraka was a far more probable assistant to Mahomet in composing the Korân than Sergius the monk, or any other person, in a matter of such trust and delicacy.

The next proselyte was Abubeker, a rich and respectable inhabitant of Mecca; whose example being followed by many others, Mahomet ventured on a bolder demonstration of his mission. At a numerous assemblage of the Koreishites, at a public entertainment to which he had invited them, he demanded who would become his vizier, or prime minister, assuring them that both happiness in this world and in that to come would accrue to his followers. The guests remained silent in surprise, when Ali, the son of Abu Taleb, a boy about fourteen years of age, started up enthusiastically, and said, "I will be thy vizier, O Prophet of God! I will break the teeth, pluck out the eyes, rip up the belly, cut off the legs of thine enemies." The joy and approval testified by Mahomet to the zeal of his youthful disciple, was an apt and early specimen what manner of spirit he and his deputy were of. The hostile proceedings and denunciations of the Prophet against their idolatry, at length aroused the enmity of the Koreishites; but their threats were despised by him, and, in reply to the prudent remonstrances of his uncle Abu Taleb, he exclaimed, "though the Koreishites should arm against me the sun and the moon (alluding to the divinities whom they ignorantly worshipped), the one on my right hand, and the other on my left, I would not be shaken from my resolution." He, however, retired for a while to a castle in Mount Safa, and his followers were banished from the city of Mecca. After this persecution, which lasted five years, in the tenth year of his mission (A. D. 618), he sustained a serious loss in the death of his uncle Abu Taleb; and this was followed a short time after by the death of his affectionate wife Khadijah, who had so generously made his fortune. On account of these misfortunes, this

year was called the Year of Mourning. Instead of sinking under these adversities, upon being violently urged by the Koreishites, who still derided his pretensions, to exhibit some miracle, Mahomet ventured, in the twelfth year of his mission, to publish the revelation of his night visit or journey to the seven heavens.

This event formed a striking epoch in his mission, and displayed in the strongest manner the dexterity as well as boldness of his measures. The question so forcibly put to him of establishing his mission by miracles, is therein artfully parried, and replied to, by an appeal to the wonders wrought by Moses, which did not cause the reformation of Pharaoh, and to those of Jesus, which failed with the Jews: he also incidentally remarked, that miracles were designed rather to strike terror and to punish than to convince.

In describing this famous journey he says, That while he was in the Caaba, or sacred square building at Mecca, reclining on the sacred stone, the Angel Gabriel came to him; he opened his breast, took out his heart, and washed it in a golden basin full of the water of faith, and then restored it to its place. The angel had seventy pairs of wings, and had the beast Alborak with him, on which the prophets used to ride; it was white, and partly horse, ass, and mule, or a middle between the two last, and went as fast as the lightning, which the name Alborak, in Arabic, signifies. When he was brought to Jerusalem by the angel, all the prophets met him, and owned his superiority. He ascended to Heaven with the angel on a ladder of divine light, and left the beast Alborak at Jerusalem till he descended again. He went through seven heavens before he came to the throne of God, which was in the last one, and Gabriel left him at the entrance of it, and waited till he returned from conversing with God, who gave him the offer to be next himself; but he rather chose to descend again to the earth to propagate his religion. His heavens were all 500 years' journey distant from one another. One was of silver, another of gold, another of emeralds, &c., and the last of light. He met some one of the patriarchs, or prophets, in each of them. In the first he met and discoursed with Adam; in the second, with John the Baptist and Jesus; in the third, with the patriarch Joseph; in the fourth, with Edris or Enoch; in the fifth, with Aaron; in the sixth, with Moses; in the seventh, with Abraham. Thence he was carried up to *Sedrat*, the lotus tree, whence were the sources of the four rivers of Paradise. He saw angels in the likenesses of all creatures in these heavens. He saw a great bull bearing the earth on his horns, and when he shook his head there was an earthquake. There was also a cock, which stood on one heaven, and his head reached another; his voice was heard through heaven and earth, and set all the cocks on earth a-crowling. He saw an angel of such stature that there was 70,000 days' journey between his eyes. The proportion of a man's height to the distance between his eyes is as seventy-two to one; so that his stature must then have been 14,000 years' journey, four times the height of all his heavens together, in which he was quite out of his mathematics. In the seventh heaven, where God and Christ were, was an angel with 70,000 heads; and in each head 70,000 tongues, with which he praised God. Gabriel accompanied him down from heaven to Jerusalem, and from thence conveyed him, with the beast Alborak, to Mecca; and all this was done in the tenth part of a night. In the conclusion of this extraordinary fabrication, he skillfully adds, that when he was enjoined to repeat fifty prayers each day, he entreated for his nation, and they were finally reduced at his intercession to five. To finish the wonder, he was returned back to the Caaba ere the crier called him to prayers; and "thus," concluded Mahomet, "did I bring with me the prescribed number of prayers, and lessened the burden for my nation."

This story seemed so absurd and incredible, that several of his followers left him upon it; and it had probably ruined the whole design, had not his father-in-law Abubeker vouched for his veracity, and declared, that, if Mahomet affirmed it to be true, he verily believed the whole; which happy incident not only retrieved the Prophet's credit, but increased it to such a degree, that he was secure of being able to make his disciples swallow whatever he pleased to impose on them for the future. "And I am apt to think," says Sale, "this fiction, notwithstanding its extravagance, was one of the most artful contrivances Mohammed ever put in practice, and what chiefly contributed to the raising of his reputation to that great height to which it afterwards attained."

In this memorable year twelve citizens of Medina swore allegiance and obedience to the Prophet, whence they were styled, by way of dignity, *Al Ansâr, i. e.* "The Defenders;" and the year A. D. 620 was denominated the "accepted year." On Mount Akâba, near Mecca, seventy-three proselytes were soon after added to their number, and swore to defend the Prophet from all insult, as they defended their own wives and children. "If," said they to the Apostle of God, "we be slain in thy cause, what shall be our reward?" He answered, "Paradise." Then, said they, "Stretch forth thy right hand," and he did so; then they took the oath of obedience, promising rather to die than be perjured. He now established twelve apostles of Islamism, which was the name he gave to his religion, himself being the prime instructor and chief of all the

true believers; and he then sent away the Ansâr, his followers, and his family, to Medina, for security, and remained behind at Mecca, attended only by Abubeker and his son-in-law Ali.

By the protection which his uncle Abu Taleb had extended to Mahomet, he had been preserved thus far from his enemies; but the charge and dignity of the priest and guardian of the Caaba, having now, by the death of Abu Taleb, become the post of a member of the family of Ommyyah, a declared enemy to the family of Haschem, to which Mahomet belonged, the Koreishites, irritated and alarmed at the progress making by the new doctrine at Medina, resolved to destroy its author and chief support. This conspiracy was scarce formed, when, by some means or other, it came to Mahomet's knowledge; and he gave out that it was revealed to him by the Angel Gabriel, who had now ordered him to retire to Medina. Whereupon, to amuse his enemies, he directed Ali to lie down in his place, and wrap himself up in his green cloak, which he did; and Mahomet escaped miraculously, as they pretend, to Abubeker's house, unperceived by the conspirators, who had already assembled at the Prophet's door. They, in the meantime, looking through the crevice, and seeing Ali, whom they took to be Mahomet himself, asleep, continued watching there till morning, when Ali arose, and they found themselves deceived.

In the recesses of a cave near Mecca, Mahomet and Abubeker eluded for three days the pursuit of their enemies. "There are only two of us," said the apprehensive disciple, when he expected the pursuers to penetrate their retreat. "There is a third, even God himself," said his intrepid chief; "he will defend us." According to tradition, Mahomet afterwards asserted that a miracle was here wrought in his behalf; for that his enemies, approaching the cave, found that its entrance was covered by spiders' webs hanging from the trees, which convinced them that no person had entered it for a long time. After a perilous journey, Mahomet entered Medina in triumph, being enthusiastically received by the Ansâr, who disputed for the honour of entertaining the Prophet, and took hold of the bridle of his camel. Mahomet then desired them to let her take her own way, for she was a stubborn beast; which she took, accordingly, and stopped at the stable of two rich orphans, Sahâli and Sohaili, where the Prophet dismounted. This spot he purchased from the orphans, after refusing their offer to bestow it upon him, and Abubeker paid the money. He erected thereon a mosque, and a habitation for himself, on which he laboured with his own hands. Medina henceforth received the august title of *Medinat Alnabi*, or the "City of the Prophet."

HOSPITALITY IN THE WOODS.

[BY AUDUBON.]

HOSPITALITY is a virtue, the exercise of which, although always agreeable to the stranger, is not always duly appreciated. The traveller who has acquired celebrity is not unfrequently received with a species of hospitality, which is so much alloyed by the obvious attention of the host to his own interest, that the favour conferred upon the stranger must have less weight; when it comes mingled with almost interminable questions as to his perilous adventures. Another receives hospitality at the hands of persons, who, possessed of all the comforts of life, receive the way-worn wanderer with pomposity, lead him from one part of their spacious mansion to another; and, bidding him good night, leave him to amuse himself in his solitary apartment, because he is thought unfit to be presented to a party of friends. A third stumbles on a congenial spirit, who receives him with open arms; offers him servants, horses, perhaps even his purse, to enable him to pursue his journey; and parts from him with regret. In all these cases, the traveller feels more or less under obligation, and is accordingly grateful. But, kind reader, the hospitality received from the inhabitant of the forest, who can offer only the shelter of his humble roof, and the refreshment of his homely fare, remains more deeply impressed on the memory of the bewildered traveller than any other. This kind of hospitality I have myself frequently experienced in our woods, and now proceed to relate an instance of it.

I had walked several hundred miles, accompanied by my son, then a stripling, and, coming upon a clear stream, observed a house on the opposite shore. We crossed in a canoe, and finding that we had arrived at a tavern, determined upon spending the night there. As we were both greatly fatigued, I made an arrangement with our host to be conveyed in a light Jersey waggon a distance of a hundred miles, the period of our departure to be determined by the rising of the moon. Fair Cynthia, with her shorn beams, peeped over the forest about two hours before dawn, and our conductor, provided with a long twig of hickory, took his station in the fore-part of the waggon. Off we went at a round trot, dancing in the cart like peas in a sieve. The road, which was just wide enough to allow us to pass, was full of deep ruts, and covered here and there with trunks and stumps, over all which we were hurried. Our conductor, Mr Flint, the landlord of the tavern, boasting of his perfect knowledge of the country, undertook to drive us by a short cut, and we willingly confided ourselves to his management. So we jogged along; now and then deviating to double the fallen timber. Day commenced with promise of fine weather, but several nights of

white frost having occurred, a change was expected. To our sorrow, the change took place long before we got to the road again. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder bellowed; the lightning blazed. It was now evening, but the storm had brought perfect night, black and dismal. Our cart had no cover. Cold and wet, we sat silent and melancholy, with no better expectation than that of passing the night under the little shelter the cart could afford us.

To stop was considered worse than to proceed. So we gave the reins to the horses, with some faint hope that they would drag us out of our forlorn state. Of a sudden the steeds altered their course, and soon after we perceived the glimmer of a faint light in the distance, and almost at the same moment heard the barking of dogs. Our horses stopped by a high fence, and fell a-neighing, while I hallooed at such a rate, that an answer was speedily obtained. The next moment, a flaming pine torch crossed the gloom, and advanced to the spot where we stood. The negro boy who bore it, without waiting to question us, enjoined us to follow the fence, and said that master had sent him to shew the strangers to the house. We proceeded, much relieved, and soon reached the gate of a little yard, in which a small cabin was perceived.

A tall fine-looking young man stood in the open door, and desired us to get out of the cart and walk in. We did so, when the following conversation took place. "A bad night this, strangers; how came you to be along the fence? You certainly must have lost your way, for there is no public road within twenty miles." "Ay," answered Mr Flint, "sure enough we lost our way; but, thank God! we have got to a house, and thank you for your reception." "Reception!" replied the woodsman; "no very great thing after all; you are all here safe, and that's enough.—Eliza," turning to his wife, "see about some victuals for the strangers, and you, Jupiter," addressing the negro lad, "bring some wood and mend the fire. Eliza, call the boys up, and treat the strangers the best way you can. Come, gentlemen, pull off your wet clothes, and draw to the fire. Eliza, bring some socks and a shirt or two."

For my part, kind reader, knowing my countrymen as I do, I was not much struck at all this; but my son, who had scarcely reached the age of fourteen, drew near to me, and observed how pleasant it was to have met with such good people. Mr Flint bore a hand in getting his horses put under a shed. The young wife was already stirring with so much liveliness, that to have doubted for a moment that all she did was not a pleasure to her would have been impossible. Two negro lads made their appearance, looked at us for a moment, and going out, called the dogs. Soon after the cries of the poultry informed us that good cheer was at hand. Jupiter brought more wood, the blaze of which illumined the cottage. Mr Flint and our host returned, and we already began to feel the comforts of hospitality. The woodsman remarked that it was a pity we had not chanced to come that day three weeks; "for," said he, "it was our wedding-day, and father gave us a good house-warming, and you might have fared better; but, however, if you can eat bacon and eggs, and a broiled chicken, you shall have that. I have no whisky in the house, but father has some capital cider, and I'll go over and bring a keg of it." I asked how far off his father lived. "Only three miles, sir, and I'll be back before Eliza has cooked your supper." Off he went accordingly, and the next moment the galloping of his horse was heard. The rain fell in torrents, and now I also became struck with the kindness of our host.

To all appearance, the united ages of the pair under whose roof we had found shelter did not exceed two score. Their means seemed barely sufficient to render them comfortable, but the generosity of their young hearts had no limits. The cabin was new. The logs of which it was formed were all of the tulip-tree, and were nicely pared. Every part was beautifully clean. Even the coarse slabs of wood that formed the floor looked as if newly washed and dried. Sundry gowns and petticoats of substantial homespun hung from the logs that formed one of the sides of the cabin, while the other was covered with articles of male attire. A large spinning-wheel, with rolls of wool and cotton, occupied one corner. In another was a small cupboard, containing the little stock of new dishes, cups, plates, and tin pans. The table was small also, but quite new, and as bright as polished walnut could be. The only bed that I saw was of domestic manufacture, and the counterpane proved how expert the young wife was at spinning and weaving. A fine rifle ornamented the chimney-piece. The fire-place was of such dimensions that it looked as if it had been purposely constructed for holding the numerous progeny expected to result from the happy union.

The black boy was engaged in grinding some coffee. Bread was prepared by the fair hands of the bride, and placed on a flat board in front of the fire. The bacon and eggs already murmured and spluttered in the frying-pan, and a pair of chickens puffed and swelled on a gridiron over the embers, in front of the hearth. The cloth was laid, and every thing arranged, when the clattering of hoofs announced the return of the husband. In he came, bearing a two-gallon keg of cider. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he said, "Only think, Eliza; father wanted to rob us of the strangers, and was for coming here to ask them to his own house, just as if we could not give them enough

ourselves; but here's the drink—Come, gentlemen, sit down and help yourselves." We did so, and I, to enjoy the repast, took a chair of the husband's making in preference to one of those called *Windsor*, of which there were six in the cabin. This chair was bottomed with a piece of deer's skin tightly stretched, and afforded a very comfortable seat.

The wife now resumed her spinning, and the husband filled a jug with the sparkling cider, and, seated by the blazing fire, was drying his clothes. The happiness he enjoyed beamed from his eye, as at my request he proceeded to give us an account of his affairs and prospects, which he did in the following words:—"I will be twenty-two next Christmas-day," said our host; "my father came from Virginia when young, and settled on the large tract of land where he yet lives, and where, with hard working, he has done well. There were nine children of us. Most of them are married and settled in the neighbourhood. The old man has divided his lands among some of us, and bought others for the rest. The land where I am he gave me two years ago, and a finer piece is not easily to be found. I have cleared a couple of fields, and planted an orchard. Father gave me a stock of cattle, some hogs, and four horses, with two negro boys. I camped here for most of the time when clearing and planting; and, when about to marry the young woman you see at the wheel, father helped me in raising this hut. My wife, as luck would have it, had a negro also, and we have begun the world as well off as most folks, and, the Lord willing, may—But, gentlemen, you don't eat; do help yourselves—Eliza, maybe the strangers would like some milk." The wife stopped her work, and kindly asked if we preferred sweet or sour milk; for you must know, reader, that sour milk is by some of our farmers considered a treat. Both sorts were produced, but, for my part, I chose to stick to the cider.

Supper over, we all neared the fire, and engaged in conversation. At length our kind host addressed his wife as follows:—"Eliza, the gentlemen would like to lie down, I guess. What sort of bed can you fix for them?" Eliza looked up with a smile, and said, "Why, Willy, we will divide the bedding, and arrange half on the floor, on which we can sleep very well, and the gentlemen will have the best we can spare them." To this arrangement I immediately objected, and proposed lying on a blanket by the fire; but neither Willy nor Eliza would listen. So they arranged a part of their bedding on the floor, on which, after some debate, we at length settled. The negroes were sent to their own cabin, the young couple went to bed, and Mr Flint lulled us all asleep, with a long story intended to show us how passing strange it was that he should have lost his way.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, bamy sleep," and so forth. But Aurora soon turned her off. Mr Speed, our host, rose, went to the door, and, returning, assured us that the weather was too bad for us to attempt proceeding. I really believe he was heartily glad of it; but, anxious to continue our journey, I desired Mr Flint to see about his horses. Eliza by this time was up, too, and I observed her whispering to her husband, when he immediately said aloud, "To be sure, the gentlemen will eat breakfast before they go, and I will show them the way to the road." Excuses were of no avail. Breakfast was prepared and eaten. The weather brightened a little, and by nine we were under way. Willy on horseback headed us. In a few hours, our cart arrived at a road, by following which we at length got to the main one, and parted from our woodsman with the greater regret that he would accept nothing from any of us. On the contrary, telling Mr Flint, with a smile, that he hoped he might some time again follow the longest track for a short cut, he bade us adieu, and trotted back to his fair Eliza and his happy home.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

PETER YOUNG, THE GIPSY CHIEF.

PETER YOUNG, the chief of a band of gipsies on the northern part of Scotland, was one of two brothers who discovered an energy of character, and even a generosity of temper, which, if properly directed, might have rendered them distinguished among their fellow-mortals, but, from their unhappy situation, and the singular waywardness of their fortune, instead of being respected for the talents they possessed, produced a quite opposite effect. All decent sober-minded persons were afraid of them, and avoided having any connection with them, and they both fell victims to the laws of their country.

Peter Young was about twelve years older than John. Their father had enlisted during the American war, served as a soldier, and at the peace of 1783 returned to Scotland, and resumed his old occupation, that of a travelling tinker. Of his history I know little or nothing besides. It has been said that he also was hanged; but had this been the case, from the innumerable anecdotes concerning his sons, and the great conversation their exploits occasioned in Aberdeenshire, I think I must have heard of it.

Peter was in his day one of the most public characters in that part of the country. His muscular

strength was very uncommon, and he excelled in all the feats or exercises by which rustics endeavour to distinguish themselves. It was universally allowed that none could pretend to excel him in what is called *putting* the stone, in throwing the hammer, or in shooting at a mark. His dexterity in the use of a fowling-piece, as well as his attachment to fowling of every kind, caused him frequently to go with a gun, and powder and shot, of which he made use as it suited his inclination or convenience. He was sufficiently artful, and therefore did not willingly expose himself; but he paid no regard to whom the game belonged, or on whose ground it was found. The country people were under the impression that it was dangerous to meddle with him, and, therefore, seldom or never gave information against him. Besides, gentlemen of landed property thought it more convenient, sometimes, to overlook his poaching upon their estates, for by experience they were taught, that by flattering Peter's vanity, and treating him with kindness, they more effectually accomplished their purpose than by a public prosecution. Those gentlemen who humoured him, and gave him plenty of meat and drink when he happened to be in their neighbourhood, were certain of a grateful return. To such, instead of destroying the game upon their lands, he acted as its protector, and would suffer none of his followers, nor any other person, if he could possibly prevent them, to injure their property. All the passions of his mind were excessive in degree; and the wild kind of life which he led tended remarkably to cherish, to confirm, and rivet the original propensity of his nature. He had never been taught to restrain any of his passions, but he was as sensible of acts of kindness done to him as he was revengeful when offended. In fine, he was either a most decided friend or a most determined foe—he had no idea of what moderation meant. His tone of temper much more resembled the descriptions of the wild savages in America when that country was first discovered, as delivered to us by some of our best historians, than any thing that is to be met with in civilized life. Fierce, haughty, and impetuous, he knew no bounds; and by giving way to his ungovernable passions, he brought himself to an ignominious end.

He was, as has been already mentioned, well known throughout the whole of the north of Scotland. There was hardly a jail between Perth and Inverness in which he had not been confined, and from which he had not effected his escape. He had enlisted times without number, but, by a certain plausible cleverness and address, he took good care not to be attested, that is, to take the oath to his Majesty. Many recruiting sergeants were anxious to get him, but they knew nothing of his history. His appearance was very much in his favour, being about five feet ten inches or six feet high. His sole object in accepting the bounty was either to raise a little money at the time, or to amuse himself for a few hours with the credulity of his new associates, from whom, moreover, he generally got a large allowance of whisky, of which he was immoderately fond. He used to leave them very soon, paying, it may be believed, no smart-money, for they knew not whether he had fled. On such occasions, his company were sent before him to some reclusive spot among the mountains to wait his arrival, till which they had the most peremptory orders not to shift their quarters. If they did so, it was at the risk of some dreadful vengeance, for all were well aware that their ringleader Peter would execute very summary justice upon the transgressors, sparing neither male nor female, young nor old, who had disobeyed his absolute commands. This chastisement was inflicted upon the spot with his own hands; he had no deputy. His sovereign will was conceived by the whole of his followers as irresistible, and to be instantly acquiesced in. When not on a shooting excursion, he always carried an oak sapling, that had seen a great deal of service on many occasions. It was fit for every kind of work, and originally had caught his eye as he was passing through an extensive plantation of the late James Earl of Fife, to whom he bore a mortal antipathy and implacable hatred. The cause of his rancour at his lordship is not very well known, but it is likely that the nobleman had used his influence in getting Peter punished for some of his irregularities.

It was by means of this oak stick that he maintained his despotic sway over his vassals. There was a kind of appearance of justice. If any of his wives (for it is to be feared that Peter was a hardened polygamist) were guilty of violating any of his statutes, they suffered severely for it. All the potatoes of tinkers are convivial—men, women, and children, all partake in rotation. This, however, takes some time, for, in general, the company have only one dram glass among them, and from the oldest to the youngest each has his regular portion. Excepting the children and others who have fallen asleep, they are offered in their turn what falls to their share. The liquor consists of the pure raw material; and how large soever the quantity may be, they never rise till it is finished. After an excess of this kind, which they call a *drinking bout*, and during which every member of the family, whether young or old, is at perfect liberty to take a sound nap on the spot that he happens to occupy, no one taking the trouble to disturb him, the liquor being done, and none of them completely sober, they promiscuously lie down to sleep in their tent. Those who are grown up are generally fast asleep, allowing the fumes of

the drink to dissipate. But early in the morning the children begin to be in motion, quarrelling among themselves, some of them crying bitterly, and others prowling about in search of their mothers; for a female tinker never weans her offspring as long as she can help it. Such revelry, however, only takes place when the funds can afford it, or, in other words, when they have collected as much as will purchase the liquor.

Peter esteemed himself to be a very honourable man, and the keepers of the different public-houses in the country seem to have thought, that, to a certain extent, he was so. He never asked for *trust* as long as he had a halfpenny in his pocket. At the different inns which he used to frequent, he was seldom or never denied any thing. If he pledged his word that he would pay his bill the next time he came that way, he punctually performed his promise. When he approached a village or a town, his general plan was to cause the party to halt, and encamp on some common or waste ground in the immediate neighbourhood. While the men and women and children were busily employed in rearing the tent, and the asses set adrift to pick up whatever they could find (and they were taught not to go far from the tent), Peter, accompanied with his two setting dogs, went into the town to cater for the party. If unsuccessful, which, as we have said, was seldom the case, the cocks and hens of the country side were in a perilous situation. Their roosting-places were well known, and he and others generally returned with what was sufficient for subsistence for a few days. Two persons at least were necessary to attack a hen-house. All fowls sleep, as is well known, with their heads under their wings. The purveyor having seized one bird, first draws its neck, and hands it to an attendant, who carries a sack ready to receive it. Having accomplished the object of this nocturnal expedition, they return to the company; and if it be the season of the year when potatoes, beans, peas, carrots, turnips, &c. are on the ground, others of the party, but in a different direction, are sent out to provide these.

Meanwhile, those who are left at home are occupied in preparing wet clay, if it can be got, for dressing the fowls: this answers best, but common mould does well enough. The head, legs, feathers, and bowels, in short, the entire animal, is covered with this compost, and put into the red-hot ashes. The fowl is thus very effectually roasted, and in a much shorter time than one could suppose. When the plaster is taken off, the feathers and skin adhere to it. These are of course thrown into the fire; so that this kind of tinkers' cookery answers two ends, which to them is of the utmost importance: first, the meat is soon dressed—they are not encumbered with the trouble of plucking or stripping the animal of its feathers; and, second, nothing remains to show where they obtained their plunder. It would be dangerous to allow any of the feathers to be left.

Having secured some provision, Peter next set out on a pedestrian expedition through the country. He left the women, &c. at the tent. His ass carried on its back the tools which were necessary for the performance of the work he engaged to execute. This was of a very miscellaneous nature. It comprehended the professions of a blacksmith in all its varieties, a tinsmith, and brazier. His original business was to mend pots, pans, kettles, &c. of every description; and this he did with great neatness and ingenuity. Having an uncommon turn for mechanics, he at last cleaned and repaired clocks and watches. He also could engrave on wood or metal: So also could his brother John; but where they learned any of these arts I never heard. Peter was very handy about all sort of carpenter's work, and occasionally amused himself, when the fancy seized him, in executing some pieces of curious cabinet-work that required neatness of hand. He was particularly famous in making fishing-rods, and in the art of fishing he was surpassed by few. He could dress a fly, as it is usually termed, with astonishing dexterity and address, and was well acquainted with what rivers, and at what seasons, flies of certain colours should be used. His angling expeditions sometimes engrossed too much of his attention, at least so his dependents thought, and perhaps they had good reason. This was, however, only when he was very successful. A very common practice with him was to fish down some of the rivers in the north, as, for example, the Dee or the Don, and appoint a place on the water-side where they were to wait his arrival. When he met with a great deal of sport, he was sometimes a day or two behind his time, which put them to considerable inconvenience. But none durst remonstrate or reprove him. It only produced the effect upon himself of making him more eager to make up the time he had lost.

This man's conduct and general behaviour was so extraordinary, that it is no wonder he raised many enemies during his lifetime. But bad as human nature is said to be, it is very apt to relent, after having received just cause of offence, when once the offender's eyes are closed in death. This was particularly the case with Peter; especially after the extraordinary circumstances that attended his escape from the prison of Aberdeen, which shall be related immediately. His good qualities, or rather the prominent favourable traits of his character, formed the subject of general conversation in the north, and many singular anecdotes were told of him, which discovered an independent mind, and a generosity of nature seldom to be met with.

It is now about forty-five years since this poor creature suffered the vengeance of the law at Edinburgh. It is so long since that time, that I confess the minute circumstances of the crime (which was theft) have now gone out of my mind, and I am not disposed at present to inquire what the particulars were: but I remember well that the chief circumstance which impressed the court was, that *he was habit and reputed a thief*. This, in the law of Scotland, is the worst kind of character by which any person can be designated.

That Peter deserved this character, cannot be doubted; but what was the chief cause of his being brought in guilty at Aberdeen, was his being a deserter. This confirmed the impression which, principally weighed with the court. Peter, it seemed, was proved to be a deserter, and his own cleverness availed him nothing. Perhaps he imagined he could do as he had often done before. Whether from liquor that he had taken when attested, or from what cause soever, I know not, but he was proved to be a deserter, and condemned to be hanged at Aberdeen.

During the weeks which were then permitted to elapse between sentence and execution, Peter appeared to be very penitent, and perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him. Having been heard to complain of the coldness of his feet, different articles of clothing were sent to him by humane people, to keep him warm. The practice in Aberdeen at that time was for the jail to be finally shut at four o'clock P.M. Public executions always took place upon the Friday, being the market day. Upon the previous Wednesday, when the jailer came to inquire if he wanted any thing for the night, Peter sprung upon him like a tiger, took the keys from him, and said, if he would remain quiet, he would not touch a hair of his head. He had been for some time at freedom from his irons, having saved them through with the mainspring of a watch. He commanded the jailer to lie down upon his back, and, with dreadful imprecations, swore that if he moved a finger or a toe, and especially if he looked out at the window, he would murder him on the spot. The jailer was well aware of the kind of man he had to deal with, and was therefore very compliant. After thus settling matters with the jailer, which occupied five or six hours, at a time of night when every thing appeared to be quiet, Peter went down stairs, and informed his fellow-prisoners what he was about. It so happened that there were a great number then in the prison at Aberdeen. He had all the keys, and showing these was sufficient hush-money. When he thought every thing was prepared, at one o'clock he went himself to unlock the outer door; but, unfortunately for him, it was bolted on the outside. He told the clergyman who attended him in Edinburgh, and from whom I myself received the information, that the exigency of the moment, for the first time in his life, extorted from him a prayer. He then threw his immense strength upon the door, and fortunately it yielded to the impulse, and flew open. In the old prison of Aberdeen, there was always a soldier on guard. Peter seized his firelock, and made him accompany him, until he set every prisoner at liberty. He was the last that went out himself. Having locked the door, and left the key in the lock, he delivered the firelock to the centinel, and ran off.

There was at that time a great deal of snow upon the ground. Peter was well acquainted with every devious path in the county: he needed nobody to pilot him. According to his own account, he tore off the skirts of his coat immediately upon leaving the prison, and made all the speed he could to the hilly country, or what is called the head of Aberdeenshire. He had travelled about twenty-four miles, and, being quite exhausted, lay down to sleep. Sir Edward Bannerman and some other gentlemen were out on a sporting expedition, and their dogs made a dead set at Peter, who was lying on the snow fast asleep. Sir Edward knew Peter perfectly, and, according to the statement of some, had been one of the jury that condemned him. They bound Peter, and sent an express to Aberdeen. The magistrates ordered that he should be sent to town under a strong guard. By this time it was Friday morning; the gallows was erected, and every thing prepared for the execution; but in going up the Shiprow, attended by a great mob, some person called out, "Peter, deny that you are the man." The provost, council, &c. examined him. Peter said he knew nothing about such a man as Peter Young; he never heard of him; his own name was John Anderson; and he wondered what they meant by making such a *wark* about him. Though he was as well known in Aberdeen as the provost himself, yet none could be found to identify him. He therefore escaped being hanged at this time, and was sent up to Edinburgh, that the High Court of Justiciary might determine what should be done with him. He was re-spited, and nearly effected his escape from the Old Edinburgh Tolbooth; but, being seized before he had got many yards away, he was ultimately made a sacrifice to the law. Mr Mungo Watson, who for many years was in the custom of attending convicts in Edinburgh under sentence of death, could make nothing of Peter. His chief delight, to the very last, was to relate his own exploits, which he did with as much mirth and hilarity as if he had the prospect of living a thousand years. John Young, the younger brother of this unfortunate being, was executed for murder, at Aberdeen, on the 11th of December 1801.

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

When barrel organs, the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the province of Tende was one of the first who travelled about Europe with this instrument. In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the King of Sardinia the title of Count of the country where he was born; for which probably in a time of war he did not pay above a thousand guineas. With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank, and settled himself peaceably for the remainder of his days in his mansion. In the entrance-hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they mouldered to dust; and he ordered by his will, that any one of his descendants who should cause them to be removed, should forfeit his inheritance, and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or, in failure of a successor, to the hospital of Tende. Within these few years the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.

PARLIAMENTARY SIMILES.

In one of the debates in the House of Commons towards the end of the American war, Mr Fox, in reproaching the conduct of Lord Sandwich for neglecting to expedite the building of ships of war, spoke of him allowing the ships "to rot in their cradles."

Sir George Saville, the leading country member in opposition to Lord North's ministry, in a debate on the 14th December 1781, speaking of the address, which is always understood to be a kind of echo to the King's speech, observed—"This echo had always been, and this echo would perpetually continue, and in so ridiculous a degree, that were the speech from the throne a repetition of the line—

'What beauties does Flora disclose!'

the echo from that house would fill up the couplet, and reply,

'How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!'

In fact, the crown and the two houses danced a minuet together to a tune of the minister's composing. The crown led off one way; the two houses, in a similar step, to the opposite corner; then they joined hands, and at length finished just as the dance began."

In a debate on the 22d February 1782, Mr Burke, speaking of Mr Welbore Ellis, who, from the enjoyment of a lucrative sinecure, had been called to the active appointment of American secretary, as successor to Lord George Germaine, remarked, that "being of the caterpillar species, he had remained within the soft and silken folds of an extremely valuable employment, till, having burst his ligaments, he fluttered forth the minister of the day, an insect as to exteriors transformed, but inwardly and at heart the same."

IRISHMEN.

The Emerald Isle is so rich in talent, and can boast of such a long line of splendid statesmen, soldiers, orators, and artists, that she will not feel that we have diminished her glories by denying a crown to the head of the descendant of the O'Dwyers of Tipperary. We take this opportunity to remark, that the success of Irishmen, as dramatists and actors, has been surprisingly great. Writing from recollection, and at random, we put down the names of Sheridan, Macklin, Wilkes, Moody, Johnstone, Kelly, Pope, Quin, Murphy, Farquhar, Dogget, Henry, Ryder, Bickerstaff, O'Neil, Barry, Rock: we need not look into our books for more; the eloquence of Ireland is proverbial, and her sons have exhibited a due portion of it on the stage. Let it not be inferred, from what we have said, that Mr Dwyer was destitute of talent; far from it; but it was not of the first order, nor had it received the best cultivation.—*Dunlap's Anecdotes of the American Theatre.*

SLUMBER.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Flow, softly flow, thou murmuring stream!
Beside my Lady's bower;
And do not mar her spirit's dream,
In this delightful hour;

But, gently rippling, greet her ear,
With sounds that lull the soul,
As near her bower, all bright and clear,
Thy beauteous billows roll!

Blow, softly blow, thou balmy air!
Beside my Lady's bower;
The rudest winds would hush, to spare
So soft and fair a flower!

Breathe gently o'er her rosy cheek
Thy mildest, purest balm;
But heed, lest thou a slumber break
So beautiful and calm!

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun. Caleonian Mercury Office; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."

No. 58.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

LOSSES IN FAMILIES.

MANY families grow up and live long together without the bond of their affections being once either strained or broken. They know that death is the common lot of humanity; they see it daily carrying off neighbours and acquaintances. Some of their own relations have felt its power; and they have thus become familiar with all the symptoms and fashions of external woe: but the destroyer has never intruded on their own sacred domain. Year after year, diseases have prevailed around them, and made successive inroads upon every fire-side; but theirs has still escaped. They thus become in some measure singular, and isolated from the rest of the world—their hearts certainly not closed against its sympathies, but not deeply exercised in them. If a mother remain long inconsolable for the loss of a child, they think she is not altogether blameless. "All must die," some member of the establishment will remark; "some are early cut off; some are spared long: but the stroke will come. Why then contend against what we cannot help? Resignation is both absolutely necessary, and it is proper. Besides, our duties are not ended when those who are dearest to us are taken away; we must still attend to our own interests, and make provision for those who are dependent upon us. The business of life must not be interrupted." "It's all true you say," was the reply we once heard given to a female acquaintance by a woman of the humbler rank in Scotland, who had endured serious family bereavements; "but, oh woman, it's plain you never lost a bairn!"

Such a family as that we have been describing have never had their attachments towards each other greatly tried. There has been no occasion for a display of indignant unforbearingness on the part of one, or of unwearied persevering love from another. Their feelings are all of an equable cast. This quiet, however, is broken in upon at last: A son, perhaps, in the pride of his days, is seized with a grievous disease. His mother watches him with anxiety; but she entertains almost a certain expectation that he will speedily be restored to his former health. None of the symptoms are decidedly against hope; the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by previous ailments; so the chance of recovery is in his favour. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis; and she thinks, every night, that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick-bed! How she watches his looks, and catches up the faintest expression of a desire on his pallid countenance! Her hopes of his recovery daily become weaker and weaker. Her first expectations of his recovery vanish. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an anguish almost indescribable, and she now seriously apprehends the very worst. The features of her son at length assume the rigid and sunken aspect of those of a corpse, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye before it shuts in everlasting rest. Thus the delusion comes to an end; and when the child of her affection, perhaps the expected prop of her declining years, at last breathes his last on her bosom, she feels as if some cord that bound her heart had for ever given way. Who can pretend to describe her sufferings, as, stretched afterwards on a couch which almost seems her own death-bed, she gives way to a grief which any attempt to interrupt, or soften is felt by all her friends as if it would only be an impertinence? The whole frame seems convulsed; moans of deepest anguish seem to

No. 6. VOL. II.

issue, not from the organs of speech, but from the heart itself; and ever and anon, as the terrible image of her dying son, with all the horrors of the neighbouring death-chamber, comes into her mind (for it will not be banished), she utters frantic cries, which pierce the ears of all within the limits of that sorrow-stricken house. When language is found, it is employed in exclamations which testify the love and admiration she felt towards her son—a love far transcending, she now thinks, all she ever experienced regarding the rest of her children. The rest, indeed—the fortunate living—seem as nothing in her eyes; it appears to her as if she had never loved any but him who now lies so powerless, so forlorn, and whom she is never to see again. "My beautiful—my brave!" as the tragic poet has finely expressed a mother's feelings on such an occasion:—him whom every body loved and admired—who was always so cheerful and so affectionate—can it really be—for, after all she has seen, this question will occur—that you are no more?

It is fortunate for human nature that grief, however overwhelming at first, daily becomes less severe. Were the earliest impressions of our sorrow for ever to remain unobliterated, the world would speedily be filled with lamentation and woe. Thus, Time rolls on, and the sufferings of the disconsolate mother become less poignant. The severity of the trial she has endured has softened her nature, and made her resigned to the dispensations of an inscrutable Providence. The recollection of her lost son is recalled to her by almost every passing circumstance; if there is an occasion of rejoicing in the family, she thinks, "this would have been a time of delight to him if he had been spared." She sees the place he would have occupied among his brothers and sisters; she considers the very words he would have used, had he been alive to join in their conversation. If she hears a tune played, she remembers it was his favourite; if she sees a fine landscape, the thought passes in her mind how he delighted in woodland scenery. Another of her family falls, and another, and another; but she does not deceive herself now. "The first time," she acknowledges, "she never thought her poor son would die till she saw him lifeless before her: all the rest, from the moment they were taken ill, she was prepared to see cut off." The earliest was snatched from her; those that died afterwards were resigned.

Thus does grief soften the heart, and teach us not only to sympathize with others, but how to bear our own ills more calmly. But for its humanizing influence, how hard-hearted would men become—how wrapt up each in his own self-sufficiency! Nay, even if the present economy of nature were altered but in a single respect—if the destiny of death were still allotted to all, but were postponed in each individual of our species to a certain period of time, how materially would the aspect of society be altered, and how callous would all the world remain, when one by one they saw their fellow-men removed from this earthly scene! Then with truth might people say, "Why mourn for him?—his time was come." It is because of the uncertainty that prevails—because some are cut off in the bud, and some in the prime—some by severity of disease, some by violence—and because we had hopes of enjoying their society longer, or that death might have come in some way less painful to themselves—because we are convinced that the government of affairs is completely beyond our own control and calculation—that we feel and acknowledge our own weakness, how closely we are concerned to possess each other's sympathies, how entirely we are dependent on

a higher power! Thus has kind Heaven made our sorest griefs the best blessings, even if we look no farther than to the condition of man in the present world.

LONDON.

WHEN a stranger from the provinces visits London for the first time, he finds a vast deal to astonish him, which he had not previously calculated upon. Before he sees it, he has formed his own ideas of its appearance, character, and extent; but his conceptions, though grand, are not accurate: so that, when he actually arrives within its precincts—when he is driven for the first time from the Exchange to Charing Cross—he is generally a good deal amazed, and, in no small degree, stupified. London can neither be rightly described as a town, nor as a city: it is a nation; a kingdom in itself. Its wealth is that of half the world, and its amount of population that of some second-rate countries. Its conventional system of society, by which the human being is rounded down like a pebble in a rapid river, and its peculiarities of different kinds, mark it as quite an anomaly; something to which the topographer can assign no proper title. London was originally a town on its own account. It is now composed of the cities of London and Westminster—the latter having once been a seat of population on its western confines—besides a number of villages, formerly at a distance from it in different directions, but now engrossed within its bounds, and only known by the streets to which they have communicated their appellations. All now form one huge town in a connected mass, and are lost in the common name of London. By its extensions in this manner, London now measures seven and a half miles in length from east to west, by a breadth of five miles from north to south. Its circumference, allowing for various inequalities, is estimated at thirty miles, while the area of ground it covers is considered to measure no less than eighteen miles square.

The increase of London has been particularly favoured by the nature of its site. It stands at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, on the north bank of the Thames, on ground rising very gently towards the north; and so even and regular in outline, that among the streets, with few exceptions, the ground seems perfectly flat. On the south bank of the river the ground is quite level; and on all sides, the country appears very little diversified with hills, or any thing to interrupt the extension of the buildings. The Thames, which is the source of greatness and wealth to the metropolis, is an object which generally excites a great deal of interest among strangers. It is a placid, majestic stream of pure water, rising in the interior of the country at the distance of a hundred and thirty-eight miles above London, and entering the sea on the east coast about sixty miles below it. It comes flowing between low and fertile banks, out of a richly ornamented country on the west, and, arriving at the outmost houses of the metropolis, a short way above Westminster Abbey, it pursues a winding course between banks thickly clad with dwelling-houses, manufactories, and wharves, for a space of eight or nine miles, its breadth being here from a third to a quarter of a mile. The tides affect it for fifteen or sixteen miles above the city; but the salt water comes no farther than thirty miles below it. However, such is the volume and depth of water, that vessels of seven or eight hundred tons reach the city on its eastern quarter. Most unfortunately, the beauty of this exceedingly useful and fine stream is much hid from the spectator, there being no quays or promenades along its banks, as is the case with the Liffey at Dublin. With the exception of the summit of St Paul's, the only good points of sight for the river are the bridges, which cross it at convenient distances, and, by their length, convey an accurate idea of the

breadth of the channel. During fine weather, the river is covered with numerous barges or boats of fanciful and light fabric, suitable for quick rowing; and by means of these pleasant conveyances, the Thames forms one of the chief thoroughfares.

London consists of an apparently interminable series of streets, composed of brick houses, which are commonly four stories in height, and never less than three. The London houses are not by any means elegant in their appearance; they have, for the most part, a dingy ancient aspect; and it is only in the western part of the metropolis that they assume any thing like a superb outline. Even at the best, they have a meanness of look in comparison with houses of polished white freestone, which is hardly surmounted by all the efforts of art and the daubings of plaster and stucco. The greater proportion of the dwellings are small. They are mere slips of buildings, containing, in most instances, only two small rooms on the floor, one behind the other, often with a wide door of communication between, and a wooden stair, with balustrades, from bottom to top of the house. It is only in the more fashionable districts of the town that the houses have sunk areas with railings; in all the business parts, they stand close upon the pavements, so that trade may be conducted with the utmost facility and convenience.

The lightness of the fabric of the London houses affords an opportunity for opening up the ground storeys as shops and warehouses. Where retail businesses are carried on, the whole of the lower part of the edifice in front is door and window, adapted to show goods to the best advantage to the passengers. The London shops seem to throw themselves into the wide expansive windows, and these, of all diversities of size and decoration, transfix the provincial with their charms. The exhibition of goods in the London shop windows is one of the greatest wonders of the place. Every thing which the appetite can suggest, or the fancy imagine, would appear there to be congregated. In every other city there is an evident meagreness in the quantity and assortments. But here there is the most remarkable abundance, and that not in isolated spots, but along the sides of thoroughfares, miles in length. In whatever way you turn your eyes, this extraordinary amount of mercantile wealth is strikingly observable; if you even penetrate into an alley, or what you think an obscure court, there you see it in full force, and on a greater scale than in any provincial town whatsoever. It is equally obvious to the stranger, that there is here a dreadful struggle for business. Every species of lure is tried to induce purchases, and modesty is quite lost sight of. A tradesman will cover the whole front of his house with a sign, whose gaudy and huge characters might be read, without the aid of a glass, at a mile's distance. He will cover the town with a shower of coloured bills, descriptive of the extraordinary excellence and cheapness of his wares, each measuring half a dozen feet square, and, to make them the more conspicuous, will plaster them on the very chimney tops, or, what appears a very favourite situation, the summit of the gables of a house destroyed by fire, or any other calamity calculated to attract a mob. In short, there is no end to the ways and means of the London tradesmen. Their ingenuity is racked to devise schemes for attracting attention, and their politeness and suavity of manner exceeds almost what could be imagined. Yet it is all surface work. Their civility is only a thin veneering on the natural character; after pocketing your money, they perhaps care not though you were carried in an hour hence to the gallows. But why should we expect any thing else? It would be too much for human nature. The struggle which takes place for subsistence in London is particularly observable in the minute classification of trades, and in the inventive faculty and activity of individuals in the lower ranks. Money is put in circulation through the meanest channels. Nothing is to be had for nothing. You can hardly ask a question without paying for an answer. The paltriest service which can be rendered is a subject of exaction. The shutting of a coach door will cost you twopenny; some needy wretch always rising up, as if by magic, out of the street, to do you this kind turn. An amusing instance of this excess of refinement in the division of labour, is found in the men who sweep the crossing places from the end of one street to another. These crossings are a sort of hereditary property of certain individuals. A man, having a good deal the air of a mendicant, stands with his broom, and keeps the passage clean; for exercising which public duty, the hat is touched, and a hint as to payment muttered, which, in many cases, meets with attention, for there are a number of good souls who never miss paying Jack for his trouble. We happen to know a gentleman who never passes one of these street-sweepers without laying a contribution into the extended and capacious hat. A crossing is reckoned valuable in proportion to the extent of the thoroughfare. It is bought and sold like a post in the army, and may be left by will. Woe be to the marauder who would take illegal possession, like a squatter in the backwoods, without regular transfer! All the brooms in the capital would be at once shaken in defence of the owner; and if the interloper got off anything short of absolute extinction, he might esteem himself fortunate. Some of these crossings in the city are perhaps worth from two to three hundreds a-year;

and it is said that, on a late occasion, one of the incumbents bequeathed several thousands of pounds. So much for a good London crossing.

The constant thoroughfare on the pavements of the city always forms a subject of wonder and curiosity to the stranger. When the town is at the fullest in winter and spring, the pavement is choked with passengers, all floating rapidly on in streams in different directions, yet avoiding any approach to confusion, and in general each rounding any difficult obstruction in the way, with a delicacy and tact no where else to be met with. Many of the strangers who arrive in London from the country are possessed with dreadful notions of the dangers to be encountered in all directions, when walking along the streets. In their youth they have carefully perused a tattered copy of "Barrington's New London Spy," a work which, as a matter of course, horrified them with accounts of ring-droppers, cut-purses, footpads, and others, who subsist on waylaying simple passengers. Before they leave home, they sew up their money in the linings of their clothes, and resolve never to show more than sixpence at a time—in public. They also determine to have all their eyes about them wheresoever they go, and make up their minds never to appear astonished at any thing, lest they be singled out for robbery, and perhaps murder. Catch them, if you can, going any way but in the main lines of street; the Strand and Fleet Street are their regular beat, and they would as soon think of crossing the deck of a line-of-battle ship in time of action, as venture through any of the narrow streets or short cuts. No, no; they know better than do that.

Strangers make a serious miscalculation when they imagine that they are to be annoyed or plundered on the streets of London. These streets are now as well regulated as those of any town in the empire, if not better, and no one is liable to interruption or spoliation unless he court the haunts of vice, or remain out at improper hours. You may at all times of the day walk along without suffering the slightest molestation. Nobody will know that you are there. In the midst of dense moving crowds, you are as much a solitary as in a desert. You are but an atom in a heap; a grain of sand on the sea-shore. It is this perfect seclusion that forms one of the chief charms of a metropolitan life. You depart from a retired part of the country where you cannot stir out unobserved, and, plunging into this overgrown mass of humanity, you there live and die unobserved and uncared for.

The next subject of wonder to a stranger in London is—but we must here pause, and continue our rambling sketches at another opportunity.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RAIN.

THE oceans, lakes, rivers, and springs, which are so generally distributed over the surface of the earth, not only adorn its aspect with variety and beauty, but afford a constant supply of moisture, which, after having been raised in the shape of clouds into the heavens, descends again in showers of larger or smaller drops, to fertilize the soil, and nourish the herbs, shrubs, and trees, which afford sustenance to all living beings, from the insect which wings its way sightless through the air, to man who has been endowed with the highest attributes of intelligence.

In nature, all that we see and hear—the very objects which are most familiar to the eye, and for that reason so continually neglected—are in themselves more or less complicated in structure, and bear the impress of that omnipotent hand, which has weighed, and adjusted to immutable laws, the minutest particle of sand that drifts along the shores of the universe. The light which is the blessed medium of our vision—the heat which is a stimulus to life in every scale of existence—the clouds which float above us, casting their refreshing shadows around our summer footsteps—have already afforded us so much interest, that we are tempted to resume our walk through the popular paths of science, admonished in every step of our progress, by the poet Wordsworth, to

"look on Nature with a humble heart;
Self-questioned where we do not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love."

Already it has been explained, that the waters of the earth yield up a certain quantity of moisture into the air, which, being condensed, assumes the appearance of a cloud of greater or lesser density and magnitude, floating at a variable distance above us in the regions of the atmosphere. When Gay Lussac ascended in his balloon, he observed clouds floating above him when he had reached the height of twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea; but they generally move in a much lower medium than this; and travellers who have attained the summits of high mountains, have not unfrequently observed them form, float along, and dissipate in the distance beneath him. But a cloud is not, as a rude mind might anticipate, a confused mass, destitute of all arrangement and beauty; for, as already shown, its structure is peculiar, and the vesicles of which it is composed are regularly arranged together as the fibres of the most delicate flower we can inspect;—hence, clouds admit of a particular classification;—from one variety of them, fine weather may be predicted;—from another, the continuance of high winds; from another, the immediate fall of rain—the

phenomena attending which come now under our more particular consideration.

REGULAR RAIN.

Naturalists describe rain as regular or irregular—the former possessing the characters which rain usually has in this and every other country, the latter presenting very remarkable peculiarities, which excite the interest of the learned, and the apprehension and wonder of the vulgar. Immediately before the fall of rain, the cloud whence it descends loses its vesicular structure. The water-bags (if this rude term may be applied to the vesicles of which it is composed) condense, and unite together into solid drops, which convert the cloud into that dense, heavy, black-looking mass known well under the name of the rain-cloud. When this happens, rain falls; and its peculiarities consist in the greater or lesser size of its drops, the closer or more distant arrangement of its streams, and the quantity which falls in different regions of the globe. Within the tropics, and in this country, when the air has been charged with electricity, as often happens during the dry summer or autumnal months, the rain-drops are very large; but during the wet and chilly season which attends the fall of the year, they are often very small, and, as it is technically termed, *drizzling*. It is a remarkable fact, and worthy of our notice, that drops of rain have always been found larger in the lower regions of the atmosphere. Thus, Dr Walker observed, in going down a high mountain, that the drops gradually increased in size as he descended. At a little way below the summit of the mountain, the precipitation appeared only a gentle mist; but this gradually became denser as he descended, until, on reaching the valley, it increased to a heavy rain. In the year 1776, Dr Heberdeen proved this curious fact. He placed one instrument for measuring the quantity of rain which falls—called the *rain-gauge*, which we shall presently describe—on the square part of the roof of Westminster Abbey; another on the top of a neighbouring house considerably lower than the first; and another on the ground in the adjoining garden. The rain collected in each was as follows:—

Top of Westminster Abbey, . . .	12 inches.
Top of the house, . . .	18 "
On the ground, . . .	22 "

So that much more rain was collected in the lower than in the upper rain-gauge. It has been observed, that this difference may in some measure be owing to the action of the wind, which might drift the rain from the higher and more exposed vessel; but let the greatest pains be taken to avoid this difficulty, which may be done by placing all the vessels in positions equally exposed to the wind;—still the fact will hold good, that the quantity of rain increases as we descend in the atmosphere. It has been conjectured that the increased size of the drops, as we descend mountains into valleys, depends on their uniting together as they fall. But the truth seems to be, that the increased quantity of moisture precipitated is owing to the continued evaporation going on at the earth's surface. When the sun has withdrawn his rays, or is overcast by a dense cloud in the higher regions of the heavens, and when the air is loaded with excess of vapour, should an additional quantity arise from the earth's surface, it must be obstructed in its ascent, and, meeting with a colder current, be condensed, and converted into rain. In traversing a mountainous country during a storm, we have had occasion to observe this fact; for often the rain by which we have been wet through, has seemed not so much to descend from above, as to be formed immediately around us. The garments about the knees of the pedestrian will, under such circumstances, be wet through, while his shoulders remain comparatively dry. Hence, marshy and maritime situations which "mit much vapour are observed to be remarkably rainy. Mountainous regions are generally visited also with much rain; and the reason of this is, that clouds are attracted by mountains. Every cloud is charged with more or less electricity, and the mountains which rise high in the atmosphere act as attractors. When the cloud approaches, being in an opposite electrical state, the mountain abstracts from it a portion of its electric fluid, in consequence of which its vesicles collapse, and fall in rain-drops. When a country is very flat, rain does not often fall; thus, though the winds are not steady, rain in Egypt seldom occurs. In illustration of the agency of mountains in attracting clouds, it has been often remarked, that on the Andes it rains constantly, and sometimes descends on Quito in prodigious showers, while in Peru this rarely occurs.

Winds, likewise, by being irregular and variable, give rise to heavy falls of rain in this and in other countries. The rains in India, which are often so desolating in their effects, generally occur during the shifting of the monsoons; but the most remarkable storm of rain there experienced, usually occurs during what is termed the south-west monsoon. "Its approach," says Mr Elphinstone, "is generally announced by vast masses of clouds that rise from the Indian Ocean, and advance towards the north-east, gathering and thickening as they come near the land. After some threatening days, the sky assumes a troubled appearance in the evening, and the monsoon generally sets in during the night. It is attended by thunder storms far exceeding those in more temperate regions. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours, light-

ning is seen almost without intermission; sometimes it only illuminates the sky, and shows the clouds near the horizon; at others, it discovers the distant hills, and again leaves all in darkness, when, in an instant, it re-appears in vivid successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time, thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer peal, which bursts on the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe. At length the thunder ceases, and nothing is heard but the continued pouring of the rain and the rushing of the rising streams. The next day presents a gloomy spectacle; the rain still descends in torrents, and scarcely allows a view of the blackened fields; the rivers are swollen and discoloured, and sweep down along with them the hedges, the huts, and the remains of the cultivation which was carried on during the last dry season, in their beds.* In this country, during steady dry weather, the winds blow in a steady direction; but when they shift, and become unsteady and variable, rainy weather generally succeeds. When the wind remains for a long period blowing in one continued direction, the vapour, instead of accumulating and condensing into clouds, is wafted to distant regions. Accordingly, rain seldom falls during the constant trade-winds; but the continental parts of the regions where these remarkable winds occur, are subject to very heavy rainy seasons, which are periodical, like the monsoons of the same climates. In that part of Peru called Valles, which lies on the north and south side of Lima, and is bounded on the east by the Andes, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, it never rains at all; but during winter the earth is covered with a fog so thick and dense as to intercept the rays of the sun. These fogs, which the natives call *garuas*, supply sufficient moisture to render the most arid and barren soil fertile, and to convert the disagreeable dust in the streets of Lima into mud. The reason why it never rains in this country is, that the wind always blows from the south, that is, from a colder to a warmer region of the world. In all countries, particular winds are noted for being accompanied either by wet or by dry weather; thus, the south and the south-west winds bring much moisture into Britain, while those from the north and north-east are cold, dry, and penetrating; hence the old proverb,

"When the wind's in the south,
It's in the rain's mouth."

Not only does this arise from the immense surface of ocean over which these winds sweep south of the equator, the evaporation from which must be prodigious, but from these southerly winds being of a higher temperature, whereby they hold a greater quantity of vapour in suspension or solution, the condensation of which must be proportionally greater on arriving in this colder climate. Accordingly, it has been observed that the wind will turn from the north to south with a quiet wind and without rain, but, on returning from the south to the north, will blow hard and bring much rain. Again, if it begin to rain from the south, with a high wind, for two or three hours, and the wind falls, but the rain continues, it is likely to rain for twelve hours or more, and does usually rain until a strong north wind clears the air. For the same reason, winds from the west and south-west are considered to bring with them wet weather; hence the old saying,

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

In the morning, the sun, rising from its "eastern chamber," shines directly upon the rain falling in the west, and thereby warning the watchful shepherd of the approach of wet weather with this humid wind; but at night, when the sun sinks in the west, its rays fall on the rain in the east, and the shepherd then sees the storm departing; hence, this is one of the many popular sayings founded on observation of nature.

Men of science have made very careful inquiries to ascertain the quantity of rain which falls in certain places during a given time, and the instrument devised for that purpose is called the *rain-gauge*. Its construction is very simple, consisting merely of a circular or square vessel, to which is affixed a pipe, funnel-shaped, for conducting the rain into it, where its quantity is estimated by a scale marking the number of square inches which enter. The annual quantity of rain is greatest at the equator, and gradually diminishes as we approach the poles. But, while the quantity of rain varies in different regions of the earth, it presents remarkable differences even in the same country. The mean quantity of rain which falls in England is estimated at 32 inches. For the amusement, we should rather say instruction, of our readers, we subjoin, in a note however, the mean annual fall of rain in different places in this country.† As the west wind blows for a much longer period of the year than the east wind, more rain falls on the west than east coast of Great Britain. "Glasgow," says Dr Thomson, "which is an inland city, and at some distance from the mountains, is drier than Edinburgh, which

is more contiguous to the Eastern Ocean, and much drier than Greenock or Largs, which are contiguous to the Western Ocean."—*Outlines of the Sciences of Heat and Electricity*, Vol. I.—269, et seq.

The influence of the wind, however, and its effects, must be much modified by the aspect of the country through which it sweeps, be it over level seas and plains, over ranges of mountains, or between rocky or mountainous passes. Such local peculiarities in the features of the earth necessarily influence the quantity of rain which falls in particular districts; but this we shall hereafter contemplate more fully, when we consider the nature of whirlwinds, tornadoes, the typhoon, simoons, hurricanes, and other meteorological phenomena, which occur in different regions of the globe.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES TAYLOR,
Originator of Steam Navigation.

THERE can be no more pleasing duty than that of rescuing the claims of worth and genius from unmerited oblivion, more especially when these claims are grounded upon benefits conferred on the whole civilized world. But the task assumes something even of a sacred character, when undertaken in behalf of the departed; for however gratifying it may be to render that justice which has been so long delayed, it is melancholy to reflect that he to whom it was due does not now exist to reap the benefit of the vindication.

The credit of the inestimable invention of applying steam to the purposes of navigation, has now been claimed by so many pretenders, that we believe the public are at this moment as much puzzled to whom to assign the palm, as they have all along been to penetrate the mystery of the authorship of *Junius*. Independent of numerous claimants in our own country, our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have not been slow to assert their title; but although it be true that the great and important results likely to accrue from the discovery, were first fairly developed on the Hudson, we are perfectly prepared to shew, that there certainly the idea did not originate; that it was altogether of British, or rather of Scottish origin; and from documents now in our possession, we have little doubt of being able to set this disputed question for ever at rest to the satisfaction of the public, and to prove that to the individual whose name stands at the head of this memoir, the world is indebted for all the benefits they enjoy by means of that wonderful fabric, the STEAM-BOAT.

It is needless here to give a detailed account of Mr Taylor's birth and parentage; suffice it to say, that they were both respectable. He received the rudiments of his education at the celebrated school at Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and afterwards attended the University of Edinburgh for several years. He appears to have prosecuted his studies with much assiduity and success, for at the end of his course he was prepared to enter either upon the profession of medicine or divinity. But the excursiveness of his genius hindered him at the time from fixing his mind down to any one pursuit; and although, as we are told, more than one living was placed within his acceptance, he continued to devote himself to his favourite philosophical studies, particularly geology, mineralogy, chemistry, and mechanics. The ardour of enthusiasm, however, although it may sustain the mind, will not support the body; and in the year 1785 he accepted the situation of preceptor in the family of the late Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton. That well-known, excellent, and patriotic gentleman, whose exertions as a practical experimentalist on almost all useful subjects are well known, had shortly before then completed a long and expensive course of experiments upon artillery, of which the carronade was the result, and was, at the time, engaged in a similar course upon ship-building. He had built several vessels of various constructions and magnitudes, with the view of improving upon the existing modes of ship-building—in particular a double vessel, intended to be propelled by the hand by means of wheels. It will readily be imagined that two individuals, so similar in habits, and so ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, as Mr Taylor and his employer, should soon contract a friendship and regard for each other; and, accordingly, Mr Miller soon acquired the habit of uniformly consulting the opinion of his family tutor, and making him a sort of partner in all his shipping experiments. In 1787, Mr Miller engaged in a sailing match with a party of gentlemen at Leith, in his double vessel, against a first-rate sailing wherry. Mr Taylor was, of course, on board; and to this circumstance may be attributed the primary projection of applying the steam-engine to navigation. Mr Miller's vessel won the day, and Mr Taylor felt perfectly convinced of the efficiency of the principle by which it was wrought; but, having taken a spell at the wheels, he found the labour so excessive, that he told Mr Miller, that, unless he could apply a more commanding power than that of men, the invention would be of little use. Mr Miller acknowledged the justice of the observation, and requested the aid of his cogitations on the subject, adding, that the only other plan he himself could think of was the employment of the capstan. Mr Taylor's thoughts forthwith became steadfastly directed to the subject; and, after much reflection, and many conversations with his employer, he at last suggested the steam-engine.

Mr Miller at first started many objections on the score of the danger of fire, &c.; but at last, after great persuasion, and not until Mr Taylor had demonstrated by drawings the practicability of connecting the engine with the wheels, he agreed to have a small engine built, and to give the plan a trial. Accordingly, on the family coming into Edinburgh for the winter, from Dalswinton, Mr Taylor was requested to find out a proper engineer for the purpose; and a young acquaintance of his, named William Symington, employed at the lead mines at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire, and who had invented a new construction of the steam-engine (by throwing off the air pump), being at the time in Edinburgh for his education, he recommended and introduced him to Mr Miller. It was then agreed that the experiment should be made on the lake at Dalswinton, in the ensuing summer (1788); and upon the family returning to the country in the spring, Mr Taylor remained behind to superintend and transmit the castings, which were formed of brass. In the autumn, Symington was sent for to Dalswinton to put the parts together, and fit the engine upon the vessel, a handsome double pleasure-boat. The experiment which followed succeeded perfectly; the vessel moving at the rate of five miles an hour, notwithstanding the smallness of the cylinders, which were only four inches in diameter. This trial took place in presence of hundreds of people, and an account of it, drawn up by Mr Taylor, was inserted in the *Dumfries Journal* the same month (October). It was also noticed in the *Scots Magazine* of the following November.

The success of the foregoing experiment was so complete and satisfactory, that it was agreed to form a business of it, and cover the invention with a patent; but, before doing so, it was reckoned prudent to repeat the trial upon a larger scale on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Accordingly, in the following spring, Mr Taylor repaired to Carron, with Mr Symington, to superintend the casting of a double engine, with cylinders of eighteen inches diameter; but it was the month of November ere all things were ready for action. There were present, on this occasion, the Committee of the Managers of the Carron Company, Mr Balfour of Pilrig, Mr Adam of Blair-Adam, Mr Stainton, manager of the works, and other gentlemen, together with Mr Taylor and Mr Symington. Several unforeseen, and, indeed, almost unavoidable mishaps, at first occurred, owing to the too slight construction of several parts of the engine; but ultimately, on the 26th December, every thing was put to rights, and the vessel went beautifully and steadily at the rate of seven miles an hour. The experiment, indeed, was as complete as any that has ever since been tried. By Mr Miller's directions (who was not present on the above occasion) the vessel was dismantled and laid up, and the engine placed in the Carron works; and when Mr Taylor joined him at Dalswinton, he found him too much occupied with his agricultural improvements to think of prosecuting the steam-boat scheme farther at that time; nor could he ever afterwards be induced to take it up again. The patent was never taken out. Mr Taylor, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, either to ensure protection to, or enable him to reap the due benefit from, his invention, was compelled to remain passive; and, as but too often happens in such cases, others began to turn the fruits of his genius to their own account. In the following year, however, an opportunity seemed to offer itself, by which Mr Taylor had a temporary prospect of realizing his hopes of fame and fortune from his ingenuity. The present R. Cutlar Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, then resident at Paris, having heard of the steam-boat experiments, wrote home, earnestly advising Mr Taylor to carry his invention to the Continent, and promising to introduce him to the notice of the King of Hungary. Several letters passed between Mr Ferguson and Mr Taylor on the subject; but the scheme was entirely dissipated by the breaking out of the French Revolution. It is proper here to observe, that both Mr Ferguson and his father, who corresponded with Mr Taylor on the subject, although intimate friends and constant visitors of Mr Miller, never once mentioned his name in their letters, but uniformly addressed the subject of this memoir personally, as the originator and possessor of the invention. Shortly after this period, Mr Taylor and Mr Miller separated.

In 1801 or 1802, Mr Symington, who, up to this time, had never laid the shadow of a claim to Mr Taylor's invention, induced Lord Dundas to employ him to fit up a vessel for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company. This was accordingly done, but when set a-working, the agitation of the water, and consequent washing of the banks, which it caused, was so alarming, that the Company would not permit it to be used again, and it was laid up at Lock Sixteen. It happened that at this period Mr Fulton, the American engineer, was travelling in Britain for information in the line of his profession, and, whilst visiting Carron works, in company with Mr Henry Bell, then a carpenter at Glasgow, first heard of the steam-boat. He forthwith applied to Mr Symington, who resided at Falkirk, for leave to inspect the boat, which was immediately complied with, and every information readily furnished. The consequence was, that both Mr Fulton and Mr Bell immediately conceived the project of separately turning the invention to their own ac-

* Historical and Descriptive Account of British India, vol. iii. 246. Oliver and Boyd. 1832.

† The following is the annual fall of rain in different places in Great Britain:—

London,	23.10 inches.	Liverpool,	34.119 inches.
Edinburgh,	24.5	Lancaster,	39.714
Glasgow,	21.331	Chatsworth,	27.664
Dumfries,	35.919	Dover,	37.52
Manchester,	36.140	Plymouth,	44

count. Mr Fulton launched his first boat on the Hudson in 1807, and he and his country claimed the merit of the invention. Mr Bell was somewhat tardier in his movements, and it was not until 1812 that his first steam-vessel, the *Comet*, was set a-going on the Clyde—when he, like Mr Fulton, also claimed the merit of the invention. In the meantime, it appears that Mr Symington, too, not only laid pretensions to it, but had secretly taken out a patent so far back as the year 1802 or 1803. This stealthy step, however, of which neither Mr Taylor nor Mr Miller had the slightest suspicion, served him nothing; for when he raised an action of damages upon it in 1815, against the proprietors of the Clyde steam-boats, they defended themselves successfully on the plea that he was not the original inventor. Mr Symington's unfair and continued interference, and the discovery of the surreptitious patent, of which Mr Taylor was not made aware until long afterwards, and not until many years after Mr Miller's death, seem to have called forth an indignant remonstrance from Mr Taylor, as we find by a letter of Mr Symington, dated February 1821, evidently intended to soothe his irritation, and promising to pay him one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent.

When the steam-boats first commenced plying on the Clyde, Mr Taylor again waited on Mr Miller, who had now become very infirm, and pressingly urged upon him to preserve the benefit of his invention by patent. Mr Miller, however, urged his age and declining health as an excuse for not engaging any more in such speculations, and added—"I must now rest satisfied with having produced an improvement which will do good to my country, and benefit all mankind." Under such circumstances, and Mr Taylor not having funds of his own to interfere, the benefit of the invention was unfortunately allowed to pass away from both. It is not easy to account for Mr Miller's singular apathy and indifference towards the subject, subsequent to the undoubted success of his experiments—the point at which most other people would feel chiefly encouraged to persevere. That it was from indifference to fame and reputation, no one who was acquainted with that gentleman can for a moment suspect; and we are indeed strongly inclined to believe that it was his very fondness for that most delusive but innocent of vanities which caused his silence. It must be recollected that no pretender to the invention had started up in Britain previous to this time, and he knew that he himself currently got the entire credit of it. Had he, however, proceeded to take out a patent, he would have been compelled to have included Mr Taylor in it, and thus, by making public the principal share which the latter gentleman had in the invention, have deprived himself of the credit he had so long been in the habit of receiving. This explanation of his conduct, at least, is the only probable one which we are able to arrive at.

Whilst steam navigation was every day rising in importance, and numerous companies and individuals were rapidly building their fortunes through its means, the friends of Mr Taylor, who was in any thing but prosperous circumstances, never ceased to urge upon him the propriety of laying his claims before government, and soliciting a reward suited to the magnitude and importance of his discovery. At last, in 1824, he was induced to draw up a statement, detailing all the particulars connected with the origin and progress of steam navigation, which he printed, and addressed to Sir Henry Parnell, Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Steam-boats, &c. It would not appear that this application elicited any favourable reply; for, early in 1825, we find him applying to Mr Huskisson, then President of the Board of Trade, through Mr Kennedy, of Dunure, to which application an answer was returned to the effect that "there was little hope that government would consider the subject a fit one for remuneration!" Imagining that this indifference of the Ministry to his claims arose from the uncertainty which was felt in regard to the real author of the invention, owing to the multiplicity of claimants, he again wrote in August the same year, with a fuller and more particular detail of all the circumstances. At this time he was upon his death-bed, and, indeed, within a month of his decease—bowed down by infirmities, and pressed with pecuniary difficulties, having previously engaged in an extensive pottery at Cumnock, in Ayrshire, which had not succeeded. He died on the 18th September 1825, in the 68th year of his age, an addition to the already numerous list of men whose genius has secured mighty results for the world, but nothing beneficial for themselves. Very shortly after his decease, a third application was made to the same quarter, by one of his relatives, on behalf of his widow and family, in which some pretensions, brought forward at the time by Mr Symington, in a letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, were most satisfactorily refuted. In this communication to government, also, a letter was quoted, penned so far back as the year 1787, by Mr Symington to Mr Taylor, in which that gentleman so explicitly acknowledges the originality of the conception of the applicability of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation, as belonging to the subject of this memoir, that it seems altogether incomprehensible how he could ever afterwards presume to attempt the appropriation of it to himself. An extract from this letter of Mr Symington, as well as of his promissory epistle to Mr Taylor of February

1821, is subjoined;* and it is thought proper here to state, that the originals of these, as well as of many other communications between the parties on the same subject, have been submitted to the inspection of one of the Editors of this publication. Mr Symington subsequently attempted to renew his pretensions, in a communication to the Editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*; but these were so thoroughly set at rest by a respondent in the same publication, that it is reckoned unnecessary here to allude to them more particularly.

It is peculiarly gratifying to us, and must be so to every admirer of genius and every lover of humanity, to be enabled to conclude this memoir by stating, that, shortly after Mr Taylor's death, a pension of £50 a-year was bestowed by government on his widow, a most respectable gentlewoman, now residing in Edinburgh—thus acknowledging substantially, though tardily, the justness of those claims, advanced thus late, and under such peculiar circumstances.

LIVING IN JAMAICA.

THERE are few places in the world where people in general live better, I believe, than in Jamaica—from the highest to the lowest—the governor to the plantation negro. Food of all kinds is in abundance—flesh, fish, fowl, fruit, and kitchen vegetables. To be sure, the assortment varies in different districts, but all are equally well supplied with some kinds or other. If fresh beef and mutton abound most in the towns, the mountains have a still better supply of pigs, poultry, kid, and game. The beef is seldom good, owing to the universal practice of drawing the oxen in teams for several years. Besides, the heat of the climate obliges its consumption, or at least cooking, within four-and-twenty hours after being killed. Taste is every thing, however: what I considered extremely bad (coming straight from the roast beef of old England), the islanders reckoned extremely good. The mutton is coarse, and, from the appearance of the sheep, one wonders it is not much coarser. If I recollect right, they are Mexican—long-necked, ragged rascals, with only half a hide upon them. A drove of them look, for all the world, like a regiment of hussars. The young kids are much used, and highly prized, and, when properly roasted, look very tempting and tender, but still there is a rankness of flavour about the flesh which bespeaks the future goat, and which I never could reconcile myself to. The pigs, especially those fed on the sugar estates, are the most delicate and delicious, I should think, in the universe. What the acorn-fed porkers of Westphalia may be when young, I know not, but they must be fine indeed to excel their West Indian brethren, educated on the juicy cane roots and plantain stems. The veal I never tasted. As for the fish, there are few places supplied more abundantly, or in greater variety. It would occupy, indeed, a whole page of letter-press to enumerate them; therefore I shall name none. Many of them are large and rich, but their flesh is in general soft and pulpy, nor is there any one of them at all to be compared to our own salmon. One small kind, called the *snapper*, with various other sorts, are to be seen swimming about near the shore of the clear pellucid harbour, and under the numerous quays, in thousands. In the inland streams, the mountain mullet, a fine rich trout, is the prevalent fish. Speaking of fish, I must not forget the shell-fish; but I refer to them only for the purpose of noticing two species—the oyster and the black crab. The former literally grow upon trees; that is to say, they adhere to the pendant branches of the willows that grow on the margin of the water, and in this state are brought into market, where they are sold at so much per stick. But, assuredly, unless informed, I should never have guessed them to have been oysters. Their shells generally resemble those of the mussel rather than the pandora. They are very sweet and wholesome nevertheless. The black crab (which resembles exactly our Scotch *parton*, but smaller, and darker in the colour) is generally considered a great delicacy in Jamaica. The habits of this animal are as great a puzzle to the West Indians as those of the salmon are to the naturalists of Scotland. They are found in all parts of the interior, and it is believed they migrate every year from one side of the island to the other; at least they have often been met with, in hundreds together, slowly traversing the country. At these times it is dangerous to meddle with them, as, should they fix upon a man, mule, or horse, nothing but wrenching their claws off their bodies could make them quit their hold. It is a curious characteristic of this animal, that, during these migrations, nothing can make them

swerve from their path. Be the obstacle which comes in their way stone, tree, or precipice, they go direct over it by means of their adhesive claws. Whilst sojourning on the sea-shore, they burrow in holes like rabbits. The domestic fowls are the common hen, the Guinea-hen, the peacock, the turkey, the duck, and, I think, the goose. The first of these are chiefly disposed of to vessels leaving port; but the Guinea-hen, although seemingly a more delicate bird, is easier kept, and stands the voyage much better. The turkey thrives uncommonly well in Jamaica. The game, or wild fowl, is exceedingly limited in variety. The Guinea-fowl and the quail are plentiful; but owing to the rank vegetation that covers the country, any thing like regular hunting is impossible. There is likewise abundance of snipes, and also numerous varieties of the pigeon tribe.

Of the fruits in Jamaica I need scarcely speak. They comprise almost every species known in the western tropics. The vine and pomegranate cluster every veranda where the owner takes the trouble to plant them. A large delicious pine-apple may be bought in the market for a penny (3d. sterling). The juicy water-melon, which retains its delightful coolness even when exposed, unsheltered, to the burning sun, is abundant, and grows to a very large size. Oranges are in the utmost profusion, and better I never tasted than what I met with sometimes. The tamarinds are literally allowed to rot on the trees. The mangoes are so common that they are little regarded, unless by the negroes, scores of whom are every year carried off from eating them ere they are fully ripe. Besides the fruits I have mentioned, there are the shaddock, the star-apple, the pappaw, and a host of others, too numerous to record here. Wild strawberries are found in the higher parts of the mountains. The English apple, also, grows in Jamaica, but is very dwarfish; nor must I omit to mention the pears, which are not eaten, as with us, as a dessert, but to meals, with pepper and salt! They bear no affinity, however, to the British pear, but have a large stone in the heart of them, and the fruit is of a fat tasteless nature, which few strangers relish. I have eaten the ripe figs from the tree, too; but to my taste they are nothing to be compared in their green to their preserved state. The cocoa-nut tree takes, I believe, fully a dozen years ere it begins to bear. While the nut is green, and before the white kernel, or rather coating, begins to form on the inside of the shell, the cavity is quite filled with a watery liquid of a sweet rich taste, which is reckoned very nourishing. I have taken an English pint of this liquor from one nut—and drunk it too. There is a great similarity of appearance between the palm and the cocoa-nut trees; and although the former is the statelier plant, the branches of the latter excel it in freshness of colour—bright green.

There is no scarcity of kitchen vegetables in Jamaica. The potatoes endeavoured to be raised there are, as in all tropical climes, very bad—small, watery, and waxy. The want of them, however, is amply made up by the yam in the mountains; and in the sea-ports there is at all times a plentiful importation of potatoes from Ireland, Britain, and America. There are green peas all the year round, and a numerous variety of small delicate beans. A plant called callaloo grows wild, which is much used in the interior, and resembles exactly our spinach in taste, colour, and medicinal properties. Perhaps I should also include the plantain among the vegetables for table use, as it is used instead of loaf-bread at all meals by the planters in the interior. There is a root, too, called the cocoa, which in its green state is rank poison, but when dried in the sun, and pounded, makes a white and pleasant cake. This root, however, is only used by the negroes. One of the greatest treats of the vegetable species which I met with among the mountains, was "the garden marrow," which, when sliced down and fried, bears the nearest possible resemblance to a rich, well-cooked pancake.

Having thus given a brief, and, I will own, imperfect enumeration of the various *fungibles* which the soil and shores of Jamaica yield its inhabitants, I will next endeavour, in a subsequent paper, to give a faint idea of the gastronomical habits of the consumers.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

WHITE, in his delightful work entitled the *Natural History of Selborne*, an exceedingly beautiful and cheap edition of which is lately published in the BRITISH LIBRARY, makes the following observations on the language of birds:—

"From the motion of birds, the transition is natural enough to their notes and language, of which I shall say something. Not that I would pretend to understand their language like the vazier, who, by the recital of a conversation which passed between two owls, reclaimed a sultan, before delighting in conquest and devastation; but I would be thought only to mean, that many of the winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings, such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent, as it were, in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds; no bird, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes

* "I must make some remarks on your summer's invention, which, if made to perform what its author gives it out for, will undoubtedly be one of the greatest wonders hitherto presented to the world, besides being of considerable emolument to the projector. Great success to you, although overturning my schemes; but take care we do not come upon your back, and run away with them by some improvement. Your brother John gives a kind of credit to your report, which, for some reasons, I did not discourage. I must conclude, &c. &c. (Signed) Wm. SYMINGTON."

"Glasgow, 9th Feb. 1821.
"Sir—In terms of our former agreement when making experiments of sailing by the steam-engine, I hereby bind and oblige myself to convey to you, by a regular assignation, the one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent taken by me upon that invention, when an opportunity occurs of executing the deed, and when required—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"To Mr James Taylor, } (Signed) WILLIAM SYMINGTON.
Cumnock."

of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle kind are shrill and piercing; and, about the season of nidification, much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vox humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males; they use also a quick call and a horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, besides their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes, in the gaiety of their hearts, to sing, but with no great success; the parrot kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till daybreak, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, by a shrill alarm, bespeaks the attention of the other *hirundines*, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious—as cranes, wild-geese, wild-ducks, and the like: their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We shall, therefore, confine our attention to the few domestic fowls of our yards, which are most known, and, therefore, best understood. And first, the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgusting. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like, and clanking, and once saved the Capitol at Rome, as grave historians assert: the hiss, also, of the gander, is formidable, and full of menace, and 'protective of his young.' Among ducks, the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward, and harsh, and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner: he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen turkey leads forth her young brood, she keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression, and so copious a language, as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey with little twittings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary: if he finds food, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticler has, at command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing: by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum—as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him

—the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours.

A neighbouring gentleman, one summer, had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down, between a fagot pile and the end of his house, to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, hung a setting net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the catiff dashed, and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before. The exasperated matrons upbraided

—they execrated—they insulted—they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces."

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

MARSEILLES.

THERE is nothing so tiresome as travelling by canal, even though it be that of Languedoc. The continued line of artificial embankment affects both mind and eye with its dull monotony. To relieve myself from the heavy sensations which a gliding motion is apt to produce, I walked the whole distance between Toulouse and Beziers, taking advantage of the boat to convey my portmanteau; and, from the frequent recurrence of locks, I found that I could more than keep pace with it. I left Toulouse early in the morning, and arrived at Beziers the subsequent evening, so that I was necessitated to walk one whole night, the sofas in the little cabin being quite occupied by men, women, and children; and I preferred the exercise to sleeping, as some of the passengers did, stretched on their own luggage on deck, under a heavy fall of dew. As the boat was in continued motion, and no provision made for passengers on board, I was obliged to cater for myself at the various villages as we passed along; and I contrived to do so pretty successfully, though an Englishman and his wife declared that they were half starved. On the whole, I advise every one who is fond of ease and comfortable travelling to shun the Languedoc Canal, which the guide-books so warmly recommend; except to a pedestrian with heavy luggage, it offers no advantages. I arrived at Beziers at seven o'clock in the evening; the sun was down some time, and the town, which stands on a rock of considerable altitude, and is strongly fortified, rose in a dark heavy mass against the evening sky. I ascended the rocky declivitous pathway on the west, and, by nine o'clock, was thundering down the opposite one on the east, in a diligence bound for Montpellier. Beziers is famed for its manufacture of *eau de vie*, which vies in celebrity with that of Cogniac; and as I had provided myself with a flask of it, a second night in the open air was passed pleasantly enough. We got to Montpellier about four in the morning. I enjoyed a delicious slumber till nine, when the bright beams of a cloudless day broke into my room, and I soon found myself on the *Perrault*, or public promenade.

Like all towns dependent for its prosperity on fashion or caprice, Montpellier has seen many changes. The Montpellier of to-day is but the ghost of what it once was. The sun shines as brightly as ever; the delicious softness of the morning and evening breezes is as salubrious; the animal, fish, and vegetable markets, are as overflowing with cheap and wholesome viands; the promenades have all the advantages of shade and distant landscape; but instead of the hundreds who used to flock every autumn to enjoy them, only a few solitary strangers drop in as if by chance. The quackery of medicine, which at one time numbered Montpellier as a panacea for all descriptions of disease, has contributed, I believe, by following the caprice of fashion, to its present adversity. Other towns and climates have been discovered which are more efficacious in curing maladies, and in filling the pockets of the adventurous physician. For my part, as I walked along the rows of trees which line the promenade, decorated with its fountain and elegant temple, and caught distant glimpses of the Mediterranean, the Alps, and Pyrenees, with fragments of decayed aqueducts breaking through the foliage of the middle distance, I envied the persons who came to lay their bones amongst such beautiful imagery. As I was sketching a portion of the scene, I was addressed by an English gentleman, who, to my no small surprise, I discovered was one to whom I had a letter of introduction, when he politely offered to show me what was to be seen about the place. Making a circuit round the town, we visited the Botanical Gardens, a favourite haunt of the English, and which, with their cool shady walks, and thousand beautiful specimens of rare exotics, and little ponds of clear spring water filled with gold and silver fish, offer attractions of no mean description during the warm summer months. Here, in a little sequestered nook, almost hid by shrubbery, Young the poet's daughter lies buried, with this simple inscription, carved upon as simple a tomb:—

"Placidis Narcissæ muribus,"

the unaffected pathos of which must strike every one. As we walked along the broad strait avenues strewed with fallen leaves, multitudes of various sized lizards were rustling about. There is no better proof of the existence of a warm dry climate than this. In Italy, they are so numerous that they often find their way into the houses. They are perfectly harmless and very beautiful; they are generally of a dark green, with black spots on the back, and a yellowish white on the belly; their eyes are two little brilliant sparks, which often startle you, peeping from amongst the leaves, and their motions are quick as thought, and very elegant. It was here, too, that I first observed aloes in flower in the open air, another rather convincing proof of the climate's salubrity. The chief objection to Montpellier as a residence, appeared to me its size and bustle; it is too large and too noisy for a retirement, unless one lives some way in the country, and many neat cottages may be had at very low rates. The town has nothing striking in point of buildings:

the theatre is, of course, one of the most conspicuous, and in the museum there are some good paintings. I dined at my friend's house, where every thing was cooked and served à l'Anglais; so that I have nothing to say but that the English, go where they may, live quite at home, seeing as little of foreign manners and society as if they had never moved from their arm chairs.

The following day I found myself at Nîmes; and though I did not spend many hours in it, I saw enough to make me delighted with it. As a place of residence, it appeared to me preferable to any town I had yet visited. The streets are wide, yet rendered shady by rows of trees. The promenades are truly magnificent, and the antiquities, as far as they go, as interesting as any thing in Italy. The amphitheatre, which, on a small scale, is almost a model of that of Vespasian at Rome, is more perfect than it, and sufficiently large to have a character of dignity and grandeur; but the Temple of Diana, or, as the French absurdly enough term it, "*La Maison Quarrée*," is a finer example of a Roman temple than exists any where in Italy. Indeed, its purity and elegance is quite Greek. I was sorry to observe a troop of workmen busily repairing it. It is as dangerous an experiment to touch a decaying building, as to retouch an ancient picture. The possession of these two real gems of art seems to have given a proper direction to the minds of the architects of Nîmes, for the public buildings have much more purity than the general run of those one sees in France. As I stood near the office of the diligence, a scene happened not many yards from me, which may seem to illustrate the French character: One of the National Guard, using the most insulting language to a man who was known to be a Carlist, and, declaring that he had no right to wear mustachios, offered to cut them off, the other resisted; a scuffle ensued, which ended by the guardsman driving his sword through the other's heart. The assassin was instantly seized, but had not the military made their appearance on the instant, so strong was the feeling of the bystanders in favour of his cause, that he would have been as immediately rescued. However, he was conveyed to prison under a strong guard; the colonel made a speech to the crowd, and the people withdrew. About fifteen minutes after this incident, I observed a very showy and beautiful woman pass hurriedly along with oysters on a wooden board, followed by twenty or thirty people. Upon inquiry I found that this was the wife of the murderer, on her way to her husband's cell, with some crumbs of comfort as a solace for his loss of liberty. Had I not seen the whole transaction, I could scarcely have believed that even French philosophy could have gone so far. During my ride to Marseille, being in the interior of the diligence with three Frenchmen, I found that politics at the moment run so high, that an act which, in the eye of reason and justice, could only be considered as an unprovoked murder, was regarded in the light of a heroic deed, and the murderer rather canonized than reprobated.

Marseille has been justly termed Europe in miniature, for here one sees samples of all nations, from the turbaned Turk, and opium-devouring Arab, to the furred and oily Russian. The harbour is always crowded with vessels—the strange looking craft of the Algerines, the broad bottoms and low masts of the Dutch, Italian feluccas, and English jolly-boats, all mingled together in picturesque proximity. Flags of all shapes and colours "flout the sky," and the hoarse bawling of the crews, in almost every living tongue, is continued from morning to night. The quays, which stretch round with two gigantic horns, are gay, with shops displaying all sorts of merchandise, from the gold dust, feathers, and perfumes of Arabia, to the muslin and cotton goods of Macclesfield and Paisley. There is nothing which the most excursive imagination could wish for, that is not displayed in the gay windows—costly silks, gems, bright plumaged birds, fruits of delicious odour, spices, gum, spirits, and wines of the finest growths, pipes with amber shafts, and merechaume bowls, and tobacco of the most fragrant flavour, curling in white volumes from the open doors of the coffee-houses, where sit the merchants and ship-owners, enjoying their small cups of high-flavoured coffee. I wandered about, as it were, in a dream; the Tales of a Hundred and One seemed to be at length realized, when I was brought to my senses by a poor half-starved wretch craving a sous. The town is divided into old and new, the portion encircling the harbour belonging to the former. The streets of the latter are very fine and broad, and showy, rising very rapidly from the harbour till they terminate in the public promenade, which put me somewhat in mind of the Calton-hill of Edinburgh. From this point a noble view of the town and Mediterranean is obtained—the harbour being finely covered, and defended by a number of small islands. In the evening I strolled into several of the coffee-houses, which were crowded to the doors with Turks, Greeks, Jews, Italians, Spaniards, Franks, Irish, English, and Scotch. There was a perpetual rattle of billiard balls, dominoes, and dice boxes, a strumming of guitars, gitterns, and harps, a singing of ballads, drinking of punch, coffee, sherbet, and lemonade, a selling and buying, and talking without end. The long-bearded Turk sat next to the smooth-lipped Frank, and smoked his costly

hookah, whilst the other puffed his cigars. There was no lack of fair sellers of bijous and bon-bons, who dispersed all around the sweetest smiles in the world. Again I thought of the Tales of the Hundred and One, when the desperate curse of some unfortunate gambler dispelled the illusion for the second time.

THE HALLOWEEN PROPHECY, A TALE.

ONE of the most intimate acquaintances of my youth was a Mr Henderson, a young man of gentle and pleasing manners, highly accomplished, and more than ordinarily handsome in his person. Mr Henderson, who was left in comfortable circumstances by his father, resided on a small property of his own, about ten miles distant from Glasgow. My acquaintance with him was formed in our boyhood, when we were at the grammar school together; and after finishing our curriculum, we went together to college, where our boyish intimacy ripened into the steady friendship of manhood. Henderson's father was at this time in life—a kind-hearted man, and an indulgent parent; and it was with no small delight that the honest man hailed our arrival at Telford House on the Saturday forenoon, James being in the habit of carrying me down with him every Saturday to his father's house, where we remained until the Monday following: and joyously and happily did we spend these delightful intervals of study. Time wore on, and the joys and happiness of youth were rudely driven aside, and their place supplied by the thoughts and cares of advancing life. Our course at the university was completed; Henderson's father died, and he left Glasgow to reside on and manage the property to which he had succeeded; and I entered into business. These changes, however, did not interrupt our friendship; I still went—but not so frequently, because my avocations could not admit of it—to Telford House, and was still received, when I did go, with the warmest welcome. Henderson, too, came occasionally to Glasgow to see me, sleeping generally a night in my house when he came. Then we talked over bygone days, and the departed visions of our boyhood.

Neither of us had, after all, much to regret in the past, unless it were the romantic reveries of youth, for in worldly circumstances we had both greatly improved; and as far as the ability to command all the conveniences of life can make men happy, we were so. "Now, Borland," said Henderson to me, as he was in the act of mounting his horse to return home, after spending a night with me; "Now, Borland," he said, extending his hand, "you promise that you will be with us the day after to-morrow." (I had made such a promise the night preceding.) "Come, now, give me your hand on it; they are all wearying their lives out at the House to see you." Those whom he described as desirous to see me, were his mother, two paternal aunts, and an only sister, all of whom resided with him. I gave my friend the renewed pledge which he solicited for my appearance at Telford, and on the day appointed redeemed it. On my arrival, I was met by the whole crowd of the inmates, with my friend at their head, each striving who should be first to welcome me. On being ushered into the parlour, the first thing that attracted my notice was its splendid new furniture. The room, with every stool, chair, and picture in it, had, from long acquaintance, become as familiar to me as any of the inmates themselves: this new plenishing, therefore, instantly caught my notice. I did not, however, make any allusion to the circumstance, until, in going into my friend's dressing-room, whither he and I shortly after retired, I found it, also, newly and elegantly furnished; indeed, I had perceived, as we came along the passage of the house, that the dining-room also had undergone a similar change for the better. "What, James," said I, when we were alone together, and looking at the same time significantly on the costly furniture around me—"a wife, eh? Is it come then to this at last?" My poor friend blushed. "A wife! nonsense; what puts that in your head, Borland?" said he; "is it because I've got a few new sticks of furniture into the house? Can you conceive no possible motive for that but a wife?" "O yes," I replied, "I can conceive many motives besides; but such a proceeding in the case of a young rich bachelor like you, is always held as a legitimate ground of suspicion." "Poh, poh! nonsense, nonsense," replied my friend; "the whole affair is this: the old furniture was getting very shabby, as you yourself must acknowledge; it was so in my poor father's time; but he, worthy man, though liberal in every thing else, could never be induced to buy either a new chair or a new carpet; and now, as he is removed, I have taken the liberty of pleasing myself in this particular, with the full consent, however," he added laughingly, "of my privy council—my mother, my sister, and my two aunts."

The conversation on this subject now dropped, but I could not help thinking, from the confused manner of my friend, and from certain other symptoms which I perceived, that I had after all hit the right nail upon the head, but I could not conceive why he should have concealed from me, his dearest and most intimate friend, as I knew I was, an event of such importance, and I felt rather hurt at this apparent want of confidence; however, I avoided all further allusion to the subject, as well from the feeling last mentioned, as from motives of delicacy toward my friend. Soon after this,

we walked out till the dinner hour should arrive. My friend was in high spirits, and well he might; he was still in the hey-day of youth; his circumstances were ample, and his management of them uncontrolled; his person, as we have already said, was eminently handsome, and he possessed, withal, a lively and cheerful disposition. In short, almost every requisite for the enjoyment of the utmost earthly felicity was in the possession of my enviable friend, and well did he deserve them all; for of what he had, he freely gave; nay, he was generous to a fault. The dinner hour having arrived, we returned to the house, where we now found assembled three or four gentlemen, neighbours of my friend's, whom he had, on my account, invited to dine with us. After dinner, the glass circulated freely; for our warm-hearted host led us from bottle to bottle with that sort of cunning hospitality, which was rather a virtue of the past than of the current age.

The tide of enjoyment was still rolling on in full career, when, during a short interval in our now somewhat noisy hilarity, I thought I heard an unusual noise in the apartment immediately above us; the noise, however, was by no means of an alarming kind; it appeared to me to be the obstreperous romping of a parcel of youngsters. "James," said I, "we are not the only guests in the house, I think—there's surely a rival establishment up stairs." "There is, indeed," said my friend; "and, upon my word, I had entirely forgotten them—a parcel of young friends whom my worthy aunts have brought together to burn nuts and duck for apples: don't you know this is Hallow-eve, Borland?" added my friend. "No, upon my word," said I, "I did not advert to it; but since it is so, let us have a handful of nuts, and we will try our luck too." "With all my heart," said our host. "But had we not better go up in a body to the scene of incantation—there's an old sybil amongst them, invited for the special purpose of reading to the young folks the various signs and indications of this privileged night." At once we all started, and, headed by our host, rushed up stairs, and in the next instant were in amongst the youngsters. They had already gone through the greater part of the ceremonies of the evening; they had pulled stocks, burnt nuts, and were now, when we entered, collected, with earnest and somewhat awe-stricken faces, round a table, on which stood two or three wine-glasses full of pure water. They were, in fact, about to commence the ceremony of dropping the egg—a ceremony which our Scotch readers know is performed by puncturing a fresh egg with a pin, when the person whose future destiny is to be read holds it over a glass of pure water, into which he allows a few drops from the egg to fall; the glass is then held up to the candle, and some important event in the future life of the inquirer is found exhibited hieroglyphically in the glass—the egg-droppings assuming an endless variety of shapes, in which the skilful in these matters discover a resemblance to things which, by association, again point out coming circumstances and events. We now, then, all tried our fortunes after the most approved manner of egg-dropping, by the direction and under the superintendence of the ancient sybil already alluded to, and who, indeed, looked the very *beau ideal* of a foreteller of the future. She was old, shrivelled, and haggard—had a shrill voice, and was withal marvellously loquacious; but she seemed to be in earnest, and to be deeply impressed with the solemnities which were going forward, and was more than once highly displeased with what she considered our irreverence for these matters, and the unbecoming and ill-timed levity with which we heard each other's fortune foretold. We had all now tried our luck, with various results, but our host, who, I thought, seemed rather disinclined to go through the ceremony; and, indeed, he finally endeavoured to back out altogether by a forced joke. We all urged him on, however, and at length fairly drove him to the experiment. "Come awa, Mr James; come awa, my bonny man—excuse me for speaking that way, Mr James, but ye ken I've kent ye sin ye was a bairn, and hae dandled ye many a time on my knee. Come awa, and let us see what luck is to be yours. I'm sure it'll be gowd in goppins, and true love to brook it—a bonny lady wi' a bonnier tocher." Whilst the old woman was speaking, our host, having advanced close to the table, was in the act of dropping, and, I thought, with rather an unsteady hand, the egg into the glass. This done—"Here, Janet," he said, with an affected laugh, and at the same time handing the glass to her across the table—"now give me all the good things of this life—let not one be awanting, on your peril."

We all awaited in silence the announcement of our friend's future fortune—I say in silence, because, in despite, and of our contempt, abstractedly speaking, of the fooleries in which we were engaged, we felt a degree of interest, nay, of awe, stealing in upon us, which gradually allayed the light spirit with which we had entered the apartment. The old woman had now gently raised the glass between her eye and the candle, and, having peered through it for a second, "Eh, gude guide us, sirs!" she exclaimed; "what's this we have here: but it canna be—it canna be—let me see," and she looked with an increased intensity at the fatal sign. "Ay, ay," she again said, "it's but over true. My bairn! my bairn!" she added; and, laying down the glass on the table, "are ye sure it was *your* glass ye gae me?" "Sure enough, Janet,"

replied our host; "what's all this fuss about?" "What is it, Janet? What is it? What is it?" now burst from both old and young, all being wound up to a pitch of the most intense interest, to know what was that fate which Janet's expressions so portentously and fearfully hinted at. "I insist on knowing," said our friend, striking his hand on the table with a sort of good-natured energy; for he was, or affected to be, laughing the while. "I insist upon it," he said, "for the edification of all present. Come, then, Janet; any thing you like, short of premature death and ruin, and crossed love." "But it's short o' neither, my bairn," said the old woman gravely and seriously, entrapped, as it were, into an avowal of what she would have refused to a direct inquiry, and as effectually affording the required information by negative assertion, as she could have done by positive. "It's short o' neither: there's a winding-sheet there," she went on, pointing to the glass, her pride in her skill, and her desire to exhibit it, getting the better of every other feeling: "there's a winding-sheet there," she said, "wi' a fearu' rent in it; and that, ye ken, betokens a violent death: there's a!" Here, perceiving that the thing was getting rather serious, I suddenly burst in with an affected shout of hilarity, overturned the glass, talked loudly and obstreperously, and insisted upon our adjourning to the apartment we had left, to have another bottle of our friend's old port. The other gentlemen present, perceiving my motives, and sympathising with the feeling, instantly seconded me; and we all, with a wild but assumed glee, hurriedly descended to the room where we had dined. The bottle was, indeed, again resumed, but none of the mirth of the early part of the evening; a weight seemed to have been laid upon the spirits of us all, which nothing could remove—an oppression which seemed to increase rather than abate with the wine which we swallowed. We all felt the absurdity of permitting such a frivolous circumstance as the egg-dropping to depress us; but we could not hide from ourselves the fact that it had depressed us, and that we could not overcome the impressions which it had made. Under this feeling, and after our host had made some ineffectual attempts—ineffectual, because it was evident they were forced—to restore the gaiety of the evening, the party broke up, each went his own way, and I retired to bed. "Confound that old hag," said my friend, just as I was about to part with him for the night; "she has spoiled our evening's enjoyment with her nonsense. Wasn't it evident," he said, "that our friends were damped by the fooleries up stairs?" I avoided any direct answer, said we had spent a pleasant night, and if there was any feeling of the kind he alluded to, a night's sleep would entirely remove it. I met my friend and his family next morning at breakfast, but, in the case of the former, I still thought I perceived some remains of the influence of the last night's proceedings; indeed, he more than once alluded to the circumstance during our meal, and, after some banter on the subject, fairly allowed, what indeed he could not well conceal, that, in despite of the contempt with which he viewed such things, he could not help the idea of the rent winding-sheet still retaining its hold on his imagination.

Soon after this we parted. I mounted my horse to return to Glasgow, and we met no more during the space of ten long years. On the very day after leaving my friend's house, I was suddenly summoned to London, on some urgent and important business connected with the house in which I was a partner. On reaching London, the same business which brought me there demanded my instant departure for South America, where a branch of our house was established, and where it was deemed necessary for the interest of our concern that I should remain.

Previous to leaving Glasgow, I wrote my friend, intimating my departure to London; and I again wrote him from the latter place, informing him of my further destination, and requesting that a regular correspondence might be kept up between us. For some years this correspondence was regular. My friend's letters were filled with sentiments of affection and esteem, and always concluded with expressions of regret for our separation, and of ardent desire for a meeting once more at Telford House. At length, however, longer and longer intervals gradually occurred, on his part, in our correspondence. Sometimes two and three of my letters remained at one time unanswered, and, finally, he ceased altogether to make any reply. Finding this, I also stopped short; and for the last four or five years that I was abroad, we heard nothing from or of each other. I must acknowledge, however, that, from various circumstances, I was prepared for some unfavourable change in the habits, disposition, or fortunes of my friend. There was an incoherence in some of his last letters, for which I could not account, and which was greatly at variance with the concise and elegant style in which he had always previously written; and sometimes, too, I thought his letters had the appearance of having been written with an unsteady hand.

In 18—, I returned to Glasgow, after an absence, as already alluded to, of ten years. I had made up my mind to go down to Telford on the third day after my arrival. This intention, however, I was not left to carry into effect. About twelve o'clock of the night following my return, the family with whom I lived were startled by a loud and violent knocking at the door. I, too, listened with some intent, to ascertain

who it could be who sought admittance at such an unseasonable hour, and with so much vehemence. After two or three words of inquiry on both sides before opening the door, and in which I thought I recognised the voice which answered from without, the applicant was admitted, and my poor friend Henderson stood before me. But what a change! His dress was shabby in the extreme; but there was still a miserable attempt at something like gentility, but which had sunk into a sort of vulgar buckishness, a dirty ill-coloured neckcloth, in particular, having been put on with a decided aim at effect. The night, too, was extremely wet, and my unhappy friend seemed to have been exposed to it for a length of time; he was drenched to the skin, and discoloured streams of water poured down his face from the broken ragged rims of his hat—circumstances which added much to the wretchedness of his appearance. His countenance, too, was pale and haggard, and his whole frame enfeebled and emaciated; and, to complete the humiliating picture of human frailty, he was much intoxicated. Such, then, was *now* the appearance and condition of him who had once been so refined in his manner, so elegant in person, and so gentleman-like in all his habits and pursuits. Conscious, however, as he of course must have been, of the effect of his altered appearance, he yet endeavoured to carry through the interview with a sort of boisterous levity, affecting still the easy careless manner of the gentleman. He talked loud and incessantly, and this with the view, evidently, of at once withdrawing my attention from the wretched state of his apparel, and of precluding all reflections on or allusion to his present deplorable condition. "Ah, Borland," he said, extending his hand to me on entering my room; "and how the devil are you, my boy? Glad to see you; as for me, I am a ruined man. I am cleared out. I am dished and undone, to all intents and purposes; and, what is a thousand times worse, I have ruined every one connected with me. I have beggared my mother; I have beggared my sister; and my poor aunts I have robbed of every sixpence they had. I have ruined them all, Borland, I have ruined them all," he said, with increasing agitation, while a tear trickled down his wan cheek. "How, James?" said I, affecting, in order to save his feelings, a surprise which I did not feel, since I had already conjectured the worst which he could possibly confirm. "How?" he repeated; "why, with a foolish speculation in cotton, which a friend in Glasgow here induced me to enter into; he is ruined, too, poor fellow. We bought a large quantity of cotton at a high price, shipped it to America, with a fair prospect of 100 per cent. profit. Peace was announced—the American market was thrown open—prices fell 200 per cent., and we were ruined—that's all; the story's simple and short enough, but you may believe, that, for me at least, it does not want interest." With this, my lost friend swallowed what remained in his tumbler, and demanded more. The evil spirit which misfortune had engendered within him, was again awakened. I now positively refused, though in gentle terms, to supply him with more liquor; for I had already given him some. "It will save me from perdition—it will save me from myself: give it me!" he said imploringly, holding towards me the glass which he had just emptied. I could not resist the appeal. I mixed up a little more for him, reconciling myself to the impropriety of doing so, by coming to a determination of detaining him all night. Having instantly drank off the second supply with which I furnished him, he again began to talk in the wild manner in which he had first opened our interview. "I say, Borland," he said, "do you recollect of the old hag, and the torn winding-sheet? Ha! ha! Was it not a good joke that? Here I'm now, hale and stout as ever I was, as you may see; and the old devil herself has been in her winding-sheet for the last seven years—Ha, ha, ha! It was her own winding-sheet the jade saw, and she palmed it upon me. A violent death, too, you recollect, Borland. No, no—hang it, I'm too light-hearted a fellow for that;" and he began to troll a Bacchanalian song, of which the burden was,

"We'll live as long's we can, my boys—
We'll live as long's we can."

Soon after this, though not without some difficulty, I got poor Henderson put to bed. For myself, I lay awake the greater part of the night, musing on past events, and on the melancholy change which had taken place in every thing which regarded the welfare of my unhappy friend, and in part, too, occupied by considering how I could serve him. I came to the resolution of attempting to reclaim him, and, with this view, determined to keep him constantly under my own eye, and I derived much pleasure from contemplating the details of my undertaking. I proposed, in the first place, to fit him out with new clothes; next, to make arrangements for his stopping in the same house with me; and, lastly, to find him employment in my own counting-house. Still full of these plans and ideas when I awakened in the morning, I threw on my clothes, and hastened to my friend's bedroom, to break the matter to him, and to lay my whole plan before him, without any further idle delicacy. I tapped at his door—no answer. I walked into the apartment; looked into the bed—it was unoccupied; Henderson was gone. I instantly summoned the girl—inquired what was become of the gentleman who had lodged in the house all night; she told me that he had left the house fully two hours before, without saying a word, or leaving any message for me. At a

loss what to make of this incident, I waited the whole day for a repetition of his visit; but he came not. The day wore away, night advanced, and still no intelligence of my friend. At length a similar tapping, and about the same hour, too, at which he had called the preceding night, seemed to promise the expected visit. It was not, however, so; but it was a still more affecting one. This was his mother and sister, who had also heard of my arrival. James, they said, had been missing for three days and nights. He had left Telford House (for they had still contrived to keep possession of that part of their property) on Monday morning, and this was Thursday night, and they had heard nothing of him all that time. In short, I now learned, besides being confirmed in all he had already told me, that he was in the habit of stealing up to Glasgow for a day or so now and then, and that he spent that time in the most reckless dissipation, borrowing from whoever would lend him, and drinking with whoever would supply him with liquor. His rambles, however, of this kind, had never before exceeded one entire day; his prolonged absence, therefore, on this occasion, had thrown his poor relatives into the most dreadful state of alarm; and it was in this state they now came to me, in the hope that he also had heard of my arrival, and that I might have been the cause of his detention. Their alarm, then, it will readily be believed, was not a little increased when I informed them of what had occurred regarding the object of their search. After partaking of a little refreshment, which I insisted on placing before them, as they seemed both to be much exhausted and fatigued, Miss Henderson, looking significantly at her mother, proposed that they should depart; to this, of course, I could not listen, but entreated that they should remain within my house all night. This proposal brought out the truth, and explained the look which I detected passing between mother and daughter. They knew poor Henderson's haunts, and, late as the hour was, they had determined to search them all. This determination, though with some reluctance and hesitation, they at length acknowledged, and I insisted upon accompanying them. We soon after sallied forth, and, guided by them, proceeded towards a well-known quarter of the town called the Bridgegate, in which there are yet a great number of public houses of the very lowest order. From this quarter we descended to a place yet further down in the scale of respectability, consisting of a crowd of low miserable houses, nearer the river, and occupying part of the ground on which the new slaughter-house now stands—a locality which will be well recollected by many of our Glasgow readers, and which it is not of sufficient importance to our story to describe more minutely to others. Here Miss Henderson inquired for a house which her brother had been heard often to name; it was pointed out to us—a blackguard-looking and miserable hotel it was. We asked the landlady, a stout vulgar-looking woman, if a Mr Henderson was there. "Oh, the drucken wight," she replied, "I hope ye've come to tak him awa; he has been lying up in my best room for the last two hours, and has only drank yae gill a' the time. I kenna what he's about, but he has spoken to nobody here, nor scarcely moved sin' ever he cam' in"—and with this she rudely flung up the door of one of her apartments, where indeed we found poor Henderson. When we entered, he was seated at a table, his hands thrust into his pockets, and himself drooping forwards in a state apparently of utter insensibility—the scene was altogether one of the most wretched that can be conceived. The room, in the first place, was an excessively miserable one—one of the most wretched of its kind; the candle which burnt before him was consumed nearly to the socket, exhibiting little more than a tall black wick, which had not been snuffed for two hours; on the table stood a glass and an empty gill measure, and, to complete the picture, my unfortunate friend himself was the very picture of low dissipation and squalid poverty. Not much surprised by the state in which I found him, I seized him by the arm, shook him, and desired him to come along with us. For some time all my efforts could not rouse him from the lethargy which seemed to overpower him: at length he muttered something—I could not make out what. I again shook him. "James," said I, "here are your mother and sister." Without taking any notice of what I said, or attempting to raise his head, which still drooped on his breast—"Borland," he said, in a slow and distinct, though hollow tone, "I have taken poison!" "Good Heavens, James," said I, "what do you mean?—poison did you say?—have you taken poison?" "Yes, I say," he replied in the same collected manner, "I have taken poison—I am a dead man." The feelings and condition of his mother and sister on this dreadful announcement, I leave to the reader's imagination, and confine myself entirely to the part I myself acted in this fearful tragedy. "What kind of poison have you taken, James?" said I, for I had no doubt of its truth, from the solemn and impressive manner in which he announced it. "Laudanum," he replied; "and I have thrown the phial out of the window there, where you will find it, if you do not believe me." I immediately rushed out, found the phial as he had described, and bringing it in, asked him, in the vain hope that he might not have taken a sufficient quantity to produce death, how much laudanum there had been in it. "It was up to *that*," he said, now more alive to what was passing, and placing the point of his

thumb better than half-way to the neck of the bottle. Without saying more than desiring my unfortunate friend's relations to remain until I returned, I now hastened out in search of a surgeon's shop, keeping the point of one of my fingers at that part of the phial which Henderson had marked as the height of the fatal liquid. Soon finding such a shop as I sought, I rushed in, and, holding up the phial, in breathless agitation asked the gentleman whom I found there what the consequence would be if a person took *that* quantity of laudanum, still marking the fatal spot with my finger on the bottle. "Why," said the surgeon calmly, and with a faint smile, excited no doubt by my trepidation, of which he did not fully conceive the cause, "the consequence would be, sir, certain death; that quantity of laudanum would kill an elephant." "Then, for God's sake, sir," said I, "come along with me instantly;" and without further explanation on my part, or inquiry on his, he immediately proceeded to the house in which I had left my unfortunate friend. The fact of his having swallowed the poison was now established, and the usual means employed in such cases was resorted to. I now hired a chaise, and had him removed to my lodgings, where, for two days, we entertained hopes of his final recovery; for, during all that time, he not only survived the effects of the poison, but appeared to have entirely gotten the better of it. Indeed, so far had he recovered, that I even ventured to joke with him on the subject, in a confident hope of his ultimate restoration. "Why, man," said I to him, "since you were so bent on self-destruction, did you not throw yourself into the Clyde, which runs so clear, deep, and temptingly past your door, instead of swallowing that vile insidious abomination, laudanum?" "O confound it, Borland," replied my poor friend, entering into the spirit of my sarcasm, and now clinging eagerly to life, "I never liked the idea of dying in a puddle; and the Clyde is nothing better after all, especially at the House, where, you know, it is as dark, dull, and lazy as a canal stealing sullenly along between its muddy banks, covered with slime and reeds; pagh! pagh! I could never think of such a dog's death as that." With such light conversation as this, and such high hopes of my poor friend's ultimate recovery, the second day of his confinement passed away; the third came, and with it came a fearful change. All the efforts of the physicians had been in vain; they had prolonged life, but they could not secure it. The poison had taken such a hold as no skill could loosen. On that day I entered my poor friend's bed-room as usual, about ten o'clock of the forenoon, just before going to the counting-house. "How do you feel to-day, you lazy fellow?" said I, in that spirit of levity which I had assumed in order to cheer him. "Open the shutter," said Henderson, with a gravity and solemnity which startled me, and without paying any attention to my inquiry. "Open the shutter," he said, "and let me see the sun." I did so; and his rays, for it was a bright and beautiful morning, streamed full on the bed of the now dying man. "That will do," he said, after gazing intently for a few seconds on the cheerful object which he had desired to see. "That will do; put to the shutter again." I obeyed. "What day of the month is this?" inquired my friend again. "The 21st of October," said I. "The 21st day of October," he repeated slowly, and with a particular emphasis. "Ay, the 21st day of October," he reiterated. "Borland," he then added, "do you recollect the winding-sheet, the rent winding-sheet?" "I do," said I, "but what puts that nonsense into your head just now?" "It is no nonsense, Borland," he rejoined solemnly; "the prediction is about to be verified." After this, Henderson never spoke another word, and, in two hours afterwards, he gently expired.

PHILIPHAUGH.

ON the day of the battle of Philiphaugh, the Earl of Traquair departed from his house in Tweeddale, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers, and advanced towards Selkirk with a large sum of money, for the payment of Montrose's forces. As they crossed Minchmoor, they were alarmed by firing, which the Earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and regularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows, upon Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends hotly pursued by the Parliamentary troopers. The Earl, of course, turned and fled also; but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars which he carried, refused to take the bill; so that the Earl was fain to exchange with his attendant, leaving him with the breathless horse and bag of silver to shift for himself, which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of Leslie's dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chase to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he flung it into a well or pond near the Tinnies, Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond which some peasants began to drain not long ago, in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.

Column for Little Girls.

I HAVE great pleasure in addressing you, my dear young friends, in the hope of contributing to your instruction and amusement; and I trust this will be read by many sensible little girls, who are not only anxious to be diverted, but also to learn how to make their parents happy, and to be so themselves.

Now, the way to attain these desirable ends is, in the first place, to remember that God has given the care of you to your parents, and commanded you to obey them who love you so tenderly, and who, from having been so long in the world, have so much more experience than you can have of what is good for you; and, in the next place, to endeavour to learn all you can while you are young, that you may always have food for mind and body as long as you live. I say, food for the body as well as the mind; for, though your parents should now be rich, yet every one knows that many rich people have been deprived of their money by unexpected misfortunes, and that their children have been obliged to earn their own bread. And if this should ever be the case with you, my dear little girls, how happy you will be then to think that you have learned something to keep you from being obliged to the charity of others! Most of you, I suppose, can repeat by heart Doctor Watt's beautiful hymn of "The Busy Bee," and have read the fable of the "Ant and the Grasshopper." Both of these are excellent lessons on this subject; and if you do not already know them, I beg you will get them directly. I suppose that many of you who may read this have done playing with dolls; but to you who have not, I would recommend your endeavouring to make their clothes as neatly as possible, and to seek instruction from your mothers or elder sisters how to cut out their garments, in the same way as if to be worn by yourselves. To you who have done with dolls I would say, that I hope you have substituted some of the many instructive amusements which are now provided for children; such as reading the nice little books which describe the trades, and tell from what part of the world the materials of things come which are in common use, and how they are made. Playing with historical and geographical cards, putting together those geographical maps which take to pieces, and require a knowledge of the position of each country to put them together again, is also a nice amusement. And I hope you are making yourselves acquainted with the history of the inferior animals, and of such insects as the bee, the ant, and the silk-worm, from which you may learn many useful lessons. And now I will tell you a story of a little girl, who did all I have been recommending to you, and who came, by her own good behaviour, and the blessing which God always sends upon good children, to be very prosperous.

There was a poor widow woman, who lived in a small town in Scotland, and who had seen better days, for her husband had once been rich, though she was now reduced, by many misfortunes, to keep a school for poor people's children. This poor woman had but one child of her own, which was very fortunate, as she found it so difficult to provide shelter, and food, and clothing for herself and it, that I know not what she would have done with more. But her little Catharine, instead of being a burden, was a great comfort to her; for this infant, when only two or three years old, if she saw her mother sit down and cry, which she sometimes did when she thought of her destitute state, used to climb up on her knee, and pat her with her little hands, and kiss her eyes, her cheeks, and her mouth. And then the poor woman would feel soothed, and hope that the infant would grow up to be a comfort to her, and be angry with herself for giving way to her grief, and thank God for the blessing of health; and then she would kiss her dear little child, and hug it in her arms, and go to work again for it and herself. But very often people who sent their children to be taught by her were as poor as herself, and gave her very little, and she was so sorry for them, that she still continued to teach them, and just took what they could give. Now, Catharine, as she grew older, and had learned how to read a little, and hem a handkerchief, tried to help her mother to teach; and very often, when a poor little girl came crying with hunger to school, she gave her the half of the potatoes that were for her own dinner. Catharine was so careful of her clothes, and of keeping herself clean, that she always looked as if she was newly washed and dressed. She went on learning all her mother could teach her, which was reading, writing, and arithmetic; and improving her knowledge in all these branches, even beyond her mother, by means of books, which some kind people lent her, for she was loved by her neighbours, and remarked for a sweet-tempered, dutiful, and obliging little girl: and yet she never made what is called companions of the children round her, because she knew she could learn more good at home; and, besides this, she had very little time to spare from helping her mother. Thus Catharine went on perfectly content, without amusement, except what she found in her books, till a person, with whom she was acquainted, gave her some silk-worms' eggs upon a bit of paper, and instructed her how they were to be hatched, and how to manage them afterwards. This was something quite new to the little girl; for she had often read about them, but had never seen any. So she did as she was directed, and, to her great delight, she saw the eggs all come to life. Then she made some pasteboard boxes, and put the little worms into them, and kept them clean, and made so many experiments in giving them different kinds of leaves for food, and observed all their ways so narrowly, from the very time of the eggs hatching till she wound their silk, and read again so much about them, that she became acquainted with all that is known concerning them.

Now, in the same town where Catharine lived there was a large palace of a house, inhabited by a nobleman, who had three daughters, and these young ladies kept silk-worms, as well as their humble little neighbour. But they had so many lessons to get, and so many other things to amuse them, that though they were very fond at first of their silk-worms, and used to spend whole hours in looking at and attending to them, yet at last they tired of the occupation: and, indeed, their becoming so numerous was another reason for this; and when they saw them increase so fast, they put them into a room, fitted up entirely for the purpose, and determined to keep so many, that they might have each a dress made from their silk to appear in at court, when their papa allowed them to be presented. This was but a foolish fancy, but they were indulged in it. The poor silk-worms were, however, often neglected; for they were trusted to the housemaids, who, besides being very ignorant about them, had not time to pay them the attention they required, while they were prevented, by the time they occupied, from doing their own work properly. This obliged the housekeeper to complain; and then it was that one of the ladies' maids, who loved Catharine, recommended her to the young ladies as a proper person to look after the silk-worms, and she was immediately sent for. Now, these ladies were not much in the habit of

talking to people in Catharine's humble rank, and therefore promised themselves some amusement from her bashful awkwardness. They were, however, so much surprised and pleased by her unaffected modesty and propriety of conduct, and so struck with the well-informed manner in which she answered all their questions, that they took a great fancy to her; and having engaged her, with her mother's consent, to attend on their silk-worms, they gave her a great many nice clothes, which she took care to make in a fashion becoming her station, so that there was not a neater-looking girl in the whole town. These young ladies had a very excellent woman for a governess, and she grew so fond of Catharine for her good qualities, that she thought it a great pity she should not have more instruction, and was so kind as to give her lessons every evening when she had done her duty for the day. Catharine made such good use of this advantage, and improved so fast, that in a year or two, when the fancy about the court dresses was given up, and the silk-worms dismissed, she was grown so much in favour with her young ladies, that they offered to pay masters out of their own pocket-money, that she might be sufficiently perfected to become a governess. You may be sure that poor Catharine most thankfully and gratefully accepted of this offer, and that she applied herself so diligently to her studies, that she was ready, in a wonderfully short time, for her new employment. Nor did the kind young ladies, who had already done her so much good, stop short there; for they got her into a family of their acquaintance to educate two little girls. Here she still took so much pains to improve herself in the various accomplishments she had been taught, and to acquire others, that the family had no occasion to change her for another governess, till she was married to a young clergyman, who knew all her history, and loved her entirely for her goodness. All the time Catharine lived in the nobleman's house, and while she was a governess, she went to see her mother as often as she could, and never spent a sixpence on herself that she could help, but gave it all to her; and when she was married, her mother went to live with her in her nice manse, and blessed her dutiful daughter every day of her life, and, what was much better, prayed to God to bless her.

EFFECTS OF TRADES ON HEALTH.

THE intelligent Mr Thackrah, in his useful little work on the effects of the principal arts, trades, and professions, and from which we have already extracted some passages for the benefit of the working-classes, thus adverts to the employments in which the substances or odours evolved seem to be beneficial, generally or partially:—

"To assert (says he) the existence of such an effect may seem a contradiction to the statement before made, that whatever alters the natural constitution of the atmosphere, must be proportionately injurious. But it should be remembered, that injurious agents sometimes counteract each other. Medicine is in itself an evil. Remedies often induce unnatural states, but these states supersede others much more serious and permanent. Toman in a perfectly healthy condition, no substance arising from manufacture can be useful; but men living in a large town, and with the habits of civil life, are generally unhealthy; and hence certain vapours or other substances may be decidedly beneficial in exciting their languid powers, or correcting the disposition to disease.

RAPE AND MUSTARD CRUSHERS inhale a peculiar odour from the seeds which they grind. This seems to act as a stimulant on the nervous and circulatory system: for men fresh to the employ find their appetite and vigour increased. The heat of the room is considerable, often reaching 80° in summer. Though addicted to intemperance, the men employed in oil-mills are generally healthy. We remarked one man between 70 and 80 years of age, who had been all his life at the employ, and was remarkably strong and robust.

BRUSHMAKERS have a sedentary occupation, but their arms are actively exerted. Some dust arises from the bristles; and sometimes carbonic acid gas is rather freely evolved from the charcoal fire which heats the pitch. But the chief peculiarity of the employ is the vapour of the pitch. This has a sanative effect in bronchial affections, as chronic catarrh, and in some forms of asthma. The workmen are generally free from disease. Several in Leeds have been at the employ for thirty years; and instances are mentioned of brushmakers reaching the ages of 80 and 90.

GROOMS AND HOSTLERS daily inhale a large quantity of ammoniacal gas generated in the stables. This appears beneficial rather than injurious. They have, moreover, full and varied muscular exertion, and, if they took a more moderate diet, would be almost universally robust. **HOSTLERS, PORTERS, and UNDER MALE SERVANTS** at inns, are generally sickly, and labour under congestion (over fullness) of the vessels in the abdomen and head. Their state evidently results from the ale and spirits they take so frequently.

GLUE AND SIZE BOILERS are exposed to strong putrid and ammoniacal exhalations from the decomposition of animal refuse. The stench of the boiling and drying rooms is indeed well known to be highly offensive, even to the neighbourhood. Yet the men declare it agrees well with them—nay, many assert, that on entering this employ, they experienced a great increase of appetite and health. All the glue and size boilers we saw were remarkably fresh-looking and robust. Though exposed to frequent and considerable changes of temperature, to sudden changes also from an atmosphere of hot vapour to the dry cold air, they are not subject to rheumatism, pulmonary inflammation, or catarrh. The only complaints we could hear of, were occasional pains in the loins and limbs, attributable to posture and exertion.

TALLOW-CHANDLERS, subjected to an offensive ani-

mal odour, enjoy health, and attain a considerable age. During the plague in London, it was remarked that this class of men suffered much less than others.

TANNERS, it is well known, are subject to disagreeable odours. They work in an atmosphere largely impregnated with the vapour of putrifying skins, and this combined with the smell of lime in one place, and of tan in another. They are exposed constantly to wet and cold. Their feet are scarcely ever dry. Yet they are remarkably robust; the countenance florid; and disease almost unknown. Tanners are said to be exempt from consumption; and the subject has of late been repeatedly discussed in one of the medical societies of London. We have carefully inquired at several tan-yards, and could not hear of a single example of this formidable disease. We do not find old men actually in the employ; and the reason assigned is, not the decline of health, but the inferiority of men past middle age in undergoing the labour of the process. Persons, however, in advanced life, yet healthy, are found in other occupations, who have before been for many years in the tan-yards, and have not apparently suffered from the long-continued exposure to their offensive odour. Hence we may infer that this employ, while it invigorates the constitution in youth and middle age, does not sensibly shorten life; does not, in other words, give temporary health at the expense of premature decline.

Ramazzini tells us, that at Padua the tan-yards were permitted only in the suburbs. Here, also, as the stench would be considered a nuisance, tan-yards are at the outskirts. As a matter of medical police, however, we see no occasion for their exclusion from the town.

We have next (says he) to examine a class whose employments produce a dust or vapour decidedly injurious.

CORN-MILLERS, breathing an atmosphere loaded with the particles of flour, suffer considerably. The mills indeed are necessarily exposed to the air—the number of men is comparatively small, and the labour is good. Yet millers are generally pale and sickly; most have the appetite defective, or labour under indigestion; many are annoyed with morning cough and expectoration; and some are asthmatic at an early age. The average circumference of the chest in ten men, whom we measured, was 36 2.5 inches; and the quantity of air thrown out by a full expiration was somewhat less than seven pints. Though we found several who had borne the employ from boyhood to the age of 50 or 60, the individuals were by no means robust; and we could not find an instance of an aged and healthy miller. The preceding statements do not apply to the men who drive the corn and flour carts, nor to the porters who unload the grain. These persons are little exposed to dust, labour chiefly in the open air, and are generally selected for their muscular power. They are, however, like other men who carry great weights, subject to hernia (ruptures.)

TEA-MEN, in removing tea from the chest, are much affected by the dust, especially by that from the green. But as this annoyance is occasional only, we can scarcely suppose it capable of producing permanent injury either to the nervous system or the lungs.

COFFEE-ROASTERS are affected by the odour which the heat eliminates from the berry; and those who have been thus employed for years are said to become asthmatic. The vapour is greatest when the coffee is stirred or shaken during the time of cooling. The heat of the process is of course great, and leads often to immoderate potations. Men when they enter the employ complain of oppression at the chest, difficulty of breathing, and cough—of headache and indigestion.

SNUFF-MAKERS suffer from the fine dust of their employ, which, combined with muriate of ammonia, and other substances, produces disorders of the head, the air-tube, and the stomach.

RAG-SORTERS are frequently distressed with dust; but the injurious agent is seldom applied long enough to produce a morbid effect.

PAPER-MAKERS also, particularly the aged, are unable to bear the dust which arises from cutting the rags. Young persons, however, are not generally sensible of much inconvenience; but few remain for years at the employ. Might not rags be cut by machinery, and this machinery inclosed in a box? The rags are afterwards shaken in a cylindrical wire cage, so enclosed, as to prevent the escape of any considerable portion of dust.

SPINNERS OF WORSTED inhale a fine dust; but this is not in such quantity as to produce a marked effect."

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Book sellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun. Clarendon Mercury Office; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 59.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG. JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

THE most mistaken ideas prevail among men in general, and especially the young, in respect of what is called generosity. Generosity, in its extreme sense, is the virtue of fools and knaves; while justice is the precious attribute of pure sense and real goodness. "Be just before you are generous," says the proverb; and proverbs, however offensive occasionally, never fail to embody what the experience of mankind has found to be most expedient. But this will not please the young man. He must hasten, almost before he has any thing of his own to give, to attain the reputation of being generous and liberal. Every claim whatsoever, that presses upon his attention, must be complied with, whether the property involved in his compliance be really his own, or only part of what has been entrusted into his hands by others. The ultimate necessity of showing that that gift was his own, or of supplying every deficiency which it may have occasioned, does not occur to him; and if it be either discovered to have been another's, or found to occasion a distress to himself or those to whom he is responsible, the effect is not traced to its cause: no, he is still allowed the character of generosity and friendliness, and even perhaps becomes the subject of a sympathizing regret to the public, who say of him, with the falsest and most dangerous philosophy, "Alas, like all other good people, he is unfortunate."

Let all young men be impressed with the propriety—the necessity—and a stern necessity it is—of being just before being generous. It would be easy for any body to make an outcry about this maxim, as if we were solicitous to repress every benevolent emotion in the young breast. But this would only be a hasty and wilful misinterpretation of our meaning. Far be it from us to counsel a regular and rigid shutting of the heart against every knock that comes to it from the finger of humanity. All that we wish is, that generosity on every occasion may be governed by justice—by the sense of what is legally required of us, and of other claims which are not only perhaps more imperative, though not so immediate, but are those for which we are much more truly responsible in a moral point of view. If, by the exercise of an extravagant generosity, we injure others who have depended upon our justice, we produce infinitely greater mischief than all that our generosity can prevent; for generosity seldom produces more than a temporary relief, while the injury of others tends to undermine and permanently destroy that basis of confidence which upholds society. If by one injudicious act of supposed kindness, we unfit ourselves for permanently acting a kind and useful part among those who are less happy than ourselves, we just take the readiest means to deprive ourselves of the habitual power of exercising that generosity in which we delight.

It ought to be recollected, especially by the young, that the funds which happen to be in our hands are seldom properly ours. In most instances we are merely stewards for the benefit of the true owners. And yet, how little is this attended to! Out of a spirit of ostentation—one of the most contemptible of our passions—we are apt to give away, among a list of splendid donations, that which should be appropriated to the just liquidation of our debts. If we thus blindly give away, or, by imprudent engagements, run the risk of having to give away, what is not our own, and acquire thereby the superficial reputation of generosity among the many, while the injured few suffer in secret, we commit two robberies at once—a positive and a negative—for we both take from others their actual property, and we get our-

No. 7 VOL. II.

selves invested with a kind of approbation not due to us, and which shows at the expense of those who are not so inconsiderately liberal.

There is another kind of generosity which we would condemn, for it has wrought incalculable mischief. This is the exercise of a spirit of public improvement or patronage, at the expense of others. How many lamentable instances could be brought forward of men having ruined themselves, their families, and their creditors, by acting in what is called a public-spirited way upon a large scale. It is generally assumed, that if these men had not possessed the liberality ascribed to them, certain matters of general importance would have never been carried into effect. Literature would have languished—or it would have been elsewhere; trade would not have been so prosperous; the arts could never have been encouraged in the way they have been; and a great number of men of genius would have been condemned to their native obscurity. This is all mere shortness of sight. Better, we say, that things were left to find their own way, or even to remain for ever at one point, than that any temporary impulse should be given to them, at the expense of a number of individuals; and the effect of which is almost sure to be lost as soon as that impulse is no longer followed up. What does it matter where trade lies—where men of genius are enabled to live—or where the arts are encouraged? If it only be somewhere, that is enough. We have known a harbour built by a private gentleman, at an expense of twelve thousand pounds, in a situation where ten thousand times that sum would never have generated a trade—and all from a mere local prepossession. In the same way, numerous instances occur of men who acquire a character of transcendent greatness, from overtrading upon the means of others, and doing those things which no other person, from prudence, would undertake. Such men, even after having ruined hundreds by unfulfilled engagements, and, perhaps, engrossing the business of thousands by their extravagant liberality of dealing, will still receive a slavish veneration from mankind, as if they had been great public benefactors. Men do not see that, so far as there was a natural and healthy scope for trade, others would have taken advantage of it, if the liberal gentleman had not done so; and, in all probability, by acting with more prudence, would have ultimately done much more general good.

The truth is, it is only the just man who can be properly liberal. It is only he who possesses, or has a chance of possessing, the means to be so, without injury to himself, to his creditors, and to the world. To us, the spectacle of a young and affectionate person who gives merely because it is asked, and never calculates the balance between the good of giving and the saved evil of withholding, is one of the most lamentable in the world, and liable to become one of the most pernicious. But what a different thing it is, to behold the man who first assures himself that he can satisfy every legal and moral claim, and then bestows, from his fullness, what he thinks will do others more good than himself, and what no one that depends upon him, by however different feelings inspired, has any title to grudge! Many give because they think it selfish to withhold. But in doing so, they in reality indulge themselves more selfishly than they would do by taking the most miserly care of their money. On the one side, in short, are *passion*, self-indulgence, heedlessness, and infinitely more chance of mischief than of good. On the other, are *principle*, abstemiousness in the luxury, as it has been too truly called, of doing good, the best chance of real ability to benefit our friends, true wisdom, and, what always consists exactly with wisdom, a right morality.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

ROME,

From its Occupation by the Barbarians, till the Rise of the Papal Power.

THE history of Rome usually concludes with an account of the destruction of the imperial government by the barbarians who invaded Italy—an event which, it has been mentioned, took place in the year 380. As we believe that little is popularly known regarding the fate of the capital of the Roman empire from that period till it became the seat of the Papal civil power, we now proceed to lay open this interesting subject to our readers, and, by this means, we hope they will henceforth have a tolerably good idea of the connection betwixt ancient and modern history.

After the seat of Roman government had been transferred to Constantinople, that city continued to be the capital of the empire for several reigns, in the same manner as Rome had formerly been. When Valentinian, however, succeeded in 365, he divided the Roman world betwixt himself and his brother Valerius, and erected the parts into two separate empires, each of which had a separate capital, and separate officers. The empire of the west, which Valentinian retained for himself, and whose capital was Rome, comprised all the countries from Greece westward to Gaul and Britain; while that of the east reached from the Lower Danube to the frontiers of Persia, and had, as its capital, Constantinople. These two empires still continued to be connected by the relationship of their chiefs, but they were in all other respects separate governments, and that of the west fell much sooner a prey to the barbarous nations who ultimately destroyed both.

The province of Gaul, or France, was finally disjoined from the Roman empire by the Franks, under Clovis, about the year 486; it had for some time before been divided among different chiefs, of whose dissensions the Romans had in vain endeavoured to avail themselves for recovering their lost dominion. The emperors, about the same time, were deprived of their hold upon Britain and Spain; in the latter country, the Vandals, Suevi, and Visigoths (different branches of the ancient people of Germany), contended with one another, and with the Romans, for superiority, till an independent kingdom was established by the Visigoths, about the year 467. The Britons, who were pressed by dissension and invasions on all sides, made a vain application for relief to Rome, and were at last obliged to invite to their assistance some Saxon chiefs; numbers of which people had long been passing over to the British isles as emigrants and settlers, till they formed the chief part of their population on the eastern side of these countries; and now the political power also fell into their hands.

Italy, in the meantime, had been exposed to misfortunes which shewed both her own weakness and the enterprise of the enemies by whom she was environed. A tribe of Vandals (Germans from the Oder) had attacked Spain, and passed over into Africa; they established a kingdom in Carthage, and from thence invaded Sicily, and besieged Rome. They plundered the city of every thing they could easily carry away, and among the rest, took with them the spoils of some heathen temples which yet (455) remained in the city; and they then embarked unmolested with their Moorish auxiliaries to their kingdom in Africa. It appears that Rome might have been more frequently subjected to the same calamity, had not her barbarous conquerors been awed by the fame of her former grandeur, and the protection she was still supposed to enjoy from the gods, who had once made her empress of the world. Alaric, who plundered the city (as was

mentioned formerly), died shortly after; and Attila, king of the Huns, who was called the "*Scourge of God*," was so persuaded that the death of that warrior was inflicted by the vengeance of the gods for his violating the sanctity of the *immortal city*, as Rome has been termed, that he stopped short in his career of victory, and declined attacking a place so sacred. Rome was now, however, no longer the seat of government; the western emperors, after 392, having transferred their residence to Ravenna, a city on the north of Italy, which was convenient both as being a sea-port, and from being surrounded on the land side with marshes, which made it easily fortified, and little liable to surprise.

In the year 476, the hired soldiers, chiefly Goths (a name by which many of the tribes of the east of Germany were anciently known), who had long been employed to defend Italy, feeling that they had the power of the government in their own hands, demanded of the emperor that the third part of the lands of the country should be assigned them, in lieu of their pay and arrears. Their demands not having been complied with, they chose one of their own officers, Odoacer, a chief of the Heruli, as their leader, and made him king of Italy. In this character he exercised all the rights of sovereignty, but pretended still to act under the sanction of the head of the empire at Constantinople, from whom also he requested and received the title of patrician of Rome. The forms of the ancient government were preserved by this barbarian monarch, who exerted himself to restore prosperity and respect to the kingdom he had gained. He defended the frontiers of Italy with success; but nothing could revive the confidence of industry, or bring back the tide of population to a country so long wasted by a feeble government, and contending armies. After he had reigned about thirteen years, an army of Goths, commanded by Theodoric (who professed to act under Zeno, the emperor of the east), invaded Italy, and engaged Odoacer in three furious battles, without vanquishing him. He at last delivered himself up to Theodoric, at Ravenna, under the condition that they should act as joint sovereigns of Italy; but he was stabbed immediately on putting himself in the power of his enemy; and the mercenaries, whose discontent had raised him to the throne, were massacred at the same time through the country.

The perpetrator of all these barbarities was still (such was the character of the times) a prudent and successful sovereign. He reigned over Italy, the east of Spain, and great part of the countries on the Upper Danube; and those regions under his sway enjoyed, for thirty-three years, a tranquillity to which they had been long strangers.

Agriculture, and even commerce, began once more to flourish; and the reign of Theodoric is memorable in literature also, by the virtues, the elegance, and the knowledge of the senator Boëthius, the last name in Rome which is worthy of standing beside that of Cicero. The usual residence of the Gothic emperor was at Ravenna, but he also lived sometimes at Verona, where the "image of his palace, still extant on a coin, represents the oldest and most authentic model of what is called Gothic architecture." But though these two cities were now the seats of government, Theodoric still took every care of the prosperity of Rome, and gratified the senate and people with all those attentions which were due to the ancient capital of the empire. The "immortal city" had now also another claim to respect, in being the residence of the Roman pontiffs, or *Popes*—a word simply meaning *Fathers*. These dignitaries, we are informed, were bishops of Rome, in direct ecclesiastical descent from St Peter, an apostle, or bishop, on whom Christ, as is by many understood, conferred a superiority over the rest of his followers. This is, however, a point on which we can express no opinion, and so adhere to mere historical fact. It is certain that a numerous synod of the church had already acknowledged the bishop of Rome to be more potential than other pastors of the same rank; but, as yet, these prelates were subject to the civil jurisdiction, like other bishops; and Theodoric, though he was an Arian, claimed the full supremacy of the church, while the candidates for the vacant chair of St Peter were twice appointed by his choice. This sovereign died in 526, and was succeeded by his infant grandson, whose mother, a Gothic princess, ruled for ten years in the empire of the *Cæsars*, with firmness and prudence. The kingdom of Italy had now, for more than half a century, been disjoined from the empire of the east, and had, under its barbarian rulers, enjoyed a considerable period of tranquillity. The two empires were again united by the victories of Belisarius, who defeated the Goths, took Rome from its barbaric defenders, and drove the last king of that race out of Ravenna. Belisarius is one of the last and highest of those celebrated names which have given lustre to Roman fame. He was originally a Thracian peasant, rose gradually to be a general of the armies, and defeated, successively, all the nations who in his time assailed the empire, in Persia,

Africa, Italy, and other places: these actions, too, were often performed with feeble resources, and with troops only half disciplined. His services were but slightly requited, and he was more than once recalled in the very hour of victory; yet he never murmured, and never sought revenge for the ingratitude of his sovereign. After conquering Italy, he was recalled as usual, and his conquests were entrusted to some officers (one of whom the people, in derision, called *the clipper*), whose exactions made the Romans regret that they had exchanged the mild government of the *barbarians* for that of their own emperor. The consequence was, that the Gothic power soon regained its influence, under Totila, one of their chiefs, whose virtues are praised by the historian Procopius. This ruler was, however, again driven out of Rome by Belisarius, and the imperial power was a third time established in Italy, under an officer called the exarch, or deputy of the emperor, who held his residence at Ravenna. The first exarch was *Narses*, a man whose abilities gave him the command of Italy; his successors only ruled a small province in their own neighbourhood, near Ravenna.

About the year 568, a new enemy appeared in Italy. This was the Lombards, or Longo-bards (Long-beards), a new confederation of German people, headed by a tribe which had adopted that designation. The name of their chief was Alboin, and he had already made his name conspicuous by many signal victories in his own country, before he made his appearance on the plains of Italy, in 568. He overran the whole of that country, and established his empire almost everywhere without a battle. He assumed the title of king of Italy (568); and the new exarch, who, by one of those intrigues in which the creatures of a despotic court so often sacrifice the interests of a province, had been sent to replace the vigilant Narses, could only look on in astonishment while his government passed from his grasp. Alboin had enjoyed the fruits of his victory only for two or three years, when he lost his life by a series of occurrences strongly characteristic of the manners of the times. He had married Rosamond, daughter of a prince whom he had vanquished in battle, and killed: at one of the great feasts which he held for his barbarous chiefs in the halls of Verona, when all was jollity and gladness, and every one was recounting the triumphs he had gained, the king called for the skull of his father-in-law (which had been preserved as a trophy of victory, and was richly ornamented as a drinking cup), and pledged his guests in the goblet; the guests answered with applause. "Fill it again," cried the savage conqueror, "and carry it to the queen, that she may rejoice with her father." Rosamond received the cup, and drank from it in an agony of horror and rage. The insult was dreadful beyond measure; and she perhaps felt it the more keenly, as intimating the king's knowledge of certain improprieties in her conduct, which made her less worthy of sympathy. She immediately entered into a conspiracy against her husband, and in a few weeks the conqueror of Italy was stretched in his grave. His queen soon after attempted to give poison to another person, who, when the cup was half drained, suspected her intention, forced her to drink the remainder, and die with him. These circumstances afford terrible indications of the violent passions of men, and of the manners of those days. Alboin was succeeded by his brother Clephus, whose cruelty so much disgusted the feudal chiefs of the Lombards, that, after his death, they elected no sovereign for twelve years, each ruling independently in his own territory, and securing their conquests as they could. The necessity of uniting for general defence induced them, however, at last to fix on Ancharis, the son of Clephus, to whom they committed the sovereignty of Italy, with very limited powers. Ancharis was the first of the Lombard sovereigns who afforded to his subjects the example of conversion to Christianity (586); and his successor, Rotharis, a prudent and well-informed prince (according to the character of men in that age), established a body of laws which tended to civilize and improve his fierce subjects. A few years' residence in Italy, where they were intermingled with multitudes of cultivated people, produced a great alteration on the savage Lombards; and it is said, that, in the third generation, their posterity, when they looked on the pictures of their wild ancestors, were ashamed of being descended from such a rugged unshorn people. Religious controversy at this time ran very high in Italy, between the Arians, who denied the divinity of Christ, and the Catholics; but though the Lombard sovereigns were themselves Arians, they allowed free toleration to all; and there were even bishops of both denominations in the cities under their rule. About 670, they adopted the Catholic doctrine.

The emperors of Constantinople still maintained an exarch in Ravenna, whose authority was acknowledged over several of the richest portions of Italy, and who had under him officers, called the dukes of Rome, Venice, and Naples, who ruled in these places in the name of the empire. But Rome had now little of her former splendour: the supplies of corn with which the emperors still continued to furnish her populace, were irregular and scanty; her senators were poor, and without authority; and even her walls were scarcely secure from the insults of the haughty Lombards. The emperors made several attempts to regain their ascendancy in Italy, and restore the dignity of

Rome, but were always repulsed; and the Lombard sovereigns, in the meantime, continued to reign with a moderation which rendered their people willing subjects. One of them, Luitprand, was so far superior to the fierce prejudices of his time, that he issued a decree against that universal mania of the dark ages, trial by combat, or duel, declaring that it was wicked to expect "that God should manifest his judgment according to the caprices of men."

At this time (726), the Christian church, both at Constantinople and Rome, became subject to various distractions and improprieties in worship, which gave offence to many sincere Christians, in the former capital particularly. The Italians, on this occasion, inclined towards the forms which were sanctioned by the bishops of Rome. These prelates had as yet no secular authority, except within the city of Rome; but the virtue, wealth, and noble birth of one of them (Gregory the First, 604), had attracted to their office a high consideration, which his successors increased by ministering to the prepossessions, and sometimes to the distresses, of the Romans. The attempt of the emperors to alter the forms of worship at Rome, gave the existing Pope (Gregory the Second) an opportunity for extending his influence. He remonstrated with the emperor on his injudicious interference with the religion of subjects whom he was no longer able to protect, and who only adhered to his government from their old veneration for the Roman empire. The remonstrance, however, was unavailing, and Leo persisted in his resolution. The Roman people were firm in their attachment to their ancient modes of worship, and joined with the Popes in raising the standard of revolt against the emperor. The statues of Leo were defaced and thrown down, the tribute was withheld, and the exarch and other officers of the empire were reduced to the necessity of living in a state of continual warfare with the people whom they professed to protect and govern.

The Pope did not, however, wish to extinguish the imperial power in Italy, lest he himself should be left at the mercy of the Lombards; he therefore joined with Ursus, duke of Venice, to force Luitprand to resign his conquests, and to reinstate the imperial lieutenant. By this service he hoped to induce the emperor to desist from his purpose of interfering with the worship of the Roman churches; but Leo was not to be moved by any consideration, and even went so far in his zeal as to send a governor with express directions to have Gregory assassinated, or to send him in chains to Constantinople. This prelate, who had notice of the design against him, and who felt that the persecutions which he suffered from the emperor endeared him the more to the Romans, as the champion of their national religion, solemnly excommunicated the governor, and exhorted all the cities of Italy to continue steadfast in the Catholic faith. He was joined also by Luitprand, who forgave his own injuries in the wish to assist the head of his religion; and the people in Naples, Ravenna, and other places where the imperial power was still acknowledged, rose upon the officers of the emperor, among whom they made prodigious slaughter, and withdrew their allegiance altogether from the government of Constantinople. This was the first step towards the temporal power of the Popes.

The emperor prepared a large force to maintain his falling authority. The Pope, who had no forces of his own, might have applied for assistance to the king of the Lombards; but he was afraid, as has been already mentioned, lest he should render that potentate too influential in Italy, if there was no other power to counterbalance his weight; he therefore applied to France, in which kingdom the prime minister, Charles Martel, at that time possessed the whole authority, in order that, by introducing a third power to mediate between the two who already divided the country, he might secure for himself a safer and more important position among them. A perseverance in this policy on the part of prelates, whose office was already revered for its dignified sanctity, and whose blessing was an object of ambition, had the desired effect; and the French, though they did not for the present send an army into Italy, gave security to the Pope, by declaring themselves the protectors of the church. Soon after this (754), an occurrence took place which shewed the growing influence of the bishops of Rome. The first minister of France, Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, applied to Pope Zachary, desiring to know "whether a prince incapable of governing, or a minister invested with royal authority, and who supported it with dignity, ought to bear the title of king?" The Pope decided in favour of the minister, and his judgment silenced every scruple; the king of France, Childeric the Third, was deposed, and a German bishop received the Pope's authority for anointing Pepin in his room. This favour Pepin afterwards returned by defending the Pope from the encroachments of the Lombards, and by conquering and bestowing upon the see of Rome the greater part of those territories in Italy which had constituted the exarchate of Ravenna. The Greek emperor demanded these possessions back from the victor, as part of his dominions; but they were his, he said, by right of conquest, and he had bestowed them on the see of St Peter, that the Roman Catholic faith might defend itself against the heresies of the Greeks; and no price should make him revoke a gift, which he should vindicate to the church with the last drop of

* Those of the west were Alemanni, Frangi, Longobardi or Long-beards, &c. When there was any great confederation of these tribes formed, it took the name of the leading clan; so that the same sept, such as the *Heruli*, might sometimes be reckoned as belonging to the Goths, sometimes to the Vandals or Lombards; but the whole were of German lineage. The *Sarmatæ* or *Scythians* were the Poles, Russians, Croats, &c.; and the Huns, the Cossacks or Tartars.

his blood. Thus, in the eighth century, the bishops of Rome entered into possession of a degree of civil power equivalent to that of ordinary princes; and in this double capacity of spiritual directors, and secular governors of Rome and its adjacent territory, they have ever since continued.

In another article, we shall give an account of the eastern empire, or that of Constantinople, till its destruction by the Turks in 1453.

THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

SOME years ago it was my destiny to reside in a New England village. Nothing can be pleasanter than its situation. All that nature ever did for a place, she has done for this. It is sheltered on the north by high hills, and fringed on the south with forests of oaks and elms; it has its waterfalls and cascades, and, what is more surprising, they are suffered to flow on through meadow and valley, without being condemned to the tread-mill. In this country everything is compelled to do duty. Our forests are cut down for fire-wood; our rocks heven into state prisons, and some of our modern speculators mean to make old Niagara, that has roared and belled so many hundred years for its own amusement, actually work for its living, and support cotton and woollen manufactures.

But to return to my village. It is not called a flourishing one, for there is no distillery and no jail in it. But they have straw bonnet manufactories, working societies, and reading societies, and the females actually raised ten dollars fifty-two cents for the emancipation of the Greeks.

While I resided there, I became intimately acquainted with the clergyman, and it was my constant habit to call on him every evening for a stroll. He was just such a man as the ladies call a marrying man; yet, strange to tell, he was still a bachelor. There was a village legend that he had been crossed in love; but disappointments of the heart generate suspicion and misanthropy, and no one could be more confiding and guileless than he was. His sensibilities seemed to be in their first spring. His fair smooth forehead, his broad chest, and Boanerges voice, gave no evidence that he had wasted his health in scientific or theological pursuits; yet he was well read in scripture, and could quote chapter and verse on every contested point. For many years he had made no use of a Concordance, for he was a living one himself. The practical part of his profession formed its beauty in him. He might well teach temperance, for necessary articles of food were all he coveted; he could talk of charity with the "tongue of an angel," for it was not with him tinkling brass or empty sound; from his five hundred dollars salary there was always an overplus, that brought upon him "the blessing of those that were ready to perish." Perhaps there was a little too much minuteness about worldly affairs, and yet it was an excellent example for others. There was likewise a little too much of the parish register in his cast of mind; he could tell how many he had married, how many he had christened, and how many he had buried; how many prayers he had made, and how many sermons he had written. All this was very well; but when he undertook to know people's ages better than they did themselves, it would have been intolerably provoking, if he had not always been able to prove he was right by parish records. He had a love for agriculture that contributed to his health, and agreeably diversified his employments. The piece of land that was set off to the parsonage, was always in excellent order, and the invalids of his parish might count upon the first mess of peas, and the first plate of strawberries, from his garden.

Our walk often led by a farm that had once been the summer residence of an opulent family. The grounds were laid out originally with much taste; but it had passed into the hands of various owners. They had cut down the trees that they might not obstruct the view of the road, and suffered the buildings to go to decay, because it cost money to repair them. There was an air of desolate grandeur about the house, that inspired sensations wholly unlike the trim square houses of the village. It was too far from the road, and too large to be tenanted. Besides, the farm was run out. In short, it was unpopular, and nobody would live on it. It was said that it might be "bought for a song," but it was so out of repair and so comfortable, that nobody appeared to purchase it. It had gone through the "pitiless pelting" of a severe winter uninhabited, and nothing could be more dreary than it looked, half buried in snow; but when spring came on, and the grass grew green, and the wild roses blossomed, and the creepers hung clustering about the doors and windows, it was a place that might have tempted any lover of solitude and nature.

In a small country village, however, there are few who come under this class. All have a practical love of nature, but not many a sentimental one; and it was with a degree of contempt that it was discovered, in the month of June, that the house was actually inhabited. Much speculation was excited, and the place that had stood in desolate neglect, became at once an object of curiosity and interest.

I had had some thoughts of purchasing the place, and tried to persuade myself that it would be a good way of investing a small sum, when I learnt that a Mr Forester had been beforehand with me, and had taken possession of the house. I felt a degree of disappoint-

ment that the previously irresolute state of my mind by no means authorised. Soon after this occurrence, I quitted the village, and removed to a different part of the country.

Ten years passed away, and I made no effort to renew my intercourse with my old friend the clergyman. In consequence of indisposition, I found it actually necessary last year to journey. My recollections immediately turned to the village where I had before found health, and I once more directed my course towards it.

It was on Sunday morning that I entered the town of H—, about ten miles from the village. I knew too well the primitive habits of my friend the clergyman to break in upon his Sabbath morning, and I determined to remain where I was till the next day.

It is a church-going place. When I saw couple after couple pass the window of the tavern at which I had stationed myself in mere idleness, I began to feel an inclination to go to church too.

I entered the nearest one, and when the minister arose, found to my surprise that it was my old friend. He did not appear to have altered since I last saw him; his voice was equally powerful, his person rather fuller. I recognised in his prayers and sermon the same expressions he had used ten years ago—and why not? They were drawn from his book of knowledge. There was still the same simplicity and the same fervour that had first interested me; and when the services were over, and I shook hands with him, it seemed even to me, who am not given to illusion, that we had parted but yesterday. I tried to make out by his appearance whether he had married, but I was baffled—the outer man had undergone no change. He told me that he should return home after the evening service, and invited me to take a seat in his chaise with him. I readily accepted the invitation. When he called for me, he said, "Don't forget your portmanteau, for I must keep you at my house a few days."

As we jogged along, for his horse never departed from his Sunday pace even on week days, I asked him what had become of the Foresters. "Do they still retain the farm that ought to have been mine?" said I. A colour like the mellow tint of a russetine apple that had been perfectly preserved through the winter, rose in his cheek as he replied, "Part of the family are there; if you like, I will give you an account of them." I assented; but when I found he was setting himself as if for a long story, my heart died within me. I knew his minuteness on every subject, and that to have added or diminished an iota would have been to him palpable fraud and injustice. By degrees, however, I became interested in his narrative.

"Soon after you left me, I became intimate with Mr Forester. He was a sensible, intelligent man, and his wife was a very worthy woman. They had two children, who were full of health and gaiety. Mr Forester entered upon farming with great zeal, and the place soon wore a different aspect. The venerable trees that had been cut down, could not be restored, but repairs were made, the stone walls rebuilt, and all indicated that the new tenant was a man of order and good habits. He had been accustomed to farming, but he was assiduous in finding out the best and most approved methods of ploughing, planting, and managing his land. Nothing could be more successful than his industry. The third year his crops were abundant, and his wife began to talk of her dairy, and exhibit her butter and cheese in the country style. The inhabitants of the village found they managed their affairs so well, that they were content to let them go on without interfering. Mrs Forester accommodated herself to the habits and customs of those around her with wonderful facility, and was a general favourite.

"Instead of passing the house as you and I used to do in our walk, I now every evening turned up the avenue, and spent half an hour with them. The children called me uncle, and ran to meet me; their mother, too, would follow them with a step almost as light. She played upon the guitar, and though I was not acquainted with the instrument, and thought it feeble compared to the bass-viol, yet I loved to hear it chiming with her sweet voice.

"When I looked at this happy family, I felt new sympathies springing in my heart, and began to be almost dissatisfied with my solitary home. I sometimes thought Mr Forester was not as tranquil and contented as his wife; but he had lived in the world, and it was natural that he should feel the want of that society to which he had been accustomed.

"It was on the third year of their residence in the village, that I was invited to visit them with more form than usual. Mrs Forester said, that she and the children were going to celebrate the fifth anniversary of her marriage. She had many of the fanciful contrivances of her sex to give interest to the daily routine of life. She had placed her table under an arbour, covered with honeysuckles and sweet-briar, and loaded it with fruit and the abundance of her good housewifery. The grass that had been newly mown, was distributed round us in heaps. At a little distance from the arbour, and behind it, stood the large barn, with the huge folding doors open at each end. Through this we had a view of the house, and beyond it the country round, with its fields waving with grain, its peaceful streams, its green valleys, its distant hills, and, what in my opinion added greatly to the beauty of

the prospect, the spire of my own church rising from a grove of trees. I must not forget to mention the Merrimack that was in front of us, moving on in the majesty of its deep blue waters, and bearing on its bosom the various craft of inland navigation. It was a glorious scene, and we all felt it such. 'Here at least,' said I, 'we may worship God in the temple of his own beauty!' I looked at Mrs Forester. Women have quick sensibilities. I saw the tears were coursing each other down her cheeks; but they were like the rain-drops of summer, and her smiles returned more gaily. The children had taken many a trip from the house to the arbour, with their baskets and aprons loaded with cakes and fruits. We all gathered round the table. Mrs Forester was as gay as her children. She played upon her guitar, and sung modern songs, which I am sorry to say had more music than sense in them. In the midst of one of these, we heard footsteps. A man stood at the entrance of the arbour, and laid his hand on Mr Forester's shoulder. He started, and turned round; then, taking the man by the arm, walked away. 'I wish,' said Mrs Forester impatiently, 'he had not interrupted us just as we were so happy.'

"Do you know him?" said I. 'No,' she replied, 'I can't say I do, and yet I remember seeing him, soon after we were married. I believe,' added she, colouring and laughing, 'I never told you that ours was a runaway match. It has turned out so well, and our troubles have terminated so happily, that I am not afraid to confess my imprudence to you. I was an orphan, and lived with my grandmother, who was as different from me in her habits and opinions as old people usually are from young ones. She thought singing was bad for the lungs, that dancing would throw me into a fever, and the night air into a consumption. I differed from her in all these opinions, and yet was obliged to conform. After I became acquainted with Mr Forester, we differed still more. She said he was a stranger that nobody knew; I said I knew him perfectly. In short, she told me if I intended to marry him, she would forbid the banns. I thought it best to save her the trouble, and so I tied up a little bundle, and walked off with my husband that is now.

"The good old lady lived to see him well established in business as a lawyer, and became quite reconciled. I loved her sincerely, and, now that I was independent, willingly accommodated myself to her habits. She died soon after the birth of my first child Ellen, who was named for her. She left me five thousand dollars, which is now invested in this farm, and I trust will be the inheritance of my children."

"May I ask," said I, 'why you left your native place?' 'I hardly know,' said she; 'my husband thought the air did not agree with him. He grew melancholy and abstracted, and then I began to dislike it too, and was quite ready to quit it. We removed to B—. My husband carried his reputation and talents with him, and was again successful in the practice of law. In the course of a few months, his complaints returned, and he then thought it was country air he wanted, and an entire change of life. The event has proved so. We quitted the languid and enervating climate of the south, and travelled north. We gave up all our former associations, and to make the change more complete, my husband took the name of an uncle who brought him up, and relinquished his own. It is now three years since we have resided here, and I don't know that he has had any return of ill health, or nervous affections since.'

"At that moment Mr Forester returned, accompanied by the stranger. He approached his wife, and said, 'Here is an old acquaintance, Mary; you must make him welcome.' There was an expression in the countenance of the guest that appalled us. It seemed to communicate its baleful influence to the whole circle. Mr Forester looked pale and anxious; the gaiety was gone; nobody sung or laughed; we scarcely spoke. All was changed. The stranger seemed to have had a blighting effect on the master of the house; for from this time his health and spirits gradually forsook him. Signs of poverty appeared, and he announced to his wife that he must move elsewhere. She was thunderstruck. The legacy of her aunt had been invested in the purchase of the farm. To give up that, was relinquishing the inheritance of her children. She remonstrated, but without effect; he declined all explanation. With deep regret I saw them quit the village.

"Mrs Forester had promised to write me when they were again fixed in any permanent situation. It was nearly two years before I received a letter. That letter I have now in my pocket-book. It has remained there since I first received it. Here it is."

I knew too well his exact habits to be surprised at the perfect state of preservation in which I saw it. It was as follows:—

"I rejoice that I can give you cheerful accounts, my much respected friend, of my husband and myself. After we left you, we removed to a remote town in the west, and here we are. We have given up farming, and my husband has opened an office. As he is the only lawyer in the place, he has made his way extremely well. I wish I could say I am as happy as you once saw me; but this mode of life is not to my taste, nor do I think it agrees with my husband. I have never seen him so tranquil as the three short years we passed at N—. There is something in the

life of a farmer peculiarly soothing. The sun never rose so bright to me as at that period. I do not think Eve was as happy in her paradise as I was in mine; for her fruits grew spontaneously, but mine were produced by the united effort of head and hands, and gave exercise to all my powers. My children are well. My husband's health is not very good; this plodding life does not agree with him; he is subject to low spirits. I sometimes have sad forebodings of the future; if I could only get back to N—, I think all would go well."

This was the purport of the letter. I returned it to my friend, and he resumed his narrative.

"About a year from the time I received the letter, I took a journey to Montreal to visit a sister who was settled there. In passing one of the streets, I recognised Mr Forester; but he was so altered in his appearance, that I doubted if it could be he. He held out his hand, and I found, upon inquiring, that he had made another remove to Montreal. He was emaciated in his person, and there was a nervous agitation in his manner that alarmed me. I begged him to conduct me to his wife. 'With all my heart,' said he, 'but you will be surprised at our *ménage*.' I accompanied him to a low dilapidated building, in which every thing bespoke poverty. Mrs Forester gave me a mournful welcome. She, too, was greatly changed; but her children were still blooming and healthy, and appeared unconscious of the cloud that hung over their parents.

"My visit was short; I perceived it was an embarrassing one; but in taking leave, I said, 'If you have any commands to your old friends at N—, here is my address.' I had not been home long, before William Forester brought me a note from his mother, requesting to see me. I immediately returned with him, and found her alone. She was free and undisguised in her communication; said there was some dreadful mystery hung over them, and that whatever it was, it was hurrying her husband to the grave. 'I should not have spoken,' added she, 'had not this conviction made all scruples weigh light in the balance. I think it possible he may reveal to you what he will not to me. At least, see him before you quit Montreal. If we could once more return to N—, we might yet be happy.'

"I again called to see him. Never was there a human being more changed. He was dull, abstracted, and silent, and I began to think his mind was impaired. I used every argument in my power to persuade him to return to N—, and tried to convince him it was a duty he owed his wife and children. He only replied that it would do no good; neither they nor he would be happier; that there was nothing I could say to him with regard to himself that his own mind had not suggested. He acknowledged that he had a secret source of calamity, but said it was beyond human power to mitigate it; that the kindest part would be to let him alone; that he had never intruded his sorrows on others, and he asked no participation; that happily there was a termination to all things here, and his sufferings could not last for ever. I told him that if he was alone in the world, he might reason justly; but he must feel that there was one human being at least, that was doomed to participate in his good or bad fortune, and who was made wretched by his mysterious conduct.

"Has she spoken to you?" said he fiercely.

"There needs no other language," replied I, "than her pale cheek and wasted form. You, who see her daily, cannot realize the change that has taken place; but I, who saw her last at N—, blooming, and happy, full of health and gaiety, alive to all that was beautiful in creation—can I agree with you that you alone are the sufferer?" I found I had touched the cord to which his heart vibrated; I pursued the subject, and finally obtained the victory. He promised me solemnly to return in the course of a few weeks.

"It was with heartfelt pleasure I set about preparing for them. I had the old shattered mansion put into comfortable repair, and took half a year's salary in pork, grain, and live stock, much to the satisfaction of my parishioners, who had rather pay in produce than money, and it was all cheerfully transferred to the desolate building. It was the last day of November when they arrived, and the snow lay three feet deep on the ground. The old trees that remained with their dry straggling branches, stood on each side of the avenue like a procession of mourners. In winter there is but little for a farmer to do, except foddering his cattle, and preparing for the coming spring. Mr Forester had no stock or materials, and his life was an idle one. I could not but think Providence had wonderfully marked its bounty to the other sex, when I saw how cheerfully and constantly Mrs Forester found employment. Her colour and spirits returned, and again I heard her singing songs that seemed only made for summer.

"I have hitherto said but little of myself. I had dwindled into a kind of insignificance in my own mind, and was thought to be a confirmed old bachelor. Even my neighbour, Miss Keziah Spinney, no longer attempted to pour in the oil and the wine, but passed on to the other side. I confess, however, that I sometimes looked back with lingering regret on the years I had loitered away. I could count up to fifty-two. After twenty-five, they were all dull, cheerless blanks, except in the way of duty, and every faithful minister knows how many omissions must press upon his re-

collection. March had arrived, and we had reasonable expectations that the severity of winter was over; but it did not prove so. There came a violent driving snow storm, and I did not visit the Foresters for several days. At length I received a message from them requesting to see me. Mrs Forester met me at the door. 'My husband,' said she, 'is very ill. Do you remember our visitor on the fifth anniversary of our marriage? Twice since he has come. God knows what malignant power he has over us; but it is terrible in its effects. Yesterday he came suddenly upon us; his visit was short, but immediately after his departure, my husband complained of great oppression upon the lungs, and this morning he has been seized with a hemorrhage. O my dear friend,' continued she, wringing my hand, 'go to him, tell him there is nothing he can reveal so dreadful as this suspense. I can endure it no longer; my reason will be the sacrifice.'

"I hastened to his apartment. He was in bed; his countenance was pale, but calm. 'I am glad you have come,' said he; 'I have a confession to make.' At that moment his wife entered. He called her to his bed-side, and, as she knelt down, he looked earnestly at her, and his courage appeared to fail. But in a few moments he resumed. 'I had hoped that I might die with my secret unrevealed; but now that I believe myself on my death-bed, the judgment of my fellow creatures loses its importance. And yet,' said he, turning to his wife, 'to voluntarily relinquish your esteem, to be remembered by you only with horror! O, if suffering could expiate guilt, these pangs would atone!'

"Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance, the noble, the sublime expression, as she leaned over him. 'My friend—my husband,' said she, 'fear nothing from me. Whatever may be the circumstances to which you allude, they cannot now influence my affection. The years we have passed together are all that identify you with me. Speak without hesitation.'

"I will be brief," said he, 'for my strength is failing. My early life was one of dissipation and profligacy. My father gave me all the opportunities of a good education, and a lucrative profession. He died, and left my mother destitute. I persuaded myself it was a duty to run all risks to place her in an independent situation. Frequently I returned from the gaming table, and poured money into her lap. The poor deceived parent blessed and applauded me. I went through all the changes of a gamster, and at length found myself deeply in debt. A horrible chance presented—it was one of fraud and treachery. I purloined a sum intrusted to me—was detected! He seemed unable to proceed. 'I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment,' continued he, in a low voice. 'Though sunk and degraded, I was not lost. I loathed the vices that had undone me. I turned with horror from the profligacy by which I was surrounded. My conduct was such that the term of my imprisonment was shortened. I received a pardon. My poor mother had died broken-hearted. I quitted Havana; for this was the scene of my guilt and disgrace. At Richmond, I by degrees gained access to good society. I was persevering and industrious. You know, my dear Mary, how I became acquainted with you, and you now perceive that when I married you, I added a new crime, that of deception, to my catalogue of sins. I truly loved you, and I could not resist temptation. My business was lucrative, every thing around me prosperous, and if vice had left no sting, I might have been the happiest of mortals. But not all the rivers of Damascus, nor the waters of Jordan, can wash out the stains of the soul. I was haunted by remembrance of the past. There was something so unlike retributive justice in my prosperity, that I felt as if even this success portended some dreadful reverse. Fool that I was, not to perceive that the terror and anxiety that consumed my hours was retributive justice! When I pressed her whom I loved best to my bosom, I thought what would become of her if she knew she was the wife of a felon!

"Such was the state of my mind while every body congratulated me on my happiness. I was nominated for an office of trust. A few days after the election had taken place, I received a note, requesting me to come to a particular place, if I would avoid public disgrace. I went to the spot with a beating heart, and found, to my horror, a fellow convict! When I quitted the prison, I had left him there. He had staid out his term, and accident brought him to Richmond. His object was to extort money. I gave him what he asked, as the bribe of secrecy. Again and again he came. My anxiety grew insupportable. Horrible thoughts crossed my mind. I sometimes felt that either he or I must be sacrificed. I gave up all but my wife and children, and left Richmond in hopes of concealment from my persecutor. The rest you know. As soon as I began to acquire credit and property, my tormentor appeared, and nearly stripped me. For three years I lived on this spot unmolested; and I began to think he was dead. You know how, in the midst of apparent security and happiness, he came upon me. Twice he has visited me since. Yesterday he arrived. But Heaven is merciful. The disorder that for months has been undermining my life, is brought to a crisis. With the near prospect of death, I have gained fortitude. I might say something in extenuation of my guilt. But why should I? There is a Judge, and he is merciful.'

"Such was the unhappy man's story. He was mistaken in believing his end so near. He lingered on for months. His confession had rendered the scourge of his persecutor powerless. His decay was gradual, and he lived till June. His wife and myself were his constant attendants. He saw that her affection was undiminished; that it was the labour of love, and not of compassion, that bound her to his side. He died, trusting in divine mercy, and commending to my care his wife and children."

"And you have performed this dying injunction most faithfully, I doubt not," said I to the good man.

Again the colour rose in his cheek. "I have," said he, "to the best of my power. At the end of two years, Mrs Forester kindly consented to marry me. Her children are as dear to me as if they were my own." We had now entered the little village of N—. It was still flourishing in its native beauty. The green banks, with their footpaths, still bordered the carriage road, and clusters of dandelions, purple thistles, and mallows, were scattered by the way side, with their former profusion. The low school-house, with its tall chimney, stood where I left it. The paths that led through the pastures, still remained the same. We were now near the parsonage-house. I asked no questions, for I was willing to wait the development of circumstances. I was not much surprised when we turned up the avenue that led to the old-fashioned house.

"This is my residence," said the clergyman, "and I let out the parsonage." We stopped. The lady came to the door to meet us. She seemed to have gone along with all things else. Her hair, when I last saw her, was glossy and brown; it was now covered with a white muslin cap, and was parted upon her forehead in a matron-like manner.

I passed a few days with them, and took leave with the novel conclusion, that if there was any happiness in this world, it was to be found in a country village, where there were no improvements, and at the house of a country minister.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

EULENSTEIN.

WE are about to record an instance of the victory of genius and perseverance over difficulties, more curious, perhaps, if not more interesting, than any which has yet appeared in our columns. It is the case of a young musician who was tyrannically driven into another line, deprived of his instrument, the violin, and prohibited all indulgence of his favourite pursuit, and who yet found an instrument for himself, one all but tuneless in other hands, and, by stealth, acquired the power of producing on that instrument a music of such excellence, science, taste, and beauty, that princes and nobles came to be his patrons, and connoisseurs and crowds to listen to him with wonder and applause, wherever he presented himself. We allude to Mr Eulenstein, the celebrated player on the Jew's harp.

Mr Eulenstein is by birth a German, and was born at Heilbronn, in Wirtemberg, in the year 1802. A turn for music, amounting to a passion, was soon manifested by him. He was early possessed of a violin, which he learned as a child to play, and often went without his breakfast, when a schoolboy, to save his pence to purchase strings. Judges of musical genius would have encouraged such a boy, but such his parents were not. They saw in his pursuit only idleness and poverty—the lot of all, except a few, in a country where almost all are musical. They locked up his violin, forbade him even to whistle, and succeeded in finding out for him a master and mistress, in the hardware line, with as little music in their souls as in their saucepans. The lady, who exercised a direct and by no means gentle sway over the unhappy apprentice, *actually hated* music, and thus had a double motive for excluding all melody, as she effectually did all harmony, from dwelling and warehouse. The youth's vicious tendency to music was narrowly watched, and all pipes, and fiddles, sackbuts, and other instruments, were warned off the premises.

Yet, on the premises, and in the stock in trade of these cast-iron personages, there was a musical instrument, which was destined to mar all their care of the anti-musical education of their charge—and that was the Jew's harp.† Young Eulenstein could not but indulge in a trial on this rude toy, as he opened the grosses to supply the schoolboys; but it was not till a gentleman happened to play it in a superior manner in his hearing, that he saw its pretensions to be deemed a musical instrument. This gentleman was a medical practitioner, and has always been one of our artist's best and steadiest friends. The Jew's harp was now zealously practised by Eulenstein; and, to avoid detection, it was practised in bed, even under the clothes which covered him. The patience and perseverance of the young artist were almost unexampled. In six months he arrived at a clear, agreeable tone, free from the well-known twang of the Jew's harp in common hands; and at the end of the first year of his probation, he could master a scale upon *one* instrument.

* From the *TOKEN*, an American Annual.

† Jew's harp is supposed to be a corruption of *Jaw's harp*, or the harp for the mouth. The Germans call it *mouth trumpet*; the Scotch, *trump*. The Jews disclaim it as an instrument with which they have ever had any connexion.

A singular accident opened up to him an entire new view of the capabilities of the Jew's harp. Falling asleep one night, in the course of his practice, with the instrument in his mouth, the tongue of the harp scratched his face, which induced him in the morning to cover the sharp point with a knob of sealing wax. This put his harp *out of tune*, but, by doing so, shewed him that it might likewise be put *in tune*; in other words, varied in its tones—so that, by playing upon several harps in succession, differently tuned, he could command the chromatic scale. The discovery and the inference were, for a mere boy, alike wonderful; and his skilful and really scientific use of both was not less so. He began to look forward to surprising the world with an entirely new accomplishment. He could now, by changing his harps, tuned to certain notes, modulate from one key to another; and, in another year, acquired a command of this mode of change, so rapid as not in the least to interrupt the melody of even quick passages.

He next attempted the staccato movement, which threatened to defy him; for, to produce it, he was obliged to stop with his tongue each vibration the instant after producing it, and then to draw back the tongue, in order to strike the next note. Even this formidable difficulty he overcame before the end of the third year, and performed the staccato as rapidly as he does now, in his "Rondo a la Paganini."

Our artist, who was at this time eighteen, resolved to follow music as a profession, and to found his claim to public favour upon his conquest of the difficulties of the Jew's harp, a field where he did not expect a single rival. Another year's practice gave him the beautiful shake, turns, and slides, so much admired in his "Kathleen O'More." In this year he gained some other points, such as double notes, roulades, chords, and arpeggios. He had long played two harps at a time, tuned to harmony, which he changed out of fifteen or twenty lying before him.

Our harper now resolved to let out the secret of his acquisition to some friends; and performing in the dark, required them to name the instrument. None of them could, but, delighted with the extraordinary music, they compared it to the Æolian harp, called it the music of fairies, angels, &c. Candles were brought, and a number of penny Jew's harps discovered! They never doubted that they were deceived, and were only convinced by seeing the same instruments used to play, with the same enchanting effect, the same air. The mirth of the party informed the player that he made the most ludicrous grimaces in playing; the unsuspected defect a mirror confirmed to him, and it required another year to cure that.

His master about this time died; and his situation becoming intolerable under the sole residuary power of the widow—who waxed yet more wroth with music, obtained in defiance of all her anti-musical care—he deserted her service; and, with his mother's consent, a few shillings in his pocket, and, like the Last Minstrel,

"His harp the sole companion of his way,"

left his native place, and launched into the wide world.

When he visited any town, his instrument was so utterly scorned, that the very innkeepers thought him insane when he talked of giving a public concert with a penny Jew's harp; the magistrates turned him out when he asked permission to exhibit; and a room was repeatedly refused him. This did not tend to remove his natural timidity. He shrunk from attempting to perform in several towns, succeeded in giving but one concert in Luneburg, where an uncle, who was proprietor of a theatre, gave him the use of a room, and returned to his native place, after having walked 1000 miles, visited thirty towns, and cleared L.4 on the whole trip! His money, which was in gold, he stitched into a girdle, and wore it round his waist; but having taken it off to bathe, he hung it on a bush at the river side, and forgot it. Discovering his loss on undressing to go to bed, he hastily re-dressed; flew almost frantic to the spot; but the treasure was gone, and was never heard of again! This calamity drove him to desperation: he resolved again to quit his home; and, instead of timidly shrinking from public exhibition, he resolved boldly to come forward on all occasions that offered. By this means he soon recruited his humble finances, and gained a new character for energy and enterprise, to which, but for his loss, he might have long remained a stranger. He therefore always looked back upon that event as a blessing, under the apparent form of an overwhelming dispensation to him. He was soon enabled to do something for his mother's comfort, and thus removed his chief regret at losing his hard-earned gains—his all. At Stuttgart, young Eulenstein met with some success; and there was an epoch in his fortunes—a summons to perform before the Queen of Württemberg, late Princess Royal of England, who applauded his music, advised him to go to Paris and London, and gave him a letter to the Princess Augusta. To reach the French and British capitals seemed to our humble pedestrian an enterprise above his strength and means; but, advised by a queen, and urged by his friends, he slung on his knapsack, and, traversing the Black Forest, arrived in Switzerland, where he met with much encouragement, and remained five months. At Lausanne he spent five months more, acquired the French language, the theory of music, and the guitar; and in November 1826, after a solitary journey on foot, with L.5 in his pocket, but full of hope, he entered the gates of Paris.

For some time he was unknown and neglected; his money was exhausted, and his prospects sufficiently blank, when Mr Stockhausen befriended him, made known his singular merits, and speedily brought him into notice. Sir Sidney Smith also supported him with his patronage, and gave him letters for London. In Paris he performed at private parties, was called to play before the King, Charles the Tenth, the Duchess de Berri, the Duke of Orleans, the present King, and other persons of rank; and, after giving a public concert, came to London passing rich, with L.60 his own! London perfectly confounded him with its vastness, its noise and confusion, and its unheard of expense; he was, moreover, without the language of this, to him, tremendous Babylon. His guide conducted him the day after his arrival to the Marchioness of Salisbury's, to whom he had a letter, and by whom he was invited to come at night to a party she chanced to have. He came, and found himself in the midst of a splendid crowd of 300 people, all moving about and talking; the carriages literally thundered, while that remnant of barbarism, the brass knocker, ceased not its responsive peals the whole evening. His tiny instruments, with their ethereal softness, which require pin-fall silence, produced no audible sound at all: the flitting crowd who got near him *saw* a man in a corner "making faces," and stood and laughed; and as this was his sole reward, he left the house miserably disappointed. Among the few who came early, and really heard the instruments, was her present Majesty, then Duchess of Clarence. Learning that all London routs were noisy, our minstrel had nearly set out again for the Continent, when the present Duke of Gordon, having read of him in the Literary Gazette, found him out—offered him at once the most generous and efficient patronage he had ever received—got him to play before his late Majesty—he had previously played before the Princess Augusta and Duke of Sussex—and changed all his plans of quitting England. The Duke of Gordon, with equal good sense and good feeling, arranged parties, whom he bound over to keep the peace while the harper played; and as he became better known, curiosity obtained him silence even at routs. He played before 500 persons, including all the *savans* of London, at a lecture by Mr Faraday, in the Royal Institution, in illustration of a theory of acoustics by Mr Wheatstone; a circumstance which much raised the character of his music in public estimation.

Mr Eulenstein has since become a great favourite in Bath, where he has for three years taught the guitar. At the Duke of Gordon's suggestion, he came to Scotland, and, after a visit to Gordon Castle and Aberdeen, proceeded to Edinburgh, whose inhabitants he charmed with his magic minstrelsy. Among an absolute shower of the tuneless tribe, which had just fallen upon our city when he arrived, he was considered, by the best judges, by far the most exquisite musician, as well as the greatest novelty, of the whole. We congratulate Mr Eulenstein upon his well-earned reputation and his growing independence, affording, as they do, yet another proof of the power of genius, perseverance, and real worth, to surmount all difficulties, and bear away the prize of fame and fortune.

A LOCKERBIE LICK.

THE sanguinary conflict which took place upon the sandy holm at the debouchment of the river Dryfe into the Annan, near Lockerbie, in Dumfriesshire, presents us with an instance of the length to which the feuds of families were at one time carried in Scotland.

On the 7th of December 1593, the Lord Maxwell, warden of the western marches of England and Scotland, having, in conjunction with the then lairds of Drumlanrig and Closeburn, collected two thousand men in arms, marched into Annandale, to besiege the laird of Johnston's house of Lochwood, a place of great strength, and through deadly spite to extirpate him and all of his name. Accordingly, early on the morning, the laird Maxwell came to Lockerbie, expecting to find the Johnstons, vassals of the Lochwood family, at home; but being disappointed, burnt the house of Nether Place, the residence of the laird of Lockerbie's brother, and afterwards returned to his party at Dryfesands. It so happened that Annandale Johnston soon appeared with only forty horses, with which he engaged eighty of the enemy; put them to flight, pursuing a certain length, and then, through design, suddenly retreating, were followed by the whole body of the enemy, with Lord Maxwell at their head, till they came to the Torwood, on the south-east side of the Dryfe. Here they were suddenly joined by four hundred Annandalians, who sprung out and surprised the enemy. After a short but bloody struggle, in which they were joined by a few Scots from Eskdale, under the laird of Buccleugh, they put the forces of Lord Maxwell into complete confusion, and completed their victory by putting upwards of seven hundred of them to the sword. Among those whom they put to death was Lord Maxwell himself, whom they killed under very cruel circumstances. He was struck from his horse in the flight, and inhumanly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. His routed troops fled to the Götterbie Ford of the Annan, where many were drowned in their attempts to cross the

river. A great number that escaped were dreadfully slashed in the face, by the sharp weapons of the Annandalians, in the heat of the conflict; and hence a stroke in the face, in this part of the country, till the present day, obtains the name of "a Lockerbie Lick."

DAY AND NIGHT.

BESIDES the yearly circuit which the earth makes around the sun, there is also a daily one, in which it revolves round its axis in the space of twenty-four hours; thus causing the regular vicissitude of day and night. The earth's motion is from west to east; and hence the sun, which is a fixed object, appears to move from east to west. If a line were carried round and round the globe, it would require to be the length of 24,855 miles; hence this is the actual space which any given point on the earth's surface travels over in the course of twenty-four hours, a rate exceeding somewhat 1000 miles in the hour. This velocity, with which every person moves continually, is greater, by 140 times, than that with which a cannon-ball issues from the mouth of a cannon; and yet we do not perceive it, because the earth, the air, and every thing around, is carried with us: whereas, if we passed with a thousandth part of this velocity through air standing still, the concussion and current caused in this fluid would be tremendous. It is probable, too, that the earth with its surrounding atmosphere passes through empty and impalpable space, otherwise the prevailing laws of friction and resistance would impede its course, and produce a sound which would be intolerable to human ears. It is somewhat singular, that all the planetary bodies observe the same direction in their motions around their axis, from west to east; thus indicating, even in the remotest parts of creation, a unity of design and purpose, that, in the eye of their Divine Creator, must serve some important end. Although the motion of the earth is of that easy and gliding nature as to be imperceptible under ordinary circumstances, it yet may be very easily made apparent to our vision. If we fix our eye on the sun or moon as they are just peeping up from the edge of the horizon, we find that in a very few minutes they move over a considerable space; and if we are set in a particular position at a window watching the moon, we shall find, that in no long period this luminary will disappear, and become concealed beyond the window-frame: in other words, the earth on which we are seated will have moved so far to the eastward. It may occur to one fond of inquiring into final causes, what is the use of this rotatory motion? Would it not have been as well if the earth had stood still? Perhaps the earth could not stand still, consistent with the prevailing laws of gravity; for we find motion, in some shape or other, is an invariable law of matter. At all events, a revolving motion on its axis is necessary to keep our globe within due limits of the sun; for did it cease to turn round in its daily motion, the sun's central attraction would prove so great as to draw the earth into contact with that luminary. But nature serves many ends with one design, and the alternate recurrence of day and night is no less beneficial to man and his dependencies, than to the upholding of the planetary sphere. Day and night are subordinate changes to summer and winter, but no less useful and conducive to the pleasure of man. Day is the season of light, and beauty, and active exertion, and enjoyment; night is the period of darkness, of repose, and of refreshing slumber. Sleep is essential for repairing the wasted nervous energy of animated beings; and night, with all its accompaniments, seems no less adapted for the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Even the vegetable kingdom partakes of the repose of night; and it is highly probable that several important processes are carried on in plants during the absence of light, that differ entirely from those performed in sunshine.

In those countries near the equator, or midway between the north and south poles of the earth, day and night are of nearly equal duration throughout all seasons of the year. As we proceed from the equator to the poles, however, the length of the day varies with every varying period of the seasons. In the latitude of Britain, our longest summer day is about seventeen hours, while the night is only seven. Our shortest winter day, again, is just the reverse of this, extending to little more than seven hours. Twice a-year, at the period of our spring and autumn equinox, day and night are of the equal length of twelve hours each. About an hour before sunrise is reckoned the coldest period of the twenty-four, for by this time the heat diffused on the earth's surface in the previous day, has in a great measure been dissipated, and it requires the presence of the great luminary again to impart heat and light to nature. The beautiful and gorgeous tints of the rising and setting sun have been the theme of all admirers of nature. In all that regards the actual circumstances, sunrise and sunset is one and the same thing; yet the accompanying appearances are generally very different—so much so, as to impart a peculiar aspect to the morning and evening sky. The cause of colour in both is the slanting rays of light falling on masses of vapour hovering near the edge of the horizon; and being thus refracted or broken into the various simple rays of colour, impart a red, or yellow, or purple hue, or all these alternating and combining in splendid variety.

In the early dawn, the vapours are generally thin,

diffused, and less abundant; hence the milder, softer rosy hue of the sky. In the evening, again, especially after a hot and sultry day, and in an autumn evening, when the season begins to feel chill, the clouds are condensed in thick and numerous layers or strata, the falling rays are more powerfully refracted, and thus the brilliant display of varied tints is produced. In tropical climates, the evenings are short, and unattended by any beautiful displays; the perpendicular sun darts down suddenly below the horizon, and leaves every object in the obscurity of shade; nor there has the exhaled vapour an opportunity of condensing in the hot and sultry air: it is only in temperate regions that the beauty of the morning and evening sky can be contemplated with pleasure.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

AFTER having spoken of the books contained in the Bible, and of the divisions of those books which have been used by the Jews and the Christians, both in ancient and modern times, it may now be necessary to examine a little into the language in which they were written. The Old Testament was originally written in the Hebrew tongue; and this language is generally considered as having the best claims to be considered the most ancient at present existing in the world, and, perhaps, as the primeval tongue of the human race. By the Hebrew language, therefore, is meant that which was spoken by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the Twelve Patriarchs, which was afterwards preserved among their posterity, and in which Moses wrote, it being improbable that he would employ any other language than that which was in use among the Jews.

This language is supposed by some to derive its name from *Heber*, great-grandson to Shem, whose posterity were denominated *Hebrews*; but it is much more likely that it received its name from its being the mother-tongue of the descendants of Abraham, who were called *Hebrews*, not because they were descended from *Heber*, but because Abraham, having received a command from God to leave the country where he lived, which was beyond the Euphrates, passed that river, and came into the land of Canaan, where the inhabitants of the country gave him the name of the *Hebrew*, that is, one that has passed over; in the same manner as the French call all those that live beyond the mountains, *Ultramontanes*.

The reasons that demonstrate the antiquity of the Hebrew tongue are many. In the first place, the names which the Scripture explains are therein drawn from Hebrew roots. It was thus that the first man was called *Adam*, because he had been formed out of the ground, which in Hebrew is called *Adamah*. The first woman was called *Eve*, because she was the origin of life to all, *Evach* in Hebrew signifying to live. The name of *Cain*, which comes from *Canah*, signifying to acquire, or get, alludes to what Eve said when he was born—I have got a man from the Lord. The explanation of these names is not to be found in any language but the Hebrew; and as this relation between names and things does not occur in any other language, it is in it alone that we can see the reasons why the first human beings were so called.

The names of an immense number of people, also, who are descended from the Hebrews, show the antiquity both of the nation and the language. The *Assyrians*, for instance, derive their name from *Ashur*, the *Elamites* from *Elam*, the *Arameans* from *Aram*, the *Lydians* from *Lud*, the *Medes* from *Madai*, and the *Ionians* from *Javan*, who are all traced in the Hebrew bible to Shem, Ham, and Japhet. These names have no signification in any language but the *Hebrew*, which shows that they are derived from thence, as are also the ancient names of the Pagan deities; to which we must add the remark, which several learned men have made, namely, that there is no language in which some remains of the *Hebrew* are not to be found.

A very apposite example, in allusion to the meaning of proper names in Hebrew, is to be found in the Book of Ruth, towards the end of the first chapter, where it is said, "And the whole town was in commotion about them; and the women said, Is this Naomi? And she said to them, Call me not Naomi (which means *Delightful*); call me *Marah* (which means *Bitter*); for the Almighty (*Emet*) hath caused bitterness exceedingly to me. I went away full, and Jehovah hath caused me to return empty; wherefore, then, do ye call me *Naomi*, since Jehovah hath brought affliction on me, and the Almighty hath caused evil to befall me?"

Thus we see that in Hebrew, as well as in most of the Oriental languages, all proper names are significant words; and this is found to be the case also amongst many of the nations of Africa. This circumstance has a great effect in increasing the energy of the diction in these tongues; for it not unfrequently happens, as in the case of Naomi, that the speaker or writer, in addressing a person by his name, makes use of it at the same time as a word of ordinary signification, to express something in the inward disposition or the outward circumstances of the possessor. Instances of this occur in almost every page of the Hebrew Scriptures; and, as may readily be supposed, it is impossible, in such cases, for any common translation to do justice to the energy of the original. We have a very remarkable example of this in the twenty-fifth chapter of 1st Samuel, at the 25th verse; in which Abigail, speaking of her husband Nabal, says to David, "Let not my lord set his mind at all now towards the man of *Behal* (i. e. worthless), this same person, towards *Nabal* (which means a scoundrel); for like his name so is he; *Nabal* is his name, and *Nebelah* (i. e. vileness) is with him."

In speaking of the meaning of proper names, however, the most extraordinary example, perhaps, that can be produced from any book, either ancient or modern, is the following, which is to be found in the fifth chapter of Genesis.—The names of the ten antediluvian patriarchs, from Adam to Noah inclusive, are there given; and when these ten names are literally translated, and placed in the order in which they occur, they form altogether the following very remarkable sentence in English:—Man, appointed, miserable, lamenting, the God of glory, shall descend, to instruct, his death sends, to the afflicted, consolation!

We need not be surprised, therefore, at what is mentioned in the *Spectator* (No. 221), of a certain Rabbinical divine having taken the three first of these names as the subject of his discourse, forming thus the text of a regular sermon. "We had a Rabbinical divine in England," says Addison, "who was chaplain to the Earl of Essex in Queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge upon the first verse of the first chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, 'in which,' says he, 'you have the three following words:—

'Adam, Sheth, Enosh.'

"He divided this short text into many parts, and, by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr Alabaster, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr Fuller's Book of English Worthies."

It is evident, that although this matter appeared ridiculous enough in Addison's eyes, so as to furnish him with a theme for a very amusing paper, yet, on considering attentively the meaning of the original words here used as proper names, a great deal of very sound doctrine might be elicited by a subtle divine, even from such an apparently insignificant text.

In the same way, the names of animals in Hebrew are found to be words expressive of their qualities, which gives support to the idea that this was the language which Adam used when he gave them their names; as we find recorded in the second chapter of Genesis, at the 19th verse—"And Jehovah God formed out of the ground every beast of the field, and he formed also every fowl of the heavens; and he brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them, and whatever Adam called it—the living creature—it is its name."

Some of the names of animals in Hebrew are still found to be clearly descriptive of their qualities; and, therefore, in regard to what animal is intended, there can, in such cases, be no dispute. But with respect to some others, the matter is not so plain; as, from the root not being now found in the language, the ideal meaning of the name cannot be so readily ascertained: and hence the eleventh chapter of Leviticus, in which the names of certain clean and unclean animals are enumerated, presents difficulties to a translator of no ordinary description.

There is, perhaps, no language in the world so easily reduced to its original elements as the Hebrew. As Wilson has well expressed it, "We descend from Words to their Elements; and the accurate knowledge of LETTERS is the principal part of Hebrew grammar. Its flexion nearly approaches that of the modern languages, particularly the English. The relations and dependencies of nouns are not distinguished by terminations, or cases, but by particles or prepositions prefixed. The persons, moods, or tenses of verbs, are not marked by the changes of their last syllables, but by means of letters of a particular order, which sometimes appear in the middle, sometimes in the beginning, and sometimes in the end of the original word." In fact, the structure of the Hebrew language is peculiarly favourable for the expression of energy and sublimity. The words, as is well known, are remarkable for shortness, the greater part consisting of not more than two, three, or four letters; few words have

more than ten letters, and those that consist of that number are not many. The sentences are also, for the most part, short, and are quite free from that complexity which is apt to embarrass the reader when perusing even the best authors of Greece and Rome. The idiom of any language consists in the order of the words; but it is well known that, in this respect, the Greek and Latin tongues are extremely capricious, the words being arranged in them not in the order of the understanding, but of the ear, according to the sound rather than the sense. The Greek and Roman writers place the emphatic words in whatever order the sentence can be made to run most musically, though the sense be suspended till the speaker or reader come to the end; and hence the need of so many flexions and syntax rules for a learner to arrange them to find out the meaning. Yet, even for this purpose, more declensions than one were not necessary; nor more tenses than three, a past, a present, and a future.

From this mass of perplexity, the Hebrew language is entirely free. Its original words, called roots, consist of a proper number of letters, commonly three, the fewest that make a perfect number; and they express an action finished or perfected by a single agent. It has a proper number of voices, i. e. active, passive, and medial—and only the tenses that are in nature. Its primitive words are more sentimental and scientific than sonorous; and they express original ideas, being definitions of things descriptive of their natures.

The Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and such as are immediately derived from them, or constructed on their model, are the only languages that are formed on a regular artificial plan; and all other tongues of which we know anything, except, perhaps, the Persian and the Sanscrit, must be considered in comparison as mere gibberish, being quite rude in their original formation; nor is it possible to reduce them to another state, without wholly metamorphosing them. That which was never the language of a cultivated learned people, and in which there are no literary works of taste, cannot be a polished language, although it may have been the language of a civilized nation, or of a court, if they were only an illiterate people. In a word, all languages that have a *concurrence of consonants, or silent letters*, are rude in their writing or pronunciation, whatever their structure may be. The Greek and Latin are free from the latter fault, and the Hebrew from both. "As Solomon possessed the most wisdom and knowledge," says Mr Ray, "and treated all subjects of natural philosophy, &c., and his court being the most splendid and elegant, as people came to it from all nations, and greatly admired it, the Hebrew must be a copious, elegant language; and its structure is invariably, being the same in Moses and Malachi, at a thousand years' distance."* In speaking of the *genius* of a language, indeed, which is its force, vigour, or energy, the Hebrew may without doubt be said to excel all.

It is evident, therefore, that if, as Longinus observes, "saying the greatest things in the fewest words" be essential to sublimity and energy in discourse, the Hebrew is the best language in the world for the purpose. In it we have no superfluous parts of a sentence in words, or even in letters. A Hebrew writer conveys his meaning without *circumlocution*; for although he were inclined, he would be unable to accomplish it, because the language is quite unsuitable in its nature for being employed in any such way; and, therefore, if an author's subject be good, even although he should possess but little genius, he will find no great difficulty to clothe his ideas in sublime and energetic language, if he write in Hebrew.

Such is the simple nature of the formation of this primitive language, and which seems, at the same time, to entitle it more to the claim of being a philosophical tongue, than, perhaps, any other in the world. It is remarkable that the structure of this very ancient language approaches closely to that of the English, and other modern tongues; as the relations and dependencies of nouns, according to what has been already remarked, are not distinguished by terminations, or cases, as in Greek and Latin, but by particles or prepositions (or little words), prefixed, and which are, at the same time, conjoined with the noun, as if they were a part of it.

The advantages which the Hebrew language possesses above all others in the simplicity of its formation—its remarkable originality, in that it borrows from no language, whilst almost all others borrow from it—as also the ideality which is found to pervade its roots or primitive words—have all been considered as entitling it to higher claims in the consideration of philosophers, than any other language in the world, either ancient or modern. These notions have been carried to such a length, indeed, by some learned men, that they gave rise to an entirely new school of philosophy, generally known by the designation of the Hutchinsonian; the disciples of which are remarkable, as being opposed in many things to the Newtonian system, and as being possessed with the belief that in the Hebrew language, and in it alone, are to be found the germs of all true philosophy. The system takes its name from John Hutchinson, an English philosopher and critical author, who died in 1737, and was remarkable as an opponent of Dr Woodward on natural history, and of Sir Isaac Newton in philosophy.

* Vide Ray's Synopsis of Philosophical Systems, p. 80.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RAIN.—SECOND ARTICLE.

THE seasons of the year, while they contribute by their variety to our pleasure and happiness, are characterised by such weather as is best adapted to the necessities of the vegetable and animal creation; wherefore the proportions of rain vary in different months of the year. In summer we have not so many rainy days as in winter; but the showers are then heavier, the streams of rain closer together, and the quantity which falls is greater than during any other season. Dr Dalton, whose scientific accomplishments we have before had reason to notice, concludes that the first six months of the year may be regarded as dry, and the last six as wet months. Another ingenious author has inferred, from long observation, that in spring it rains oftener in the evening than in the morning, but that towards the end of summer, oftener in the morning than the evening, and storms at this time are apt to occur a little after sunrise. The reason that in winter less rain falls, though we have more rainy days than in summer, is, that the temperature of the air is less variable in winter, and the condensation of moisture not so forcible; therefore, the rain continues falling in small drizzling drops, which, accompanied or followed by chilly north-east winds, gives rise to colds and coughs, and many distressing maladies, which often sweep into the grave the most delicate and lovely beings, to whom our affections have been in this world most allied. Here, too, we may observe, that, while a clouded and damp atmosphere favours the increase of vegetable foliage, it is not so favourable to its fructification. In such seasons, while the blades of grass grow broader, the nutritious principle which they should contain is not well developed; so that animals feeding on this poorer grass are obliged to take a larger portion to satisfy their appetites. Cattle and sheep which feed on such pasturage may be observed to be almost continually eating; whereas, in moderately dry seasons, when the occasional rains have been heavier, every blade of grass grows more healthily, its nutritious principle is better evolved, and less sufficing. The same animals may be seen lying down and ruminating in the shade.

In the progression of the seasons, rain falls at all times during the twenty-four hours; but Luke Howard has concluded, that much less falls by day than by night. "According to my experiments (says he), the rain that falls by day makes only one-third of the quantity that falls by night." After the fall of rain, we must all have remarked how the grass, flowers, herbs, and trees, assume a richer aspect—

"There is life in the fountains,
There is joy in the mountains."

All nature is gladdened and refreshed. The most inattentive person too must be sensible of the delightful fragrance which seems breathed from every leaf and every flower. This peculiar effect is, by Forster, attributed to the rain, especially of thunder showers, being highly electrified, and this, most probably, has a considerable influence; for, doubtless, the more powerful exhalation of such odours, after rain, is occasioned by the stimulus which the refreshing rain affords the vegetable creation. Such are the general phenomena attendant on the fall of regular rain, without the benign agency of which, the fields would be parched up, and every herb withered by excess of drought. In scripture phraseology, "the earth would cry for succour unto the heavens, and the heavens unto God."

IRREGULAR RAIN.

We term rain irregular when it presents us with appearances which are out of the ordinary course of nature. Thus, authentic accounts have been published of yellow rain, red rain, luminous rain, viscid rain; besides which, showers of nutritious substances, of fishes, and of reptiles, have also occurred in different parts of the world. It is easy for the ignorant, who are always ready to give rash and arrogant decisions, to deny at once the possibility of these or any other preternatural occurrences; but the well-informed mind, conscious how limited is the extent of human knowledge, will receive with no over-hasty credulity the acknowledgment of such apparently anomalous facts, and wait with becoming patience and humility until the advancement of science, by unfolding the explanation, dissipates the apparent mystery.

YELLOW RAIN has fallen during storms in various parts of Europe. It has occurred in Norway and in Copenhagen, and, about twenty years ago, rain of this kind fell in Germany. This appearance is thus explained: The pollen, or impregnating seed-dust of the flowers of the fir, birch, juniper, and other trees, is of a yellow colour, and this pollen, by the action of the wind, is carried to a considerable distance, and descends with falling rain. This yellow rain has also been found impregnated with sulphur. The rain of this kind alluded to, which fell in Germany, was so saturated with sulphur, that matches were made by being dipped in it.

RED RAIN has also been noticed. In the year 1810, a shower of red rain fell in Hungary. It lasted a quarter of an hour, and the water was like blood. This was ascertained to be owing to the rain-water being loaded with the red pollen of pine-trees, which were the principal trees in a neighbouring forest. On

the 14th of March 1813, a shower of red mineral rain fell in Upper Italy. At the time, thunder was heard, and lightning seen in every direction. This peculiar rain was carefully analyzed, and its chemical elements discovered. Here, in explanation, we may observe, that there is generally a little iron, and other adventitious substances, in the air, the aggregation of which might have occasioned this phenomenon, for thus meteoric stones are supposed to be formed; and perhaps, had the attraction been different in this instance, such might have been produced.

VISCID RAIN has also fallen. In the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, an account is given of a shower of viscid rain which happened in Ireland. On examination, it was found to be owing to the presence of extraneous matter, partly vegetable and partly animal.

SHOWERS OF NUTRITIOUS SUBSTANCES have been recorded on unquestionably good authority. We do not allude alone to the manna which fell in prodigious quantities round the Hebrew camp—for that may be regarded as a miracle, and is considered to admit of a typical interpretation. In Arabia, manna is found in great abundance on the leaves of many trees and herbs, and may be gathered and transplanted to a distance by the wind. Even so recently as 1824, a shower of this kind occurred. In 1828, a substance was shown to the French Academy, which fell in the plains of Persia. It was eaten, and afforded nourishment to cattle and many other animals. This nutritious matter was found to be a vegetable production—the *Lichen esculentus* of authors—which had been transported thither by the wind.

We are not, in these various instances, to forget the powerful agency of the wind, which often has been proved to carry, to a prodigious distance, sand and dust, and the ashes and scorice which have been thrown up during the eruption of volcanoes. Not very many years ago, during a strong gale, herrings and other fish were carried from the Frith of Forth so far as Lochleven—a fact which has been well attested. In some countries, rats migrate in vast numbers from the high to the low countries; and it is recorded in the history of Norway, that a shower of these (thus transported by the wind) fell in an adjacent valley. A shower of toads is reported to have fallen many years ago at Portobello; but we are inclined to suspect the truth of this tradition.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

We shall conclude this article by enumerating a few of those prognostications of approaching rain, which, admitting of explanation, are most interesting. When the moon is of a pure silvery colour, good weather is indicated; but when it has a brown or chestnut coloured tint, rain may be expected. This is owing to the effect of the vapour in the atmosphere in refracting the moon's light. For the same reason, when stars are surrounded by coloured haloes, the approach of rain is indicated.

When mountain ranges or distant objects appear nearer to us than usual—when sounds are heard more clearly from a distance—when the odour of plants is more than usually powerful, rain may be prognosticated. The first of these signs arises from the effect of an excess of moisture in reflecting and refracting the rays of light—the two last from sounds as well as odours being conveyed better through a damp than through a dry air. The low flight of swallows indicates approaching rain. The cause of this is, that they pursue flies, which delight in warm air; and these flies, escaping from the excess of moisture above, descend nearer to the surface of the earth, and are there pursued by these birds.

Ducks, geese, and other water-fowls, before the approach of rain, may be seen to throw water with their bills over their backs, and dive frequently; the cause of which is, that, although so much in the water, they do not like being wet to the skin; to avoid which, when warmed by the peculiar sensation preceding rain, they close their plumage together, by throwing a sudden weight of water on their bodies, in the direction of the growth of their feathers.

Before the fall of rain, cattle may be observed stretching out their necks, and snuffing in the air with distended nostrils, which, doubtless, is occasioned by the odours of plants being more powerful than usual when the air is saturated with an excess of moisture.

It is unlucky for anglers to meet one magpie, but two is a favourable sign: for this reason, if stormy weather be likely to occur, one magpie alone leaves the nest, the other remaining to protect the eggs; but if fine weather be at hand, both leave the nest with impunity, for their eggs are then not likely to suffer injury.

Man in strong and robust health does not feel his constitution affected by that change in the state of the atmosphere which precedes rain; but persons who are in delicate health are often much affected. Pain of the head, toothache, irritability of temper, pains in old sores which have healed, the aching of corns, and excessive nervousness, are all, in certain habits of body, signs of approaching wet weather.

Dogs closely confined in a room become drowsy and stupid before rain; the same in a less degree is observed of cats; horses neigh much; cattle low; the

fallow-deer becomes restless; and many other animals, from the uneasiness they feel owing to the altered condition, prognosticate the approach of rain. The hog, however, is but an indifferent guide. During the great earthquake in Calabria, all other animals were much agitated; but this animal did not seem to be at all affected. Insects being very sensible of every change in the state of the atmosphere, are good weather-guides: hence, fine weather may be predicted when many spiders' webs are seen in the open air; also when bees are found far beyond their hives. On the contrary, when spiders remain hidden, and bees do not range abroad as usual, rain may be expected. Many flowers and plants are excellent prognosticators of the weather. When the flower of the chick-weed expands freely, and remains open, no rain will fall for many hours; but when it closes, showery weather or continued rain may be expected. The trefoil, the convolvulus, and many other plants, contract their leaves before the approach of rain.

The cords of stringed instruments, such as the piano-forte, harp, guitar, violin, &c. frequently snap previous to the fall of rain, which is occasioned by their shortening, in consequence of imbibing some of the additional moisture in the air.

Many other prognostications of wet weather are recorded, but these being among the most interesting, have been selected by us for this occasion; and now, having once more terminated our agreeable task, we say, farewell, hoping our readers will not decline accompanying us on our next meteorological excursion, in which we propose alluding more particularly to the nature of hail, snow, dew, mists, fogs, and other phenomena, which, while they afford us pleasing varieties, contribute to the wants and happiness of all living beings.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

ONE of the faculties which children acquire earliest, is that of distinguishing character by the lineaments of the countenance. Their observations of course do not at first embrace any extended range; they cannot conclude from the particular cast of features that a person is avaricious, envious, cruel; or, on the contrary, that he is generous, benevolent, humane. Between the different modifications of the good and evil passions, they have not the capacity minutely to discern. All that they are able to determine is, whether an individual is to be dreaded or loved. On beholding one face, they turn away in a fright, and shrink for refuge into their nurse's bosom; while on another they gaze with confidence and satisfaction. It is true some children are naturally shy, and will be greatly discomposed if the eyes of a stranger, whatever be his character, rest upon them for any length of time; but it is equally true there are some countenances which they dare not contemplate even when they themselves are not observed. As they grow older, their acuteness increases; they never make a mistake in regard to those upon whose knees it is safe for them to climb, nor are they ever seen plucking the coat-tails of a fellow whose disposition is surly, or attempting in any manner to establish a familiarity with him. At a safe distance, they bend their clear round eyes full upon every visage; and if it appear promising, all at once they burst forward with a shout of glee, and commit some romping provoking freak: on the other hand, a sinister expression abashes their little hearts, and they slink away behind backs out of the reach of its influence. Every one who has been accustomed to watch the motions of children, must have observed with what attention they regard the features of a stranger, and how speedily they make up their minds how it is proper for them to behave in his presence.

The knowledge thus early acquired is improved by uninterrupted practice with the advance of years. Full soon the schoolboys

"Learn to trace
The day's disasters in the morning face"

of their instructor; and by the time they are grown to years of discretion, and beginning active life, they are complete adepts in the art of deciphering countenances. Hence the fatal facility with which they trust some persons, and the decided dislike they manifest at first sight to others; for they have as yet learned only to judge of what may be called the natural countenance, without reference to the artificial characters which long habits of intercourse with the world superinduce. By the mistakes committed at this period, they are not discouraged, and driven to abandon this system of reading the mind through the features; but, adjusting their knowledge according to the various new modifications of the criteria which daily present themselves, they learn to look with greater keenness of perception, as well as greater caution, through the face, as it were, into the inmost man. All who have the power of sight and the power of judging employ them in this manner. The most illiterate are no less proficient in the art of physiognomy than the wisest of men, and the result of their observations is conveyed in language considerably more forcible. "The gallows is stamped on his forehead," they say, on inspecting a visage peculiarly truculent. If a customer with a sinister look enters a shop, the merchant, after he is gone, asks his assistant, "Did you look well to the money he gave you?" The politician is perhaps too wily to give his thoughts expression in words, but he gazes not the less anxiously, endeavouring to pe-

* Luke Howard's Climate of London, vol. ii. p. 197.

* Luke Howard, Ibid. Notes to Vol. I

netrate the triple brass behind which is concealed the purpose of his adversary.

The most celebrated writer who has undertaken to instruct men better in this universal art, is Lavater, a Swiss clergyman. A close observer, shrewd, enthusiastic, himself one of the mildest and most amiable of beings, he thought he discovered in it the means of ameliorating, in an incalculable degree, the condition of his fellow-creatures. By its proper cultivation, he conceived that the excellent qualities might be early perceived and fostered, while the bad might be discouraged and repressed. "The most indisputable," he says, "though the least important advantages of physiognomy, are those the painter acquires, who, if he be not a physiognomist, is nothing: the greatest is that of forming, conducting, and improving the human heart. Where the dark inattentive sight of the inexperienced perceives nothing, there the practical view of the physiognomist discovers inexhaustible fountains of delight, endearing, moral, and spiritual. It is the latter only who is acquainted with the least variable, most perspicuous, most significant, most eloquent, most beautiful of languages—the natural language of moral and intellectual genius, of wisdom and virtue. He reads it in the countenances of those who are unconscious of their own native elocution. He can discover virtue, however concealed. With secret ecstasy, the philanthropic physiognomist discerns those internal motives which would otherwise be first revealed in the world to come. He distinguishes what is permanent in the character from what is habitual, and what is habitual from what is accidental. He, therefore, who reads man in this language, reads him most accurately." In a strain of higher eloquence, speaking of the impossibility of seizing and expressing by words or on canvass, though the physiognomist can understand them, many minute traits of character, he proceeds—"Numberless of these can neither be described nor imitated. How many even are not to be retained by the imagination! How many that are rather felt than seen! Who shall describe, who delineate the cheering, the enlightening ray—who the look of love—who the soft benignant vibration of the benevolent eye—who the twilight and the day of hope—who the internal strong efforts of a mind wrapt in gentleness and humility, to effect good, to diminish evil, and to increase present and eternal happiness—who all the secret impulses and powers collected in the aspect of the defender or enemy of truth—who the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, while imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen—who shall all this delineate and describe? Can charcoal paint fire, chalk light, or can colours live and breathe?"

The friend of Fuseli, Lavater possessed no inconsiderable powers as a sketcher of portraits, and he enforced his favourite doctrines at once by the eloquence of his pen, and the ingenuity of his pencil. A series of heads, some of them real, some imaginary, accompanied by appropriate commentaries, spread a mania of physiognomy throughout Europe. He was equally ridiculed and applauded. Judgments which he had never delivered on the portraits of the eminent men of his time were assigned to him, and, being adapted to the views of particular factions, contributed, perhaps, as much as his own veritable decisions, to procure for him an extensive notoriety. Many individuals, both in this country and abroad, set themselves to act according to the rules he was supposed to have laid down. Before servants were engaged, their countenances were subjected to the minutest scrutiny; parents contemplated with unusual attention the faces of their children, and resolved to educate them with a careful reference to the capacities they hoped to discern; and the ancient, but, by the prudent, little approved practice of falling in love at first sight, was exercised for a time by sanction, as was believed, of one of the "exact sciences." Yet, notwithstanding all the extravagancies attributed to Lavater, there is little in his system but what is found in the universal belief of mankind. That the action of the passions is perceptible in the motion of the muscles, in the flexible parts of the human countenance, all admit. The appearances thus caused acquire permanence and solidity by frequent recurrence. This is equally undisputed. Lavater only went a step further, and sought to determine the indications of physiognomy with greater certainty, by the form of firmer parts of the face—the outline of the forehead, nose, cheekbones, and chin. The forehead to the eyebrows he held to be the mirror or image of the moral and sensitive life; and the mouth and chin the image of the animal life; while the eye is to the whole as its summary and centre. But the peculiarities, if such they be, of his creed, will be best explained by a conversation which he had with Joseph the Second at Waldshut. In the summer of 1777, Lavater happened to pass through that town when the emperor was there, and was sent for to an interview.

"Ah, you are a dangerous man!" said Joseph; "I do not know whether any one ought to suffer himself to be seen by you; you look into the hearts of men: we ought to be very cautious when we come into your company."

"No honest and good man," answered Lavater, "need to fear me, if I could really look as deep into the heart as some men imagine I can, which I am very far from being able to do. I consider it as my duty—and it is a pleasure to me—to notice rather what is good in my fellow men than their failings. I am be-

sides, myself a sinful man, who would not always wish that others should see into my heart, and whom it very ill becomes to be too severe."

The emperor seemed to be satisfied with this answer, and, leading Lavater towards an open window, continued—"But can you tell me how you came to conceive the idea of writing on such a subject?"

"I had occasionally drawn portraits," replied the physiognomist, "and had observed particularly striking resemblances between corresponding parts and features of the countenance of different persons; as for example, similar noses distinguished by particular acuteness. This very naturally led me to inquiries into the resemblances that might be found in their character, dispositions, and intellectual powers, how different soever they might in general be: and I found as evident resemblances in their minds as in the features of their countenances. Thus was I induced to inquire farther, till gradually I arrived at the point where now I am."

The emperor then asked concerning the ancient authors who had written on the subject, and in what respect he differed from his predecessors.

"Many of them," replied Lavater, "treated the science rather with a view to the prediction of future events than rational observation; they said and wrote more than they saw and felt: I merely observe, and assert nothing but from my own observation. The old authors say generally—high foreheads, and large foreheads, betoken a feeble and slothful man. We certainly find feeble and slothful men with large and high foreheads; but all large and high foreheads are not signs of feebleness and sloth. Let us recollect Julius Cæsar. There are such foreheads which accompany extraordinary penetration and activity. Such erroneous judgments can only be avoided by the most accurate precision. My endeavours have therefore been directed to define the peculiarities of each part of the countenance as accurately as possible, both by delineation and descriptive terms. I have likewise employed my attention more on the firm, defined, and definable parts of the human physiognomy, than on the moveable, momentary, and accidental. The greater part of physiognomists speak only of the exterior signs of the passions, and the expression of them in the muscles. But these exterior signs are only transient circumstances, which are easily discoverable. It has, therefore, always been much more my object to consider the fundamental character of the man, from which, according to exterior circumstances and relations, all his passions arise as from a root. The expression of that, I find partly in single features—in the terminations and outlines of the forehead, the nose, the skull, or the bones—and partly in the harmonious combination of these parts in one whole. Much more difficult to recognise, but, at the same time, much more certain and decisive, are the expressions of the powers of the mind which are manifested in the countenance at rest."

The emperor listened with attention, seeming to reflect on what was said with some surprise. "He for an instant turned," says Lavater, in his account of the interview, "with a gracious smile, towards the open window, so that I had, for the first time, a profile view of him. I principally directed my attention to the eyes and nose. This moment of observation, when he did not look at me, was to me particularly valuable."

"I can readily admit," continued the monarch, "that much of the power of a man's mind, of his disposition, temperament, and passions, may be discovered from his countenance; but integrity and sincerity—oh! these are very difficult to discover by the features. With respect to these, you must be extremely careful and attentive. There is too much dissimulation in the world."

"There certainly is much," answered Lavater; "and, undoubtedly, probity is much more difficult to discover than understanding, wit, courage, and temperament. We may assign many outlines and traits of which we can say with certainty, where these appear in a countenance, there is much understanding. But it is not thus with respect to probity. Notwithstanding this, there are certain measures of power, wisdom, and goodness, which may be combined in such just proportion, that integrity must almost necessarily be the result. Now, each of these ingredients which compose integrity, has its appropriate signs; and their harmonizing may be expressed by the harmony of the features. A great portion of goodness, benevolence, and firmness, which form the basis of probity and integrity, cannot easily be mistaken in a countenance."

"Do you not find," said the emperor, "that character in the female sex is much more difficult to ascertain, and, in fact, that there is much less of peculiar character in that sex than in men?"

"In certain respects," replied Lavater, "I must answer in the affirmative; in others, in the negative."

He smiled sarcastically, and, with the significant air of a man of experience—"Women," said he, "are governed by men, and apt at imitation. They have no character of their own, and assume any that they choose. Their character is that of the man whom, for the time, they wish to please. They perhaps meet with one who is serious, sedate, and prudent, and who, in some particular or other, pleases them; immediately they are sedate and serious. Soon after, another comes, who is gay and lively, and, as they have not attracted the notice of the former, they now

become lively and gay, merely to please their new associate. What, then, is their character? Who can ascertain their disposition from their countenance? The physiognomist may study them a long time, and when he thinks he has obtained certainty, on a sudden they are totally changed."

"I admit," answered Lavater, "that these remarks of your excellence are, in general, well-founded, and that it is, to a certain degree, undoubtedly true that women are what they are, only through men; or rather, that they assume, in the presence of men, the character which they think most proper to be assumed: yet, at the same time, there are certain firm, unchangeable, undisguisable features, tokens of the internal basis of their character, in which the physiognomist will not easily be deceived. It indeed cannot be denied, that, as their physiognomy is less bony, less projecting, less strongly delineated, it is not so easily to be defined as that of strongly-formed, firm-boned men. But if we always, in the first place, direct our attention to the grand outline and form of the countenance, we shall not greatly err. It can never be sufficiently repeated, that there is so much in every human countenance, that is independent of all the arts of dissimulation, that we ought not to fear those arts; only the moveable features are within the influence of dissimulation; the real countenance, or the basis of those features, is beyond its power."

"But consider," said the emperor, "should you be able to assign precise principles, and your observations become a certain and attainable science, what a revolution you must produce in the world! all men would view each other with very different eyes."

"I confess," replied Lavater, "that my head frequently turns giddy only at the thought of all the changes which physiognomy might produce in the mass of the human race; but it will produce no such changes."

The accuracy of this lively epitome of the doctrines of Lavater cannot be doubted, since the words are his own. Many readers will be surprised to find in them so little that is vague and mystical, considering the strong impression to that effect which is almost every where entertained. The truth is, however, that these ideas have been generated, not by the opinions of the founder of the science himself, but by what injudicious followers have engrafted upon it. He was enthusiastic, indeed, in his speculations as to the results of physiognomy, and perhaps attributed to the study of it too great a degree of importance; but, in the data he lays down as the groundwork of the system, in his statement of observed facts, and in his deductions from them, he will be found to be cautious and exact.

BEES AND MICE IN CANADA.

Bees thrive very well in Canada; the honey, however, is not of the first-rate quality, owing to the flowers not being so plentiful as the trees. Plenty of good mead might be brewed, and we are surprised not to find this done. In winter, the beehives are housed in, which serves to protect them against the inclemency of the weather. There are numbers of bees in the woods, with their nests in the hollow trees; but their sweet treasures are not much sought after, except by the bears. Once, when in the woods, we came upon a settler cutting down a large tree, by the banks of a river, on which his bees had swarmed; but, long before he cut down the pine, the hive had taken the alarm, and moved off to where they would not be disturbed.—Mice are not numerous, and seem to be very diminutive in size. I have seen them in places where food was very plentiful, and yet they never looked fat and plump, like those seen at home. The Musk-rats build their nests of bent, in the marshes and grassy edges of the rivers; in winter-time, when the frost withers the herbage, their nests are seen sitting in the ice, like so many large beehives.—*Macdaggart's Three Years in Canada.*

ARISE, MY LOVE!

Arise, my Love!—my Ladye bright!
The merrie lark is up!
The sun hath kissed, with lip of light,
The daisy's silver cup.

The dappled doe is out at play
Upon the grassy hill—
The cushat weaves a tender lay
Beside her favourite rill.

All pretty things are moving now,
Like dreams, in azure light,
Yet none are half so fair as Thou!
Arise—my Ladye bright!

--*Lancaster Herald.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by THOMAS ALLAN, Jun. Caledonian Mercury Office; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER" AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 60.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

INTENTIONS.

THERE is an old Spanish saying, that hell is paved with good intentions. For the extent of the commodity, the earth might be paved with them too; and then they would be very much in their proper place with respect to mankind, for there is nothing we are so perpetually trampling under our feet. What a great and glorious world this would be, if it were to be estimated by intentions! Even amongst the humblest of us, and in the humblest details of our humble lives, what fine intentions we are always forming! We might all be gods for our intentions. The very thief, the day before his being finally captured and put on the road for the gibbet, had excellent intentions. The old abandoned sinner, the hour before he was struck by the mortal illness which carried him off, had the noblest intentions. The most virtuous and devout man in the country never had better, if so good. Oh that we could all be judged by our intentions!

In plain positive truth, these same intentions are the most pernicious things in the world; and men ought rather to be condemned, than excused, for entertaining them. If a man has no good intentions, he knows that he is decidedly wicked, and has the chance of being some day roused to a sense of his unrighteous state, and thereafter becoming reformed. But the man of good intentions goes dreaming on all his life, in reality a wicked and erring creature, but constantly absolving himself from his sins through the efficacy of this pretended virtue, which only permits and urges him to sin more. Far honestest and far safer is he who does not pretend to conceal either from himself or others that he is a wretch, than the mean dastard who sneaks into a good character by himself, and at the same time deceives the world, by an assumed and fallacious merit. In fact, every good intention, not in proper time carried into effect, is a palpable offence; for, but for it, we might have felt the necessity of *doing* some lesser good: it only tends to supplant the performance that might have otherwise taken place. Good intentions tickle the conscience till it sleeps, and then carry their victim forward, in blind and fatal security, to destruction.

As all men think all men mortal but themselves, so also do all men think all men liable to moral rebuke but themselves. When we hear some fervent pulpit admonition, accompanied by a justly severe view of the deceitfulness of human nature, we think that all this is very proper for people in general, but never once suppose that we, in particular, are in the way of needing it. In the same way, it is by no means unlikely that many individuals who read this little essay will say, either in words or thoughts, How just the writer is upon thousands whom we know! But not one in ten, perhaps, will bring the moral home to himself, and inquire to what extent he may have been guilty of only meaning well. This, however, is what every one should do. We would indulge the hope that many might thus receive a shock sufficient to awake them from the dream of good intentions, and henceforward endeavour to do what they have hitherto contented themselves with only *designing* to do. Let every one be on the watch for the least symptom of an intention which is excluding a performance. Let him open his eyes to the injury likely to result from such a habit. Let him reflect, when he sees another die without performing something which ought to have been done, that probably that individual had just as good intentions as any one ever has—only, as usual, he was cut off while in a state of dalliance with the performance. So blind are men, that we have heard an individual rail in no very measured terms at a

neighbour who had died without doing a certain thing which he seemed to consider necessary; and when the railer was asked if he, who was in exactly the same circumstances with the deceased, had taken care to do that duty, he confessed that he had not. Oh no, but he intended to do it. He did not reflect that his neighbour was probably as much alive as he was to the propriety of doing the duty in question, but had always, like himself, been content with the intention. The uncertainty of life might have shown to our friend that he was liable, in one moment, if it so pleased God, to be in the same liability to blame as his deceased neighbour; but then how few ever reflect on this tritest of all truths!

Thus it is that men go on—doing many things which they ought not to do, but, as for the good which they *ought* to do, contenting themselves, in a great measure, with intentions. Intentions serve mankind instead of positive good; but we have heard wonderfully little of any similar or corresponding thing for preventing evil. Wrong is a reality—good, it would appear, little better than a fancy. The question, however, arises, Will this please the Being whom we serve, and who is at last to judge of our earthly merits? Assuredly it will not. Before the seat of that Being, we will be interrogated respecting our *deeds*; and how will the gauze of *intentions*, when we hold it up, appear in that mighty Eye, if deeds be wanting to prove the reality of those good principles which we have professed?

Even considered as a matter of worldly wisdom, the necessity of substituting performance for intention is obvious. No one ever gets rich upon intentions. It is only in so far as a man *acts* that he acquires any thing. He may entertain the most earnest intention to do something, and spend a whole day in fixing it in his mind. But, in the words of the English proverb, it will butter no parsnips. No, nothing but the actual work gains the money. Even in those numerous details of life which are not connected with the winning of our bread, but only tend to convenience and courtesy between man and man, intentions serve to as little purpose. If we sincerely want to accommodate or befriend our neighbours, we must really bestir ourselves for the purpose, and actually write the letter, or go the errand, or pay the visit, which may be necessary. Nothing *tells* but the performance. In reality, the *action* often costs less trouble than the contemplation of it. We often voluntarily triple the sacrifice, by encumbering our minds with a load of intention, and keeping it there for hours or for days, when we might have at once relieved ourselves by doing what we always knew we could not avoid doing. We do not tell our young friends never to intend doing any good or useful deed; but we are most anxious that the action should follow the intention almost as rapidly as the report of a musket follows the ignition of the powder. Delay is the canker of human life. There is nothing done well that is not done at once with promptitude and decision, and, if necessary, pursued with diligence. Let us hear no more, then, of this wretched cant about intentions. Do not let us hear people who are burnt out talk of the hardship of losing all, when they had *intended* in a day or two to effect an insurance on their property. Do not let us see families launching out into expenses they are unable to support, and reconciling it with their conscience by saying they *intend* to be more saving next winter. Away with such deceptions! Let us see men go at once to the point, and do that which it is their duty to do, and not fritter away their time with those meaningless make-believes, which are as discreditable to their intellect as they are injurious to their interests.

FELLOW PASSENGERS.

THE life of every individual, however humble his station, and however really insignificant he may be in point of intellectual endowments, contains something or other which it is worth while to know, and which, if recorded, might supply matter of useful reflection to persons of the most exalted attainments. The faces of men are not more various than their character and fortunes. Something is happening daily to every one of us, which forms the subject of conversation in our respective domestic circles; and if we do but go abroad into the city upon some piece of business, our return home is frequently looked for with as much anxiety as the arrival of a foreign courier in Downing Street, being fraught, to our private affairs, with consequences in which those connected with us take a far more lively interest than the nation at large, or its rulers, can possibly do in the fluctuations of continental politics. When we consider the multiplicity of transactions in which we have ourselves been engaged, and the singularity of some circumstances that have fallen out in the course of our experience, and that every person we meet is conscious of a history as peculiar, and, probably, as diversified as our own, we obtain an almost boundless idea of the hidden stores of curious particulars which a limited neighbourhood, to say nothing of a large city, could disclose to the world. Even within the moving box called a stage-coach, is often contained a little society, the members of which have been brought together by incidents, which, as they are various in themselves, are the objects of mutual curiosity, and might form the foundation of the most excellent maxims and resolutions.

Of the four insiders who started from Edinburgh on the 19th day of October—the year is of no consequence—one was an elderly man, with a grave but yet benevolent and cheerful cast of countenance. He was accompanied by his son, a boy of about fourteen, with harder hands, and a look of being more inured to labour, than was to be expected from his dress. The occasion of their present journey was as follows:—From some attractive narratives of the adventures of navigators, of the wonders they have witnessed, and the glory some of them have acquired, the lad had become enamoured of the sea service, and nothing would serve him but he would be a sailor. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from this resolution, and laid down various plans for pushing him forward in other more gainful and less hazardous, but entirely unromantic professions. The visions of an inglorious affluence could not compete, however, with those more splendid chimeras which had gained possession of the boy's imagination. The bent of his mind remained fixed, and his father, seeing no arguments could produce any effect in changing it, appeared to yield to his wishes. An assurance that he should be permitted to make a trial of the occupation which was so much the object of his desires, made him perfectly happy. He went about in a state of the greatest excitement for some days, arranging in his own mind the numerous gallant deeds he was to perform; the dangers he was to escape; the scenes of softened beauty and of gloomy grandeur he was to behold; the spectacles of barbaric pomp—crowds of black men in white garments, glittering in armour of gold, and mounted on superb coursers—which were to pass before him. Floating banners, yawning gulfs, odoriferous flowers, stately palaces, roaring waves, all commingled, and formed one great incongruous idea, which made him utterly despise the whole of the insignificant objects in his native parish, and exult in the prospect of entering in a few days on board of a vessel at Leith,

with the master of which his father had agreed that he should go a voyage to Dantzic, in the course of which he himself made no doubt of achieving some notable adventure. Never boy was prouder than he when he first trode the deck; and the offices he was employed in were performed with an alacrity, and, at the same time, a feeling of magnanimous composure, as if he were already acting a great part in the eyes of the world. His father's arrangement with the captain was, that he should not be treated with any unusual harshness, but that he should work, be clothed, fed, and lodged, in every respect, the same as an ordinary cabin-boy. He himself would have disdained to enter the ship upon any other footing; for it would have been unworthy of one resolved, as he was, to rise to the first eminence solely by his own merits, to start in any capacity the least degree above the lowest. His bones, unused to labour, ached a good deal at first; and when his limbs were better strung for work, he became heartily disgusted with the drudgery and common fare. He could not perceive wherein lay the honour and glory of "jumping" at every one's bidding, scrambling among ropes the whole day, which was not half so pleasant as climbing for birds' nests, from which he could desist when he pleased; and then the tears came into his eyes when he crept to his hammock, full of the recollection of his little comfortable bed-room at home, where his mother often looked in, to speak an endearing word to him before he fell asleep. When the voyage was over, and his father met him at Leith, with offers, as he had been so anxious to acquire a proficiency in seamanship, to transfer him to a vessel about to sail immediately for another port, without the least hint of taking him, even for a few days, to visit his friends, the poor little fellow's heart was like to burst, and he fairly confessed that he was tired of sailing. He was now on his road home, perfectly willing to adopt any profession which the better judgment of his parents thought proper to select.

What a lesson is here in respect to the management of rash and inexperienced youth! Had the father positively persisted in refusing the wishes of his son, and in forcing him into some more eligible pursuit, he might have kept him at home for a time, but with a mind rankling with discontent. Probably he would have taken his own way after all, and with such a confirmed opinion of his father's severity, that recalc would have been impossible. The method taken to open his eyes to reality was the only one that could prove effectual.

The third passenger was a sickly young man—a poor scholar—whom hard study and anxiety had plunged into consumption. The story is one that is well understood—there has been too often occasion to tell it. His father's means exhausted in the first years of his education, and he cast upon his own inadequate resources; on the one hand, ambition of usefulness and of honourable fame; on the other, the fear of destitution. Who shall tell the brilliant hopes, the bitter disappointments, the loss of spirits, the loss of strength, the want of elasticity, the feeling as if the bones were sapless, and the blood no more ran in equal currents, the consciousness that all past exertions are vain, that all future hopes are vain, that this is a drooping unto death—can words express all these? Then the recollections that visited the poor patient—the deceitful fancies! He thought if he had a drink from the spring from which his mother used to draw water, it would refresh and restore the fading powers of life; he thought, as he gasped in his small close chamber, of the healthful breezes and balmy air of his native vale, and that, if he could but breathe a draught of it, he would be well; he thought, and here there was no delusion, that if his mother could watch his last moments, and minister to his wants, death would come in a less cheerless and repulsive form; and he was now on his way to realize this the only earthly solace that remained for him. The victim of a love of knowledge is not altogether excusable; but who shall have the heart to blame him?

The fourth occupant of the coach sat in one of the corners, as straight up as the fishing-rod which he held beside him, and as silent. He seemed to be rapt in an endless vision of a "glorious nibble." Being in the soundest health, of the most imperturbable mind, and in good condition as to person and clothing, he might be held a good example of the fruits of moderate wishes steadily pursued.

At the country town where the coach stops, a great crowd of persons stand round, every one more eager than another to see what kind of persons will come out of the coach, and farther, to learn their names and business if possible, that they may run home with the intelligence immediately. But we do not require to say another word as to the history of our fellow passengers. Whatever may be the interest which such companions excite while beside us, no sooner does the vehicle of conveyance arrive at its destination than all further concern generally ceases. Each hurries off to his own house, forgetful of his late fellow traveller, whose countenance is never more recollected, unless, perhaps, when we are startled into remembrance by seeing it gleam past us in a crowd, stirring up for an instant a partial reminiscence of past days and pursuits.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, a peasant named Pierre Henriot lived in a little hamlet about thirty miles from Paris, and worked in an olive ground hard by. This man had a son and daughter, whose mother died when they were very young. Pierre's wife was a good woman, and, had she lived, would have trained her children in the paths of virtue; but they were most unfortunate, as will be seen, in being left entirely to the care of their father. This man had been long in the service of a nobleman, whose chateau was situated in the neighbourhood of the hamlet, who had incurred his most malignant hatred from having requited his services less liberally than he fancied they deserved, and from having taken a fancy to educate a nephew of Pierre's wife, while he took no notice of his son. This orphan nephew had shared with her own children in the care and affection of his aunt; but at her death, poor Jaques was so shamefully neglected, that he became the talk of the neighbourhood, which induced the old housekeeper at the chateau, who had been the friend of his aunt, to take him under her protection. Here the owner of the mansion, attracted by the handsome appearance of the boy, and discovering, in an accidental manner, that he had a genius for learning, had him instructed, and, thinking that he would perform a meritorious action in making him a priest, sent him a few years afterwards to a monastery at Paris, to prepare him for that office. This proved a most unpardonable offence in the eyes of Pierre, who possessed a malignant, morose, and envious disposition. It was true, this protégé of the Count de Bigot had offended him, by at length refusing to become a priest, and had been entirely cast off from his favour in consequence; but this made no change in the sentiments of the implacable Pierre toward his old master.

Pierre's son and daughter were now grown up. The son partook much of his father's disposition; his fierce and violent passions always contending for the mastery over him, and becoming the constant occasion of involving him in broils. His sister Charlotte was extremely handsome, both in face and person; but vanity was so strongly depicted on her countenance, that no sensible person could look on it without pity or disgust. This contemptible passion had been fostered from her earliest childhood, by the folly of her father and brother, who were in the constant practice of telling her how pretty she was, and predicting that she would make her fortune by her beauty. This she most cordially believed, and, therefore, refused the offers of marriage made her by the young peasants in her neighbourhood, while nothing gave her greater pleasure than to gain their affections, and boast of it with the most insolent and unfeeling levity. This conduct rendered her, by the time she had gained her twentieth year, an object of detestation to her acquaintance of both sexes, and caused them to forsake her society. If this girl had in reality ever cared for any one but herself, it was for her cousin Jaques St Croix, who had ever treated her with the affection of a relative, though he had severely piqued her pride, by appearing insensible to her beauty; and it is probable he owed the preference she felt for him to the pains it had cost her in her endeavour to ensnare him. But we must make our readers better acquainted with this young man, by detailing his history from the time he was sent to Paris by the Count.

In studying that religion of which he was intended to become a priest, Jaques, who was clever and discerning, acquired a distaste of the pursuit, which was observed by Henri Hebert, a distant relation of his, whom he was in the habit of going to see as often as his studies admitted of it. This old man was a French Protestant, and a manufacturer of cutlery, who had saved a decent dowry for an only daughter. He was a pious man; and having always had a high opinion of Jaques's moral qualities, he questioned him on his apparent depression of spirits. Jaques, who was at first reserved, made his kinsman at length acquainted with all his scruples, and received from him much instruction and good advice. But it remained for the daughter of the old man, the gentle and unassuming Marianne, to complete the conversion which her father had begun. This girl's features were not beautiful, like Charlotte's, but there was a fascination belonged to them; for there was spread over them an expression of intelligence, and of benevolent good humour. Nor was her figure or her step so light and graceful, but there was an air of placid activity in her movements which announced self-possession, and a great degree of dexterity in her usual avocations. In short, Jaques renounced his intention of being a churchman, and, with the full consent of her father, became the husband of the good Marianne. This happened when the Parisians had been for some time talking loudly of tyranny, of equalization, and of liberty, and when every sensible and thinking person foresaw, from the fermentation in the public mind, that a civil war was likely to be the result. With this impression, Henri Hebert sold off his goods, and having purchased some acres of fruit ground, which happened to be for sale, near the hamlet where Jaques's uncle lived, and to which his son-in-law was attached, from its being near the place of his birth, he removed with him and his daughter to this quiet spot, and bid farewell to the city and its turbulent inhabitants. Here they lived happy and industrious, setting an example of contentment to all around them, which it would have been well for

Pierre Henriot and his family if they had followed. But the restless and evil disposition of this man and his son prompted them, instead of applying themselves diligently to their work in the olive grove, to go constantly from place to place, to learn or repeat the newest intelligence of all the acts of violence then committing at Paris. Of those acts they would fain have been participators, while they spared no pains to spread the evil contagion of their pernicious principles, by every art in their power, among the weak-minded of their neighbours. Nor was this by any means difficult, at a time when so universal a spirit of discontent prevailed; for, when a train of gunpowder is already laid, a single spark will cause it to explode. Thus the peasants in this retired spot, and for many miles round it, who had never before, during their lives, thought of anything save alternate working and dancing, fancied they perceived that the time had arrived when it would be expedient for them to take the law into their own hands, that they might wreak their vengeance on the aristocrats, and possess themselves of their property. Several instances of such outrages had lately occurred in different provinces, when at length the Count de Bigot was denounced at Paris as an enemy to the people; and a band of ruffians, headed by a person who had risen into consequence from his adherence to the head of the reigning faction, arrived one evening at the hamlet, in order to stimulate the people to assist in taking the Count into custody, informing them at the same time, that, if he surrendered himself quietly, he meant to convey him to Paris, to stand his trial; but in the event of resistance from himself and his attendants, he must reap the reward of his folly, by meeting his death on the spot. As it happened, this unfortunate nobleman, though not in the main a bad person, was repulsive and haughty in his manner, and had been in the habit of delegating too much of his authority to inferior agents, who had not always made a good use of it. He was therefore not a favourite with the surrounding peasantry, who had been but too often oppressed in his name. Jaques was present at the harangue delivered to the peasants, who assembled to the number of two hundred, from the adjoining country, and was shocked at the eager joy they manifested on the occasion, but at nothing so much as the expression of savage exultation and self-congratulation manifested on the countenance of his uncle Pierre; and when he looked at him, and remembered his long-cherished hatred of the Count, he felt assured that the unfortunate nobleman had small chance of leaving his chateau alive. He knew, also, that if he did reach Paris, it would be only to endure the cruel insults and sufferings inflicted on all who entered it under his circumstances, before he made his exit on the scaffold. Jaques felt assured of all this, and, remembering that though he had cast him off from his favour, he had been many years his benefactor, he determined to save him if he could. He therefore slipped unperceived away from the crowd, before they had done listening to the man who was addressing them, and ran as fast as he could through the shortest and most unfrequented paths of the wood, to where the chateau lay embosomed, about a mile off. Jaques's long residence at this mansion had rendered all its modes of access, as well as its master's habits, familiar to him, and he made for a small court, from which a door opened at the foot of a back stair. Here he ascended, and having, without being perceived, reached the library, where he knew the Count would most probably be at that hour, he entered it, and, standing suddenly before the astonished nobleman, who appeared to experience some degree of alarm at his abrupt appearance, he said, "Fly, my lord, from this place instantly—you have been denounced as an enemy to the people, and the ruffians who are to convey you to Paris, or to sacrifice you here, are near at hand, followed by a multitude, all apparently thirsting for your blood." The Count looked at Jaques with an uncertain and jealous expression in his eye. "And on whose authority am I required to believe this?" said he. "On that of a heretic, who has requited all my benefits with ingratitude, and who may now, for aught I know, have forced himself into my presence with some evil intention?" "Not so, believe me," replied Jaques, while his open manly countenance, on which the utmost anxiety was expressed, gave the stamp of truth to his words—"but on the word of a grateful man, who feels so sensible of your past kindness, that he now puts his own life in hazard to save yours; quick, I beseech you—if you have money at hand, secure it, and let us be gone instantly." The Count was convinced. He rose, and, taking a considerable sum from a desk in the apartment where they were, he followed Jaques by the way he had entered, without meeting any one. Nor was it till they had dived some distance into the woods, that he ventured to interrogate his companion on what he had seen and heard relating to himself, or to ask his counsel as to what hiding-place he would advise him to seek, till he should learn the result of the night's proceedings. To these questions, Jaques answered by giving him a faithful account of all that had passed at the hamlet, and by assuring him that he felt persuaded he would be nowhere so safe as in his cottage, provided he could conduct him to it without observation. He then left the Count, and set off to reconnoitre the hamlet. There all was solemn stillness; for its inhabitants, man, woman, and child, except his father-in-law and his wife, had all followed the

multitude to the chateau. This was exactly as he wished it; and, returning to the wood, he conducted the Count to Marianne, whom having charged with his safety, and pointed out a place of concealment not likely to be discovered in the event of a search, he retraced his steps with all possible speed to the scene of action, not only to gain all the information he could, but to prevent suspicion from lighting on himself, through his absence.

This suspicion he was fortunate enough to prevent, by returning in time to place himself among those who were trying to force the door of the principal entrance, having been retarded in this operation by the manner in which the affrighted servants had barricaded every avenue of access. The time lost by this delay enraged the mob so much, that they began to vociferate deep and bloody threats against every inmate of the dwelling, when Jaques suggested that they should give a promise that none of the Count's attendants should be injured, provided the doors were immediately opened. This advice was adopted, and, after a short parley, in which the terrified domestics required the promise to be frequently reiterated, the doors were flung open, and the mob rushed in, with shouts of triumph. They ran through the various apartments, breathing imprecations against the Count, and searching every nook and cranny for their victim. Nor is it easy to describe their rage and vexation, when at length they were convinced that he had escaped them, although they had taken the precaution of surrounding the house on their first approach. In short, his having eluded them was quite inexplicable, as the servants, when separately examined, all agreed in averring (what they believed) that he was in the chateau when the mob first made their appearance. The fury engendered by this disappointment showed itself in the most wanton acts of violence. The splendid furniture was soon broken in pieces, and the mansion pillaged of all the more portable things of value, such as plate, jewels, and linen. During this scene of plunder, Pierre and his son were foremost in the work of destruction, and busily employed in securing such things as they particularly fancied; while Jaques, who knew where the Count's most valuable papers were deposited, busied himself in filling his pockets with those documents, and taking a few of the trinkets which he knew were most prized by their owner, in order to restore them to him. It was fortunate for the Count and Jaques that the revengeful spirit of Pierre never entertained a suspicion that his nephew could be in league with the man who had cast him off from his favour, and as he saw him constantly among the most inveterate of the rabble, he felt perfectly convinced that he was, like himself, acting from a spirit of retaliation. This exempted Jaques from suspicion, and his house from being searched; so that, in a day or two, the Count, disguised as a peasant, and having his valuables concealed about him, left the cottage of his deliverer with the liveliest feelings of gratitude, and more toleration than he had ever before felt for heretics. He made immediately for the nearest seaport, and having, under a feigned character, obtained a passport by means of a friend, he embarked for England.

The destruction of the Count de Bigot's property did but lead the way to similar outrages in the province, at which Pierre and his son were sure to lend their aid, while Jaques, who could only lament that many well-meaning people suffered themselves to be led astray by the evil-minded and designing, continued his unwearied industry, and, in spite of the unsettled state of the country, found bread for his family, and contrived to live in peace. This peace was, however, broken in upon by an event which cost him much pain. The kind-hearted Marianne had done every thing in her power, from the time of her becoming his wife, to wean his cousin Charlotte from her light-headed silly ways, and to persuade her to become useful to herself and others. This Jaques began to hope she had in some measure achieved, when, to his surprise and vexation, he was informed that the person who had headed the band from Paris in search of the Count had been seen in the neighbourhood of the hamlet the night before, and that Charlotte, to whom it appeared he had taken a fancy on his first visit, had gone off with him. Jaques would have immediately followed, but was prevented by her father and brother, who, furious at her betrayal, who they imagined it probable would soon abandon her to misery, expressed their determination of bringing her instantly back. This satisfied Jaques for the time, for he knew that the pride they took in her beauty had produced a love for her in their savage hearts not the less strong that its motive was erroneous. When Pierre and his son reached Paris, and demanded admittance at the splendid mansion which had been the residence of one of the proscribed noblesse, and of which Charlotte's lover had become possessed during the unsettled state of property in the capital, they were immediately, on telling their names, conducted into the presence of its usurper. It was the policy of this bad man to be always obsequious to the common people; and he was now doubly so to those men whom he had observed narrowly on the night the chateau was pillaged, and thought he discerned in the savage joy with which they aided in the work of destruction, and the deep curses they lavished on the owner, and on aristocrats in general, that they were fitting tools for the times. He believed that he could employ them to advantage,

whether a mob was to be inflamed, an enemy denounced, or a murder committed. They were, however, at that moment in no humour to be cajoled, and assailed him with a torrent of the vilest abuse, while they brandished long knives which they had hid under their garments, and threatened to dispatch him instantly if he did not immediately produce the girl of whom they had come in search. Thus confirmed in his opinion of their ruffianly qualifications, he condescended to soothe them by an assurance that they should immediately see Charlotte, and learn from her own lips whether she had any cause of complaint. He then led them through a sumptuous suit of apartments to one more gorgeous than the rest, where they found the unfortunate girl reclining on a couch, dressed in the most expensive and gaudy fashion of the day, and surrounded by the most luxurious appointments, many of which, though she admired them as pretty toys, she did not even comprehend the use of. But, to be brief: her father and brother were so much dazzled and gratified by seeing the apparent mistress of so much splendour, that they were easily persuaded to join the *good citizen* in deriding the old fashioned and slavish ceremony of marriage, though the father thought proper again to brandish his knife, and accompany the action with a threat in the event of her ever being cast off. But this was a supposition at which the weak-minded Charlotte smiled in scorn, as nothing less than high treason against that superlative bounty which had raised her to such a pitch of grandeur. Alas! where may we expect next to meet her?

But we must now return to Jaques and his family, who had heard nothing of Charlotte for several months, save that her father and brother had seen her, were content with her situation, and had themselves determined to remain in Paris. Unsatisfactory, and indeed grievous, as this account was to these kind-hearted people, they endeavoured in some measure to console themselves, by hoping that Charlotte might one day be convinced of her error, and return to them; and they resolved to receive her with open arms, as a stray sheep restored to the fold. What, then, was their horror, when they learned from a person who had just come from Paris, and who knew her, that the man with whom she lived had shared the fate of the head of the faction to which he had attached himself, and was guillotined; that no one knew what had become of Charlotte, but that her father and brother were both in the prison of the Conciergerie, charged with being emissaries of her late lover! For a day or two after these tidings reached him, Jaques appeared restless and miserable, but he was not long in determining what to do. He hoped, that if he could now find Charlotte, he would be able to extricate her from the maze of vice and wretchedness in which she must, without his interference, be forever involved. He thought of her as he had last seen her—weak, vain, and degraded, but still innocent of heinous crimes. He thought of her former preference for himself, and he felt that he owed it to that unrequited preference—to the memory of her mother, who was the unwearied friend of his childhood—and to humanity itself, to make every exertion to save her.

The disinterested and benevolent Marianne could not but approve of her husband's determination to seek his unfortunate cousin, though she shuddered while she embraced him at parting, at the dangers to which he would probably expose himself.

It was night when Jaques reached Paris, but there was none of that stillness there which is its natural concomitant. At that hour, all was hushed in the little hamlet he had left. In his own cottage, his aged father-in-law was enjoying, on his pillow, the rest and peace which is the reward of a well-spent life, and an approving conscience: his dear Marianne was sleeping the sleep of innocence, with her infant in her bosom. But here, the contrast was most appalling—the drums beat—fire-arms were shot off—screams and oaths, and discordant laughter, met the ear—grey-haired old men were joining in street brawls and drunken revels; and, in place of the care and tenderness of the decent matron, who soothes her child to its quiet slumber, mothers were seen hurrying to and fro with their infants, through the night air, apparently insensible to their wailing appeals. All was heart-sickening to the sober and reflecting Jaques, and he hastened in search of the unfortunate Charlotte: but all he could learn was, that upon the apprehension of the man she had lived with, she had fled to her father, but what had become of her when he was taken to prison, no one knew. There was nothing for it, then, but to endeavour to learn from her father and brother, by means of the jailor, where she was. This, Jaques well knew, was a hazardous experiment, but if he did not attempt it immediately, dangerous as it was, it might be rendered vain, by their lives being cut short. He therefore turned his footsteps toward the Conciergerie. While he was yet some distance from the prison, his passage was impeded by a dense and unruly crowd, from whose vociferations he learnt that they were waiting for their nightly pastime of accompanying the condemned prisoners to the guillotine. Presently the renewed shouts and agitating motion of the crowd informed him that the victims had ascended the fatal cart, and, in a few minutes, he beheld it on its way, while he was compelled, by the

pressure of the multitude to accompany them to the place of execution, and hurried almost to the very foot of the scaffold. Jaques's first determination was to shut his eyes, that he might not look on the bloody scene; but an indefinable curiosity took possession of him, and he raised his eyes just as two men were placed upon the platform. His very eyeballs seemed seared when the light of a lamp gleamed full upon the deep furrows of his uncle's sullen and ferocious countenance, while he sent forth a scowl of defiance on his executioners, as they dragged him forward, and uttered a brutal jest on the meanness of the father's taking precedence of his son. That son had hardly time to look on the ghastly features of his father, as his head lay on the boards of the scaffold, till the stroke descended that laid his own beside it. Jaques, whose wan and quivering features showed the agony of his soul, was at that moment prevented from uttering an ejaculation of horror, which might have proved fatal to himself, by the frantic screams of a woman who was not far from him, and whom the mob were contending about—some crying out that she belonged to the men who had just suffered, and others contradicting this, while they derided her as one whose cowardly spirit disgraced a Frenchwoman, who ought to be able to look with joy on the execution of the enemies of the people. Jaques heard all this, and rushed forward to the spot, where he beheld the wretched Charlotte thus subjecting herself to the danger of sharing the fate of her father and brother. This danger became still more imminent, when she was presently recognised by a person near her as the mistress of a man who had lately been executed; and the fearful cry of—"To the guillotine with her!—to the guillotine!" began to be raised. But just at that critical moment a fresh arrival of numerous victims attracted universal attention; and Jaques, seizing her firmly round the waist, dragged her through the crowd, while he endeavoured to soothe her by every means in his power; and, hurrying her through bye-lanes nearly emptied of their population, he at length succeeded in placing her in the house of a friend for the night. Jaques's first care in the morning was to procure a conveyance for himself and his wretched cousin, in which they that day reached his home. This was, however, rendered no light task to him, by the necessity it imposed of hearing her frantic ravings, in which she accused herself of the miserable end of her father and brother. When Jaques alighted at his own cottage, and Marianne flew to meet him, his pale countenance, his dark eyes sunk in their sockets, and the expression of melancholy portrayed in his whole frame, told what he had suffered since she had parted from him—while the wretched Charlotte seemed to gaze with a vacant and idiot stare on all around, till roused, by some sudden recollection, into ravings of mad despair.

Poor Marianne looked upon her husband, and his unfortunate cousin, and her deep and silent tears flowed fast, as he related to her the dreadful story of his journey. This good young woman did all that was dictated by her sound sense and kindly feeling, to restore Charlotte to some degree of composure; but month followed month, and little change could be perceived, save that she did not express her remorse so violently in words. She, however, seldom tasted food, and seemed to loath the light of day; and grew pale, emaciated, and feeble; and that beauty which had been the primary cause of all her guilt and misfortunes, fled, and left behind it nought but a desolated ruin. It was in vain that she was visited by the Catholic priest of the district; the absolution he pronounced seemed to carry no comfort with it, and she soon sank into an early grave, the victim of cold-hearted vanity, and the other evil principles so early instilled into her by her wretched father. It was long before Jaques could conquer the melancholy left on his mind by the dreadful fate of his uncle and his family, and his heart sickened as he stood beside the premature grave of Charlotte; and, looking through time into eternity, meditated long on the fearful nature and prospects of vice; till the current of his thoughts gradually assuming a more placid and encouraging course, he thought of the blessings of virtue, and returned to his amiable wife, and his usual avocations, with recovered serenity. Nor was the quiet tenor of his life thereafter interrupted.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

HAD it not been for what, on a casual view, might be considered as a comparatively unimportant and almost accidental position of the earth, in relation to the great circle by which it annually moves round the sun, the change of seasons would have been totally unknown throughout the globe. That imaginary line passing through the south and north poles, called the earth's axis, instead of forming an exact perpendicular with the plane of the circle around which the earth goes annually round the sun, is inclined from it at a small angle; or, to make this more comprehensible, if we fancy a round flat plate to represent the plane of the circle in which the earth moves, and take an egg to represent the latter body—the egg is not placed with its one end pointing directly upwards, and the other directly downwards, but one end is inclined a little over in the direction of the middle of the plate, and, as it is thus carried round and round, preserving the exact position—it will be found, that, at one side of the circle, the upper end or north pole will point or

be turned upwards to the centre, while on the opposite side it will be found to point outwards, or away from the centre. At half the distance between, on each side, it will, however, stand in nearly a perpendicular position. If we remove the plate, and place in its stead a lighted candle, and then carry the egg round with its end inclined in the same position as before, and if, at the same time, we turn it round so as to imitate the daily revolution of the earth on its axis, we shall find, at the part of the circle where the end or pole of the egg is turned to the candle, that the rays of light will fall on it very directly, and light up more than two-thirds of its surface, while only a small proportion will be immersed in darkness. This corresponds to our summer on the globe, when the sun's rays fall directly on the northern part of the earth, and the days are long and the nights short. If we carry round the egg one quarter of the circle; we shall find, that, as it is turned round on its axis, the light portion and the dark are equal; this is our period of autumn, or equinox, when our days and nights are of the same duration. If we finish another quarter of the circle, we find the end or pole of the egg turned away from the candle; its rays fall in a low and slanting manner upon its surface, the greater part of which is now in darkness, and only a small portion under illumination; this is the season of winter, when the night is long, the day short, and the heat imparted very inconsiderable, in consequence of the low and slanting manner in which the sun's rays fall upon the earth's surface. By carrying on the egg another quarter of the circle, we bring it to the spring, or vernal equinox, when day and night are again equal; and thus every successive movement brings a corresponding change.

Now, it has been supposed by some system-mongers who boldly take it upon themselves to cut and carve on creation, that this same obliquity of the earth's axis might be rectified with advantage, and that, instead of subjecting poor mortals, and the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, to alternate extremes of heat and cold, a perpetual spring or a genial summer might be made to reign universally throughout the earth. Nothing, however, could be more rash and presumptuous than such a suggestion. In fact, by the present arrangement, the greatest possible diffusion of the blessed light and heat of the sun over every portion of the globe is afforded. Had it been otherwise, had the earth's axis been placed perpendicular instead of oblique, this island on which we live, and every other spot placed in similar latitudes, would never have enjoyed a heat greater than that which we experience in the months of September and March—a heat far below what is necessary for rearing and bringing to maturity the fruits of the earth, and even below what is necessary for the comfortable sensations of animal beings. Moreover, every country between us and the north pole—and the same holds true of the regions around that of the south—would have been for ever frozen up in sterile and lonely frigidity, with not a single plant or animal to cheer the dull monotony of inanimate nature. It is true, with this arrangement a small strip of temperate zone would enjoy perpetual spring, and tropical regions would still possess the sun's fierce and perpendicular radiance; but would this compensate for the low and imperfect heat imparted to more than half the earth's surface? Besides all this, the successive recurrence of the seasons ministers to man's happiness, and affords a pleasure which seems peculiarly suited to his nature—the delight of perpetual novelty. Nothing can be more pleasing than the gradual transition of spring into summer—this again into mellow autumn—and winter closing up the whole, as it were, with grim and relentless grasp, till anon even he relents into the smile of spring.

The present position of the earth, then, is quite in accordance with that beneficent provision which we find extending throughout all nature's works, by which the greatest possible degree of life and enjoyment is diffused throughout all. It is wonderful to think how very near life approaches even to the frigid circle of the poles. At this point, the greatest extremes of light and darkness prevail; so that, in winter, for several weeks the sun never rises above the horizon; and in summer, for a corresponding period, he never sets. Within ten degrees of the pole, plants and animals exist, and even human beings take up their occasional abodes. Although the cold of winter is intense, yet, as soon as summer comes round, the ice melts, the face of the soil appears, and plants shoot forth, and come to maturity with greater celerity than in milder and more favoured climates. It is found, however, that vegetation will not succeed, and no animals will live, when the summer heat does not rise to 60° of the thermometer.

But has the earth always held this position with regard to the sun? Some have imagined, that when Paradise was created, it was otherwise; and that, after the fall of Adam, when the earth "was cursed," the change was effected. Milton, in his sublime and philosophic poem, throws out this hint. Astronomical observations on the other planets of the solar system, demonstrate that many of these have a similar obliquity of their axis. Others, again, have conjectured that a change was made at the period of the deluge, and that this change may have been, in fact, the cause of the latter catastrophe. All those vegetable remains that are found scattered over the strata of the earth, and which, without doubt, belong to a

former period of the earth's history, are, in general character and resemblance, allied to the vegetation of tropical climates; and the same remark applies to the numerous skeletons and skulls of animals that are found belonging to the same period—these consisting of quadrupeds resembling the elephant, hyæna, rhinoceros, &c., and of shell animals, unlike to those of northern existence of the present day. Thus, it has been plausibly advanced, that, previous to the deluge, the habitable part of the globe was a zone, embracing its middle for a space on each side of the equator; that here vegetation flourished in great luxuriance; and that both gigantic specimens of plants and of animals existed before mankind had yet increased in any considerable numbers, or spread themselves over every corner of the earth; that, on a sudden, the earth's axis was changed; confusion and destruction took place on its surface; what was dry land became ocean, and the soil and surface, with its vegetation and animated beings, was swept away, and carried even to its most remote parts; and that a new order of things rose out of the ruins of the old.

The earth is calculated to be ninety-five millions of miles distant from the sun; consequently, the great circle which our planet traverses around this body every year, cannot be less in circumference than five hundred and forty millions of miles. This distance is travelled over in the space of 365 days very nearly six hours, a prodigious and almost inconceivable velocity, and yet performed without at all being perceptible to our ordinary observation.

A SCOTTISH MILITARY BISHOP.

It appears from Scottish history, that, prior to the Reformation, churchmen were often as much distinguished for their gallantry as soldiers, as for their piety as divines. Of these clerical warriors no one appears to have been so celebrated as William Sinclair, a bishop of Dunkeld, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. This prelate was known by the appellation of the Military Bishop and the Champion of the Kingdom. Living in the time of the unhappy troubles caused by the attempt of Edward to subdue Scotland, he was frequently called upon to exert his abilities in securing the independence of his country. Once, while residing at his palace of Auchtertool, in Fife, the sheriff of that county went with a body of five hundred men to make head against the English, who had landed in the neighbourhood; but observing that the country was laid waste, and that the enemy kept a good countenance, the sheriff fell back as fast as he could. On hearing this, the bishop armed himself, took horse with about sixty of his people, who were well disciplined, and, soon meeting the sheriff, cried aloud, "What madness is it in you to run away at this rate!" The sheriff replied, "Because the English are more numerous and better soldiers than we are." "If you got your due," says the bishop, "the king would cause chop off your golden spurs. But follow me, and with the assistance of St Columbus, whose lands they lay waste, we shall have our revenge." With these words he threw away the bishop's staff, grasped his sword, and turned himself to the sheriff with this expression, "Do follow me." They did follow him, came up with the enemy, and happily obtained a complete victory. There fell that day more than five hundred English, besides a number who, by crowding into their boat, overset it, and were all drowned. Sinclair was a great favourite of the king (David the Second), who always in conversation called him "my own Bishop;" and the letters he wrote to him were addressed "To our Bishop." He died 27th June 1337, having filled the see of Dunkeld twenty-five years, and was buried in the choir of Dunkeld cathedral, which he built from the foundation; and, in memorial of this work, he caused to be erected on the top of the east gable of the choir of the present church of Dunkeld, a fluted cross, as part of the armorial bearings of his family, which is still standing.

THE FLORIDA.

MANY of the vessels which formed the Spanish armada, intended for the conquest of England, perished on the north and west coasts of Scotland. The ship Florida appeared to have been more fortunate than many of her consorts; she found her way to the Bay of Tobermory, on the Sound of Mull, one of the finest harbours in the world. Scotland being then a neutral country under James, the sixth of that name, the Spaniards considered themselves perfectly secure, and remained long in that station, repairing the damages they had sustained, and refreshing the crew and troops.

The Florida was, no doubt, an object of great interest and curiosity in that remote situation, and all the principal families in the neighbouring country and islands were received on board as visitors, where, tradition says, they were hospitably and splendidly entertained. Elizabeth, the ever watchful and well informed Queen of England, had intelligence of the Florida through her ambassador at the Scotch court, and it was ascertained that this ship was extremely valuable: she had on board a large sum of money intended for the pay of the army; she contained, besides, a great quantity of costly stores. The law of nations should have protected the Florida from injury; but Elizabeth resolved on her destruction, and it was accomplished by one of the most atrocious acts, perhaps, ever recorded of any civilized government. The

English ambassador soon found an instrument suited to his purpose, and his name was Smollett. We regret to state, that he was an ancestor of the celebrated writer of that name, who himself alludes to this circumstance in one of his novels, apparently unconscious of the inference which followed. This agent of the English queen spoke the Gaelic language, and wore the Highland dress. He went to Mull as a dealer in cattle, and easily found his way on board the Florida, where he formed an intimacy, and, along with other strangers, had frequent opportunities of seeing every part of the ship. He at length found a convenient time for his diabolical object, and placed some combustible substance in a situation where it was likely to produce the desired effect. He immediately got ashore, and made the best of his way southward.

He had travelled to a distance of six or eight miles, when he heard the explosion of the Florida; and the spot where he stood is still marked for the execration of mankind. The ship was blown up, and nearly all on board perished. Together with the crew and troops, many of the first men in the country were destroyed by this perfidious and bloody act, which reflects eternal disgrace on the planners, and infamy on the perpetrator. Tradition states that the poop of the ship was blown to a great distance, with six men, whose lives were saved. Maclean, of Duart, had procured some cannon from the Florida, for the purpose of battering the castle of a neighbouring chieftain; and a few Spanish gunners, who assisted in that service, were preserved by their absence from the ship.

This melancholy story, which would have formed a memorable era in a more public place, is still, in that country, a fertile source for traditionary tales.

The universal belief among the more illiterate natives is, that one of the Spanish Infantas, who is said to have been on board the Florida, became enamoured of Maclean, and that his wife had employed a person to blow up the ship; thus transferring that crime from the Queen of England to the wife of their chief, who was, indeed, very unpopular. It is alleged that the body of the Infanta had been found, and buried with great pomp in that vicinity; that a ship had been afterwards sent by the Spanish government to convey her remains to Spain. It seems, in collecting these remains, the last joint of one of her royal highness's ring fingers could not be found; and it is said that her ghost has often been seen searching for this bone by torch-light. This circumstance is frequently mentioned as authority for the pious caution with which the Highlanders preserve the relics of their deceased friends.

Some Spanish mares and horses had been landed, to pasture, and these remained in the island of Mull. The breed of horses in Mull has ever since been superior, and it still continues so, probably from this cause.

The English ambassador at Madrid having procured information of the precise amount of the treasure which had been on board the Florida, a ship of war was sent by the English government to Tobermory in the beginning of the eighteenth century, with divers, for the purpose of recovering the specie. The wreck was soon found, and many articles were raised, but no money was acknowledged. The ship, however, never returned to England, and it was suspected that she had taken refuge in France, for evident reasons.

In the year 1787, the celebrated diver Spalding made an attempt to recover this treasure; but he failed entirely, as might have been expected, the remains of the ship having sunk into the clay and mud, and totally disappeared.

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

HECTOR MONRO.—SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.

IMMEDIATELY after the acquittal of Lady Fowlis, her stepson and prosecutor, the sixteenth Baron of Fowlis, was presented at the bar on an accusation in some respects similar, of which he also was found not guilty, by a jury the majority of whom had sat on the preceding trial. In January 1588-9, this gentleman, being taken ill, sent a servant with his own horse to bring to his assistance Marion MacIngarach, who is characterised as being "one of the maist notorious and rank wichis in all this realme," and who, as soon as she entered the house where he lay sick, gave him, three drinks of water from three stones (probably some sort of rude stone cups). After a long consultation, she declared there was no hope of recovery, unless the principal man of the patient's house should suffer death for him; and it was determined, after some discussion, that this substitute should be George Monro, eldest son of Katherine Monro, Lady Fowlis. A plan was next devised for transferring the *onus moriendi*, for the present, to George; according to which, in the first place, no person was to have admittance to the house where Hector lay, until his half-brother came; and, on his arrival, the sick man, with his left hand, was to take his visitor by the right, and not to speak until spoken to by him. In conformity with these injunctions, several friends who called to inquire for the patient were excluded, and messengers were dispatched, both to George Monro's house, and to other parts of the country where he was thought to be engaged in the

* From Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the Literary Gazette.

sports of the chase. Before he could be found, seven expresses had been sent after him, and five days expired. On the intelligence that his brother desired earnestly to see him, he repaired to the place, and was received in the form prescribed by the witch—Hector, with his left hand grasping George's right, and abstaining from speaking until asked "How he did?" to which he replied, "The better that you have come to visit me," and uttered not a word more, notwithstanding his urgency to obtain an interview. The younger Monro having, in this manner, been brought fairly within the compass of the witch's spells, she that same night mustered certain of her accomplices, and, having provided spades, repaired to a spot where two lairds' lands met, and, "at one after midnight," dug a grave of the exact length of Hector Monro, and laid the turf of it carefully aside. They then came home, and MacIngarach gave her assistants instructions concerning the part that each was to perform in the remaining ceremonies. The object—namely, the preservation of Hector's life, and the death of George in his stead—being now openly stated, some of those present objected, that if the latter should be cut off suddenly, the hue and cry would be raised, and all their lives would be in danger. They therefore pressed the presiding witch not to make the sacrifice immediately, but to cause it to follow after such an interval as might obviate suspicion, which she accordingly engaged to accomplish, and warranted him to live till the 17th day of the ensuing April, at the least. This being arranged to the satisfaction of the persons assembled, the sick man was laid in a pair of blankets, and carried out to the place where the grave had been prepared. The party were strictly enjoined to be silent, and only MacIngarach, and Christian Neill, Hector's foster-mother, were to utter the necessary incantations. Being come to the spot, their living burden was deposited in the grave, the turf being spread above him, and held down with staves. MacIngarach stood by the side of the grave, and Neill, holding a boy, a son of one Hector Leith, by the hand, ran the breadth of nine rigs, then returned, and demanded, "Which is your choice?" Thereupon the other, in name, it is to be supposed, of the Spirit of Death, replied, "Mr Hector, I choose you to live, and your brother George to die for you." This form of conjuration was thrice gone through that night; and, on its completion, the sick man was lifted, carried home—not one of the company uttering a word farther—and replaced in bed.

To the efficacy of this singular spell was attributed not only the recovery of Hector, but the death of George Monro, though the latter continued in perfect health, not only for the time warranted by the witch, but for a year longer. He was taken ill in April 1590, and died on the 3d of June following. MacIngarach was highly favoured by the gentleman, who supposed he owed to her his life. As soon as his health was restored, "he the dewilisch moyan foirsaid," he carried her to the house of his uncle at Kildrummody, where she was entertained with as much obsequious attention as if she had been his spouse, and obtained such pre-eminence in the country, that no one durst offend her, though her ostensible character was only that of keeper of his sheep. Upon the information of Lady Fowls, the protector of MacIngarach was compelled to present her at Aberdeen, where she was examined before the king, and produced the stones out of which she had made the baron drink. These enchanted cups were delivered to the keeping of the Justice Clerk; but we are not informed as to the fate of the witch herself.

The most curious point of this trial is the opinion which it shows to have prevailed, that disease could not be expelled except by being transferred to some other living being. We have already seen the same opinion exemplified in the case of Archbishop Adamson, whose malady was indeed removed, but not entirely baffled, having been allowed to cut off a white pony as his substitute. A similar belief is entertained by the inhabitants of King George's Sound, among whom, as Mr Nind, who assisted to form the colony in that part of Australia, informs us, "If a man is ill, and imagines he shall not recover, he attempts to kill somebody, and fancies by so doing that he shall get well again." We may consider as a branch of the same superstition a receipt for removing warts, now only jocularly recommended, which is, to tie up in a bag as many small stones as there are excrescences to be got rid of, and to throw it out upon the highway; when the warts will disappear from the skin of the person who cast away the bag, and grow upon that of him who chances to pick it up.

While we read the details of these trials for witchcraft, we are not so much surprised that people should be found ignorant and wicked enough to engage in such practices, as that their efficacy should have been so universally credited. It has been alleged that the prosecutions were instituted rather with a view to protect the people from the impositions of pretended sorcerers, than from a belief that the power of enchantment was actually exercised, and required to be checked. But there can be no doubt that those who put the law in force were under the influence of the same superstition which held sway over the mass of their countrymen. Here we have a baron who had the power of trying witches, and who was yet himself the dupe of their practices; and the terms in which he was arraigned show that those who presided in the

highest criminal court in the kingdom were not more enlightened in this respect. The indictment charges the prisoner that "ye gat your health be the dewilisch means foirsaid." And further it says, "ye are indicted for art and part of the cruel, shameful, and odious slaughter of the said George Monro, your brother, by the enchantments and witchcrafts used upon you and by your device, by speaking to him within your bed, taking of him by the right hand, conform to the injunctions given to you by the said Marion Ingarach, in the said month of January 1588 years; throw the which incantamentis he tuke and dedidde seiknes in the moneth of Apryle 1590 yeiris, and continew-and thairin until Junii thairafter deceisist in the said moneth of Junii, being the third day of that instant." Nothing can more plainly declare the opinion that the death of the younger brother was accomplished by the efficacy of charms, for not only is his illness here described as being produced by them, but as being produced by them though at an interval of a year and three months after their performance.

LIFE OF MAHOMET.

(Concluded.)

THE Mahometan era, called the HEJIRA, takes its commencement from the date of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina. The generality of writers place this epoch on Friday the 16th of July, A.D. 622. It is this event which has rendered Friday the solemn day of the week for his followers; this choice also agreeing with the customs of the Arabians, who held their assemblies usually on the Fridays. The word *Hejira* is derived from the Arabic verb *Hajara*, to abandon one's native country, to emigrate on account of persecution; which comes from the Hebrew Hagar, the stranger or emigrant, the name of Ishmael's mother.

It was from this period that Mahomet, having fully ascertained the hate of his enemies and the extent of his own power, proceeded to lay aside the arts of persuasion and patient endurance, whereby he had hitherto sought to propagate his tenets; and, elated by the devotion of his disciples, and his reception at Medina, he framed, henceforth, the revelations of the Korân, in a tone which proclaimed him a persecutor, and empowered his followers to make war against all opposers. The successful battle of Beder followed soon after; and he then made known those doctrines which have rendered the arms of the Mussulmans so formidable, namely, "that no one can escape his destiny; inasmuch as the man whose days are not complete will escape unhurt from a shower of arrows, when he whose fatal term has arrived cannot escape death by any precaution whatsoever." The second initiative is that which the present occasion furnished him with:—"The sword," exclaimed the Prophet, "is the key of heaven and of hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent under arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven: at the day of judgment, his wounds shall be resplendent as vermillion, and odoriferous as musk; the loss of his limbs shall be replaced by the wings of angels and of cherubim."

This victory, the first of Mahomet's battles, was gained, in the second year of the Hejira, over the idolatrous Meccans, headed by Abu Sofîân, in the valley of Beder, which is situate near the sea between Mecca and Medina. Mahomet's forces consisted of no more than 319 men, but the enemy's army of near 1000; notwithstanding which odds, he put them to flight, having killed seventy of the principal Koreish, and taken as many prisoners, with the loss of only fourteen of his own men. This first victory, although it may seem no very considerable action, was yet of great advantage to him, and the foundation of all his future power and success; for which reason, it is very famous in Mahometan history, and is frequently vaunted of in the Korân, as an effect of the divine assistance, through the miraculous interposition of the angel Gabriel. The gaining of the battle was, however, wholly attributable to the extraordinary stratagem of Mahomet, by his expedient, at the critical moment, of scattering a handful of dust against his enemies, at the same time exclaiming, "Let their faces be confounded!"—which action so invigorated his fainting followers, that they charged and overthrew their foes. Mahomet captured the whole caravan, which consisted of 1000 camels, richly laden, from Syria; and this afforded him the means of rewarding his followers, and inciting them to further exertion by the allurements of wealth and the hope of plunder.

Some reckon no less than twenty-seven expeditions wherein Mahomet was personally present, in nine of which he gave battle, besides several other expeditions, undertaken by his orders, in which he was not present. His forces he maintained partly by the contributions of his followers for this purpose, which he called by the name of *zaccât*, or alms, and the paying of which he very artfully made one main article of his religion; and partly by ordering a fifth part of the plunder to be brought into the public treasury for that purpose, in which matter he likewise pretended to act by the divine direction.

The year after the battle of Beder, being the third of the Hejira, the Koreish, to revenge the loss which they had sustained, got together an army of 3000 men, among whom were 200 horse, and 700 armed with coats of mail. These forces marched under the con-

duct of Abu Sofîân, who burned with desire to avenge on Mahomet the shame of his former defeat. To animate his soldiers, he took along with him his wife and a great many other women, bearing timbrels, according to the manner of the Arabians; and they accompanied the sound of these musical instruments with their voices, singing to the memory of those who had been slain at the battle of Beder. Abu Sofîân, with his forces, sat down at Dhulholeifa, a village about six miles from Medina. Mahomet, being much inferior to his enemies in number, at first determined to keep himself within the town, and receive them there; but afterwards the advice of some of his companions prevailing, he marched out against them at the head of 1000 men, of whom 100 were armed with coats of mail; but he had no more than one horse, besides his own, in his whole army. With these forces he formed a camp in a village near Ohod, a mountain about four miles to the north of Medina, which mountain he contrived to have behind him; and, the better to secure his men from being surrounded, he placed fifty archers in the rear, with strict orders not to quit their post. When they came to engage, Mahomet had the better at first; but afterwards, by the fault of his archers, who left their ranks for the sake of the plunder, and suffered the enemy's horse to encompass the Mahometans, and attack them in the rear, he lost the day, and was very near losing his life, being struck down by a shower of stones, and wounded in the face with two arrows, on pulling out of which his two fore-teeth dropped out. Of the Infidels, twenty-two men were slain, and of the Moslems, seventy; and among them Hamza, the uncle of Mahomet: he was a brave soldier, and was slain by an Abyssinian slave, while stripping the standard-bearer of the Infidels, and another of their chiefs, whom he had just cut down.

Such was the unfortunate battle of Ohod, which, if the leader of the Infidels had followed up to advantage, as he ought to have done, it would almost have ruined Mahomet's cause; but, instead of this, Abu Sofîân concluded a truce with him for the following year, which gave him opportunity for retrieving his affairs. To excuse the ill success of this battle, and to raise the drooping courage of his followers, Mahomet earnestly employs himself in the latter part of the third chapter of the Korân.

In a few years, by the success of his arms (notwithstanding he sometimes, as at Ohod, came off with the worst), he considerably raised his credit and power. In the sixth year of the Hejira, he set out with 1400 men to visit the temple of Mecca, not with any intention of committing hostilities, but in a peaceable manner. However, when he came to Al Hodeibiya, which is situated partly within and partly without the sacred territory, the Koreish sent to let him know that they would not permit him to enter Mecca, unless he forced his way; whereupon he called his troops about him, and they all took a solemn oath of fealty or homage to him, and he resolved to attack the city; but those of Mecca sending Arwa Ebn Masud, prince of the tribe of Thakif, as their ambassador, to desire peace, a truce was concluded between them for ten years, by which any person was allowed to enter into league either with Mahomet, or with the Koreish, as he thought fit.

Having at length subdued the chief part of the Pagan tribes, and by his relentless severity exterminated the Jewish classes who dwelt peaceably in Arabia, in the seventh year of the Hejira, A.D. 628, he assumed the state of a sovereign, and sent embassies to the neighbouring monarchs, exhorting them to embrace Islamism, which is the name by which he called his religion.

In the eighth year of the Hejira, a quarrel, real or feigned, gave him the opportunity of possessing himself of Mecca, and of the sacred square edifice called the Caaba. Mahomet appearing suddenly at their gates with 10,000 men, before the troops of Mecca had even been apprised of his departure from Medina, they had no choice left but an immediate surrender, or destruction. Thus pressed, and menaced with instant death, the Koreish submitted to the superior ascendancy of Mahomet. Their final submission to his power, and their acceptance of his faith, were ratified subsequently on the hill El Safa. Having visited the holy building of the Caaba, and broken in pieces the idols wherewith it was encircled, Mahomet went in procession seven times round the building, and touched respectfully the black stone which was held sacred by the Arabs; then, entering the edifice, he repeated the formula, "God is great," and addressed his prayer. Afterwards he went to the well Zemzem—which is believed by them to be the same that the angel showed to Hagar—drank of the water, and performed the required ablution. Artfully blending attention to exterior observances with zeal, and pursuing a mixed system of mercy and rigour, he subdued the hearts of his high-minded countrymen, and soon superadded to his claims of power the more imposing and indissoluble bonds of superstitious reverence and awe. The capture of Mecca, and the submission of the powerful race of the Koreish, was soon followed by the conversion to Islamism of most of the remoter Pagan tribes, until all Arabia bowed the neck beneath his yoke.

Mahomet, having thus become master of all Arabia, made great preparations for the conquest of Syria; but this vast enterprise was reserved for his successors. He gradually, however, paved the way for their successes, and brought the celebrated region of Arabia

into one complete and powerful union. He established the law which still obtains in all the Mussulman states, of imposing a personal tax on such subjects as do not embrace Islamism. By this custom, still subsisting among all the sovereigns who acknowledge the Korân, every reputed infidel pays a *kharaç*, or capitation tax, over and above the imposts, which he supports equally with the rest of the subjects. He absolutely prohibited all idolaters from making the pilgrimage to Mecca, or any foreigner from entering the Caaba, under pain of death. These were strokes of profound policy. He retained the pilgrimage to Mecca, which had been of ancient standing among the descendants of Abraham and Ishmael. Though he destroyed the images used at Mecca as objects of idolatrous worship, he carefully retained the holy relics of the black stone, and the impression of Abraham's foot. The black stone had been immemorially venerated there; the angels, it was said, had brought it *white* to the Caaba, and the sins of mankind had transformed it to *black*. Hence, in allusion to this stone, the Orientals use the compliments, "May God whiten thy face," "May the Shah make thy face white," &c.

These practices no less forwarded the progress of Islamism than did the sword of Mahomet. Every where the petty Arabian tribes overthrew their idols, and submitted themselves to the new faith. Thus was Mahometism established, and idolatry rooted out, even in Mahomet's lifetime, throughout all Arabia; and the Arabs, being then united in one faith and under one prince, found themselves in a condition for making those conquests which extended the Mahometan faith over so great a part of the world.

In the tenth year of the Hejira, A.D. 631, Mahomet set forth on a solemn and pompous embassy to Mecca, accompanied by all his wives, and by at least 90,000 pilgrims. He sacrificed with his own hands sixty-three victims, and liberated sixty-three slaves, in thanksgiving for each year of his life; he shaved his head, and scattered the hair amongst the multitude, who eagerly seized portions of it as sacred relics. He closed the solemnity with the following apostrophe, which, as if pronounced from heaven, concludes the Korân:—"Henceforth, wretched and miserable shall they be who deny your religion. Fear not them, but fear me: this day I have perfected your religion, and completed my grace toward you. I have willed that Islamism be your religion."* He established the lunar moveable year, still in use with the Mahometans; and, finally, as supreme Pontiff or Imâm, dismissed the people with a farewell, the last, as he declared, that he should give them; whence this pilgrimage derived its name of the Farewell.

Mahomet now drew near the close of his extraordinary and fortunate career. His health had been for three years on the decline; but he had neither relaxed his duties nor his labours. Tainaf, a Jewess, appears to have been the instrument to work this great event; a retributive retaliation which he had richly merited by the base and savage cruelty with which he persecuted the Jewish race, scattered peacefully amid the plains of Arabia, their refuge and resort. He had early sought to allure them to adopt his tenets; but finding them inflexibly bound to their law, he sought their destruction. The poisoned mutton which he tasted in the castle of Khaibar, although he instantly spat forth the tainted morsel, imparted its fatal influence to the vitals of the Prophet, and laid the foundation of his mortal malady, and of three years' protracted sufferings. Of this disease, the last stage was a bilious fever, which lasted for fourteen days. At times it deprived him of the use of his reason; but as Mahomet kept up the claims of his mission throughout the visitation of sickness and declining health, which he had experienced for three years previously, so did he maintain the imposition through the more trying and appalling period of his approaching dissolution.

He went regularly to the mosque to public prayers during his illness, except the last three days; then he directed that Abubeker should officiate as Imâm, and recite the prayers to the people.

At his express desire, he was removed to the dwelling of Ayesha, his favourite wife. To his companions he still described the visits of the angel Gabriel as continued to him; asserting, as his especial prerogative, that the Angel of Death was not permitted to take his soul, until he had respectfully solicited his permission. That request was granted, and Mahomet instantly fell into the agony of dissolution; his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha; he fainted with the violence of his pain. Recovering a little from his exhaustion, and raising his eyes to the roof of the house, with a steadfast look, but faltering voice, he uttered the last broken but articulate words, "O God, pardon my sins! Ah, my companion, I attend thee to the realms above;" and peacefully expired on the floor.

He died in the eleventh year of the Hejira, A.D. 632, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Medina became sanctified by his death, and his tomb; and the Mussulman pilgrims to the holy city of Mecca turn aside with deep devotion to honour the simple burial-place of their prophet and teacher.

Thus lived, and thus died, the most extraordinary and consummate impostor that ever appeared on the stage of the world; who acted his part throughout uniformly and consistently, from first to last, steady

to his principles. The time of his appearance was particularly suited for the introduction of new doctrines; and the state of the country, and the public feeling, were peculiarly favourable for their propagation. Arabia could not have subsisted any long time as she was circumstanced at the period of his appearance; and, therefore, the success of his stupendous imposture is the more to be deplored, as, without such a baneful interposition, it may be clearly apprehended that the benign light of Christianity would have at length worked that regenerative change, which, by divine power, might have fixed the east in the true worship of God.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH COINS.

POUND.

THOUGH a pound is one of the most common denominations for money, it never was a *real coin*, either in gold or silver, in any age or country. Such large and ponderous coins would have been in many respects inconvenient. But for many ages, both in Britain and in other countries, that number of smaller coins which was denominated a pound in *computation*, or a pound in *sale*, really contained a *pound of silver*, and they might have been, and frequently were weighed, as well as numbered, to ascertain their value. If the number of coins that were denominated a *pound in sale*, did not actually make a pound in *weight*, an additional number of coins were thrown in to make up the weight.

MONEY.

Was coined in the Temple of Juno *Moneta*, whence our English word *money*.

COIN.

Coin (*cuna pecunia*) seems to come from the French coin, *i. e.* *angulus*, a corner; whence it has been held that the ancientest sort of coin was square with corners, and not round as it now is.

CASH.

Cash in a commercial style signifies the ready money which a merchant or other person has at his present disposal, and is so called from French term *caisse*, *i. e.* "chest or coffer," for the keeping of money.

GUINEA.

This coin took its denomination *Guinea*, because the gold whereof the first was struck, was brought from that part of Africa so called; for which reason it likewise, formerly, bore the impression of an elephant.

The value or rate of the guinea has varied. It was first struck on the footing of 20s.; but, by the scarcity of gold, was afterwards advanced to 21s. 6d., and again sunk to 21s.

ANGEL.

The angel, called in French *angelot*, was a gold coin, value ten shillings, struck in England, where some few are still to be seen in the cabinets of the curious. It had its name from the figure of an angel represented on it, which figure was adopted, according to Rapin and others, to commemorate a pun of Pope Gregory the Great, which seems to have greatly flattered the vanity of the nation. Struck with the fair complexions and blooming countenances of some Anglo-Saxon captives who had been brought to Rome, he inquired of what nation they were, and what they were called, and being answered *Angles*: "Justly be they so called," quoth he, "for they have *angel-like* faces, and seem meet to be made co-heirs with the angels in heaven."

SHILLING.

The etymology of the word *scylling* would lead us to suppose it to have been a certain quantity of uncoined silver; for whether we derive it from *psylan*, to divide, or *pscale*, a scale, the idea presented to us by either word is the same, that is, so much silver cut off, as in China, and weighing so much.

There were none coined until 1504. Fabian mentions them under their proper names, 34 Henry the Eighth.

A TESTER.

Tester is derived from the French word *tête*, a head; a piece of money stamped with a head, which in old French was called "*un testion*," and which was about the value of an old English sixpence. Tester is used by Shakspeare.

Tester, sixpence, from *teston*, French, an old silver coin formerly worth 12d., sinking by degrees to gilt brass, and sixpence.

GROAT.

Other nations, as the Dutch, Polanders, Saxons, Bohemians, French, &c. have likewise their *groats*, *groots*, *groches*, *gros*, &c. In the Saxon times, no silver coin bigger than a penny was struck in England, nor after the Conquest, until Edward the Third, who, about the year 1351, coined *grosses*, *i. e.* *groats*, or *great pieces*, which went for 4d., and so the matter stood till the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, in 1504, first coined shillings.

PENNY—HALFPENNY—FARTHING.

Camden derives the word penny from the Latin *pecunia*, "money."

The ancient English *penny*, *penig*, or *pening*, was the first silver coin struck in England; nay, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors; as is agreed by Camden, Spelman, Dr Hicks, &c.

The penny was equal in weight to our three pence; five of them made one shilling, or seilling, Saxon; thirty, a mark, or mancuse, equal to our 7s. 6d.

Until the time of King Edward the First, the penny was struck with a cross so deeply indented in it, that it might be easily broke, and parted, on occasion, into two parts, thence called *half-pennies*; or into four, thence called *fourthings*, or *farthings*. But that prince coined it without indenture: in lieu of which, he first struck round halfpence and farthings.

He also reduced the weight of the penny to a standard; ordering that it should weigh 32 grains of wheat, taken out of the middle of the ear. This penny was called the *penny sterling*. Twenty of these pence were to weigh an ounce; whence the penny became a weight, as well as a coin.

The penny sterling is now used less as a coin, and subsists chiefly as a money of account, containing the 12th part of a shilling, or the 240th part of a pound. —From "*Notes of a Bookworm*."

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

THE horrible catastrophe with which the name of this dungeon will for ever be associated, together with the details of the sufferings of the wretched victims, must now be so familiar to the minds of most of our readers, that our recurring to it here may probably at first appear only a needless repetition of a "thrice-told tale." Like many other remarkable historical occurrences, however, we believe few are acquainted with the public transactions of the period in which it occurred, the position in which our possessions in the East then stood, or the particular incidents which more immediately led to the tragedy itself.

Notwithstanding the unrivalled state of prosperity to which the Bengal establishment has now attained, it was the last settlement formed by our adventurous countrymen in the eastern part of the Indian dominions, and was long held secondary, in point of commercial importance, to Madras, and the more southern settlements along the coast of Coromandel, lying within that long extent of territory known by the name of the Carnatic. It was not until the year 1656 that the merchants of Surat obtained leave from the Nabob of Bengal to erect a factory at Hoogley, on the river of that name, considerably above the site of the more recent establishment of Calcutta. It was here, however, that the English first attempted to establish political and military power in India. Upon a detail of various wrongs sustained from the native rulers being transmitted home by the factors, the East India Company sent out, in 1686, a formidable expedition (the first warlike demonstrations by the British against the Indian authorities), the object of which was no less than to levy war against the Great Mogul and the Nabob of Bengal, and this only thirty years after the Company had first obtained a footing in their territories! The result of this rash and ill-advised step was, that our countrymen speedily lost every shadow of their previous power or importance in every part of India, and were only permitted, after the most humble submission, to retain their settlement in the island of Bombay. These disputes, however, were afterwards amicably settled, and the Company were allowed to re-establish themselves, and resume their traffic, as before, at Hoogley; nor did they again experience any serious annoyance, until the commencement of hostilities between England and France, in the year 1744. When this happened, one of the first and chief points against which the French directed their efforts, with the view of crippling Britain, were our Indian settlements—Pondicherry, on the coast of Coromandel, being as yet the only station of any importance which they themselves possessed. It would be entirely out of place here to detail the continued struggle for the ascendancy in the East, which ensued between the rival nations; contending, however, less by open force of arms than secret intrigue with the native rulers, who alternately inclined to the one party or the other, as seemed best for their interests and convenience. Suffice it to say, that, early in 1761, the French were finally expelled by the British arms from all that quarter of India, by the fall of Pondicherry, which surrendered to Colonel Coote. For some years previous to this event, the British establishment at Calcutta had been advancing in prosperity with rapid strides, under the friendly aid of Aliverdi Khan, an Afghan chief of great talent, who had wrested the vice-royalty (or nabobship) of Bengal from its legitimate ruler, a weak and impotent prince. Upon Aliverdi's death, however, he was succeeded by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah (or, as sometimes spelled, Sura-jud-Dowla), a dissolute and tyrannical prince, who, stimulated by the exaggerated reports of the great wealth amassed in the factory, seized the first plausible opportunity for coming to a rupture with the settlers, and commencing hostilities. The pretext laid hold of for putting his designs in

* The Koran, chap. v., verse 4.

execution, was the erection of various fortifications, which were then in progress, for the defence of Calcutta, in case of any attack being made on it by the French, but which Surajah Dowlah chose to construe into preparations against himself. He immediately collected his army, marched against that place, plundering the English factory of Cossimbuzar by the way, and making the governor and members of Council prisoners. The garrison of Calcutta at that time did not muster above 514 men, of whom only 174 were Europeans, totally undisciplined; and attempts were therefore at first made to come to reasonable terms with the Nabob, but the fate of Cossimbuzar dispelled all hopes of a peaceful accommodation. The attack on Calcutta commenced on the 18th June 1756; and, on the same day, the whole of the out-works and external fortifications fell into the hands of the Indians. Though all hope of a successful resistance was now gone, it was agreed in a council of war to hold out till the following night, in order to get time to convey the women and children on board of ship, which was safely accomplished the same night. At day-break next day, the attack was renewed, and while the situation of the besieged became every hour distressing, they had the mortification to see all the English, as well as neutral vessels, then lying in the Hoogley, weigh anchor, and proceed down the river. To complete the wretched dilemma of the troops, Drake, the governor, was seized with a panic, threw himself into the last remaining boat, and left them to their fate! Mr Holwell was chosen to fill his place, who endeavoured to open negotiations for surrender; but the troops, in the confusion, having gained access to the liquor, were soon in a state of complete intoxication, and the enemy learning how matters stood, stepped into the fort without resistance.

Of the harrowing event which took place in the fort on the night succeeding its capture, the following narrative, which originally appeared in a native East India publication, is at once the most correct and striking that has yet been given to the world:—

"At five o'clock, the Nabob entered the fort, accompanied by his general, Meer Jaffier, and most of the principal officers of his army. He immediately proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state, and received the compliments of his court and attendants, in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good fortune. Soon after, he sent for Mr Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the treasury, which did not exceed 50,000 rupees. Mr Holwell had two other conferences with him on this subject before seven o'clock, when the Nabob dismissed him with repeated assurances, on the word of a soldier, that he should suffer no harm.

Mr Holwell, returning to his unfortunate companions, found them assembled and surrounded by a strong guard: several buildings on the north and south sides of the fort were already in flames, which approached with so thick a smoke on either hand, that the prisoners imagined their enemies had caused this conflagration in order to suffocate them between the two fires. On each side of the eastern gate of the fort, extended a range of chambers, adjoining to the curtain, and before the chambers, a veranda, or open gallery: it was of arched masonry, and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but, being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind from the light and air; and whilst some of the guard were looking in other parts of the factory for proper places to confine the prisoners during the night, the rest ordered them to assemble in ranks under the veranda, on the right hand of the gateway, where they remained for some time, with so little suspicion of their impending fate, that they laughed among themselves at the seeming oddity of this disposition, and amused themselves with conjecturing what they should next be ordered to do. About eight o'clock, those who had been sent to examine the rooms reported that they had found none fit for the purpose; on which the principal officer commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them, along the veranda. It was the dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it *The Black Hole*. Many of the prisoners, knowing the place, began to expostulate, upon which the officer ordered his men to cut down those who hesitated—on which the prisoners obeyed; but before all were within, the room was so thronged that the last entered with difficulty: the guard immediately closed the door, and locked it fast, confining 146 persons in a room not 20 feet square, with only two small windows, and those obstructed by the veranda. It was the hottest season of the year, and the night uncommonly sultry, even at this season. The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another, and the intolerable heat which prevailed, as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement, and violent attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect, for it opened inwards, on which many began to give loose to rage. Mr Holwell, who placed himself at one of the windows, exhorted them to remain composed both in body and mind, as the only means of surviving the night, and his remonstrances produced a short interval of quiet, during which he applied to an old *jemautdar*, who bore some marks of humanity about him, promising

to give him a thousand rupees in the morning if he would separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but, returning in a few minutes, said it was impossible; when Mr Holwell offered him a larger sum, on which he retired once more, and returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected, because "*the Nabob was asleep, and no one dared to wake him.*" In the meantime, every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their confinement was a continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the chest, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one stripped off his clothes, every hat was put in motion; and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they all should sit down on their hams at the same time, and, after remaining a little while in this posture, rise altogether. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour, and every time, several, unable to raise themselves up again, fell, and were trampled to death by their companions. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage; but, the thirst increasing, nothing but *water! water!* became soon after the general cry. The good *jemautdar* immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows; but instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction, for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each man battled with the utmost ferocity against those who were likely to get before him; and in these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own. This scene, instead of exciting compassion in the guard without, only awakened their mirth, and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of seeing the deplorable contention of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest the windows to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings, for the fever increased every moment with increasing depravity of the air of the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrifying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal.

Before midnight, all who were alive, and had not partaken of the air of the windows, were either in lethargic stupefaction, or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered, in hope of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries by firing into the dungeon; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with frantic execrations of torment in despair, Heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent prayers, until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length lay down quietly, and expired on the bodies of their dead and agonizing friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made a last effort to obtain air, by endeavouring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows, where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours, either in maintaining his own ground, or endeavouring to get that of which others were in possession. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon some one sunk to rise no more. At two o'clock, not more than fifty remained alive; but even this number was too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which, and life, continued until the moon, long implored, began to break, and, with the hope of relief, gave the survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, seeing that their entreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr Cook, the secretary to the Council, that Mr Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life: but when they brought him near the window, every one refused to quit his place, excepting Captain Mills, who, with rare generosity, offered to resign his, on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recover his senses, before an officer, sent by the Nabob, came, and inquired if the English chief survived; and soon after, the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed for near half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door, before they could clear a passage to get out one by one; when, of one hundred and forty-six who went in, no more than *twenty-three* came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen on the earth. The Nabob's troops beheld them, and the havoc of death from which they had escaped, with perfect indifference, but did not prevent them from removing to a distance; and were immediately obliged, by the intolerable stench, to clear the dungeon, whilst others dug a ditch on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were promiscuously thrown."

STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING.

It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained that in 1662 there were but six, and one of the wise men of those days, John Crossell, of the Charter-House, tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid, if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. But to go back only 90 years. In 1742, the Oxford stage-coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycomb at five in the evening, where it rested for the night, and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here, then, were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles, and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours. Well-born coachmen prevail on the road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground (between London and Brighton) with Mr Stevenson (who had been a Cambridge University graduate); and Mr Charles Jones, brother of Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on the Brighton road, called the Pearl, which he both horses and drives himself. The late Mr Stevenson mentioned above (for he no longer exists) became a coachman by profession; and it is only justice to his memory to admit, that though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits, however, had not been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road; a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were inclined.—*Quarterly Review*.

PASSAGE OF MUSKET BULLETS THROUGH THE HUMAN BODY.

A number of curious cases of the progress of musket balls from the place where they were first lodged, have been observed by military surgeons. We have heard of a very remarkable case, where the musket ball struck the forehead above the nose, and having divided into two halves, one half went round beneath the skin, on the right side, and the other on the left, advancing in contact with the skull. We do not ask our readers to believe the poetical edition of this fact, that the two half bullets met again behind, after having performed the circuit of the head in opposite directions, and, advancing with a slightly diminished force, united, and killed an unfortunate man who stood in their way; but the fact of the splitting of the bullet, and the advance of each half in opposite directions, is unquestionable. The singular progress of a musket bullet from the forehead to the throat has been recorded by Dr Fielding. At the first battle of Newbury, in the time of the civil wars, a medical gentleman was shot near the right eye. The skull was fractured at the place; but though the surgeon could see the pulsation of the brain beneath the wound, yet the bullet had turned to one side, and could not be discovered. Various bones were discharged from the wound, the mouth, and the nostrils. At the time of the second battle of Newbury, the wound healed, and could not be kept open; but about twelve years afterwards, when the doctor was riding in a cold dark night, he felt a pain on the left side of his head, about the "almonds of the ear," which occasioned a partial deafness. Having stopped his ear with wool, he was surprised one day, in March 1670, by a sudden puff or crack in his ear, when all that side of his cheek hung loose, as if it had been paralytic, and a hard knot was felt under the ear. Various tumours now appeared about the throat, and in August 1672, the bullet was taken out of the throat, near the *pomum Adami*.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

The mortality of Great Britain, its cities, and its hospitals, is greatly inferior to that of any other country in Europe; it is also incontestable that "Great Britain is at present the most healthy country with which we are acquainted;" and that it has been gradually tending to that point for the last 50 years. This superior value of life in Great Britain is not confined to any particular districts or classes of individuals. To whatever point we turn our view, the advantage is still the same; the man of affluence, the pauper-patient of the hospital, the sailor and the soldier on active service, the prisoner of war, the inmate of a jail, all enjoy a better tenure of existence from this country than from any other of which we have been able to consult the records. It has been long the fashion, both abroad and at home, to exhaust every variety of reproach on the climate of our country, and particularly on the atmosphere of London; and yet we shall find that the most famed spots in Europe, the places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids, and the fountains of health, are far more fatal to life than even this great metropolis. The annual proportion of deaths at Montpelier was greater 30 years ago, and is greater at present, than in London.—*Dr Hawkins' Elements of Medical Statistics*.

Column for Young People.

You may remember that a long while ago I gave you a very pleasant article on Bees, extracted, specially for your own reading, from a nice little book called "Art in Nature," written by a person named Charles Williams, and published in London by Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis. I am now going to give you another of Mr Williams's papers, and a very capital paper it is for you to read, on the subject of Spiders. I know that many of you think that Spiders are very nasty little insects, because they crawl about the walls, and spin their ugly webs in the corners of the rooms; but you have no idea what funny creatures Spiders are, and what strange things they do; so now I am going to let you know some remarkable circumstances connected with their mode of living, and their pursuits. Here the article begins:—

"It was a September morning, and the aspect of nature was autumnal. The foliage of the trees had begun to change their hue; and, while the orchards yielded their last fruits, which might grace the dessert of a peer, the hedges were filled with their humble produce, and clusters of privet, elder-berries, and buckthorn, vied with one another. These, however, were relieved by the hips, honeysuckles, and viburnum, which put forth their scarlet balls; and the beautiful fruit of the woody nightshade, wild-service, and mountain-ash, delighted the eye, and soothed the spirits depressed by the anticipation of winter.

Of this Mr Elwood felt conscious, when, returning from an early call on a friend, he saw his youngest child Edward—a fine boy of four years old, whose clustering locks, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, made him a model of infant beauty—blowing soap bubbles, with many a clapping of hands, and merry bound, and hearty laugh, as he saw them rise, glitter, and at length burst in the air. Amused at the sight, he gazed for some time; when, calling Emma and Frederick, he told them to watch the process, and that the first balloons ever made were produced in a similar way. This led to many inquiries, and to the remark, that what has been done only of late years, after many efforts, by man, to rise into the air, has been accomplished, from the earliest times, by the gossamer spider.

"O, papa!" said Emma, on hearing this, "I wish you would tell us all about them. Now, I think you will!—and here, dear mamma, let me place your chair next to papa's, and you can remember something;—and I will listen so attentively, and Frederick will—won't you, dear? And then, mamma, and then—I'll play my new rondo as well as ever I can."

Mr E. Happily, my dear, I have leisure to gratify you. Dr Lister noticed the falling of these webs, and in them discovered more than once a spider, which he named the *bird*. On one occasion, whilst he was watching a common spider, it suddenly turned on its back, darted forth a long thread, and, vaulting from the place where it was, was carried upwards to a great height. He further discovered, that, while spiders fly in this manner, they pull in their long thread with their fore-feet, so as to form it into a ball—or, as it may be called, air-balloon—of flake. So high did they ascend, that one day in autumn, when the air was full of webs, he went to the top of the highest steeple of York Minster, from whence he could see the floating webs still far above him. He took some of the spiders that fell and were entangled on the pinnacles. They were of a kind that never enter houses, and, therefore, could not be supposed to have taken their flight from the steeple. Of one insect he observed, he says, "Certainly this is an excellent rope-dancer, and is wonderfully delighted in darting its threads; nor is it only carried in the air like others, but it effects itself its ascent and sailing; for by means of its legs, closely applied to each other, it as it were balances itself, and promotes and directs its course no otherwise than as if nature had furnished it with wings or sails."

F. Has any other person particularly noticed them?

Mr E. Mr White has done so. "Every day in fine weather in autumn," he says, "do I see these spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft; they will go off from the finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour; and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers move faster than the air in the air itself!"

E. Are they often to be seen, papa?

Mr E. Yes, sometimes in great numbers. I will give you Mr White's account of a shower of these webs. On the 21st of September 1741, intent upon field diversions, he rose before day-break; but, on going out, found the whole face of the country covered with a thick coat of cobweb drenched with dew. When his dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded that they were obliged to lie down and scrape themselves. About nine o'clock, a shower of these webs, formed not of single floating threads, but of perfect flakes, some near an inch broad, and five or six long, was observed falling from very high regions, which continued through the whole of the day; and they fell with a velocity which showed that they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere. On ascending the highest parts of the country where this was observed, the webs were still seen falling, and twinkling like stars in the sun. The flakes of the web hung so thick upon the edges and trees, that baskets-full might have been collected. In Germany, these flights of gossamer appear so constantly in autumn, that they are there called 'the flying or departing summer'; and authors speak of the web as often hanging in flakes, like wool, on every hedge and bush, throughout extensive districts.

F. For what are these webs made, papa?

Mr E. As the single threads shot by other spiders are usually their bridges, this, perhaps, may be their object, and thus the spiders may be conveyed from spot to spot with less labour than if they had travelled over the ground. And as Kirby says, also, as they seem so thirsty, may not the drops of dew with which they are always as it were strung, be a secondary object with them? So great are their numbers, that sometimes every stalk of straw in the stubbles, and every clod and stone in the fallows, swarms with them. Dr Strach assures us that twenty or thirty often sit on a single straw, and that he collected about two thousand in half an hour, and could have easily doubled the number had he wished it.

E. But, papa, what makes the spiders go up, up, up, like Mr Green's balloon, which I saw at Stamford, until it looked not larger than an orange, and then went quite out of sight?

Mr E. It is probable that they do so in pursuit of food, for the rejected parts of gnats and flies are often found in the falling webs. Perhaps the flight of some particular species, forming a favourite food of the little aeronauts, may take place at these times. No

doubt, however, that the end is worthy such extraordinary means. And I wish you particularly to observe, when you see this spider's thread floating in the air, and stretching from hedge to hedge across a road or brook of four or five yards wide, that this little creature has no wings wherewith to fly, nor muscles to enable it to spring or dart to so great a distance; and hence its Creator has laid for it this path in the atmosphere. Though the insect itself be heavier than air, the thread which it spins is lighter. This, then, is its balloon. Left to itself, the spider would drop to the ground; but, being tied to its thread, both are supported! This also mounts, and buoys up the insect itself, as the tail of a kite does the body. Some of them, it seems, not only bestride their film, but roll it up in a mass, and then sail in a balloon.

Mrs E. My love, the web of the gossamer spider finely illustrates Paley's doctrine of compensation. It supplies the place of wings; and the defects of one part or of one organ are often made up for by the structure of another part or of another organ. Let us try to recollect some instances. I remember, he says, that the common parrot has, in the structure of its beak, both an inconvenience and a compensation for it. By an inconvenience, he means what appears when the peculiar structure of an organ which fits it for one purpose unfits it for another. Thus the upper bill of the parrot is so much hooked, and so much overlaps the lower, that, if, as in other birds, the lower part alone had motion, the bird could scarcely gape wide enough to receive its food; yet this hook and overlapping of the bill could not be spared, for by it the bird climbs: to say nothing of its use in breaking nuts and the hard substances on which it feeds. How, therefore, is the difficulty prevented? By making both parts of the jaw moveable. In most birds, the upper chap is connected, and makes but one piece with the skull; but, in the parrot, the upper chap is joined to the bone of the head by a strong membrane placed on each side of it, which lifts and depresses it at pleasure.

E. That's a delightful story, mamma; perhaps, while you are thinking of another, papa will tell us what he remembers.

Mr E. Birds have no teeth—I mean such as common fowls, pigeons, ducks, geese, &c. What have they, then, to make up for this want? A most powerful muscle called a gizzard, the inner coat of which has rough plaits, which, by strong friction against one another, break and grind the hard food as effectually, and by the same sort of action, as a coffee-mill would do. Without this, it is proved that a chicken would starve upon a heap of corn! This contrivance goes no farther than the necessity. The food of birds of prey does not require to be ground in a mill, and in them a gizzard is not found. I almost forget what he says about the bat.

Mrs E. I remember it perfectly. At the angle of the bat's wing there is a bent claw, exactly in the form of a hook, by which the creature attaches itself to the sides of rocks, caves, and buildings, laying hold of crevices, joinings, chinks, and roughnesses. It hooks itself by this claw, remains suspended by this hold, and takes its flight from this position; which compensates for the shortness of its legs and feet. Without its hook, the bat would be the most helpless of all animals. It can neither run upon its feet, nor raise itself from the ground. But all this is made up for by the contrivance on the wing; and, in placing a claw on that part, the Creator has deviated from what is observable in winged animals. "A singular defect," says Paley, "required a singular substitute."

F. Cannot you give us one more such fact, papa?

Mr E. Yes, my dear, but that one must suffice. The short, unbending neck of the elephant is made up for by the length and flexibility of his proboscis or trunk. He could not reach the ground without it; or, if he could have fed on the fruit, leaves, or branches of trees, how was he to drink? Should it be asked, why is the elephant's neck so short? it may be answered, that the weight of a head so heavy could not have been supported at the end of a longer lever. And then the proboscis itself is most curious. The disposition of the rings and fibres—first, to form a long pipe; secondly, to contract and shorten it; and, thirdly, to turn it in every direction at pleasure: with, moreover, a fleshy production at the end, of about the length and thickness of a finger, and performing the office of one, so as to pick up a needle or a straw—exhibits an instrument truly amazing.

E. Wonderful—wonderful—wonderful, papa!

Mr E. Yes, my love,

"Wonderful, indeed, are all His works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance, always with delight."

EFFECT OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM ON THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

When Lord Sunderland was at the Hague, he contracted a particular intimacy with Mr Cunningham [author of the History of Great Britain], as they were both remarkable chess-players. Whenever his Lordship was at leisure, he either drove to Cunningham's lodgings, which were at some distance, or sent his carriage for him. After playing for a course of time, Lord Sunderland discovered that he who was jolted in the carriage before they sat down, was always sure to lose every game; for which reason he gave over going to Cunningham's, but always sent for him, and always beat him, to his no small astonishment, as he was conscious that he understood the game as well as his adversary. At last, when he was very much out of humour, Lord Sunderland told him the trick, and Cunningham insisted that they should drive to one another's lodgings alternately, which confirmed his Lordship's observation, and restored Cunningham to his former level; for, from that time, they won and lost alternately. This fact, which appears not at all incredible, for the streets of the Hague were not, in the last century, so smooth as those of London are at present, proves how nicely the capacities of Sunderland and Cunningham were balanced against each other: but it is more curious and interesting on another account—it shows the intimate connection between our corporeal frame and the faculty of thinking.—*Thomson's Introduction to his Translation of Cunningham's History of Great Britain.*

CALDERWOOD CASTLE.

THE fall of this castle, which took place about sixty years ago, was attended with circumstances of so romantic a nature, that we think them deserving of record.

There was a Dr Baillie, a clergyman, father to the late Sir Matthew Baillie, physician in London, and who had been tutor to the *then* Sir William Maxwell* and his two brothers, one of whom was father to the present General Sir William Maxwell, who had a villa in that neighbourhood, and was, consequently, a frequent visitor at the castle. One day, when at dinner with his wife, he said he had all forenoon felt an anxiety about Calderwood, as if some of the family were ill. Mrs Baillie said there seemed no cause for such a supposition, and the conversation ended. At tea in the evening, Dr Baillie said, "You know, Mrs Baillie, that I am far from being superstitious; but it is strongly impressed upon my mind that some of that family is seriously ill." Mrs Baillie replied, that had that been the case, he might be sure they would have been informed of the circumstance; besides, he was down there four or five days before, when they were all in perfect health. At their supper, Dr Baillie again said, "It does not signify, Mrs Baillie; but I have taken an anxiety about that family that I can neither account for nor control, and I am certain some individual there is most seriously ill." Mrs Baillie desired him to order his horse to the door, and put his nightcap into his pocket, and ride down to the castle, though the family would be much surprised at a visit at so late an hour. Dr Baillie arrived about eleven o'clock, when the family were just going to bed. His first question was, "Is the family all well?" Lady Maxwell said, they were all well, thank God, and was glad to see the doctor, and ordered a bed-room to be prepared for him. He then explained the cause of so untimely a visit, and requested Sir William that he would order a servant, with a couple of candles, to go with him into the castle, while his bed-room was preparing, as he wished to examine the east wall, where he perceived a slight rent when he was last there, and was desirous to see if any alteration had since taken place. It may be proper to say, that all the house servants, and several of the farm servants, slept in the castle, and most of these had gone to bed. In about a quarter of an hour, Dr Baillie returned, and said he was certain the castle was going to fall, as the rent he had formerly noticed was considerably enlarged. The servants were all ordered to get out of bed, and to join the family, who resided in a more modern building, attached to the castle. At the top of the castle was a square tower, in which were deposited the archives and records of the family. These Sir William had conveyed away. The family then determined to sit up all night, and see the result; when, at half-past nine in the morning, the whole of the east side of the castle went over with a tremendous crash! There was a range of stables below the castle, full of horses; but these were saved by the stables being arched, and were dug out of the ruins two days afterwards. Thus, if it had not been for a providential interposition of Dr Baillie, nine or ten persons would have been crushed to death.

* The narrative which follows we have had the honour of receiving from a descendant of the family.

THE TURNBULLS AND RUTHERFORDS.

It is related that Sir Andrew Turnbull of Bedrule, upon Rule Water, in Roxburghshire, was so notorious a thief, that the principal gentlemen of the clans of Hume and Kerr refused to sign a bond of alliance, to which he, with the Turnbulls and Rutherfords, was a party, alleging that their proposed allies had stolen Hume of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of Morton, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate, and a curious one it is, may be seen at length in *Godscroft*, vol. i. p. 221. The Rutherfords became more lawless after having been deprived of the countenance of the court, for slaying the nephew of Forman, archbishop of St Andrew's, who had attempted to carry off the heiress of Rutherford. This lady was afterwards married to James Stewart of Traquair, son to James Earl of Buchan, according to a papal bull, dated 9th November 1504. By this lady a great estate in Teviotdale fell to the family of Traquair, which was sold by James Earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer of Scotland, in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties to which he was reduced by his loyal exertions in favour of Charles the First.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM OBE, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 61.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

UMBRELLAS.

THERE is one piece of property, which is nobody's property, or every body's property, or is not property at all—and that is, *Umbrellas*. "Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands," was not more truly said of the circulating medium, than it might be said of this curious branch of the floating capital of the nation, which fructifies in the hands of no one, but is continually going or flying about in the hands of this person and that person, and is always getting worse and worse. Umbrellas, I must confess, are to me a puzzle. Some people, certainly, do buy them new, for there are shops in every considerable town of the realm, where they are sold. But I wonder what kind of people they can be who do so; for one might just as well buy two cube acres of the wind, in the hope of handing them down as a patrimony to one's descendants. Alas! for the instability of all earthly things, and umbrellas in particular! Who can say that he ever actually owned an umbrella? Umbrellas are things of no power of adherence to man. They make unto themselves wings, and fly away. Just suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have been so far left to yourself, one day, as, in a fit of love for your race, to buy an umbrella. Suppose, further, that from a fondness for the article, and an experience of the volatility of this species of so-called property, you have taken it to an engraver, and watched over him till he painfully carved your name upon it, by way of fixing down its affections to you for ever. Vain endeavour! The treacherous and ungrateful fabric of silk and whalebone will walk by your side for a little while, fending you lovingly from showers and snowdrifts; but soon, alas! too soon—three weeks after marriage—you look about you, and where is it?—why, cloped right slick away with another love—a new acquaintance, fairly deserted you with your three children, and commenced a career of vagrancy over the world, which will only terminate with its being blown to shivers some day by the vengeful blast of heaven, as its last proprietor turns the corner of one of the windiest streets in the town.

Somebody once made an amusing book by imagining the adventures of a guinea, and describing the characters and fates of a number of individuals into whose hands the coin was supposed to have successively fallen. But the adventures of an umbrella would obviously be a far more richly varied and piquant composition. A friend, say, has been one day overtaken by a determined rain, while visiting you: the time has arrived when he *must go*—for he has a particular appointment—and when you, moreover, are excessively anxious that he *should go*, for you are just about to sit down to dinner, and have heard enough of your wife's intentions that forenoon, to know that a new eater, in addition to the usual number, is not desirable, either for his own sake, or theirs. Well, what can you do? Your friend manfully proposes to brave the storm, saying, as he looks out and buttons up his coat, that it is a mere skiff, and is just going off—though, for your part, you never saw a more perfect *even-down pour*, as they say in Scotland, in your life. Why, you *must* offer your umbrella. Flesh and blood will not have it otherwise. All the humanities—all commandments, human and divine, order it so. One last glance, then, at the dear object—bought at White's one little month ago—fondled and rejoiced in since, beyond all common sentiment—and away it goes, never to be seen more, leaving you with the bitter consciousness that you have been accessory, with your eyes open, to the abduction of the

very object which, next to your wife, you chiefly held dear on earth.

This is the first move in the maze of confusion. Your umbrella, faithfully promised to be returned that night, does not re-appear, as, indeed, you never expected that it would, for it is not in the nature of man to return an umbrella, and there's an end on't. So, as the rain is worse than ever, and your wife will not hear of your going out "with such a cold hanging about you," without a defence against the weather, you yourself are obliged to become an abductor of other men's umbrellas in your turn, and borrow one from a neighbour. Thus, with the dismal sense upon your mind that one crime leads to another, and that you are robbing another of that which not enriches you (for of course by this time it is neither the late owner's, nor can you calculate upon it being long your own), you take off your weary way through the rain—mentally comparing, at the same time, the cottony vulgarity of the present article with the well-chosen and smart-looking convenience which yesterday was generally but erroneously supposed by mankind to be yours. The rain ceases while you are waiting in some house or shop, and you depart without your umbrella—that is to say, without the umbrella you lately carried, for to use any of the possessive pronouns respecting this fugitive article is evidently an absurdity in terms. When you get home to dinner, and recollect the loss, you send to make inquiries, but learn that the missing article was lent to somebody who called soon after you left the place, and is by this time, in all probability, through as many hands as the body of the hunchback in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The labyrinthine winding through which umbrellas sometimes travel is really astonishing. Reader, had you ever one, which you had once been in the ridiculous habit of calling your own, lent to you on a great emergency, by a friend, who, on inquiry, was found to have come by it, no doubt, honestly, but from a place or person the last in the world you would have expected it to have found its way to? Such things have been, and they are but a sample of the common wonders that enter into the fates of umbrellas. It is a sad thing to have the very umbrella which you have been *cultivating*—the umbrella that has been carried near your heart, under your arm, for weeks—the love of your bosom, in short—ravished away from you, and sent a-spinning through the world, here and there, in a thousand directions;—but well is it with you when the case is no worse. Hard as that is, there is something harder and more heart-rending still, in your once more overtaking your umbrella in its last days, and being shocked by the ravages which time, and handling, and perhaps the mender, have wrought upon the once delicate constitution of your early flame. There is a misery—there is a true agony of agonies. What struggles have you then to endure between old attachment—a sentiment that will not be suppressed—and the natural loathing you cannot at the same time help feeling for the tawdry and squalid aspect of the object, with the sense you have of the wretched hands through which it must have come, since it was, as you thought, *yours*! If any one entertains a real hatred for a man, he could wish him few worse wishes than that he might buy and cultivate an umbrella, and then, after long years, fall in with it again, when it had been fully drabbed, and drugged, and dragged through a thousand turns of good and evil fortune.

A great deal of the vagrancy of umbrellas is owing to their being so frequently exchanged at public places by what is called mistake; that is to say, a gentle-

man takes some other person's umbrella out of the *trap*, as it is too pertinently termed, instead of his own, which he leaves behind. There is one most notable phenomenon attending these mistakes, namely, that no one ever mistakes a *worse* umbrella for his own. People, in these cases, seem to act unconsciously and instinctively upon the great commercial maxim, that it is needless to make a barter without some advantage. Let you get your umbrella twice exchanged in this manner, and you will find yourself to have sunk from an affair of five and twenty shillings, down to a blue, brass-ringed dowdy, which, ten years ago, cost three and sixpence. Three removes, indeed, are as bad as a fire in this case. The worst thing about such an exchange, effected against your will, is the having to protect yourself homewards through the rain with such a wretched rag as generally falls into your hands. In fact, the whole phenomenon affords a lively illustration of the natural succession of an age of inferior metal to that which went before it: you begin with gold, and you end with brass.

Mankind are divided into two great classes in reference to umbrellas—one which buys umbrellas, and one which does not. There is no difference between the two as to the amount of their wealth in umbrellas: you are just as sure to find an umbrella in the lobby of the one as in the lobby of the other. It is impossible, however, to deny, that the man who actually buys an umbrella is a man of a most patriotic and benevolent disposition—one who suffers in the behalf of mankind at large, and is therefore entitled to the thanks of his fellow-creatures. The *sic vos non vobis* is most truly applicable in their case; even the unfortunate generation of bees is hardly more disinterested. I would therefore propose, that, whenever a man dies, who, it can be ascertained, has spent any part of his fortune in this manner, his survivors ought at the very least to testify their gratitude by erecting a mausoleum, with a top in the shape of an umbrella, over his grave; by which peculiarity the emblem would be conspicuously distinguished from all other monuments, so that in walking through a churchyard, posterity might know when a mere poet or philosopher was referred to, and when the great inhabitant below was one who had (Oh thrice greater fame!) signalized himself by purchasing an umbrella.

LONDON THOROUGHFARES.

LONDON again.—The next thing which astonishes the provincial in his perambulations through the metropolis, is the extraordinary thoroughfare of vehicles on the streets, which is certainly fully as remarkable as the number of foot passengers. It is of no use for him to count them as they pass. There they go, of all descriptions and sizes—waggons, cars, carts, chaises, coaches, cabs, omnibuses, and drays; all tugging, struggling, and striving, as if the whole world were in motion. "Such a many," as a Cockney expresses himself, never could have been conjectured to be in existence. In other towns you may see two or three—or perhaps a dozen—vehicles on a line of street at a time, and that is reckoned pretty well—the sign of a "bustle," probably. But here you are overwhelmed in the *mêlée*. Conceive a line of street, three miles in length, thickly packed with the above variety of vehicles, one behind another, in two rows, the one proceeding the one way, and the other the other, and that from morning till night—no intermission. Sometimes it is no easy matter for a foot passenger to get as much empty space as will allow him to cross; and when he does so, he takes good care to calculate the exact time

he will take to make the passage, lest he be ridden down. Yet few accidents occur on the streets of London; for the inhabitants are very expert in crossing, and do not allow themselves to be discomposed by the racket which is almost incessantly going on.

The system of carriage in London has a fine air of barbarous romance about it. For most kinds of heavy goods, particularly coal, huge cumbersome waggons on four broad wheels are used. These are drawn by four, or five, or, as frequently, six horses, yoked in pairs, and all heavy sluggish animals, which move along at a slow dignified pace, as if conscious of performing in some great and glorious pageant. These solemn and sombre-coloured animals are excellent feeders, and go through a great deal of work in that way. As for the service they perform in return, it may be estimated that a couple of Scotch horses and carts would execute fully as much labour; but then a single horse in a light two-wheeled cart has no show—no waggoner would descend so far as to drive it; it would not embody the splendid idea of a team; and so, it is worthy of all contempt. Nothing like the good old clumsy machinery of our Saxon ancestors. Great improvements have been lately effected in London in the transport of passengers. The old hackney coaches and their horses are dying out, being evidently pushed out of existence by quite a novel kind of conveyances. Cabs and omnibuses are now nearly all in all with most people, though, for our part, we still like to encourage a hack, which, being usually the cast-off equipage of some nobleman, is not only of superior construction and convenience, but serves to furnish matter for moralizing on the frolics of fortune, and the vicissitudes that may take place even in the existence of coaches. The cabs, which came first in upon the line of business of the hacks, are neither more nor less than one-horse gigs on two wheels, with a flexible covering for bad weather. The driver sits on a little seat on the outside, above the wheel. The word *cab* is a contraction of *cabriolet*, that being too long and much too expensive a word for a Londoner to use, seeing that time is so valuable in the metropolis. These cabs go helter-skelter in all directions; driving like furies through thick and thin; darting out of the line of march when they find an opening; splitting a hair on the axles of the waggons; and delivering their fare at every given point within the bills of mortality, at a moderate price. Omnibuses are an entirely different species of conveyance. They are got up on principles of the purest modern expediency, and are therefore very characteristic of the age. An omnibus—we wonder the word is not already subjected to contraction—is a long wooden box, on springs and four wheels, having a long seat on each side within. The door is behind, with hanging steps always ready for entrance; while the driver sits in front, and the door-opener stands behind. Two horses draw this vehicle, which can contain twelve or fourteen persons. Omnibuses act as stage-coaches from one part of the town to another. At present, they will convey you three miles, or any lesser distance, for sixpence; but they are continually stopping to let passengers in and out, wherefore, though to many very convenient, they are much less rapid than hacks or cabs, and are by no means the most agreeable conveyances to men unreasonably fastidious. The omnibuses seem all to radiate from “the Bank”—that is, the Bank of England, which is situated in the heart of the city—and are obviously the result of the extension of the town, which cannot now be conveniently traversed on foot. They therefore help to thin the crowds of passengers on the pavements, and facilitate business; but it is alleged they are doing much harm to the respectable and ancient trade of the mendicant, which is now hardly worth the pursuing, and that they have considerably diminished the revenue of the sweepers of the crossings. An appeal to the legislature is talked of, and possibly Mr Cobbett may take up the question.

As you walk along any of the great thoroughfares of London, you continually ask yourself, Do the people here know any thing of each other? do they care for one another when sick? is there such a thing as private friendship amongst them? or are they all, all so ardent and so much occupied in the pursuit of money, that they shut out the whole human race from their sympathies, and live and die only for themselves? Such inquiries will force themselves on the mind of the stranger, whose feelings are of a warm and unsophisticated character. But your real Londoner would not comprehend such a species of sentiment. He would consider it all stuff. London is not what it

appears. Its population is not an inextricable mass, in which there is no regular bond of affection. It is composed of an endless series of circles of friendship and acquaintance, proceeding from Whitechapel on the east, to St James's on the west. The people of London are not one people any more than their city is one town. Every street and its precincts form a little world, and every neighbourhood is known to itself. The inhabitants of the Minories do not very closely resemble those within the atmosphere of “the Parks;” perhaps on jubilee occasions the former may penetrate as far westward; and there have been instances of “west-enders” going on a tour of discovery into the strange countries within the precincts of Wapping; but in general each district contents itself with looking after its own affairs, and trusting to the newspapers for accounts of the “rare doings” in distant quarters of the capital.

There are many good-natured souls in the country who are in the habit of imagining, that, when any great political movement is taking place at the seat of government, all London, as a matter of course, is on the alert—that the people are standing in clusters on the streets, shaking their heads most significantly at each other—that, in the language of the newspapers, “business is at a stand”—in short, that every thing betokens a regular break-up in the state. Now, all such suppositions are unjustified by fact. Except on rare occasions, every thing just goes on as usual. It should always be borne in mind, that, what with attending to business, and attending to the process of eating and drinking, the people have no time to spare for “all that kind of thing.” And what a glorious characteristic of John Bull is this! What a security it is against all rebellion, conspiracy, and revolution, that the Englishman *must have his dinner*, and that dinner, too, in all its plenitude of material, and time for consumption! There is nothing to compare with it in the system of any other nation; and, alas! how insecure, therefore, are their different governments! When any thing unusual takes place at Paris, the volatile Parisian puts three raisins into his pocket, shoulders his musket, and fights for three days, without ever thinking for another moment about the comfort of his inner man. But this is out of the question with the Londoner. He must regularly go to shop at nine in the morning, and as regularly to dinner at a certain hour in the afternoon; and no revolution in the government could derange him so much as a revolution in these particulars of his own steady life. Perhaps, if a great state change could be effected between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, it *might* be done. But if once a dinner hour intervened—why, the whole scheme would be broken up; every man would go away to his roast beef or boiled mutton; and the enemies of our liberties would, before tea-time, have us all once more snugly under thralldom, beyond the possibility of even a new attempt at emancipation.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE EMPIRE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, TO THE TAKING OF THAT CITY BY THE TURKS.

WHEN Constantine, as has been already noticed, removed the seat of government from Rome to his new city of Constantinople, his sway extended from Britain to the river Euphrates, and from the Danube to the deserts of Africa. These dominions, however, hung very loosely together; for, as different parts of the army had at various times raised their own commanders to the empire, there was no successful or favourite general who might not aspire rather to be independent in his own province, or to usurp the supreme dominions. This caused frequent rebellions in the provinces. Constantine himself, however, after defeating several other candidates, reigned undisturbed for twenty-five years, and, during the leisure of a powerful reign, introduced a more regular system of general government, which tended to strengthen the dependence of the numerous provinces upon the sovereign. He was the first of the Roman emperors who adopted the Christian religion, and who directly favoured its disciples; but he allowed the heathens, who were still by far the most numerous people, the full exercise of their various modes of worship. His three sons divided the empire among them in equal portions (A. D. 336); but by the death or assassination of the other two, the whole soon fell into the hands of Constantius, who adopted as his colleague and successor his relation Julian, a young man of fantastic character, but of considerable talents. Julian succeeded to the sovereignty in 360; and having imbibed at Athens, where he resided some time, an admiration for the old Grecian philosophers (who had professed the heathen religion as that of their country, though they were aware of its follies), he imagined that he could not be a philosopher except he were also

a heathen; so that he abjured Christianity, and made himself ridiculous by performing immense sacrifices of cattle to the heathen gods. He was a capricious and whimsical prince, but not unjust, or unsuccessful in war. He maintained the empire in its full extent, and was killed in a successful invasion of Persia. He was succeeded, after the fall of several candidates, by Valentinian, whose father had been a soldier from the Danube. This emperor took for colleague his brother Valens, to whom he assigned Constantinople, and the government of the East. The reign of Valens was signalized by the irruption into Europe of an enemy till then unknown to the Romans; these were the *Huns*, a confederation of Tartar tribes, some of whom had attained the ascendancy and control over the rest, and led them on to invade the nations of Europe. Their numbers and ferocity lead the ancient writers to describe them in terms of consternation, which to moderns, who are no strangers to Calmucks, Cossacks, Tartars, and other savages from that quarter, appear sufficiently ludicrous. They never lived in houses, slept under trees, ate raw flesh, and were altogether superior in war even to the Goths, who were now in alliance with the Romans, and had begun to relish the comforts of a settled life. They were, therefore, driven away before the Huns, and were forced, in search of a home, to invade the Roman territory. Here they were opposed by the Emperor Valens, but they defeated his army, and made his own life a sacrifice. He was succeeded by his nephew Gratian, who chose for his colleague Theodosius, a general of talents and celebrity. This emperor restored the confidence of his own army, and broke the power of the Goths, by his skill and caution, and was the first of the emperors who practised the mode of dividing the barbarians against one another, by giving money to such of their tribes as he imagined would make useful auxiliaries. This system, which the wealth of the emperors (from their possession of all the maritime and trading cities) enabled them long to use against their poorer enemies, often saved the empire at the expense of its dignity; for though the money was given at first as a gratuity, it was sometimes demanded in times of weakness as a tribute. This Theodosius (commonly called the Great) was the first who made Christianity the established religion of the empire (390). He procured a senatorial edict in favour of the Christians, sanctioned the destruction of the heathen temples, and forbade the performance of sacrifices either in public or private. The empire under this prince still preserved its original extent, but he divided it between his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius (394), and its parts were never afterwards reunited.

From the death of Theodosius the Second (449) to the reign of Justinian (527), the Eastern Empire continued without any considerable alteration, though there were many changes and intrigues in the court and army. The reign of the latter prince is memorable on several accounts; it was under his auspices that a knowledge of the silk manufacture was first brought to Europe, where it gave employment to much ingenious industry (900). Justinian also caused certain eminent lawyers to prepare a code of laws, and an abridgement of law decisions, &c., called the *Pandects*, which were used by all his successors, and have been adopted as the basis of their laws by several countries of Europe. The talents and virtues of his general, Belisarius, regained to the empire Africa, and great part of Italy, from the Vandals and Ostrogoths; this conquest, however, only prevented the latter region from being united under one government, and has been the cause of its remaining a feeble and divided country ever since. In the reign of Tiberius, shortly after (580), the people of Rome, though they entreated with great earnestness the aid and pity of the emperor, who now claimed to rule over them, were unable to obtain any relief, and remained distracted between their attachment to the ancient head of the empire, and the claims of his enemies who occupied the rest of Italy.

The next emperor who merits attention is Heraclius (610), a native of Africa. The Eastern Empire had till now preserved its ancient boundaries in their full extent, and was mistress of Carthage, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, besides Greece, and the countries on the Danube. The Roman armies on the eastern frontier had, however, been lately driven in by Chosroes, King of Persia, who now occupied all the north of Africa and Syria. This was the first great violation of their territory sustained by the emperors of Constantinople: and Heraclius avenged it with a celerity and effect which made the Persians tremble. He pursued Chosroes into his own territory, and forced him to hide himself one night in a wigwam, where he was obliged to creep into the door on his hands and feet. It is said that the government of the Persians was disagreeable to the provinces, which (though often oppressively taxed) had always been accustomed, under the Romans, to a regular form of laws, and that, therefore, they returned with willingness under the power of Heraclius (628). His triumph, however, was short, for the latter part of his reign was disturbed by the rise and victories of Mahomet. The successors of this signal impostor, after breaking the power of Persia (already weakened by the victories of Heraclius), immediately attacked the Roman empire; then defeated its armies in two battles, occupied all Syria, and obliged the emperor (now an old man) to retire to Constantinople. He died in 641.

The continued victories of the followers of Mahomet

met (called Arabs or Saracens) soon deprived the empire of Egypt, Africa, and Syria; and in 668 they followed up their success by attacking Constantinople itself. The city sustained two sieges, in the first of which the Saracens were encamped in its neighbourhood, and carried on the operations of a siege at intervals, for seven years; and in the second, for nearly two. In both they were repulsed, partly by the strength of the fortifications, but more effectually by means of what has been called the *Greek fire*. This was a composition of sulphur, pitch, and rock-oil, which, whenever it was kindled, burnt without quenching, even in water: it was darted upon the besiegers and their works, by arrows wrapped in tow, and dipped in the liquid, or was discharged upon them in torrents from some kind of tubes. In both sieges the Saracens wasted immense resources ineffectually.

The empire had now lost all its provinces eastward of Mount Taurus, and the cities of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch, were in the hands of the Mahomedans. There was little further change in its condition till the year 867, under the Emperor Basil, who gave new vigour both to the internal administration and to the military resources of the government. This prince, and his immediate predecessor Zimisces, made the Roman arms—for they still wished to be called Romans—respected on the Euphrates and Tigris, and asserted the ancient warlike reputation and boundaries of the empire. They were now, however, deprived of the resources they had enjoyed in the secure possession of the great commercial cities of the Mediterranean—Alexandria, Carthage, Cæsarea, &c.; and the trade and revenues of those which remained were crippled and diminished from the want of that free general intercourse which had existed when they were all under one government. Hence the armies were maintained with greater difficulty, and any victories that were gained could not be followed up with effect. The early enemies of the empire—the Goths, Vandals, and Huns—had now settled into civilized communities, and were no longer formidable. The foes with whom it contended latterly were the Bulgarians and Seljukian Turks; the former of whom were rather troublesome than dangerous, but the latter, who had succeeded the Saracens in the dominion of Asia, aimed at nothing short of the destruction of the Roman name. They succeeded at last, by defeating and taking prisoner the Emperor Romanus Diogenes, in tearing away almost the whole province of Asia Minor (1099); and the emperors were now confined to their dominions in Europe, which, however, still formed a monarchy not much smaller than France or Spain.

The manners of the court of Constantinople during much of this period were dissolute and corrupt. We are told of one emperor who ordered a plate of human noses to be brought to his table; another was accustomed to seize the deputies of cities whose tribute was in arrear, and suspend them with their heads downwards over a slow fire; a third got up farces in mockery of the ceremonies of religion; and, in general, the appointment of officers, and even the succession to the empire (where it was not seized by some successful general) was in the hands of the women and eunuchs of the palace. The cities and provinces generally acquiesced as to the choice of an emperor, in the decision of the capital or army; this circumstance shows that the laws were attended to, and that there was a regular system of government, which was not much disturbed by the personal character of the reigning prince. The countries of Greece, however, which had formerly been the seat of knowledge and the arts, were now sunk in ignorance; and the little learning that was cultivated in the capital was only scholastic divinity, or the pedantry of law and grammar. There is no scholar or philosopher of the empire of Constantinople who is generally known to posterity; and those who have written its annals in modern times, complain that its contemporary historians are partial, full of prolixity on unimportant matters, and barren of useful information.

A great change took place in the relations of the empire after the eleventh century. It was still pressed by the Turks on the east, who now occupied Asia Minor, and were only separated from Constantinople by the Hellespont; while, in Europe, its territories were disturbed by the incursions of certain Norman adventurers who had settled in Sicily; against these enemies the emperor Claudius Comnenus, an active prince, and full of resources, made all the resistance which his diminished revenues allowed, and applied to the Christian sovereigns of Europe to aid him in expelling the Mahomedans from the territories of the empire, but above all, to drive out the Turks from the land of Judea, which they occupied and profaned, and where they harassed the Christian pilgrims who desired to visit the scenes of Scripture history. This appeal of the emperor was received in Europe at a time when men's minds had been already stirred by vivid representations of the cruelties of the Mahomedans in the Holy Land; and the consequence was, that many of the princes and chiefs of Christendom, with vast multitudes of their people, resolved to combine in an endeavour to assist the emperor, and free Judea from the infidels. This expedition took place in 1099, and is known as the *first crusade*, or expedition of the cross. It is reckoned that 300,000 men arrived at Constantinople, besides multitudes who died on the road; and the emperor was alarmed at the fierce army of strangers pouring into his dominions, over whom or their chiefs he had no con-

trol. He hurried their passage over the Bosphorus into Asia as quickly as possible, so that the commanders were hardly pleased with their reception, and repaid the distrust of the emperor with insolence and dislike. They were victorious, however, after many calamities, over the Mahomedans, and gained possession of Jerusalem, leaving to the emperor their conquests in Asia Minor, which, from the vast numbers destroyed in the crusade, they had no means of retaining in their own hands (1118).

There were six other expeditions of a similar kind, though of less magnitude than the first: the last was in the year 1248, and during the whole of the intervening period, Constantinople became a great thoroughfare for the passage of the Christian princes, and of their followers, to the east. The commerce, which originated partly in the wants of these military pilgrims, and partly in the ancient wealth of that celebrated capital, induced great numbers of the merchants and people of the west to settle there. The original jealousy between these strangers and the rulers of Constantinople still subsisted, and was now embittered by certain religious disputes between the Latin (or western) and Greek churches. This source of disquiet was heightened by dissensions among the members of the reigning family, in which the western or Latin strangers (consisting chiefly of French and Italians) interfered: they at last took such a decided part as to lay siege to Constantinople, and to place the candidate (Alexius Angelus), whom they favoured, upon the throne (1203). The Greeks, however, refused to submit to the indignity of seeing their empire given away by foreigners (whom they still called barbarians), and, rising in tumultuary rage upon the insolent Latins, they drove them from the capital. These enemies, however, immediately returned, formed the siege a second time, and, being again successful, they plundered the imperial city without mercy, and destroyed with fierce havoc those splendid monuments of art or expense which form the ornaments of an ancient capital (1204). They proclaimed Baldwin, count of Flanders, emperor, but gave him only a fourth part of the dominions of the empire, the French and Italian chiefs dividing the rest among themselves. There were five emperors of the Latin race, who enjoyed a troubled possession of Constantinople for about 60 years.

The Greek sovereignty was in the meantime established at Nice, in Asia Minor, where it attained considerable power as a minor state; while the feudal tyranny of the military adventurers who reigned in Constantinople, made their yoke intolerable to the people. The Greek rulers, therefore, who brought back with them the old laws of the empire, were soon able to re-establish themselves in their capital (1261), and to regain a considerable portion of their dominions in Macedonia, Greece, and the Islands. The Turks under Othman and his successors, who had gained the ascendancy in Asia Minor, were their chief enemies after this re-establishment; and as that people gradually rose to power, the emperors were obliged to seek the alliance of other nations to counterbalance their hostility. By a policy of this kind, they at one time had the assistance of the Moguls (under Timour); and at others, leaned for support on the Pope, and the western nations of Europe; and the empire thus subsisted as a secondary state, and without vigour, for about two centuries after the expulsion of the Latins. It had now no influence on other nations, and was altogether changed and shrunken from the character of that power which had first given celebrity to Constantinople.

The Turks, who were settled at Bursa, in Asia Minor, were continually making encroachments on its territory, and had long possessed themselves of Adrianople, in Europe. The capital of the empire, therefore, lay between two of the chief strongholds of its enemies, and was exposed at every opportunity to their hostilities. Had the government of the petty emperors (as they must now be called) not been supported by the attachment of their subjects, and by considerable policy, they could not have existed many years in this situation, especially as there was often much intrigue and dissension in Constantinople itself. It was not till the year 1453 that the city was at last taken, after a severe siege by the Turks under Mahomet the Second; and the pageant of the Roman empire in the east was then finally dissolved. The victors succeeded immediately to those portions of the empire which had remained attached to the capital; and, after some years, wrested also from the Venetians and Genoese those territories which had been detached at the time of the Latin usurpation.

Thus, at the middle of the fifteenth century, the last vestige of the Roman power was destroyed, the Lower empire, or that of Constantinople, having survived, in however impaired a condition, about a thousand years after Rome had been intruded upon by the barbarians, or until 2185 years from the foundation of the Roman monarchy. It is somewhat remarkable that the fate of Rome and Constantinople was strictly analogous. Rome became the seat of a bishop, who, under the appellation of the Pope, acquired a sway over the greater part of the Christian world; while Constantinople was constituted the place of residence of a Turkish sultan, who claimed a descent from Mahomet, and, as a spiritual chief, wielded an equally influential authority over the whole of the Mahomedan nations in the east. The power of both these successors of the emperors remains till the present day,

but sadly mutilated and contemned, and the present aspect of affairs seems to betoken its speedy and final dissolution.

A TALE OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

NATURE has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet how often is this appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and, unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite; may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, exercises merely a negative upon the most important event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age, with almost equal advantage; but women must improve the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

William Arbuthnot was born in a remote county of Scotland, where his father rented a few acres of land, which his own industry had reclaimed from the greatest wildness to a state of considerable fertility. Having given, even in his first attempts at learning, those indications of a retentive memory, which the partiality of a parent easily construes into a proof of genius, he was early destined for the Scottish church, and regarded as a philosopher before he had emerged from the nursery. While his father pleased himself with the prospect of seeing his name associated with the future greatness of his son, his mother, whose ambition took a narrower range, thought she could die contented if she should see him seated in the pulpit of his native church; and, perhaps from a pardonable piece of vanity, speculated as frequently upon the impression his appearance would leave upon the hearts of the neighbouring daughters, as his discourses upon the minds of matrons and mothers. This practice, so common among the poorer classes in Scotland, of making one of their children a scholar, to the prejudice, as is alleged, of the rest, has been often remarked, and sometimes severely censured. But probably the objections that have been urged against it derive their chief force from the exaggerations upon which they are commonly founded. It is not in general true that parents, by bestowing the rudiments of a liberal education upon one of the family, materially injure the condition or prospects of the rest. For it must be remembered, that the plebeian student is soon left to trust to his own exertions for support, and like the monitor of a Lancasterian seminary, unites the characters of pupil and master, and teaches, and is taught by turns.

But to proceed with our little narrative:—The parish schoolmaster having intimated to the parents of his pupil, that the period was at hand when he should be sent to prosecute his studies at the university, the usual preparations were made for his journey, and his departure fixed for the following day, when he was to proceed to Edinburgh under escort of the village carrier and his black dog Caesar, two of the oldest and most intimate of his acquaintances. The feelings of affectionate regret, occasioned by his separation with his parents, were most seasonably suspended by the receipt of a letter from Mr Coventry, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, in which that gentleman offered to engage their son for a few years, as a companion and tutor to his children. This was an offer which his parents were too prudent to reject, particularly as it might prove the means of future patronage, as well as of present emolument. It was therefore immediately agreed upon that William should himself be the bearer of their letter of acceptance, and proceed forthwith to his new residence.

On the afternoon of the same day, he arrived at Daisybank, where he was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. His appearance was genteel and prepossessing, and it was not long before his new friends discovered, that the slight degree of awkwardness which at first clung to his manners, proceeded more from bashfulness and embarrassment, than natural rusticity. But as he began to feel himself at home, this embarrassment of manner gradually gave place to an easy but unobtrusive politeness. Indeed, it would not have been easy for a youth of similar views, at his first outset in life, to have fallen into more desirable company. Mr and Mrs Coventry were proverbial among their neighbours for the simplicity and purity of their manners, and they had laboured, not unsuccessfully, to stamp a similar character upon the minds of their children. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were confided to the care of William.

Mary, the eldest of the four, now in her sixteenth or seventeenth year, was in every respect the most

interesting object at Daisybank. To a mind highly cultivated for her years, she united many of those personal graces and attractions which command little homage in the crowd, but open upon us in the shade of retirement, and lend to the domestic circle its most irresistible charms.

It will easily be believed that it was next to impossible for a youth nearly of the same age, and not dissimilar in his dispositions, to remain long insensible to beauties that were gradually maturing before his eyes, and becoming every day more remarkable. Fortunately, however, the idea of dependence attached to his situation, and a temper naturally diffident, determined him to renounce for ever a hope which he feared, in his present circumstances, would be deemed ungrateful and even presumptuous. But this was waging war with nature, a task which he soon found to be above his strength. He had now, therefore, to abandon the hope of victory for the safety of retreat, and content himself with concealing those sentiments he found it impossible to subdue. Yet so deceitful is love, that even this modest hope was followed with disappointment. One fine evening in June, when he was about to unbend from the duties of the day, and retire to muse upon the amiable Mary, he encountered the fair wanderer herself, who was probably returning from a similar excursion. He accosted her in evident confusion, and, without being conscious of what he said, invited her to join him in a walk to a neighbouring height. His request was complied with in the same spirit it had been made, for embarrassment is often contagious, particularly the embarrassment arising from love. On this occasion he intended to summon up all his powers of conversation, and yet his companion had never found him so silent. Some common-place compliments to the beauty of the evening were almost the only observations which escaped his lips, and these he uttered more in the manner of a sleep-walker than a lover. They soon reached the limit of their walk, and rested upon an eminence that commanded the prospect of an extensive valley below. Day was fast declining to that point which is termed twilight, when the whole irrational creation prepare for rest, and only man dares to intrude upon the silence of nature. Miss Coventry beheld the approach of night with some uneasiness, and dreading to be seen with William alone, she began to rally him upon his apparent absence and confusion, and proposed that they should immediately return to the house. At mention of this, William started as from a dream, and being unable longer to command his feelings, he candidly confessed to her the cause of his absence and dejection. He dwelt with much emotion upon his own demerit, and voluntarily accused himself for the presumption of a hope which he never meant to have revealed until the nearer accomplishment of his views had rendered it less imprudent and romantic. He declared that he would sooner submit to any hardship than incur the displeasure of her excellent parents, and entreated, that whatever were her sentiments with regard to the suit he was so presumptuous as to prefer, that she might assist him in concealing from them a circumstance which he feared would be attended with that consequence. To this tender and affectionate appeal the gentle Mary could only answer with her sighs and blushes. She often indeed attempted to speak, but the words as often died upon her lips, and they had nearly reached home before she could even whisper an answer to the reiterated questions of her lover. But she did answer at last; and never was a monarch more proud of his conquest, or the homage of tributary princes, than William was of the simple fealty of the heart of Mary.

It will readily be imagined that the saddest day of our tutor's life was that on which he parted from this amiable family. He had here, he believed, spent the happiest moments of his existence, and, instead of rejoicing that he had passed through one stage of his apprenticeship, he dwelt upon the past with pleasure, and looked forward to the future with pain.

Fortune, however, presented an insuperable obstacle to his spending his days in the inaction of private study; and he knew that he could neither gain, nor deserved to gain, the object of his affection, without establishing himself in life, by pursuing the course which had been originally chalked out to him. After, therefore, "pledging off to meet again," he bade adieu to Daisybank, loaded with the blessings of the best of parents, and followed with the prayers of the best of daughters. He now paid a farewell visit to his father and mother, and after remaining with them a few days, proceeded to Edinburgh, and, for a short period, felt his melancholy relieved by the thousand novelties that attract the notice of a stranger in a great city. He soon distinguished himself in his classes, and, before the usual period, was engaged as a tutor in one of the best families in Scotland.

This event formed another important era in his life. His prospects were now flattering, and as vanity did not fail to exaggerate them, he soon dropped a considerable portion of his humility, and began to regard himself as a young man of merit, to whom fortune was lavish of her favours. In his leisure hours he had opportunities of mingling much in society; and as his manners and address were easy and engaging, scarcely a week elapsed that did not add to the number of his friends. The affections, when divided into many channels, cannot run deep in any; and probably, for every new acquaintance whom William

honoured with his esteem, it required a sacrifice of friendship at the expense of love, and produced some abatement of that devotion of soul which accompanies every true and permanent attachment. At Daisybank he had seen a simple favourite of the graces, but here he beheld the daughters of wealth and of fashion, surrounded with all the gloss of art, and soon began to waver in his attachment, and even to regard his engagement as little more than a youthful frolic. By degrees, he became less and less punctual in his correspondence with Miss Coventry, and in place of anticipating the arrival of her letters as he was wont to do, he allowed them to be sent slowly to his lodgings, opened them without anxiety, and read them without interest. Of all this inconstancy, ingratitude, and neglect, the simple Mary remained a silent though not unconcerned spectator. Kind and generous by nature, and judging of others by herself, she framed a thousand excuses for his negligence; and when he did condescend to write to her, answered him as if she had been unconscious of any abatement in his attentions.

Matters remained in this uncertain state for the space of three long years—at least they seemed long to Miss Coventry—when William received his licence as a preacher. He now, therefore, thought of redeeming a pledge he had given to the minister of his native parish, to make his first public appearance in his pulpit; and after giving due intimation, he departed for the parish of —, with his best sermon in the pocket of his best coat. The account of his visit spread with telegraphic despatch, long before telegraphs were invented, and was known over half the district many days before his arrival. This was another great and eventful day for his mother. She blessed Providence that she had lived to see the near fulfilment of her most anxious wish, and rising a little in her ambition, thought she could now die contented, if she should see him settled in a living of his own, and be greeted by her neighbours with the envied name of grandmother. As William was expected to dine with his parents on his way to the parsonage, or, as it is called in Scotland, the manse of —, great preparations were made for his reception, and for the appearance of the whole family at church on the following Sunday. Mrs Arbuthnot drew from the family chest her wedding gown, which had only seen the sun twice during thirty summers; and her husband, for the first time, reluctantly applied a brush to his holiday suit, which appeared, from the antiquity of its fashion, to have descended, like the garments of the Swiss, through many successive generations of the Arbuthnots.

The little church of H— was crowded to the door, perhaps for the first time, long before the bellman had given the usual signal. Mr Coventry, though residing in a different parish, had made a journey thither with several of his family, for the purpose of witnessing the first public appearance of his friend. In this party was the amiable Mary, who took a greater interest in the event than any one, save the preacher himself, was aware of.

William on this occasion recited a well written discourse with ease and fluency, and impressed his audience with a high opinion of his talents and piety. Mr Coventry waited in the church-yard till the congregation had retired, to salute his friend, and invite him to spend a few days at Daisybank. Mary, who hung in her father's arm, curtsied, blushed, and looked down. She had no well-turned compliment to offer on the occasion, but her eyes expressed something at parting, which once would have been sweeter to his soul than the applause of all the world besides.

Ambition from the beginning has been the bane of love. War and peace are not more opposite in their nature and effects than those rival passions; and the bosom that is agitated with the cares of the one, has little relish for the gentle joys of the other. William beheld in the person of Miss Coventry all he had been taught to regard as amiable or estimable in woman; but the recollection of the respect that had been shown him by females of distinction, mixed with exaggerated notions of his own merit, made him undervalue those simple unobtrusive graces he once prized so highly, and think almost any conquest easy, after he had been settled in the rich living of B—, which had been promised him by his patron.

On the following day he paid a visit to Daisybank, and received the most cordial welcome from a family who sympathized almost equally with his parents in his prospects and advancement. During his stay there, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Coventry alone, but he neglected, or rather avoided them all; and when rallied on the subject of marriage, declaimed on the pleasures of celibacy, and hinted, with a good deal of insincerity, his intention of living single.

William bade adieu to Miss Coventry without dropping one word upon which she could rear the superstructure of hope, and carried with him her peace of mind, as he had formerly carried with him her affections. From that hour she became pensive and melancholy, in spite of all her efforts to appear cheerful and happy. She had rejected many lovers for the inconstant's sake; but that gave her no concern. Her union with him had been long the favourite object of her life; and she could have patiently resigned existence now that its object was lost. But she shuddered at the thought of the shock it would give her affectionate parents; for the softer feelings of our nature

are all of one family, and the tenderest wives have ever been the most dutiful daughters.

It was impossible for Mary long to conceal the sorrow which consumed her. Her fading cheeks and heavy eyes gave daily indications of what her lips refused to utter. Her parents became deeply alarmed at these symptoms of indisposition, and anxiously and unceasingly inquired into the cause of her illness; but her only answer was, that she felt no pain. The best physicians were immediately consulted upon her case, who recommended change of air and company. But all these remedies were tried without effect. The poison of disappointment had taken deep root in her heart, and defied the power of medicine.

Her attendants, when they found all their prescriptions ineffectual, began to ascribe her malady to its real cause, and hinted to her parents their apprehensions that she had been crossed in love. The good people, though greatly surprised at the suggestion, had too much prudence to treat it with indifference; and they left no means untried, consistent with a regard for the feelings of their child, to wile from her the important secret. At first, she endeavoured to evade their inquiries; but finding it impossible to allay their apprehensions without having recourse to dissimulation, she confessed to her mother her attachment to William, concealing only the promises he had made to her, and every circumstance that imputed to him the slightest degree of blame. At the same time she entreated them, with the greatest earnestness, that no use might be made of a secret which she wished to have carried with her to the grave. This was a hard task imposed upon her parents. They felt equally with herself the extreme delicacy of making the disclosure; but, on the other hand, they contemplated nothing but the probable loss of their child—an event, the bare apprehension of which filled their minds with the bitterest anguish. After many anxious consultations, Mr Coventry determined, unknown to any but his wife, to pay a visit to William, and ascertain his sentiments with regard to his daughter.

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he found that his friend had departed for the manse of B—, with which he had been recently presented. This event, which in other circumstances would have given him the liveliest pleasure, awakened on this occasion emotions of a contrary nature, as he feared it would make his now reverend friend more elevated in his notions, and, consequently, more averse to a union with his daughter. He did not, however, on that account, conceal the real object of his journey, or endeavour to accomplish his purpose by stratagem or deceit. He candidly disclosed his daughter's situation and sentiments, requesting of his friend that he would open to him his mind with equal candour; and added, that, although he held wealth to be an improper motive in marriage, and hoped that his daughter did not require such a recommendation, yet, in the event of a union, whatever he possessed would be liberally shared with him.

On hearing of the situation of Miss Coventry, William became penetrated with the deepest remorse; and being aware that his affection for her was rather stifled than estranged, he declared his willingness to make her his wife. These words operated like a charm upon the drooping spirits of the father, who embraced his friend with ardour, and besought him immediately to accompany him home, that they might lose no time in making a communication, which, he fondly hoped, would have a similar effect upon the spirits of his daughter.

They departed accordingly together, indulging in the pleasing hope that all would yet be well; but on their arrival at Daisybank, they were seriously alarmed to hear that Miss Coventry had been considerably worse than her father left home. She was now entirely confined to her chamber, and seemed to care for nothing so much as solitude, and an exemption from the trouble of talking. As soon as she was informed of the arrival of their visitor, she suspected he had been sent for, and, therefore, refused to see him; but upon being assured by her mother, who found deceit in this instance indispensable, that his visit was voluntary and accidental, she at last consented to give him an interview.

On entering the room which had formerly been the family parlour, William was forcibly struck with the contrast it exhibited. Every object seemed to swim before his sight, and it was some moments before he discovered Miss Coventry, who reclined on a sofa at the farther end of the room. He advanced with a beating heart, and grasped the burning hand that was extended to meet him. He pressed it to his lips, and wept, and muttered something incoherent of forgiveness and love. He looked doubtfully on Mary's face for an answer; but her eye darted no reproach, and her lips uttered no reflection. A faint blush, that at this moment overspread her cheek, seemed a token of returning health and strength, and inspired him for a moment with confidence and hope. It was the last effort of nature; and ere the blood could return to its fountain, that fountain had closed for ever. Death approached his victim under the disguise of sleep, and appeared divested of his usual pains and terrors.

William retired from this scene of unutterable anguish, and for a long period was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy and remorse. But time gradually softened and subdued his sorrow, and, I trust, perfected his repentance. He is since married and wealthy,

and is regarded by the world as an individual eminently fortunate and happy. But amidst all his comforts, there are moments when he would exchange his identity with the meanest slave that breathes, and regards himself as the murderer of Mary Coventry.*

A BORDER PROPHECY.

Atween Craig-cross and Eildon Tree,
A bonny bairn there is to be,
That 'll neither have hands to fecht nor feet to flee,
To be born in England, brought up in Scotland, and to gang
hame again to England to dee.

THIS prophecy has been popular, in a certain district of the south of Scotland, from time immemorial. It is usually ascribed to Alexander Peden, the Cameronian seer; but as that right worshipful personage succeeded to a great deal of the fame and literary property of Thomas the Rhymers, and has been more than once detected in re-predicting what his predecessor had long before foretold, it may be in reality of much higher antiquity. Be the author who he may, it is certain that the prophecy came to pass in recent times. About the middle of the last century, a boy was born without hands and feet, at a place called Ballen Mill, near Falstone, in Northumberland. His name was Paterson. Soon after his birth, he was removed to Falsnash Mill, near the head of the Teviot water, about eight miles above Hawick. Here he was brought up. While yet a child, he was taken back to England with the rest of his family, and he died at Carlisle, aged seven years; thus completely fulfilling every particular of the prediction, and thereby confirming all the people who knew the circumstances in a belief of Mr Peden's prophetic powers. He was long after remembered in Carlisle, on account of his intellectual capacity, and the astonishing extent of his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

The subject of the prophecy had a brother, who survived him, and lived till recent years at Tarrasfoot, in the parish of Cannobie. The peculiarities of this man seem to indicate that the family had oddities of more sorts than one. He was prodigiously fond of gossip, or what in Scotland is called *crackng*. Like Walter Peacock, the town-drummer of Paisley—who was such an amateur in his profession, that, when once fairly agog in a *ruff*, there was no stopping him, except by holding his hands—Paterson could not by any means but those of force be unsettled in his hobby of garrulity. He is said to have himself sometimes used force in compelling people to listen to him. A person of the name of Graham had the misfortune one summer evening to meet him on the public road near his house at Tarras-foot. After an hour or two spent in discussing the news of the day, Graham endeavoured to get away, knowing that his family at home would be alarmed at his non-appearance. Paterson, however, held him still by the button, until he had inflicted another mortal hour of gossip upon him. Graham then, in a sort of desperation, took a sudden opportunity of shaking himself loose from the unconscionable talker, and was marching off at a quick pace, when Paterson out-maneuvred him, by getting in before him, prevented his further progress, and, finally, *wiered* him, as a shepherd would say, up to a corner of the dyke, from which it was impossible he should escape. Thus he stood the whole night, bored by the garrulous old fellow, and it was actually broad day before he was permitted to go home. Another instance of Paterson's indefatigable talkativeness may be adduced. He had been in the habit of resorting to the house of a neighbour every evening during a long course of time, for the gratification of his favourite passion. [Indeed, he went far and wide for this purpose, and was as well acquainted with the topography of all the ingle-neuks in the country for ten miles round as he was with that of his own in particular.] The Goodman and goodwife of this humble tenement, who had often wished him in a place we shall not name, for his late sittings, agreed one night to let him sit just as long as he would, for the sake of experiment, or, in other words, to let him rise first. Paterson sat till long past midnight with undiminished vigour, and without showing the slightest symptom of a desire to go. At length the Goodman could sit no longer. He took care, however, not to disturb or scare away his visitor. Under the pretence of going out, he slipped behind the hallan, took off his clothes, and quietly went to bed. Paterson sat still, talking to the goodwife, who did not feel so much inconvenience as her husband from the infliction, having, like Baron Trenck, got a habit of answering and carrying on the conversation by monosyllables, while she slept as sound upon her chair as if she had been a-bed. At length, when the cuckoo-clock proclaimed the hour of eight, and the light peeping down the spacious chimney announced the approach of day, Paterson reluctantly got upon his legs, and took his leave, only observing, that the Goodman had surely gone a-courting, seeing that he tarried so long.

* This affecting and well-told tale is from the *Dumfries Magazine* for 1825. We believe it is from the pen of Mr M'Diarmid, the editor and publisher of that able provincial print, and does great credit both to his abilities and his feelings.

EDINBURGH IN THE PRESENT AND PAST AGE.

UP till the middle of the last century, the city of Edinburgh continued to occupy little more than the space of ground which it had assumed in the reign of James the Third and Fourth, namely, the ridge of land sloping from the Castle on the west to Holyroodhouse on the east. Its external appearance was grand, and travellers invariably admired the lofty magnificence of its principal street, which is now degraded and abused. The houses were tall tenements of eight and nine storeys, entered by common stairs, with the doors of the separate dwellings on the different landing-places. This practice prevailed not only in the main street, but in the alleys, or *wynds*, which were just so many closely-packed streets. About sixty years since, this ancient and confined mode of living was greatly altered, by the erection of a New Town on an open space of ground north from the old city, and which is now the place of residence of all the higher, and the greater part of the respectable classes in the Scottish metropolis.

It may be worth while to contrast the accommodations at present required by a person of first rank in Edinburgh with what was deemed sufficient in the last age. At present, a gentleman of the best order in Edinburgh—say a judge of the Court of Session—finds it necessary to have a self-contained house in Moray Place, or some equally splendid district, for which he pays a rent of about £160 (the very few-duty, perhaps, costing £35 annually), and which consists of four flats, containing the following apartments:—On the sunk floor, a complete suite of culinary apartments, with accommodation for servants; on second floor, dining-room in front, business room or library, and a bed-room, behind; on third floor, drawing-room occupying the whole front of the house, with two large apartments behind generally occupied as bed-room and dressing-room, but which may be added to the drawing-room, upon occasion, by means of large door-ways; fourth flat, a nursery and a number of good bed-rooms, besides which there is perhaps a suite of small rooms immediately under the slates. The furniture of such a house would not cost less than fifteen hundred pounds, but more generally is purchased at the rate of two thousand.

In opposition to this picture, we give the accommodation which satisfied a most respectable judge and landed gentleman of the latter part of the last century, namely, Lord Kennet.—[It was, to be sure, while still in business as an advocate—but still he was a gentleman of good estate.]—This eminent person lived in a flat in Forrester's Wynd, Lawnmarket, which he either rented, or might have rented, at about £15, and which contained the following apartments, as described by a member of his lordship's family:—The rooms were three—the kitchen one. One room was "my lady's," another was the gentleman's consulting-room or study; the third was their bed-room. The servant girl, who, besides the nurse, was their only female attendant, slept under the dresser in the kitchen. Their single man servant slept out of the house; and the nurse and children had beds in the study, which, during the day, were removed into the bed-room! In his latter days, when raised to the bench, his lordship, by way of making a corresponding step in gentility, removed to a house of two flats—in the Horse Wynd!

The moral of this contrast, which, every body will acknowledge, might easily be extended to every rank in Scottish society, is a sufficient proof, if proof were wanting, of the prodigious advance made during the last fifty years, in all that regards domestic circumstances, in Scotland. The cry of evil times and a necessitous population is now as loud as ever; but a few statistical facts like the above are only required to prove it destitute of foundation. Men may now live as near the verge of their income as before, and may therefore feel as often the twinge arising from inadequate funds. But it is clear that the style of existence is in every respect universally improved. To hope for the day when men will be prudent enough to avoid all those little evils which evidently are the only cause of the apparent discontent, is to expect more than human nature can give.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

THEY who write on natural history cannot too frequently advert to instinct, that wonderful limited faculty, which, in some instances, raises the brute creation, as it were, above reason, and, in others, leaves them so far below it. Philosophers have defined instinct to be that secret influence by which every species is impelled naturally to pursue, at all times, the same way, or track, without any teaching or example; whereas reason, without instruction, would often vary, and do that by many methods which instinct effects by one alone. Now, this maxim must be taken in a qualified sense, for there are instances in which instinct does vary and conform to the circumstances of place and convenience.

It has been remarked, that every species of bird has a mode of nidification peculiar to itself, so that a school-boy would at once pronounce on the sort of nest before him. This is the case among fields, and woods, and wilds; but in the villages round London, where mosses, and gossamer and cotton from vegetables, are hardly to be found, the nest of the chaffinch has not that elegant finished appearance, nor is it so beautifully stud-

ded with lichens, as in a more rural district; and the wren is obliged to construct its house with straws and dry grasses, which do not give it that rotundity and compactness so remarkable in the edifices of that little architect. Again, the regular nest of the house-martin is hemispheric; but where a rafter, or a joist, or a cornice, may happen to stand in the way, the nest is so contrived as to conform to the obstruction, and becomes flat, or oval, or compressed.

In the following instances, instinct is perfectly uniform and consistent. There are three creatures, the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nut-hatch, which live much on hazel-nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell into two with his long fore-teeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, so regular as if drilled with a wimble, and yet so small that one would wonder how the kernel can be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular ragged hole with its bill; but as this artist has no paws to hold the nut firm while he pierces it, like an adroit workman, he fixes it as it were in a vice, in some cleft of a tree, or in some crevice, when, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell. We have often placed nuts in the chink of a gate-post, where nut-hatches have been known to haunt, and have always found that those birds have readily penetrated them. While at work, they make a rapping noise that may be heard at a considerable distance.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SAUNDERSON.

NOTHING almost appears so surprising as the intelligence and general knowledge often possessed by men who have all their lives been in a state of total blindness. Persons subject to this most melancholy calamity are frequently found to talk with fluency and correctness of the nature, and even outward appearance, of objects whose character they can only imagine. By the most persevering efforts they attain a knowledge of the most abstruse sciences, and arrive at a distinction not procured by those in the possession of sight. In the case of Dr Blacklock, which we have already noticed, it has been seen that a poor blind boy, by the force of his genius, and a spirit of independence, so far overcame his deprivation and the difficulties which it presented in a course of education, as to qualify himself for the office of a clergyman, and reach a respectable station in society. We have another case equally remarkable and instructive now to bring forward, namely, that of SAUNDERSON, the eminent mathematician, who was totally blind from his infancy:—

NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON was born at the village of Thurston, in Yorkshire, in 1682. He was only a year old when he was deprived, by small-pox, not only of his sight, but even of his eyes themselves, which were destroyed by abscess. Yet it was probably to this apparent misfortune that Saunderson chiefly owed both a good education, and the leisure he enjoyed, from his earliest years, for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge. He was sent when very young to the free school at Penniston, in the neighbourhood of his native place; and here, notwithstanding the mighty disadvantage under which it would seem that he must have contended with his school-fellows, he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and Latin. It is to be regretted that we have no account of the mode of teaching that was adopted by his master in so singular a case, or the manner in which the poor boy contrived to pursue his studies in the absence of that sovereign organ to which the mind is wont to be chiefly indebted for knowledge. Some one must have read the lesson to him, till his memory, strengthened by the habit and the necessity of exertion, had obtained complete possession of it, and the mind, as it were, had made a book for itself, which it could read without the assistance of the eye. At all events, it is certain that the progress he made in this part of his education was such as is not often equalled, even by those to whom nature has given all the ordinary means of study; for he acquired so great a familiarity with the Greek language as to be in the habit of having the works written in it read to him, and following the meaning of the author as if the composition had been in English, while he showed his perfect mastery over the Latin, on many occasions in the course of his life, by both dictating and speaking it with the utmost fluency and command of expression.

These acquirements were due of course, in a great measure, to an excellent memory, which again owed, no doubt, much of its power and aptitude to the very difficulties under which it was obliged to exert itself. Every one of our faculties, corporeal and mental, is to a certain extent weakened, or at least prevented from reaching its utmost possible vigour and development, by the assistance is usually receives in its labours from other faculties. Individuals deprived of the use of their hands have learned to write and paint with their toes; no reason in the world, certainly, why those in possession of the fitter and more natural instrument should relinquish it for the other, but yet an evidence of how much more some of our members are capable, and may be made by a certain discipline to perform, than we generally suppose. The German painter, Rugendas, celebrated for the spirit of his battle pieces, was originally an engraver, but

was obliged to abandon that profession in consequence of a weakness in his right hand, which, however, permitted him to manage the pencil, although not the burin, and accordingly he applied himself to painting. But, some years after, his disease increased so much, that, even for the lighter work it had now to do, his right hand became quite unserviceable; and he would have been without a profession, or any means of subsistence at all, if he had not determined to make his left hand supply the place of its disabled companion. The experiment, after being persevered in for some time, succeeded perfectly, and he came at last to use the one hand with more ease and effect than he had ever done the other.

Any one of us, it is obvious from this, might acquire for himself two right hands instead of one, if he thought it worth his while, and chose to take the requisite pains; and the same rule holds as to the other organs and higher faculties. The peculiar attribute of the eye is to distinguish colours; there is none of its other functions which may not be performed by some one or more of the other senses. But yet it does commonly serve us in a variety of other ways; or, rather, by means of the power it possesses of distinguishing colours, it is able better than any of the other senses to do us certain services which yet they also might be made to perform. However convenient this arrangement may be in most respects, it is not unattended with disadvantages. If we did not possess the faculty of sight, or never opened our eyes except when we wanted merely to distinguish colours, many of our other senses and faculties would acquire a degree of power of which we have scarcely any conception. We derive more knowledge of the external world from the eye, than from all our other senses put together; for it is its power of distinguishing colours which we chiefly make use of to measure every variety of distance, form, and motion, which objects assume, and of many of them to ascertain even a multitude of other qualities. Above all, it is by this simple power of distinguishing colours that we read books, and are enabled to drink our fill from these most abounding fountains of knowledge and reflection. But even without the eye, we should not be altogether destitute of the means of forming an acquaintance with the things around us. We should only have to make our other faculties do more than they now do. Our touch would detect inequalities in surfaces that now feel to us perfectly smooth; our taste and smell would acquire a delicacy and power of discernment, which would enable them to intimate to us, with exactness, the presence or approach of many bodies and substances, by which they are now scarcely affected; our hearing would come to their aid with a fineness of perception and discrimination that would tell the direction and distance of every sound, and measure with ease, and instinctively, differences of tone which at present only the closest attention can render sensible to the acutest ear. Undoubtedly we derive all this knowledge with infinitely greater convenience through the medium of the eye, than we should do by this augmentation of the powers of our other senses, which, if so invigorated, would probably occasion us no little annoyance and discomfort, in conveying to us the information we sought from them—to say nothing of the extremely inferior degree of service they would after all render us as compared with that which we receive from the eye. But the consideration of these sleeping capabilities which are in us (beside its importance in a philosophic point of view), ought not to be without its use both in shewing us, should we be deprived of the most valuable of our bodily organs, what resources we still have for perseverance to avail itself of; and perhaps also in exciting us to bestow a little more pains than we ordinarily do in what we may call the education of those of our natural powers, which, however susceptible of being put to profitable exercise, we are apt to allow to remain inactive, merely because we do not find it absolutely necessary to make a call upon them for their services.

What has been stated may teach us at least how much more efficient we might make almost any one of our faculties, by subjecting it to the proper discipline. They are all invigorated by the habit of exertion. And more especially may the memory be rendered, by judicious cultivation, both quick and retentive, to a degree of which its ordinary efficiency seems to give no promise. In blind men this faculty is almost always powerful. Not having the same opportunities which others enjoy of frequent or long-continued observation in regard to things with which they wish to make themselves acquainted, or of repeated reference to sources of information respecting them (their knowledge coming to them mostly in words, and not through the medium of the eye, which in general can both gather what it may desire to learn more deliberately, and recur at any time for what may have been forgotten to some permanent and ready remembrancer), they are obliged to acquire habits of more alert and watchful attention than those who are beset by so many temptations to an indolent and relaxed use of their faculties, as well as to give many matters in charge to their memory which it is not commonly thought worth while to put it to the trouble of treasuring up. Their reward for all this is an added vigour of that mental power, proportioned to the labour they give it to perform. But any one of us might improve his memory to the same extent by a voluntary perseverance in something like the same method of discipline in regard to it, to which a blind man is

obliged to resort. The memory is not one of the highest faculties of the mind, but it is yet a necessary instrument and auxiliary, both in the acquisition and application of knowledge. The training, too, it may be observed, which is best adapted to augment its strength, is exactly that which, instead of being hurtful to any of our other faculties, must be beneficial to them all.

On being brought home from school, young Saunderson was taught arithmetic by his father, and soon evinced as remarkable an aptitude for this new study as he had done for that of the ancient languages. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of his native village gave him his first lessons in geometry; and he received additional instruction from other individuals, to whose notice his unfortunate situation and rare talents introduced him. But he soon got beyond all his masters, and left the most learned of them without any thing more to teach him. He then pursued his studies for some time by himself, needing no other assistance than a good author and some one to read to him. It was in this way he made himself acquainted with the works of the old Greek mathematicians, Euclid, Archimedes, and Diophantus, which he had read to him in the original.

But he was still without a profession, or any apparent resource by which he might support himself through life, although he had already reached his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. His own wish was to go to the university; but the circumstances of his father, who held a place in the excise, did not enable him to gratify this ambition. At last, however, it was resolved that he should proceed to Cambridge, not in the character of a student, but to open classes for teaching mathematics and natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1707, he made his appearance in that university, under the protection of a friend, one of the fellows of Christ's College. That society, with great liberality, immediately allotted him a chamber, admitted him to the use of their library, and gave him every other accommodation they could for the prosecution of his studies. It is to be recorded, likewise, to the honour of the eccentric Whiston, who then held the Lucasian professorship of mathematics in the university (a chair in which he had succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, having been appointed at the express recommendation of that great man), that, on Saunderson opening classes to teach the same branches of science upon which he had been in the habit of reading lectures, he not only shewed no jealousy of one whom a less generous mind might not unnaturally have regarded as a rival and intruder, but exerted himself, in every way in his power, to promote his success. Saunderson commenced his prelections with Newton's Optics. The Newtonian philosophy was as yet only beginning to attract attention among the learned at Cambridge. Whiston himself informs us, in that curious production called his *Memoirs*, that his own attention had been first strongly excited to the Principia by a paper written by Dr Gregory (nephew of the celebrated James Gregory), when professor at Edinburgh, "wherein," says he, "he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius; and had already caused several of his scholars to keep Acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches! were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say."

The subject itself which Saunderson chose, independently of the manner in which he treated it, was well calculated to attract notice, few things seeming at first view more extraordinary than that a man who had been blind almost from his birth should be able to explain the phenomena and expound the doctrines of light. The disadvantage under which Saunderson laboured here, however, was merely that he did not know experimentally the peculiar nature of the sensations communicated by the organ of vision. There was nothing in this to prevent him from apprehending perfectly the laws of light—that it moves in straight lines—that it falls upon surfaces, and is reflected from them, at equal angles—that it is refracted, or has its course changed, on passing from one medium into another of different density—that rays of different colours are so refracted in different degrees; and the consequences to which these primary laws necessarily lead. He was not, it is true, able to see the rays, or, rather, to experience the sensation which they produce by falling upon the eye; but, knowing their direction, he could conceive them, or represent them, by other lines, palpable to the sense of touch, which he did possess. This latter was the way he generally took to make himself acquainted with any geometrical figure. He had a board, with a great number of holes in it, at small and regular distances from each other; and on this he easily formed any diagram he wished to have before him, by merely fixing a few pins in the proper places, and extending a piece of twine over them to represent the lines. In this manner, we are told, he formed his figures more readily than another could with a pen and ink. On the same board he performed his calculations, by means of a very ingenious method of notation which he had contrived. The holes were separated into sets of nine, each set forming a square, having a hole at each corner, another at the middle point of each side, and one in the centre. It is obvious that in such a figure, one pin placed at the centre

might be made to stand in any one of eight different positions with reference to another pin placed on the boundary line of the square; and each of these positions might represent, either to the eye or the touch, a particular number, thus affording signs for eight of the digits. Saunderson used to employ a pin with a larger head for the central hole; so that even when it stood alone, it formed a symbol easily distinguishable from any other. Lastly, by using two large-headed pins in one of the positions, instead of one with a large and another with a small head as usual, he formed a tenth mark, and so obtained representatives for the nine digits and the cipher—all the elementary characters required, as every one knows, in the common system of notation. Here, then, were evidently the means of performing any operation in arithmetic.

In a description of this contrivance, which we have from the pen of Mr Colson, Saunderson's successor at Cambridge, we are assured that its inventor, in making use of it, "could place and displace his pins with incredible nimbleness and facility, much to the pleasure and surprise of all the beholders. He could even break off in the middle of a calculation, and resume it when he pleased, and could presently know the condition of it by only drawing his fingers gently over the table." But Saunderson was also wont to perform many long operations, both in arithmetic and algebra, solely by his powerful and admirably disciplined memory. And his mind, after having once got possession of even a very complicated geometrical figure, would, without the aid of any palpable symbols, easily retain a perfect conception of all its parts, and reason upon it, or follow any demonstration of which it might be the subject, as accurately as if he had it all the while under his eye. It occasionally cost him some effort, it was remarked, to imprint upon his mind, in the first instance, a figure unusually intricate; but when this was once done, all his difficulties were over. He seems indeed to have made use of sensible representations chiefly in explaining the theorems of science to his pupils. In the print prefixed to his *Algebra* he is represented discoursing upon the geographical and astronomical circles of the globe, by the assistance of an armillary sphere constructed of wood. His explanations were always remarkable for their simplicity and clearness, qualities which they derived, however, not from any tedious or unnecessary minuteness by which they were characterised, but from the skill and judgment with which he gave prominence to the really important points of his subject, and directed the attention of his hearers to the particulars most concerned in its elucidation.

His ability and success as a teacher continued and augmented that crowded attendance of pupils, which, in the first instance, he had owed perhaps principally to the mere curiosity of the public. Every succeeding university examination afforded additional evidence of the benefit derived from his prelections. His merits, consequently, were not long in being appreciated both at Cambridge and among scientific men in general. He obtained the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, his veneration for whom was repaid by that illustrious philosopher with so much regard, that when Whiston was expelled from his chair in 1711, Sir Isaac exerted himself with all his influence to obtain the vacant situation for Saunderson. On this occasion, too, the heads of colleges applied to the Crown in his behalf to issue a mandate for conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts, as a necessary preliminary to his election; and their request being complied with, he was appointed to the professorship. From this time Saunderson gave himself up almost entirely to his pupils. Of his future history we need only relate, that he married in 1723, and was created Doctor of Laws in 1728, on a visit of George the Second to the University, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration of distinguished eloquence. He died in 1739, in the 57th year of his age, leaving a son and daughter.—*Abridged from Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

SPECTRES.

A man would not only be very rash, but also very extravagant, who should pretend to prove that there never was any person that imagined he saw a spectre; and I do not think that the most obstinate unbelievers have maintained this. All that they say amounts to no more than that the persons who have thought themselves eye-witnesses of the apparitions of spirits had diseased imaginations. They confess, then, that there are certain places in our brain, that, being affected in a certain manner, excite the image of an object which has no real existence out of ourselves, and make the man whose brain is thus modified believe he sees at two paces' distance a frightful spectre, a hobgoblin, a threatening phantom. The like happens in the heads of the most incredulous, either in their sleep or in the paroxysms of a violent fever. Will they maintain after this, that it is impossible for a man awake, and not in a delirium, to receive in certain places of his brain an impression almost like that which, by the laws of nature, is connected with the appearance of a phantom? If they are forced to acknowledge that this is possible, they cannot promise that a spectre will never appear to them; that is, that they shall never when awake believe they see either a man or a beast when they are alone in a chamber.—*Bayle's Dictionary, Art. HOBBS.*

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

INTEGRITY OF THE TEXT.

THE sacred books which were written, as we have seen, in Hebrew, the language of the patriarchs, have been preserved down to our days without any corruption; and the same judgment may also be formed of those other books of Scripture which have been since written in Greek. But before proving the purity and integrity of these original texts, it may be necessary to remove a prejudice which may arise from the variety of different readings that are found in the manuscript and printed copies of the Bible.

The different manner in which some passages are expressed in different manuscripts, together with the omission or insertion of a word, or of a clause, constitute what are called *various readings*. This was occasioned by the oversights or mistakes of transcribers, who deviated from the copy before them, these persons not being, as some have supposed, supernaturally guarded against the possibility of error; and a mistake in one copy would, of course, be propagated through all that were taken from it, each of which copies might likewise have peculiar faults of its own, so that various readings would thus be increased in proportion to the number of transcripts that were made. Besides actual oversights, transcribers might have occasioned various readings by substituting, through ignorance, one word, or even letter, in place of another; they might have mistaken the line on which the copy before them was written, for part of a letter; or they might have mistaken the lower stroke of a letter for the line, and thus have altered the reading; at the same time they were unwilling to correct such mistakes as they detected, lest their pages should appear blotted or defaced; and thus they sacrificed the correctness of their copy to its fair appearance. Copiers seem, not unfrequently, to have added letters to the last word in their lines, in order to preserve them even, and marginal notes have been sometimes introduced into the text. These different circumstances, as well as others with which we may not be acquainted, did no doubt contribute very much to produce and multiply mistakes and variations in the manuscripts of the Hebrew Scriptures. This language is more susceptible of corruption, and any alteration would be more detrimental in it than in others. In English, if a letter be omitted, or altered, the mistake can be easily corrected, because the word thus corrupted may have no meaning; but in Hebrew, almost every combination of the letters forms a new word, so that an alteration of even one letter of any description is likely to produce a new word and a new meaning. Thus, putting all alterations made knowingly, for the purpose of corrupting the text, out of the question, we must allow that from these circumstances connected with the transcribing, some errata may have found their way into it, and that the Sacred Scriptures have in this case suffered the fate of other productions of antiquity.

When we have collected all the differences that are found in manuscripts of the original text, and have selected from them what are really various readings, we are able to determine, from the number and authority of the manuscripts, with tolerable correctness, what is the genuine reading. Beside the authority of the manuscript, we must also be guided in determining the true reading by the scope of the passage, by the interpretations and quotations of ancient writers, by the old versions, and not unfrequently by Scripture itself; for similar or parallel passages will often be found useful for this purpose. When all these things are considered, it will seldom happen that the true reading of a passage will be doubtful; yet should it continue so, either reading may contain a truth, though certainly both cannot be *authentic*, and in a theological point of view, either of them may be followed, without involving a doctrinal error; and in such a case, the common reading should not be relinquished.

To a person who has not considered the subject closely, it may appear sufficient to overthrow the authority of the text, that no less than *thirty thousand* various readings of the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments have been discovered. But when these are examined closely, and all that are not *properly* various readings are rejected, the number will be considerably diminished; from these again let all be deducted which make no alteration in the several passages to which they refer, and the reduction will be much greater; and out of the remainder there are none found that can invalidate the authority of those doctrines that have been esteemed fundamental, or that can shake a single portion of that internal evidence whereby the divine origin of the Scriptures is supported; so that the friends of revelation had no grounds for the alarm they felt at the time when the subject

of various readings began to be discussed. These observations apply strongly to the New Testament, which, as it has been transcribed more frequently, and probably by less skilful transcribers than the Old, has in proportion many more various readings. Respecting these, however, it has been said, "that all the omissions of the ancient manuscripts, put together, would not countenance the omission of any essential doctrine of the gospel, relative to faith or morals; and all the additions countenanced by the whole mass of manuscripts already collated, do not introduce a single point essential either to faith or morals, beyond what may be found in the Complutensian or Elzevir editions."*

The manner in which the original text of the Scriptures, particularly the Hebrew, has been preserved free from all material corruption, and handed down pure through such a long succession of ages, may now form the subject of our especial consideration.

It has been supposed by many that the Christian fathers accused the Jews of corrupting the text; but from an examination of such passages as seem to imply this, it appears that they spoke not of corrupting the text, but of adopting unfaithful translations. Justin Martyr, one of the most celebrated of the Christian fathers, defends the Jews very well as to this point, and proves that they have not corrupted the Scriptures: and it is past doubt that they have not; for, as St Jerome observes, before the birth of Jesus Christ they had certainly made no malicious alterations in them. If they had done so, our Saviour and his Apostles, who cast so many reproaches upon the Scribes and Pharisees, would not have passed over in silence so great a crime. To suppose such a thing, indeed, were to know little of the attachment of the Jews for the Scriptures. Josephus and Philo assure us that they would have undergone all sorts of torments rather than have taken a letter from the Scripture, or altered a word in it. A copy which had only one fault in it was by them thought polluted, and was not suffered to be kept above thirty days; and one that had four faults was ordered to be hid in the earth. In the Babylonian Talmud it is laid down as a regulation, that "the books of the law which have been written by a heretic, a traitor, one who is a stranger to the Jewish religion, an idolatrous minister—by which they mean a monk—a slave, a woman, one under age, a Cuthæan or Christian, or an apostate Israelite, are unlawful." "This," says St Augustine, "is a most visible effect of the providence of God over his church. It pleased him that the Jews should be our librarians; that, when the Pagans reject the oracles of the ancient prophets concerning Jesus Christ, which we quote against them as being invented by us, we might refer them to the enemies of our religion, who will shew them in their books the same prophecies which we quote against them."

The class of Jewish doctors called Massorites were grammarians who engaged with peculiar ardour in the revival of the Hebrew Scriptures. The Massoretic notes and criticisms relate to the verses, words, letters, vowel-points, and accents. All the verses of each book and of each section are numbered, and the amount placed at the end of each in numerical letters, or in some symbolical word formed out of them; the middle verse of each book is also marked, and even the very letters are numbered; and all this is done to preserve the text from any alteration, by either fraud or negligence. For instance, Bereshith, or Genesis, is marked as containing 1534 verses, and the middle one is at—"And by thy sword thou shalt live" (xxvii. 40). The lines are 4395; its columns are 43, and its chapters 50. The number of its words is 27,713, and its letters are 78,100. The Massoretic notes, or Massorah, as the work is called, contain also observations on the words and letters of the verses; for instance, how many verses end with the letter *samech*; how many there are in which the same word is repeated twice or thrice; and other remarks of a similar nature.

It seems now generally agreed upon that the Massorites of Tiberias, during the fourth century of the Christian era, were the inventors of the system of the *vowel-points and accents* in the Hebrew Bible; and although they multiplied them very unnecessarily, it must be allowed that this is the most useful of their works. From the *points* we learn how the text was read in their time, as we know they were guided in affixing them by the mode of reading which then prevailed, and which they supposed to have been traditionally conveyed down from the sacred writers.

The Massoretic notes were at first written in separate rolls, but they are now usually placed in the margin, or at the top and bottom of the page in printed copies. Many opinions are entertained about the authors of them; some think they were begun by Moses; others regard them as the work of Ezra and the members of the great synagogue, among whom were the later prophets; while others refer them entirely to the Rabbins of Tiberias, who are usually styled the Massorites, and suppose that they commenced this system, which was augmented and continued at different times by various authors, so that it was not the work of one man, nor of one age. It is not improbable that these notes were begun about the time of the Maccabees, when the Pharisees, who were called the Masters of Tradition, first began to

make their observations on the *letter* of the law, though they were regardless of its *spirit*. They might have commenced by numbering first the verses, next the words and letters; and then, when the vowel-points were added, others continued the system by making observations on them. On the whole, then, it appears that what is called the Massorah is entitled to no greater reverence or attention than may be claimed by any other human compilation; but, at the same time, it must be allowed that it has preserved the Hebrew text from the time it was formed, and conveyed it to us as perfect as any ancient work could be given.

The various readings given in the Hebrew Bibles, and which are technically denominated by the Jews the *Keri* and *Cetib*, are not to be ascribed to Moses or the prophets, for it cannot be supposed that inspired writers were ignorant of what was the true reading of the Scripture text. One principal occasion of the notes of the *Keri* and *Cetib* is, that there are several words which the Jews, either from superstitious reverence or from contempt, are never allowed to pronounce. When they meet with them in the text, instead of pronouncing them, they pronounce others that are marked by certain vowels or consonants in the margin. The chief of these is the great name of God JEHOVAH, instead of which they always read *Adonai*, Lord; or *Elohim*, God. This is the word called *Tetragrammaton*, or the ineffable name of God, consisting of the four letters, *Yod, He, Waw, He*. The people were not suffered to pronounce it; the high-priest alone had that privilege, and that only in the temple once a-year, when he blessed the people on the great day of atonement; and from hence it is, that, as this holy name has not been pronounced since the destruction of the temple, its true pronunciation is now lost. Galatinus, in the sixteenth century, was the first who thought fit to say, that it ought to be pronounced *Jehovah*. "Which did not happen," says Pere L'Am, "without a very particular providence of God, who was pleased, that, when the Jews lost the temple in which the true God was worshipped, they should at the same time lose the true pronunciation of his august name. It happened, I say, because, being no longer willing to be their God (for the destruction of the temple was an authentic testimony of the divorce which he gave them), he would not leave them the power of so much as pronouncing his name."*

Josephus, himself a priest, says, it was unlawful for him to speak of the name whereby God was made known to Moses; and if it be true that the pronunciation of it was connected with the temple service, it is not surprising that all trace of it should be lost when the temple was destroyed, and when the Jews grew every day more superstitiously afraid of pronouncing it. Leusden, the great orientalist, is said to have offered a Jew at Amsterdam a considerable sum of money if he would pronounce it only *once*, but in vain.

Besides the various readings called the *Keri* and *Cetib*, which the Jews admit to be the oldest, there are two other kinds of various readings which deserve our notice, because they are given in some printed Bibles. The first are those of the Eastern and Western Jews; the second, those between the manuscripts of Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali. By the Eastern Jews we are to understand those of Babylon; by the Western, those of Palestine. At Babylon and in Palestine, after the destruction of the city and temple, there were famous schools for many ages, and between the learned men of these places much rivalry existed; so that each party, by following their own copies, gave rise to a collection of various readings, or corrections of the text, whose antiquity is acknowledged, though it does not appear exactly at what time it was made.

The other collection is called after the heads of two celebrated schools—Ben Asher, at Tiberias, and Ben Naphtali, at Babylon; who were two famous Massorites, that lived about the year 1030, and were the last of them. Both of these Rabbies laboured to produce a correct copy of the Scriptures, and the followers of each corrected theirs by that of their master. The variations between them relate to the *points*, and in but one instance is there any difference in the writing of a word; so that they do not affect the integrity of the text.

What has been said of the integrity of the text of the Old Testament, may be applied also to the New, in so far as it may be charged with corruptions, in consequence of the negligence of transcribers, as also in consequence of the attempts of heretics, to make it conform to their erroneous sentiments. Though it must be admitted that the New Testament text, by being more frequently transcribed than that of the Old, became liable to a greater proportion of various readings, originating from the mistakes of the transcribers, yet this very circumstance was likewise a sure protection against wilful perversion or corruption; for in proportion as copies were multiplied, the difficulty of effecting a general corruption was increased. No such system as that of the Massorites was ever adopted to preserve the purity of the New Testament text; but we have it in our power to use various means for ascertaining what is the true reading of the text, without having recourse to such a plan as that of the Massorah; and—Concordances, which

* Vide Dr Adam Clarke's Treatise on the Editions of the New Testament.

* Vide "Apparatus Biblicus, or An Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures."

are now brought to an uncommon degree of perfection, are of great use in preserving it from corruption; in fact, the single one of Buxtorf has done more toward fixing the genuine reading, and pointing out the true meaning of Scripture, than the entire body of the Massoretic notes. We have the consent of the church, in all ages and countries, to prove our copies of the New Testament Scriptures authentic, and the authenticity of the Hebrew text is confirmed by Christ and his Apostles; and, in concluding this part of the subject, it may be remarked, that the general integrity of the Hebrew text receives additional confirmation from the ancient versions, as will more fully appear hereafter.

A HIGHLAND SETTLER.

THE best method of illustrating the prosperity of settlers (says M'Gregor, in his excellent work on British America), is by stating instances of individual success. Among the settlers in New Brunswick, I had some conversation with an old Highlander, from Sutherlandshire, one of the soldiers of the 42d regiment, who were disbanded in America after the revolutionary war. This man had settled on the banks of the Nashwaack, and had scarcely ever since been absent from his farm, except occasionally with his overplus corn or potatoes to Frederickton. He retained his native language with as much purity as if he had never removed from the vale in which he was born, by which I immediately discovered where he came from; the tone and accent of the Gaelic varying as much in one shire, or in one of the isles of Scotland, from the others, as the pronunciation of the inhabitants of the several counties in England does. When I addressed this good old man in his native language, his very soul seemed to feel all the rapture of early enthusiasm; and I can never forget the bright warmth of his countenance, and the ardour of his language, when inquiring about the state of the Highlands, and the condition of his countrymen. He said he used for the first few years to receive now and then letters from his friends, but that his relatives gradually dropped off, some by death, others by removal to distant countries; and that for the last twenty years he had no direct intelligence from Sutherland. Never could his country, however, cease to be dear to him. "Never," said he, "will we forget the tales, the songs, and the music we heard in the Highlands; we recite or sing them during the winter evenings, and our children will ever remember them, and I, hope, transmit them to their offspring." He said, that although government did much for them (his neighbours and himself), they nevertheless suffered very great hardships for the first few years after settling where they now live. "There were some idlers and faint-hearted people," he said, "among us who left the settlement, but all those who have remained have prospered. I am myself as comfortable as I can be. All my family are married; some of them live with me; others have farms of their own. I have very little to do but enjoy myself among my children and my grandchildren; and although the best years of my manhood were spent fighting for my king, and the greatest part of my life since that period has been spent toiling for the support of my family, and for whatever I now possess; yet I have great reason," he continued, "to be thankful and grateful to God, in whom I trust, for a peaceful and calm retreat, through my declining years, to another world." This is nearly a translation of what he said, but destitute of the force of expression so peculiar to the language in which he spoke—that of nature.

PRACTICAL VULGAR FRACTIONS.

A PRACTICAL method for understanding vulgar fractions was proposed by a German author, Mr Feinaigle, which renders this puzzling portion of arithmetic much plainer than it usually appears to young scholars. The method is as follows:—Cut a piece of paper into the form of a circle; or, what children may understand better, take a *bannock*, or round barley cake, and make a mark in its centre: through this draw two lines (at right angles to each other), cutting the circle into four equal parts; each of these will of course be a *fourth* part of one circle or one cake; two of them will be two-fourths of the same; three will be three-fourths. With these four pieces, an exemplification may be given of all the complex rules of vulgar fractions. A child will see at once that *two-fourths* make *one-half*; if each of the fourths be divided into two, he will perceive that there are eight in all, and that of course the *half* of *one-fourth* is *one-eighth*: if the *fourths* (or quarters) be divided each into three parts, and that therefore the *third* part of *one-fourth* is *one-twelfth* of the whole. Take four of these twelfth parts, and he will see by what remains that *four-twelfths* make *one-third*, and *six-twelfths* *one-half*, &c. If any teacher or father of a family will give himself the trouble to try this method, he will find that the bugbear of fractions, which is such a hobgoblin to young arithmeticians, will disappear in one or two lessons, and the scholar will acquire clear ideas on the subject easily. The notation of fractions should not be taught till after these elementary ideas are familiar. A child, to whom the abstract character $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ is a mystery, will easily comprehend its meaning when it comes in the shape of certain *lectors* of a round cake, or, what may answer very neatly, of a slice of orange.

THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTIE.

[The ancient Scottish poem of this name has been long a favourite in the "north country," being highly relished for its quaint rustic humour, and for the excellence of its moral, which is, simply, that each sex should not envy the apparent comforts and the pursuits of the other, but be contented with the lot assigned by Providence. The following version may be considered among the most accurate, and, though some of the words may, perhaps, be unintelligible to the English, nay, even the modern Scottish reader, any translation would greatly injure not only the wit, but the meaning of the phraseology. Auchtermuchtie is a village lying at the centre of the county of Fife.]

In Auchtermuchtie their wond' ane man,
A rach husband, as I hard tauld,
Quha weill could tippli on a can,
And naither luvit hungir nor cauld:
Quhill anee it fell upon a day,
He yokkit his pleuch vpon the plaine;
Gif it be true, as I heard say,
The day was foul for wind and raine.

He lousit the pleuch at the landis end,
And draife his oxin hame at evin;
Quhen he cam in he lukit ben,
And saw the wif bairn and elene
Sittand at ane fyre beik and bauld,
With ane fat sow, as I hard say:
The man being verry weit and cauld,
Between thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horsis come?
My ox hes naither hay nor stray;
Dame, ye maun to the pleuch the morra,
I sall be hussy, gif I may.
Gudeman, quoth scho, content am I
To take the pleuch my day about,
Sa ye will rewl but nauld ane ky,
And all the house bath in and out.

But sen that ye will hussyskep ken,
First ye maun gif ane synemaun kned;
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luk that the bairnis fyle not the bed;
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keip weill the gairlines fra the gled;
And lay ane saft wysp to the kill:
We haif ane deer ferme on our heid.

The wyfe scho sat vp late at evin,
(I pray God gif hir evil to fare),
Scho kird the kirne, and skumd it elene,
And left the gudeman but the bledoch baire:
Than in the morra evn scho gat,
And on hir hairt laid hir disjune,
And priend als meikle in hir lap
Micht serve trike honest men at nune.

Says—Jok, will thou be maister of wark,
And thou sall haud, and I sall kail;
I've promise the ane gude new sark,
Outhir of round clath or of small.
Scho lowsit the oxin aught or nine,
And hnt ane gad-staff in hir hand:
Vp the gudeman raise aftr syne,
And saw the wyf had done command.

He cawd the gairlines furth to feid,
Thair wes bot sevensum of them all:
And by thair cumis the gairlines gled,
And cleikit vp fyne letim betw twa:
Than out he ran in all his mane,
Sune as he hard the gairlines cry:
Bot than, or he cam in againe,
The calves brak luse and soukit the ky.

The calves and ky met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red:
Than thair comes ane ill-willie kow,
And brodit his buttok quhill that it bled,
Than up he tulk ane rok of tow,
And he satt down to say the spinning;
I trow he loutit over near the lowe:
Quo he, this wark hes an ill beginning.

Then to the kirn he next did stoure,
And jumlit at it quhill he evn
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
The sorrow scrap of butter he gait.
Albeit na butter he could gett,
Yet he wes cummerit with the kirne;
And syne he het the milk over yre,
And sorrow a drop of it wald yirne.

Then ben thair cam ane greidie sow,
I trow he kund hir littil thank,
For in scho schot hir ill-fard maw,
And ay scho winkit and ay scho drank.
He cleikit vp
And thoct to hit her on the snout;
The twa gairlines the glaidis had left,
That strak dang bath thair harnis out.

Heset his foot vpon the spyre,
To have gottin the fleshe down to the pat,
Bot he fell backward into the fyre,
And clourd his crown on the kernaing stock.
He haag the meikle pat on the cruik,
And with twa canns ran to the spout,
Or he wan back againe (alalke)
The fyre burnt all the boddom out.

Than he laid kindling to the kill,
Bot scho start all up in ane low;
Quhat evir he heard, quhat evir he saw,
That day he had it will to woe.
Than he gaid to take vp the bairnis,
Thocht to have fund thame fair and elene;
The first that he gat in his armis
Was all bedirtn to the eyne.

The first that he gat in his armis,
It was all dirt up to the eyne;
The de'il cut aff thair hands, quo he,
That fillid yow all sa fou yestrein.
He trailit the foul sheets down the gait,
Thocht to haif washit thame on ane stane;
The burne was risin grit of spait,
Away fra him the sheets hes tane.

Than up he gat on ane know head,
On the gudeman's cret ye mak aig;
Scho hard him as she hard him nocht,
But stoultie steird the stottis about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowsit the pleuch and syne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
I trow the man thoct richt grit schame.

Quoth he, My office I forsak,
For all the days of my lyfe;
For I wald put ane house to wraik
Gin I war twentie days gudewyfe.
Quoth scho, Weill ye ye bruke yow place,
For trewlle I sall naiv accept it;
Quoth he, Feind fald the lyaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to gett it.

Than up scho gat ane meikle rung,
And the gudeman maid to the doir;
Quoth he, Dame, I sall hard my tung,
For an we fecht I'll gett the waur.
Quoth he, Quhan I forsuk my pleuch,
I trow I bot forsuk my seill,
Sa I will to my pleuch againe,
For this house and I will never do weill.

HABITS OF THE AMERICANS.

I DO not think the dinner ever consumed above twenty minutes before the party, at least the permanent boarders, separated, and were out of the house, in order to attend to business again. There was brandy on the table, and beer, or rather ale, but water was far more generally used by the Americans. Mr Smith had an Edinburgh cook, formerly in Lady Sinclair of Murkle's house; and sometimes there were Scotch dishes, even a haggis, sheep's head, minced collops, &c., but the Americans had no great relish for them. They care more for roast beef, beef steak, roasted turkey, and apple and pumpkin pie, than for any thing else. There was one male servant, an American, at this boarding-house, who seemed to attend to his duty well, and constantly, but his manners are as different as possible from those of a British servant. No obsequiousness; nor would he, I suspect, have touched his hat on passing one of the inmates of the boarding-house for the world. There is, however, no want of civility, but it is expected to be shewn to servants as well as by them. Even the blacks and free colour people address each other by the ordinary appellations of sir and madam; and the people generally, when speaking of any one in his absence, call him citizen.

The kindness and hospitality of the Americans are quite unostentatious. I write, however, of the mass of the people and without reference to the small number of people, who consider themselves the great in this country. An invitation to dinner is generally given in such words as these:—"I will be pleased to see you at two o'clock." Frequently no change whatever is made in the dinner, supposing you to accept. Your friend knows that there is always abundance of good food upon his table. That degree of attention is shewn you which a stranger meets with every where, in seeing that his plate be filled, in the first instance, with what he likes, but no pressing or entreaty are used to make him eat or drink more than he likes. If wine is produced, it is left to him to partake of it or not as he chooses. There is hardly ever any talk about the dinner, or the quality of the wine, which you are not provoked to drink by being told how many years it has been in your friend's cellar, or to what vintage it belongs.

I am far, however, from doubting the sincerity of the hospitality of the people of this country, as some travellers have done, although formal invitations may not be so generally given as with us. While, however, I am on the contrary persuaded that invitations are seldom given when there is not a real wish that the invited should accept them, I must at the same time confess, that I like the style of entertaining friends to which I have been accustomed, and which prevails in Britain, better than in the United States. I prefer the warmth of manner with which (whether apparent or real) a British landlord exerts himself to induce his guests to partake liberally of the good things, both eatable and drinkable, which he has prepared for them, by agreeable conversation, and by descending on the feeding of his beef, or the age of his mutton, or the excellence of his wine—to the merely passive, perhaps indifferent looking manner, as it seems to us, of the Americans. In Britain, even at a public table, those sitting next each other attend to each other's wants, and recommend to them any thing which is within their reach, which they think particularly good; and I do not see that the conviviality of the party is not at least as much enjoyed when the conversation relates to the quality of the provisions, their cookery, and the excellence of the wine—subjects which are level to the capacity of all—as when it relates to an investment of cotton, or to the repeal of the tariff; subjects in which those addressed may take little or no interest. It would be easy to multiply instances to show how much the desire of making money constantly engrosses the thoughts of all, both young and old, in this country.—*Stuart's "Three Years in America."*

Messrs W. and R. CHAMBERS are happy to state, that the demand for their various publications continues to increase throughout every part of Great Britain and Ireland. Of the *Journal*, 65,000 copies are sold weekly; of the *Information for the People*, which is issued once a fortnight, upwards of 15,000 copies were disposed of, in Scotland alone, on the first day of publication; and of the *Historical Newspaper*, 28,000 copies continue to be sold monthly. Messrs CHAMBERS observe without dissatisfaction, that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have again paid them the compliment of imitating their publications, by the announcement of a work similar to their Monthly Newspaper.

ERRATUM in No. 60, page 60.—The number of degrees from the pole, at which plants and animals exist, was accidentally omitted: "about ten" degrees should have been indicated.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Printers, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER" AND
"INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 62.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE PEGHLER.*

It is long since the natural history of such creatures as the lion, the horse, and the elephant, was perfectly ascertained and understood. Every body now knows every thing that can be known about such honest, downright, plain-sailing animals; and zoophytes are all the rage. It would be quite in vain that you busied yourself in the East Indies in the amiable task of catching and stuffing tigers, in order that you might send them home to the Museum of the Edinburgh University, or that of the Wernerian Society. I verily believe that Professor Jameson would not thank you for a shipload of such intelligible stuffery. But mark the eyes of a naturalist when you tell him of some new marine creature, half vegetable half animal, which springs up in the shape of a tumbler, with something like an umbrella and stalk in the middle, and perhaps fixes itself to the ground by a few dozen legs, each with fifteen eyes in a row along the side, like the buttons of a pair of spatterdashes. The man's face kindles at the description, like a coal under a pair of bellows; and if you can be so patriotic as to transfer the specimen to a neighbouring pond, there to flourish in immortal youth for the benefit of all whom it may concern, why, you will find yourself next week with as many initial letters tagged to your name as might qualify you for becoming editor of an encyclopedia.

In the same way as regular proper birds and beasts have how ceased to possess any interest, so have the ordinary characters of society fallen into a kind of contempt in our literature. It was very well for Homer to describe heroes like Achilles and Agamemnon; and for the Spectator to talk of such men as Will Honeycomb or Sir Roger de Coverley. These personages were like the horse and the lion in the infancy of natural history. But any thing like a full-grown, healthy, natural man, is now of no use. Every body knew all about him ages ago. If you want proper subjects for the moral museum, you must poke into the holes and corners of human nature—you must dive far beneath the surface, and "pluck up drowned horrors by the locks." In short, it will not do now-a-days to describe any thing but nondescripts.

Acting under this impression, I take leave to introduce the genus *Peghler* to the notice of the world—a creature who, neither in town nor country, is any thing very decidedly, but yet may be described, I doubt not, in such terms as to awaken a full recollection of him in the mind of every reader.

The Peghler is a person in humble life, who assumes no distinct profession, but contrives to live a curious irregular life by means of all kinds of out-of-the-way bargainings, and contracts for work; his habits being generally in a considerable degree determined by the accident of his living in a city or in the country. He is usually a short, active-looking man, with coarse grey stockings, corduroy breeches, and a seven-days' beard. His neckcloth is one hard roll of red or blue cotton, enclosing a collar, which, evidently, has never yet been made acquainted with the mysterious process invented by Brummel. His watch is a little spherical silver one, with Roman numerals; its chain is steel, and consists of a series or congeries of chains, interrupted every two or three inches by little flat plates,

* To peghle, or pechle, is the Scottish expression for the English pant, or to be short-winded. *Peghler* is a noun formed for the occasion from that verb, in order to describe, by one of his most noted characteristics, a person who has many curious properties, and who would, by many, be described as a Jack-of-all-Trades. The present sketch originally appeared in Mr Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, to which it was contributed by one of the individuals now concerned in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. It is transferred to its present place, in the hope of its falling under the attention of a circle of readers different from that to which it has been already introduced.

and garnished at the end with an old-fashioned pebble seal, a George-the-Second sixpence, a small Indian shell, and a key formed on three angles, like the human figure when sitting. The town Peghler lives about such places as the Cowfeeder Row, the Back of the Canongate, and a certain *terra Australis incognita*, which bears, I believe, the name of the Causewayside. He has generally a concern in some grass park in the neighbourhood, where he keeps a cow or horse when he happens to buy one. He is always a married man, with a vast number of children, whom he is rigorous in setting to work as soon almost as they are able to walk. Though invariably rather wealthy than otherwise, he is a great economist in his household. He buys the most of his provisions in a growing or living state. In June, you find him attending a sale of standing grain, where, if he does not bid largely in a wholesale capacity, he at least purchases an acre or two for his own meal. This is reaped by his own children—put into sheaves by himself (for he is a capital bandster)—thrashed also by himself—ground at a mill in which he has some concern—and brought home by his own horse and cart. In October, you see him attending a sale of growing potatoes—perhaps he buys a whole field on speculation—possibly only an acre for his family. At the very worst, he sees how potatoes are going—enjoys the honour of having his advice asked by the less experienced, and partakes, however fruitlessly, of the bottle which has been paraded for the purpose of encouraging the sale. The Peghler frequents all kinds of markets. At Dalkeith he goes like a bee from flower to flower. He dives his hand deep into every bag—feels the contents, with a knowing air, between his finger and thumb—tastes it with an air still more knowing—and, after asking the price, remarks, if he does not mean to buy, that it is "a good meal." When he has made a purchase, he pays for it either in notes drawn from a huge worn pocket-book, which seems almost in itself a bank, or by what he calls "a bit check on Sir Willie."*

In his capacity of corn-factor upon a small scale, the Peghler is a great adept in all matters connected with farm produce, and whatever may increase or depress its value. Not a cloud can cross the horizon, but he knows what effect it is to have next Friday at Haddington. He will, by a mysterious algebra peculiar to himself, weigh off the depth of water at the Observatory, or, what is more in his way, the pools which he finds in the morning before his door, against the scale of prices at Dalkeith, and you would be astonished at the accuracy of the calculation. I once came upon a Peghler in the course of a country walk. He was leaning over the gate of a barley field; and, if he had not borne all the external marks of a declared and licensed Peghler, I could have known him by the considerate calculating air with which he marked the rising braird. I entered into conversation with him, and remarked that that was a fine field of barley. "Yes," he said, drily, "it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it is gude." The Peghler, I saw, approved of the grain, by virtue of his intimate and actual acquaintance with the subject: he knew it to be good, perhaps, from his certainty as to the goodness of the soil, the sufficiency of the manure, the excellent labour which had been bestowed upon it, besides a minute examination of all the outward symptoms. But he saw, from my city aspect, that I only thought it good because the field bore a verdant appearance. He thought me, in short, as green as the barley; and

* It is necessary to explain to the southern reader that Sir William Forbes and Co. were for a long time the bankers in highest consideration in Scotland, especially among the rural classes.

his conscious skill could not respond even to my humble remark, without letting me see that he did so upon different and deeper principles. "Yes—it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it is gude!" The Director-General of the fine arts could not have more expressively marked his contempt for some raw exclamation about a picture, such as "How pretty!" Verily, thought I, there is no department of knowledge without its pride of skill.

But the Peghler is a person of multiform appearance, and endless varieties of employment. Sometimes he steps into a place where turnpikes are rousing; and, if the thought strikes him, he will take a few tolls, into which, next week, he has planted off almost all the grown-up members of his family. You have, perhaps, left off acquaintance with a particular Peghler, as contractor for building a dyke near your residence in the country; and the next time you see him, he is ascending from a hole in the street, being busied in forming a new drain. Some days afterwards, when you are in quest of a house against next Whitsuntide, you find yourself waited upon by this identical Peghler, as an emissary of the landlord. It is a great employment of the Peghler to let houses. This is just one of those irregular kinds of business which the city Peghler rejoices in. He is indeed so fond of it, that he often sinks his own gains in house property. You find him at a sale of what are called "old materials," namely, the stone and wood-work of a house about to be taken down, to admit, perhaps, of some public work. He is flying along crazy joists, while pulverised lime wraps him all around, the very demon of dust! He buys the whole for a few pounds, and, some weeks after, a house, perhaps occupied in former times by "lords and ladies gay," rises in a new shape in the suburbs, for the accommodation of humble artizans, whom the Peghler has the pleasure of *persecuting* twice or oftener in the year for ever after. The Peghler, in his capacity of landlord, becomes acquainted with a property in human nature, which has hitherto been supposed to reside exclusively in certain classes of birds. This is a disposition to migrate, which prevails among his tenants at particular seasons, generally about three weeks previous to the 25th of May and the 22d of November. It is incalculable the trouble which he and his whole race and kindred have, about those periods, in watching the motions of the tenantry. He wanders nightly like a ghost about "the property;" and if he sees a light in a window after midnight, he is thrown into an agony, lest a removal is contemplated. His children rise at different periods of the night to relieve guard; but even while he sleeps, he thinks he sees his vassals flying away with their goods and chattels, in order to avoid being troubled about that rending misery—rent. If all keeps fair till term-day, he goes his rounds with a gracious countenance, mumbling to every tenant some complimentary speeches, in which the word "convenient" is alone heard, but, in being heard, is enough. Perhaps, instead of rent, he is met with some flaming complaint as to the want of repairs; but unless he receives payment of his demands, he turns a deaf ear to all such memorialists. If payment be really made, then he makes it his endeavour to soothe the complainants as much as possible. There is no black so very black, nor no white so very white, but he will make it look a little better. The roof may show a breach through which the tenant can see ten degrees of the blue empyrean; but, in the Peghler's mind, every thing may be cured by "a little plaister." "A little plaister" is his catholicon for all evils; and "that he will come and apply himself, some day very soon." He will never admit any fault in his pro-

perty, which it is beyond his own personal skill to correct; no more than Dr Poppleton would acknowledge the existence of any disease which might not be cured by his own pill. He has been heard, in extraordinary cases, to speak of such a thing as "a barrow-fu' o' bricks," but so very rarely, that it is not entitled to enter into the estimate of his character and habits. We have also known the Peghler to have the art of thatching houses, and even, on an emergency, when in the last day of his shirt, to sweep a chimney, either for the benefit of himself, or one of his neighbours.

The Peghler is always prosperous, so long as things depend upon his own immediate exertions and sagacity, and while his children are still so young as to be obliged to conform to all his rules. But the unhappy man is almost invariably ruined by his family. He has been all his life a severe disciplinarian. Every Sunday, twice in the day, has he marched his flock of Johnnies and Jennies to Mr Lothian's, in the Vennel, besides having, all his life,

"Morning, nighty,
On the questions targed them tichty."

But all is as nought when the struggling savages arrive at ripe age. Jockies are then set up as meal-dealers or builders, and Jennies are married to grocers and tanners. The boys carry *higher* heads than their father, but not so *long*, and the sons-in-law (as blood, according to the kindly Scotch adage, is thicker than water) obtain his scratchy, but valuable signature, to bills and other obligations. The gains of wisdom and parsimony are then squandered by folly and self-indulgence. Even while the family is still domiciled with him, he is in danger of having his good old system broken in upon. The youngsters see finer style in the dwellings of their playmates, and they begin to discover that their father is not the poor man he seems. The Peghler is thunderstruck, some fine morning, at finding his household convulsed by a general rebellion, to which the very wife of his bosom is evidently not ill-affected, against further breakfasts of porridge. The ancient dynasty [*quasi dicitur dine-asty*] of potatoes is tumbled from its throne; and tea, hitherto a thing only enjoyed clandestinely when he was from home, sets up its unblushing front every evening, as if it had a title of a thousand years' standing. It is in vain that he struggles against these innovations. He is brought to submission, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, by the very multitude of his enemies. He might seize a Jock or a Jenny, as Gulliver could have done by half a score of his minute foes, but whatever punishment he could inflict would be revenged twenty-fold by the myriad shafts of ridicule, and remonstrance, and complaint, which would have instantly been directed against him. At length the poor Peghler, after a manful resistance, is obliged to give in with a good grace; and TEA, the arch-fiend of his former dreams, reigns supreme.

From such causes as these the Peghler often ends where he commenced—a very poor man; but yet the case is often far otherwise. Perhaps his eldest son is reared a baker. The youth is steady and active. The moment he is out of his apprenticeship, he marries his master's daughter, and the two swarm off to set up in some new street, about the outskirts of the New Town. Little stock is required to set up a baker. Two pounds buy a bag of flour, and no more is required to begin with. The wife is established in a small back room, with a window of two panes looking into the front shop; and there she sits, looking through her loop-hole of retreat on the world that passes by, unless when called upon to attend to her customers. In the evenings, if you happen to drop in to buy any thing for your children, you get a peep through that loop-hole, unless it be altogether covered by its curtain of green baize, of such a comfortable tea-table as makes you envy the happy lot of the son of the Peghler. Or perhaps the honest baker himself appears in his door, with his red cowl pushed back from his brow, and is engaged in discussing, amidst a crowd of neighbours, some knotty subject that has just been started by the Scotsman or the Chronicle. He is redolent of warm toast, and his wife is just washing the "tea things" in the back-room. His broad hearty laugh, the expression of a mind at ease with itself, and happy with all around it, is heard occasionally over the debate; and if a customer chances to enter, the transaction is in general so simple, that it does not interrupt his argument, but he continues speaking to his friends at the door, from the far recesses of the shop, till he is enabled, by the conclusion of the business, to resume his station in the threshold. The Peghler watches, and rejoices over the good behaviour of this worthy son, with a gratulation of spirit inconceivably great. He loves the children (for bakers always have lots of children) far better than do their father or mother; and they, in their turn, would not give their grandfather for twenty of their more immediate parents. As they sit on his knee, they ask him innumerable questions about his watch, and its many chains, and its seal, and its sixpence, and its little shell; and occasionally, when they are "gude bairns," he will even allow them to see the inside of the wonderful machine. They entertain a most reverential respect for a particular pocket in his large spotted woollen vest, in which they know he keeps halfpence. That pocket seems to them the most estimable and glorious object in the whole world; and they cannot see him bring his hand so much as near it, without a fluttering tremor of expectation, almost amounting to delirium.

Their first breeches have all along been *hanselled* by the Peghler, and indeed every successive pair since; and, in fact, they are so often treated by him in this way, that their ideas of "grandfather" and "halfpence" are inseparable.

And so I leave the Peghler to his repose.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HAIL.

THIS country which we have the good fortune to inhabit is certainly, to a considerable extent, free from those terrible tempests which so frequently lay waste and desolate other regions of the globe. But notwithstanding this, thunder-storms and hail-storms occasionally occur in Britain, which, although of short duration, do much local injury. Before the occurrence of such a storm, all the elements of nature seem disturbed. Birds, as if warned of an impending calamity, seek shelter in forests or in the crevices of rocks. Cattle of all descriptions appear alarmed, and betake themselves to their sheds, or seek protection beneath the branches of trees. The clouds increase in size, and become heavy and black; they appear agitated; are hurried swiftly through the air; and often seem to rush against each other, until at length, as if unable to sustain their burthen any longer, the hail is precipitated with violence to the earth. During this time, darkness thick as night often prevails; thunder is heard to roll along in heavy volleys; the most vivid forked lightning is seen; and the wind, as if striving for the mastery, not unfrequently sweeps along as in a hurricane, tearing down the boughs of trees, and uprooting them from the soil in which they were fixed. At length, after raging some time, the storm abates; the thunder and lightning cease; the wind sinks; the hailstones decrease in size; rain succeeds; the clouds break, and no trace remains of the storm, excepting in the devastation it may have occasioned. Such are the phenomena—often impressive, and amounting to sublimity—which attend the occurrence of violent hail-storms; having premised which, we proceed to consider more particularly the origin and nature of hail.

Hail is unquestionably formed by the congelation of vapour in the higher regions of the atmosphere; and this arises from the warmer air in which the vapour was suspended mixing suddenly with an intensely cold current of air. Hail is generally defined to be frozen rain; but it differs from ice in this, that the hailstones are not formed of single pieces of ice, but of small particles agglutinated together, some of which are very hard, like perfect ice, while others are soft as snow, or resemble snow that has been hardened by frost. When hailstones are broken open, or cut across, they are sometimes within found to be of a spongy structure; sometimes the interior presents a very beautiful radiated appearance, and not unfrequently exhibits regular and very remarkable concentric plates. Generally, the centre of the hailstone is harder than its surface, and occasionally presents us with a nucleus, or sort of core, imbedded in which, bits of straw, wood, and earth, have been found; substances which, it may be presumed, were elevated from the surface of the earth by the action of a whirlwind, or some similar meteor. Hailstones vary much in shape: they are generally oval or round, but sometimes thin, flat, irregularly globular, angular, pyramidal, occasionally irregular, having a central point whence proceed numerous icy spiculae, like rays in all directions; and, also, although more rarely, they have appeared as six-sided prisms. A few years ago, a tremendous storm occurred in Gloucestershire, the most remarkable circumstance attending which, was the hail-shower by which it was accompanied. "It may be doubted," says the *Athenæum*, "whether such a name as hail be applicable, for the masses of ice which fell in places where the storm most fiercely raged, bore no resemblance to hailstones in magnitude or formation, most of them being of a very irregular shape, broad, flat, and ragged, and many measuring nine inches in circumference; they appeared like fragments of a vast plate of ice broken into small masses by its descent towards the earth." On the 4th of June, in the year 1814, hail fell at Cincinnati in North America, the pieces of which are described, in the account read to the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, as having been apparently "aggregated of numerous others, which were likewise composed of smaller ones, while some of more than ordinary size appeared single, as if they had been snowballs immersed in water, and refrozen."

Hailstones vary considerably in size—from that of a millet seed to that of a pigeon's egg—the smaller generally falling in the more northern climates, the larger

in the south of Europe. Hailstones have fallen in Scotland which have been found to weigh five ounces; in North America they have been picked up weighing fifteen ounces; and in October 5, 1831, one fell at Constantinople which weighed more than a pound. "I had long refused," observes Volney, in his *View of the Climate, &c. of America*, "to credit the existence of those hailstones said to weigh ounces, and even pounds, of which newspapers and travellers too frequently speak. But the storm of the 13th of July 1788 affords me the conviction of my own senses. I was at Ponchartrain, ten miles from Versailles; and going to see a sheep-walk at six o'clock in the morning, I found the rays of the sun intolerably scorching; the air was calm and suffocating, that is, it was extremely rarefied; the sky was without a cloud, yet I heard four or five claps of thunder. About a quarter after seven, a cloud appeared in the south-west, and then a very brisk wind arose. In a few minutes, the cloud filled the horizon, and speeded toward the zenith with an increase of the wind; and a hail-storm suddenly came on, the stones not falling perpendicularly, but at angle of 45°, and so large that you would have taken them for the pieces of mortar of a roof falling down. I could not believe my own eyes; many of the stones were larger than a man's fist, and I observed, too, that several of these were only fragments of larger pieces. When I could safely venture my hand out of the door of the house to which I had very opportunely retired for shelter, I took up one, and found it to weigh more than five ounces by a common pair of scales. Its shape was very irregular, and it had three principal horns as big as the thumb, and almost as long, projecting from the nucleus, on which they were collected. I have been credibly informed that a hailstone at St Germaine's weighed more than three pounds, and after this I know not what surpases belief."

It is related, that, during the wars of Louis the Twelfth in Italy, in 1510, there was for some time a horrible darkness, after which the clouds broke into thunder and lightning, and there fell hailstones of one hundred pounds weight. Hailstones of such extraordinary magnitude and weight as this are certainly not known in this country; but they have frequently fallen as large as pigeons' eggs, and with a force that has done considerable mischief. On the 19th of May 1809, a severe hail-storm occurred in the neighbourhood of London. The hailstones that fell were many of them a full inch in diameter. Such was the velocity with which they were precipitated, that in many instances a clear round hole was left in the glass they pierced. "The water of the river (says the account), lashed by the hail and raised by the wind, resembled a cauldron boiling violently, rather than waves with breakers. The damage done was so great, that a London newspaper estimated it at 200,000 squares of glass, broken in sashes, skylights, conservatories, oratories, hot-houses, &c., besides the injury done to the crops in fields and gardens. The foliage of large elms was cut off, and scattered on the ground to a furlong's distance to leeward; and fruit trees, besides being thus stripped, received wounds in their bark which were visible long after." It is calculated that a single drop of water, the diameter of which is only the one-thousandth of an inch, will, in descending through the air, acquire a velocity of nine or ten feet every second; wherefore it is less surprising that hailstones of such magnitude and weight should occasionally prove destructive, not only to delicate plants, but even to animals; for a pebble, even of the ordinary size of a hailstone, were it to fall from the mouth of a well on the head of a man, would kill him; and meteoric stones, which are no larger, bury themselves deep in the ground, and have been known even to force themselves through the body of a house, and penetrate some inches into the cellar ground. But the truth seems to be, that hailstones, in the progress of their descent, acquire additional magnitude. It is probable that the largest commences its formation with a small nucleus, which receives continual accessions of frozen vapour in its descent to the ground. This accession of vapour is derived from matter in a state of rest, which has to be put into motion by the falling body, which thus, in every stage of its progress, has its own speed retarded. The velocity, therefore, which it would acquire in falling, is overcome or lost by the resistance it meets with in communicating motion to so large a quantity of matter as that which composes its accretions. Accordingly, hailstones are found to be smaller on the tops of mountains than in the neighbouring plains or valleys; because, not falling so far, they do not augment their size by the addition of successive layers of congealed watery vapour.* The force, however, with which hailstones fall to the earth, is often very considerable. In August 1813, a division of British infantry, descending the Pyrenees, was overtaken by a violent hail-shower, which lasted twenty minutes, and created more alarm among its victims than the approaching contest. The hailstones varied in size from that of a bean to that of a hen's egg, and were transparent masses of ice, round in form, with icicles extending from their surface about the length and thickness of the prongs of a common silver fork. "I am induced to believe," says Mr Stewart, who was

* See an excellent Memoir on the Causes and Phenomena of Hail, by Professor Ohnsted. *Silliman's American Journal*, vol. xviii. p. 10, 11.

present, "that the hail had been twice as large in the higher regions of the atmosphere and before they reached the surface of the earth, as the stones themselves, and the spicula or icicles on their surface, had all the appearance of being partially melted down by heat. Fortunately the troops had their backs to the storm, else many of them must have lost their eyes, and been otherwise maimed from the weight of the stones, and the force with which they fell. I have heard some of the men say their tin kettles were dinged or dimpled by the shower; and I am induced to believe so, from the circumstance of my having been rendered lame for twenty-four hours, by one of them falling on my foot. The rattling of these stones on the canteens and kettles of the men, and their gradually increasing in size, for some time rendered the scene truly alarming, even to those who had been in the daily habit of exposing their lives to the dangers of war."

Hail-storms occur principally in the temperate regions of the globe; they appear less often between the tropics, and may be almost said to be unknown in the frigid zone, where the only substance which falls resembling hail is described by Captain Scoresby as consisting of "a white porous spherical concretion, of a light snowy texture." The reason assigned for the frequency of hail-storms in temperate climates, is, that the air in these regions is often in a high state of electricity, for which reason the hail-showers are, as we have already observed, so frequently accompanied by thunder and lightning. France, owing probably to its situation between the Alps and Pyrenees, is, especially in its southern districts, liable to the most severe and disastrous hail-storms: indeed, the distress they occasioned was so great, that the attention of scientific men was directed to the phenomena of these storms, for the purpose of their suggesting or devising some means to avert, if possible, the calamities they so frequently occasioned. Accordingly, proceeding on the supposition that these hail-storms were occasioned by the unequal distribution and accumulation of electric fluid in the atmosphere, they proposed drawing off the fluid by means of rods, similar to those by which public buildings are protected from the effects of lightning. The Linnaean Society of Paris, after causing numerous experiments to be instituted, ascertained the efficacy of these hail-rods in protecting the adjacent district from the injuries produced by these storms. In the Annals of that Society, it is stated, that "the hail-rod, or *paragrêle*, has for several years occasioned much inquiry on the Continent, and has engaged the particular attention of that Society. In many districts, which were formerly, year after year, devastated by hail, the instrument has been adopted with complete success, while, in neighbouring districts not protected by hail-rods, the crops have been damaged as usual." Furthermore, it has been estimated by this Society, from numerous experiments made in different districts, that "if these hail-rods were established through the whole of France, it would occasion an annual saving to the revenue of fifty millions of francs." A curious and ingenious method of averting the recurrence of these formidable storms, was introduced by the Marquis of Cheviers, a naval officer living on his estate at Vaurenard, who, having recollected to have seen the explosion of guns resorted to at sea for the purpose of dispersing stormy clouds, resolved to attempt a similar method to dissipate hail-storms. For this purpose, he made use of boxes of gunpowder, which he caused to be fired from the heights on the approach of a storm. This had the happiest effects; and by this means he continued, until his death, to preserve his lands from their ravages, while the neighbouring villages were frequently sadly desolated. He consumed annually for this purpose between 200 and 300 lbs. of mining powder. The inhabitants of the neighbouring communes, convinced of the excellence of the practice, adopted it, as did many others, in which we believe this preventive measure is still had recourse to. In the commune of Fleury, they use a mortar, which carries a pound of gunpowder at a charge, and it is generally upon the heights, and before the clouds have had time to accumulate, that they make the explosions.

In this country, hail-showers occur generally during the warmer seasons of the year, and the weather afterwards becomes cooler; they are, however, of rare occurrence during winter, if we except a sprinkling of small opaque grains, which indicate the approach of severer cold, and are found in the morning on the hardened ground or frozen ponds. The account of the devastation occasioned by violent hail-storms, even in Britain, cannot fail to strike with awe the reflecting mind; but it is not to be forgotten, that, while they inflict so much local injury, they are of essential service in equalizing the electrical state of the atmosphere, and in destroying subtle contagious poisons, which generate the most distressing and fatal epidemic diseases. In some European provinces that were visited by the cholera, which excited lately so much alarm among all classes of society, after heavy hail-storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the disease entirely disappeared. Thus the apparent evils, and the sorrows which it pleases the inscrutable wisdom of Providence to inflict on us, are often only the mysterious means by which the most beneficent designs become accomplished. In every walk of nature—no matter through what particular path of science we

proceed—all the knowledge that human sagacity can reveal tends to establish one great moral axiom, that "all things which we behold are full of blessings." In the beautiful language of Wordsworth,

"The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Still leaves a saving moisture at its root."

THE ARETHUSA.

"Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are formed in honour's mould,
And I a story will unfold—
Hurra for the Arethusa!"

THAT was the ship—she was one of the fleetest of the fleet—sailed like a witch, and sat on the water like a duck. Why, she could do any thing but speak, and all her crew had their hearts in their right places:—there was no fumbling for 'em in their hats, or searching 'em out of their pockets when they came into action. No, no; their hearts always beat to quarters, to the tune of "Rule Britannia;" and then their arms were sure to gain the day. The old Harry-thusers were all well known at every sea-port town in the kingdom; and no sooner did the blind fiddlers see any of 'em come into a room, than there was an extra expenditure of rosin and cat-gut upon the old tune. Didn't Lord Exmouth command them (in 1800) when they took the French squadron off Ireland? To be sure he did; though he wasn't a lord then; and a pretty day's work they had of it. Howsoever, they gained the day, as most of the Jehus about Plymouth can testify. Five on 'em bought a coach, horses and all, and then hired the coachman for three days to drive about—but all hands kept upon deck, and left the inside empty; for what was the use of skulking under hatches in fine weather? So, d'y'e see, they stowed the craft well with grog and 'bacca—got all snug, with a fiddler forward, and an organ-grinder abaft, and carried on between Plymouth and Dock during the whole time they stopped on shore. Ah, them were the days! when a sailor had no trouble in getting rid of his money; but now he can't gather as much as would jingle upon a tomb-stone; and if he does have a sixpence or two, he is obliged to drive it up in a corner of his pocket to catch it!

I can remember coming up from Portsmouth once, on a fortnight's leave; there were seven or eight of us, and among the rest was Jack Transom, of the old Harry. Well, d'y'e see, he'd nearly three hundred pounds prize-money about him, and which way to spend it he didn't know. Seven years had elapsed since his feet had touched the shore, and he was like a wild feline. Every house he came to, a fresh bucket of licknum-vite was mixed for all hands, till he'd thoroughly set up the backstays of his heart, though the laniards had a tant strain on 'em before we made sail. Well, there he stood on the fore-castle—on the roof, I mean—shouting "Happy Jack!" flourishing his short stick, and waving his hat, to the great astonishment and terror of the rusty villagers. It was night-time, and Jack would pay for all the passengers' suppers, so he gave the landlord a fivepounder of Abraham Newland's, and told him not to mind change, for he hadn't got room for it. At last he was completely groggy, and when we changed horses at Thing-em-he—I forget the name of the place—he would have another nip at the stuff, which hove him into a stark calm—till the vessel, I mean the coach, got into motion, and then he sprang his luff, and once more took his station standing on the roof, but, being quite tosticated, in a few minutes after we started he got tossed off altogether. Overboard he went, and came down on to the road like a lump of lead.

Coachmen rounded in the braces directly, and hove all aback, so that every soul landed to pick him up. "He's gone," says Dick Fiferail; "he's outward bound—Yo-hoy, Jack!" hallooing in his ear enough to split it: "Yo-hoy, shipmate, rouse out, and don't turn in before the hammocks are piped down!" "Blesh ma heart," cried an old Jew agent, "vat a pitysh! Ver's demoneish though?—must take care of the moneish." "No, no," says the guard; "let his pockets alone; but lend us a hand to carry him back to the house." A young assistant surgeon happened to be stowed in between decks; he felt his pulse, but gave very little hopes, unless they conveyed him instantly to the house. Indeed he thought he had already slept his cable. So they put him inside of the coach, and drove back again. Here he was stretched out upon a table, and the doctor overhauled his timbers, to see if there were any butt-ends started, or any of his precious limbs carried away. Howsoever, all was right, though he gave no signs of returning hangeration.

"Why don't you feel his neck?" says Dick; "mayhap his windpipe may have got a turn in it, and his breath is jammed in the hawse. Yo-hoy, Jack, unmuzzle, my boy, and tell us whether you're dead or dumb-founded. What's the use of keeping us here? He's gone, your honour," turning to the surgeon, who was preparing to bleed him; "he's gone, poor fellow, and a most foul and unnatural death he has had of it. Give us another glass of grog, landlord; and let it be stiff, d'y'e hear. Bad thing that drunkenness, your honour. Put in a little more rum, landlord; but then, d'y'e see, what's a sailor to do with his money, unless he makes it liquid? 'Oh, that a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains!' My service to you, sir. Ke-keep us all sober, say I. Here, Jack, you loved it alive; but your allowance is stopped now. Howsoever, a small drop won't hurt

you"—and so, contrary to every one's persuasions, he poured some into his mouth. Scarcely had he done so, when it produced a gurgling in the throat; and whether it was the smell or taste of the stuff, or the effects of bleeding, but I rather think the former, he opened his eyes, and faintly uttered his usual cry of "Happy Jack!" "There," says Dick; "I knew, if any thing would bring him to, here's the me-dickeyment—it's a key would open a locked jaw at any time." "Happy Jack!" continued the other, as he sniffed the grog with a gust; "Happy Jack!" Well, d'y'e see, his arm was bound up—his money was examined—and Jack was carried up to bed, while all hands returned to the coach, and made sail with a fair wind and a free sheet.

At Godalming we stopped about half an hour, to freshen hawse; and just as we were all comfortably berthed for the next stage, another coach came driving in astern of us, well manned with liberty-boys, and cheering with all their might. As soon as they clapped us alongside at the inn, the first words we clearly distinguished were "Happy Jack!" and sure enough it was he himself, for, after a short nap, he had mounted the next coach, and promised the coachman a guinea if he would carry on and come up with his own ship again. This was accomplished. He boarded us with three cheers, in which all hands heartily joined; but not being quite recovered from his fall, they wanted him to get inside. "No, no," says Jack; "I have never been used to a cabin, d'y'e mind, and, mayhap, the gemmen and ladies (for we had taken up two ladies at Godalming) wouldn't like such a shipmate: But never mind, I'm Happy Jack; so if so be you can stow me under the fore-castle there, all well and good; but if not, why, then, pass the gripes round me, and lash me upon deck."

"Ya, hip," went the coachman, and so we coiled Jack away in the boot, and dashed off to the tune of "Jack's alive," which the guard played upon his bugle like an angel, to the admiration of all on board, except the old lady and Dick, who kept talking occasionally through the open window. It was a delightful summer morning, and the sun shone beautifully on the dewy grass as we passed rapidly along the road, hailing the convoys homeward bound, and now and then catching a distant glimpse of our consort, as he carried on to get up in our wake; but a starn chase is a long chase, so we had only an opportunity of just saying "What cheer? what cheer?" as the coach hove-to to give the horses their water, and the coachman his *well*. At last, both vehicles arrived at the Elephant and Castle, when "Happy Jack" roused out from his berth, looking very deplorably; for his clothes (a new suit) were torn to pieces, his face bruised, and his whole frame very sore. Howsoever, we hired three hackney-coaches, hoisted a blue jacket, on a barber's pole, for the admiral's flag, and steered boldly over London Bridge, bound for Wapping, where we soon anchored in Blanket Bay, with plenty of rhino, a good supply of grog, and no purser to nip us on short commons. After a good sleep we reckoned our cash, found a great deal gone, particularly Jack's; but still we mustered somewhere about five hundred pound, which was shortly spent like true British tars, to the honour and glory of old England, and the Harry-thusers.*

ANTIPATHIES TO ANIMALS.

MANY men have strange antipathies to animals. Some of these are accountable, as depending upon form; others, profoundly mysterious in the why and the wherefore. All ladies fall into hysterics at the approach of a spider. Snakes are generally objects of fear, rather than antipathy, from the deadly power which some of the species possess; but why a beautiful lizard, a sleek mouse or a rat, should be objects of antipathy, it is difficult to conjecture: elegant in form, and harmless, they might at least be looked upon with complacency. The sight of a rat has been known to throw even the male sex into convulsions. Claude Prosper Juliot de Crebillon, a name conspicuous in the annals of French literature, was confined in the Bastille, in pursuance of the caprices of one of the old Bourbon satraps, who often shut up in dungeons the men of the age most conspicuous for talent, and who were known to promulgate unsavoury truths. One night, Crebillon felt what he thought to be a cat responding by his side in bed: glad of such a companion in that silent mansion, where to many a prisoner "hope never came," he stretched out his hand to caress it; but it ran away. The following day, when seated at his dinner, he saw, through the "darkness visible" of his cell, an animal squatted, *vis-à-vis*, on his table, and was soon able to perceive that it had a long slender tail, and was not a cat, which at first he imagined it to be, but an enormous rat. He had an unconquerable antipathy to rats; and, springing from his seat, cried aloud with terror, and overturned his table; the noise brought in a turnkey, who found him

* Abridged from "Greenwich Hospital, or Naval Sketches,"—Robins, London.

pale, and nearly senseless; and it was a long time ere he recovered himself. This animal had been the companion of a preceding prisoner, who had tamed it; and so well did the horrible solitude of the Bastille operate in removing the antipathy of Crebillon to these creatures, that at length he became reconciled to its company, and even shared his provisions with it. The case of Crebillon may serve as a useful hint for effecting the cure of most other antipathies to animals.

Many men have also strange antipathies to cats; and so strongly does the sight of them affect some individuals, that their whole frame becomes agitated. A striking instance of this kind came within our own personal knowledge. The late Captain Logan, of Knockshinnoch, in Ayrshire, had such an unconquerable aversion to all cats, that he would not remain in the room with one on any account whatever. We have known ladies to expostulate with him on the affectionate and harmless dispositions of their grimalkins, vowing that they would touch nothing larger than a rat; but their eloquence was invariably lost on the captain, who lent a deaf ear to all their pleadings.

He could detect immediately the presence of a cat from smell, even although he could not possibly see it in the room, being under a sofa, or some such place; and he uniformly insisted on its being turned out of the room, before he would compose himself to enter into conversation.

On one occasion, while his regiment was stationed in Tynemouth, we happened to accompany the captain to pay a visit to the family of General R—. We found several visitors in the house besides the family. Among the rest was the late Sir C— G—, then commanding the northern district of England, and some officers of his staff. When deeply engaged in a political conversation on the events of the times, the domestic cat, a frolicsome young animal, came scampering into the room, when the gallant captain started from his seat, and mounted a chair with all possible alacrity, to the no small astonishment of all present, as none of them were aware of his dread of cats. Every body supposed the captain had been seized with a sudden fit of lunacy; the ladies bounced up, several made their way towards the door, and even the two patriot generals and the staff-officers seemed to entertain doubts as to their personal safety; and, in particular, we noticed Sir C— G— keeping an attentive watch on the handle of the captain's sword. In short, every countenance but our own bore marks of anxiety, and we laughed outright, to the no small displeasure of the general's lady, who thought it no joke, and entreated us to pacify our friend.

We must mention, that Captain Logan was then a man of about thirty years of age, six feet one inch in height, and of a very athletic form; so, to be subjected to the grasp of such an individual was no joke, as the general's lady expressed herself; but as we knew the poor captain was quite *compos* and harmless, we enjoyed the joke amazingly. The old general entreated of him to come down, while the captain obstinately refused until puss was dismissed. The general in vain tried to convince him of her innocent intentions, which increased the convictions of all present that the captain was cracked. By this time all the ladies had made good their retreat, and some of the younger ones stood peeping in at the door, with the handle in their hand, in case of the captain trying to follow them. Things beginning to assume a serious aspect, we lifted puss, and rung the bell for a servant to remove it out of the room, after which the captain descended, and in a few minutes resumed his wonted coolness. An explanation followed, and this irresistible infirmity of the captain's was felt, by those who witnessed the ludicrous scene, more with pity than contempt; and we will venture to say, that such was the impression which was made at the time, that none who witnessed it will ever forget the scene.

The inhabitants of Britain, in the mass, are haters of toads and frogs; while it is well known that in France there is a species of the latter animal which is considered a delicate article of food; thus verifying the old proverb, that "what is one man's meat, is another's poison."

There are not in nature two more harmless animals than the toad and frog; the idea which generally prevails, that the former is poisonous, is all a fable; and a dread of these creatures is instilled into us by the folly of nursery-maids, who hand it down with great care from one generation to another. There have been various instances of individuals making pets of these animals, and they have been rewarded for their attentions by watching the singular manner in which they take their food, and prey upon insects and worms, and also from some curious experiments which have been tried with them.

The tree-frog, which is a native of America, France, Germany, and Italy, and many other European states, has been kept by Dr Townson, who had them in a window, and appropriated to their use a bowl of water, in which they lived. They grew quite tame; and to two which he had in his possession for a considerable time, and were particular favourites, the doctor gave the names of Damon and Musidora. In the evening, they seldom failed to go into the water, unless the weather was cold and damp; in which case they would sometimes abstain from entering it for a couple of days. When they came out of the water, if a few drops were thrown upon the board, they always applied their bodies as close to it as they could; and

from this absorption through the skin, though they were flaccid before, they soon again appeared plump. A tree-frog, that had not been in the water during the night, was weighed, and then immersed; after it had remained half an hour in the bowl, it came out, and was found to have absorbed nearly half its own weight of water. From other experiments, it was discovered that these animals frequently absorbed nearly their whole weight of water, and that, as was clearly proved, by the under surface only of the body. They will even absorb water from wetted blotting paper. Sometimes they will eject water with considerable force from their bodies, to the quantity of a fourth part, or more, of their weight. Before the flies had disappeared in the autumn, the doctor collected for his favourite tree-frog, Musidora, a great quantity as winter provision: when he laid any of them before her, she took no notice of them; but the moment he moved them with his breath, she sprang upon and ate them. Once, when flies were scarce, the doctor cut some flesh of a tortoise into small pieces, and moved them by the same means; she seized them, but the instant afterwards rejected them from her tongue. After he had obtained her confidence, she ate from his fingers dead as well as living flies. Frogs will leap at the moving of any small object; and, like toads, they will also soon become sufficiently familiar to sit on the hand, and submit to be carried from one side of a room to the other, to catch flies as they settle on the wall. This gentleman, accordingly, made them his guards at Gottingen, for keeping the flies from his dessert of fruit, and they performed their task highly to his satisfaction. He has seen the small tree-frog eat humble-bees, but this was never done without some contest. They are in general obliged to reject them, being incommoded by their stings and hairy roughness; but in each attempt the bee is farther covered with the viscid matter from the frog's tongue, and, when thus coated, it is swallowed with facility.

THE WESTMINSTER TOBACCO-BOX.

It is, indeed, a pleasing truth—the people of London must eat their dinners, and, what is more, smoke their pipe and enjoy their measure of porter every day in their lives; so we need not have the smallest dread of a revolution in that quarter. But if all chance of the commission of an "overt act" is thus happily avoided, there can be no harm, surely, in talking of what *might* be done. We have often remarked, that a great deal of good is done by talking. The reverse, we are aware, is alleged; but we know better. Nothing like a free unlimited talk over our wrongs; nothing like each man telling his neighbour what he thinks of the state of things. It allows a free vent to our sufferings; and if we do not reap any practical benefit thereby, we at least think so, and that is quite enough. Now, a large proportion of the male population of London could not exist without their nightly talk. That talk they must and will have, in spite of all other arrangements to the contrary. Leaving their places of business as night begins to draw its sombre curtain over the world of streets and houses, they wend their way to their rendezvous or club—no, not exactly a club either; something between a regular club and a casual meeting; every thing understood; dropping in, as if by accident, all in an easy friendly way; the meeting being ordinarily constituted by the first whiff of a pipe, much in the same manner as an engagement commences by the firing of an advanced guard. The talk, after this, is carried on through the smoke.

London is not what it has been in the way of clubs. There was a time when they were to be found of every description and grade, and when the caustic wit of Goldsmith was applied in illustration of their humours and follies. There are not many of these ancient fraternities now existing in vigour, the ordinary means of recreation having diverted attention from them, and ruined their prospects. Of those which do hold out against the encroachments of modern manners, none are so worthy of notice as one entitled "The Past Overseers' Society of the Parishes of Saint Margaret and Saint John the Evangelist, Westminster." This association of past overseers of the poor has been greatly indebted for its prolonged popular existence to rather a singular object, namely, a *tobacco-box*, at once the standing subject of talk and bond of amity of the club. The history of this box is exceedingly curious, and affords an excellent commentary on the profuse dispensation of wealth or trifles, in the artificial state of society which exists within the bills of mortality.

This wonderful tobacco-box, which, in the present day, is both an object of antiquarian curiosity and an article of considerable intrinsic value, was originally a common flat horn box, of a portable size for the pocket, and bought, as tradition reports, at Horn Fair, for the trifling sum of fourpence. Its original possessor was a Mr Henry Monck, who usually brought with him to the tavern where those persons, who, like himself, had served the office of overseer, occasionally met to talk over and confer together upon parochial matters, and smoke their pipes in friendly intercourse; all of which persons subsequently formed themselves

into the above-mentioned society. Well, what did Mr Monck do, but present the club, in the year 1713, with his well-known tobacco-box, for the general use of the members, who, out of respect to the donor, ornamented it with a silver rim, on which his name was engraved. It was then committed to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, who transmitted it to his successor, with some additional silver ornament; and this example being followed, with little intermission, for a period of 111 years, a new outer case being always prepared whenever farther space was required for ornament, the box has increased to the bulk of a small tea-chest, and assumed a consequent importance. In short, the tobacco-box of the parish of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist, is now one of the greatest curiosities to be found west of Temple Bar.

The ornaments of the box, which have been contributed as we mention, consist of plates of silver, on which emblematical devices and representations of the memorable events of each succeeding year in the history of this country, with appropriate inscriptions, and portraits of many eminent persons who have borne a conspicuous part in those events, are either embossed or engraved; so that the box, taken as a whole, may be said to contain a memorial of some of the most remarkable occurrences relating to the history of Great Britain during the last century. But this is not all. So important has the box been considered, that a folio volume has actually been published, detailing its history, and illustrating, by a series of highly-finished engravings, executed by an eminent artist, the devices on the plates, and the gradual growth of the box itself, up to its present huge size.* Sure such a box was never before heard of, either in heathen mythological lore, or the records of a Christian parish.

We now turn over the leaves of this tobacco-inspired volume. The first picture we find represents the top of the original box, on which are engraved the arms of Westminster, with surrounding ornaments, with a view of the inside of the lid, exhibiting a bust of William Duke of Cumberland, surmounted by the figure of Fame, sounding on a trumpet, as we suppose, the cruelties he practised after the battle of Culloden. At the base of the pedestal lie bound two human figures, as if prepared for sacrifice; one of them a miserable Highlander, with a broken claymore at his feet; the other an old wigged gentleman, probably designed for Lord Lovat. Turning from this dismal memorial, which, however, was the work of Hogarth, we come to the second plate, exhibiting the bottom of the box, on which is engraved a figure emblematic of Charity, surrounded with finely chased ornaments. This plate also shows a handsome tobacco-stopper of mother-of-pearl, with silver chain; also a profile of the box. The box being now completely covered with ornaments, a case is next provided, whereon to display the taste of the overseers. The third plate represents the top and inside of this case. The top is the representation of the fire-works exhibited in St James's Park on occasion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1749; the inside shows the engagement which took place between the English and French fleets off Ushant, on the 12th of July 1778—the former commanded by Admiral Keppel, the latter by Count d'Orvilliers; below this sea-fight is the scene of the court-martial, held at the instance of Sir Hugh Palliser, the rear-admiral, on the conduct of Admiral Keppel in that action, by which he was most honourably acquitted. The fourth plate shows the inside bottom of the case, with the portrait of the notorious John Wilkes, with the date 1767. Plates five and six exhibit a projection of the rim, or body of the case, which appears beautifully ornamented in silver work, and comprises the names of a number of the overseers.

The next, or seventh plate, represents the box in a new stage. It has now got another case of a size larger than the former. On the top of this second case is the picture of a meeting of the governors and directors of the poor, assembled in the board-room administering relief. There is a fine air of the last century about the scene here represented. The figures are in old-fashioned dresses, with cocked hats, wigs, and queues, large silver buckles in the shoes, and dressed frills at the wrists. The date below is 1783, and the names of the churchwardens for the time—now at their place of rest in the hallowed precincts of St Margaret's—are neatly inscribed round the edge. The eighth plate, which succeeds, is one of the finest of the whole. It depicts the inside, top, and bottom of the second case. On the former is a well-executed small picture, representing the altar-piece of St Margaret's Church, being the Supper at Emmaus, in *basso-relievo*, by Alkin, from a painting by Titian; the bottom exhibits St John the Evangelist in the wilderness, approached by an eagle; below is a view of St Margaret's Church, and the date 1789. The ninth plate is of the outside bottom of the second case, and contains a plain gold medallion of the head of George the Third, with an inscription commemorating the general illumination on the restoration of his health. Plate ten and eleven is the projection of the rim or body of the

* This ingenious and certainly curious work, from which these facts are gleaned, bears its imprint—"London: Printed and Published by L. Clark, 27, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, 1824." We have a strong suspicion that Mr Clark must be a past overseer of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist; and, therefore, so far inspired with the pious and patriotic design of furnishing the world with a pictorial history and description of the great triumph of the parish.

second case, which appears covered with rich ornamental chasings in silver.

The box now assumes a new aspect. A third case is added, and, from being round or oval, it becomes octagonal in shape. On the top of this third case is represented the figure of Justice trampling on Fraud, with Westminster Abbey and St Margaret's Church in the background. This scene, being emblematic of a singular incident in the history of the box, deserves particular notice. At one of the meetings of the society in the spring of the year 1793, when it was the duty of the ex-overseer to deliver the box and its appurtenances, he refused to give up his charge, and stated, as a reason for such conduct, that the vestry had refused to pass his accounts, and pay the balance alleged to be due to him, and threatened the society with the entire destruction of this valuable deposit, if they should attempt to compel its restoration. Persisting in his refusal, an action was brought against him for recovery of the box. A bill in Chancery being filed against him, on the 5th of March 1796 the cause came on before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who, after having heard the arguments of counsel on both sides, decreed that the box and cases should be restored to the plaintiffs. This interesting action at law is delineated in the fourteenth plate, by a view of the Court of Chancery, with the inscription above, in the words of the Chancellor, "Restore the Box to the Past Overseers' Society."

The next plate that interests us is No. 16, showing the bottom of the third case, on which is drawn a naval engagement between his Majesty's ship *St Fiorenzo*, of 36 guns, and the French frigate *La Piedmontaise*, of 50 guns, on 6th, 7th, and 8th of March 1808. In this warm and protracted contest, the British, as usual, were victorious. Plate 17 commemorates the battle of the Nile, and conquest of Egypt, with the inscription, "The United Kingdom at peace with all the world, 1802." Below is the figure of Plenty pouring the contents of her Cornucopia into the lap of Britannia. Plate 18 exhibits two octagonal divisions, and is a great effort; here is represented a view of Charing Cross, the Duke of Northumberland's house in the background, and, in front, the heralds and attendants proclaiming the peace of 1802; also, a view of the interior of Westminster Hall, at the time the St Margaret and St John's volunteers are attending divine service at the drum-head: the clap-trap in this device is admirable. Plate 19 shows the China fleet repulsing the French squadron in 1801; also a portrait of Lord Nelson, with appropriate emblems, indicating the national grief at his death. The plates which follow are all commemorative of distinguished characters, or national events. We have the portraits of Pitt and Fox; a view of Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of the jubilee in 1809; figures emblematic of the characters of the deceased George the Third, and Duke of Kent; the coronation of George the Fourth; the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth; the battle of Waterloo; portraits of the Princess Charlotte and her Majesty Queen Caroline; the visit of George the Fourth to Scotland, in which his Majesty is dressed in the garb, and possesses all the air of a Highland porter; the interior of the House of Peers during the trial of the Queen, and portrait of the Duke of Wellington. Lastly, in Plate 34 we have a view of the bottom of the outside case of the box, delineating the anniversary meeting of the society, with the churchwarden giving the "charge" previous to delivering the box to the succeeding overseer: Date, 1824.

The ceremony which attends the annual transmission of the box and cases from one overseer to another, testifies, in the strongest manner, the solicitude of the society for the preservation of this famous tobacco-box. This ceremony takes place after dinner (for, as we observed once before, no public business can be transacted in England without a dinner), at the general meeting which is held upon the appointment of the new overseers. At this, as well as all other meetings of the society, the senior churchwarden of St Margaret's parish presides, who, after having proposed some of the usual toasts, demands the restoration of the box and its appurtenances. This demand having been complied with, the secretary proceeds to examine and report whether they are in as good state as when delivered, whether any ornament has been added, and whether the original box contains the proper quantity of tobacco. If the report be satisfactory, the box is then placed before the chairman, who proposes for a toast, "The late overseers of the poor, with thanks to them for their care of the box and the additional ornament." The CHARGE is then made to the new custodians as follows:—"This box, and the several cases, are the property of the Past Overseers' Society, and delivered into your custody and care, upon condition that they are produced at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain three pipes of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret. And also, upon further condition that you shall restore the box, with the several cases belonging to it, to the society in as good state as the same now are, with some additional ornament, at the next meeting thereof, after you shall go out of office, or sooner if demanded, under the penalty of two hundred guineas." The chairman then proposes as a toast, "the new overseers," wishing them health to go through their office, which well-meaning toast concludes the ceremony.

Kind reader, you have now had an account of a tobacco-box, perhaps the most wonderful of its kind in existence, and of which you could have no previous conception. Altogether, such a remarkable object is calculated to create a deep impression on our minds, of the exceeding artificiality of life in and about the metropolis, as well as of the profuse dispensation of wealth on objects intrinsically of no value, and which are only esteemed for their antiquity, or the association of ideas connected with their history. But why need we moralize on the subject? Fare thee well, thou hale and hearty old club of Past Overseers. Long may your members smoke their pipes of an evening in the back parlour of the Swan, in Bridge Street, and drink in substantial stout, or some other pleasing and constitutional tippie, success and increase to the ancient tobacco-box of the parish of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist.

DREAMS.

A CONSIDERATION that weighs strongly with many people in making them attach credit to the supernatural origin of dreams, is their being repeated more than once. "Idle fantasies," such people acknowledge, "do frequently haunt our slumbers; but they pass rapidly, and are succeeded by others equally vain and equally fleeting. It is a different case, however, when a series of well-defined impressions is not only presented once to the mind, but, as if to make sure of producing an effect, visits our sleep twice, and even a third time. This recurrence of dreams certainly cannot be casual, but plainly indicates that they are sent by some guardian power, with a design to convey some useful warning." To this it may be replied, that any thought which dwells with peculiar weight on the mind returns to it with proportionate frequency. If we dread the occurrence of some event, our fears, banished at intervals, perpetually re-assert their sway. We do not ascribe this to any supernatural interposition: it is nothing but the operation of the mental constitution proper to our nature. Let us suppose that a friend should address us thus: "I am certain of making my fortune now in a very short period—I have been assured of the fact in a miraculous manner." To the question, "How?" his reply is, "How! why I have hoped it three times to-day, to be sure; and, though, if the idea had only struck me once, it must, of course, have been acknowledged to have come in the ordinary train of association, yet, having presented itself again and again, it cannot be denied that it springs from some being of a higher order, and conveys an intimation that may be confidently relied upon." What should we think of this augury? And yet it may truly be said to be more rational than that afforded by the repetition of dreams. These being for the most part of the same contexture with our waking thoughts, impress us vividly in proportion to the vividness of the hopes or fears to which they relate, and recur in the same manner, and for the same reasons, as our reflections by day.

"At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps;
Then airy phantoms a mixed scene display
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd, by day—
For memory those images retains
Which passion formed; and still the strongest reigns."

This view of the subject will, however, be more fully unfolded, as well as more pleasingly, to the reader, by attending to a few examples, which, that it may not be supposed they are related in a manner to suit our own particular theory, we take, as they are reported by other writers. In the following instance it will be seen that the dream was not only repeated, but it was repeated a certain number of times. It was related in a letter to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine in 1826:—

"Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Joseph D'Acre, Esq. of Kirkcubright, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr D'Acre and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh—Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craigmillar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr D'Acre said, 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat; we shall be off at six.' No objection being made, they separated for the night.

"Mrs Griffiths had not been long asleep till she screamed out in the most violent, agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking; save, oh save them!' The Major awakened her, and said, 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh no,' she said, 'I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour, she cried out, in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down.' The Major again awoke her, and she said,

'It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed, 'They are gone, the boat is sunk!' When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now I cannot rest; Mr D'Acre must not go; for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return: the thoughts of it would almost kill me.'

"She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping gown, went to his bed-side, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what am I to say to my young friends, whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present. Consider you are an only son, under our protection; and should any thing happen to you, it would be my death.' Mr D'Acre immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.

"I often heard the story from my father, who always added 'It has not made me superstitious; but with awful gratitude I never can forget, my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream.'

The above dream of Mrs Griffiths is one easily accounted for. The young man was an only son, under her charge, and about to make an excursion upon the water—a circumstance than which nothing is more likely to excite alarm in the mind of a lady, when those in whom she takes a deep interest are concerned. The possibility of some accident was almost sure to alarm her, and it was very natural that the idea of danger should return in her sleep. It was, however, with a degree of indistinctness frequently observable in dreams; for though she had the idea of a boat sinking, it was not connected with the fishing party in which her young friend was about to engage. At first she was no doubt ashamed to yield to the influence of imaginary terror; and it was not till the same vision had disturbed her for the third time, that she gave way to her fears, and acknowledged that she could not rest till she had dissuaded Mr D'Acre from his intended excursion.

There is nothing unaccountable in her having the same dream three times. If we allow that any circumstance which takes a strong hold upon the mind is likely to present itself, though frequently not in a distinct shape, in our sleep, why should it not do so more than once? and if twice, why not thrice? The reason why dreams are not commonly repeated beyond this number of times, we shall see presently. From the times of antiquity, it has been a tenet of superstition universally received, that "luck lies in odd numbers," and the number three was peculiarly hallowed in heathen mythology. "Jove's thunderbolts were three-forked," says the Delphic commentator on Virgil. "Neptune's sceptre was three-pronged; Pluto's watch-dog had three heads; there were three Fates—three Furies; the same god was known under the three names, Apollo, Sol, and Liber; Diana is called the three-faced virgin, because she was Diana upon earth, Luna in heaven, and Hecate in the infernal regions, and was worshipped in places where three roads met." Nothing is more familiar to every schoolboy than all these instances of the mystic virtues supposed to be lodged in this number. The same superstition has descended to our own times, nay, it has been incorporated into our very language, and we speak of being thrice-happy or thrice-wretched, in order to express the utmost intensity of felicity or misery. At times, when the mind is cool and collected, no one acknowledges that any uncommon efficacy resides in one number more than another; but when the mind is excited, impulse and habit rule every thing; and in the case of a dream, which, in itself, most people are disposed to look upon in some sort as a preternatural visitation, its occurring a third time is an accessory circumstance calculated to produce a still stronger belief that we have been under the influence of some unseen power. The person, therefore, who has dreamed three times, commonly acts upon the warning supposed to be thus conveyed, as Mrs Griffiths did in the instance before us; and having taken some step to relieve the mind of the anxiety pressing upon it, the sleep is no longer haunted by recurring fears. If some persuasion of the mystic nature of a thrice-dreamed dream had not prompted Mrs Griffiths to proceed to the bedside of her young ward, and obtain his promise to remain at home—if, without doing this, she had again composed herself to sleep, it is almost certain that she would have had the same dream a fourth time, and so on to other repetitions, until the fantasy exhausted itself, and the power of sleep effectually overpowered her.

But, farther: This dream affords an opportunity of accounting, not only for its having been repeated till a third time, but for its having been repeated at all. If Mrs Griffiths had not been awakened by her husband, the dream might have spent itself on its first occurrence, and left her afterwards to undisturbed repose. We all know how often the most appalling scenes conjured up in our sleep are superseded by others which are incongruous or absurd. Napoleon declared, that, in our waking moments, there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and the distance between them is certainly not greater

when the mind escapes from the control of reason, and runs riot in a dream. When it is visited in sleep by some strong excitement—and if the excitement is not so strong as to cause us to utter a cry that rouses us, or that makes another rouse us—it commonly passes to some excitement less strong, probably of a different kind altogether, and so by degrees settles back into a state of quiescence. But if we are disturbed at the moment when the tremor of the nerves is at its height, and, by this means, a new and visionary terror is added to the originally vivid impression which occasioned the dream, it is almost inevitable that when the senses are again lulled, but not in complete forgetfulness, the same horrors should resume their sway.

Thus we see a feasible reason both why Mrs Griffith's dream should have been repeated up to a certain point, and why it should not have been repeated beyond that point. In all likelihood Mr D'Acre satisfied himself with some explanation of this kind; for though he never forgot, that, in every human probability, his life was saved by a dream, yet it did not make him superstitious.

This reasoning will be still more satisfactory when we take the case of a dream repeated twice, and find that the habits of thought of the individual to whom it happened, naturally prevented the vision from visiting his pillow beyond the second time. His ideas immediately reverted to the Scriptural dreams, where it is said of Pharaoh's, "For that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass." Fixing upon this single point of resemblance, which was nevertheless wholly immaterial, he satisfied himself that his own vision was equally the suggestion of divine intelligence, and fraught with equal meaning; and his mind being settled in that persuasion, and his resolution taken in consequence of it, he was not again disturbed by the terrors that had previously haunted his slumbers. The dreamer was the Rev. William Veitch, who, in his own Memoirs, tells us, that having come to the town of Berwick in the time of the persecution, and being himself obnoxious to the government, he had great difficulty in avoiding detection, and made several very narrow escapes. He, however, reached the house of Mr Ogle, a friend of his, where he proposed to remain a few days. "Going to bed after this confusion and weariness," proceeds the reverend autobiographer, "and falling asleep, he dreamed that his house at Stanton Hall, more than thirty miles off that place, was all on fire, which made him awake with great consternation and trouble of mind, and think of altering his resolution, and taking his journey home to-morrow morning, wishing it were near rising time, that he might go. But hearing the clock strike two in the morning, and that it was not seasonable to trouble the house till six of the clock, he fell asleep, and dreaming the same over again, and awaking *all in a sweat*, took the doubling of the dream to be a clear call to go home; which next morning he did, making his apology to Mr Ogle, and telling him his dream (which he said was like one of his own maggot's), and desiring him to excuse him at the laird and lady's hands. It being a violent frost, and the day short [it was the 23d of December], he could not ride above twenty miles; so that the next day, being Saturday, it was near night ere he got home. About a mile and a half from his own house, as he was going up a lane, he sees two men and three fine horses meeting him; the foremost of whom, when he perceived who it was, came riding fast up to him (it was Torwoodlee's man), saying, 'O sir, you are long looked for at your house;' which made him ask 'What is the matter? is my wife and family well?' 'Yes,' says he; 'but there is a stranger longs to see you, viz. Argyle; and your wife and he have been sending about the country these two days to find you.' Then he saw that the dream was a clear call to bring him home."

From the remarks with which this dream was introduced, we have seen how it was, that, in the case of Veitch, the dream did not return after the second time, while, in that of Mrs Griffith, it did not produce its effect till the third time. In the case of Rough, formerly noticed in the Journal, the dreamer being clerical, the vision was also doubled, while, in that of Mrs Marten, the more prevalent superstition connected with the number three was found to have exerted its influence.

With regard to Mr Veitch's dream itself, we are tempted to attribute its origin to the agitation of the preceding day:—

"When cholera overflows, then dreams are bred,
Of flames, and all the family of red."

Nor is it at all improbable, from the fact which he mentions of his "awaking all in a sweat," that his kind hostess, anxious to guard against the discomfort of a cold December night, had loaded him with too liberal a covering of bedclothes. Dr Beattie mentions, that, after a day of hard riding in a high wind, his dreams were of the wildest and most fantastic description, quite of a character with the elemental turmoil with which he had been struggling; and our own acquaintance furnishes us with an example of a youth who conceived himself to be engaged in a contest of snowballs with a ghost. Every pelt he received was felt as peculiarly cold; and at last his antagonist, gathering energy from the combat, rushed upon him, seized him by the neck, and sending him headlong with great force, caused him to plough a long and deep furrow in a chilly wreath. He awoke; it was a cold

winter night; and he found that the bedclothes had left him bare. The vision of the burning house might very naturally arise from an opposite cause, and when the worthy minister muffled himself up after first awaking, he was taking certain measures to ensure a repetition of the fantasy.

BELL-ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE Bell-Rock Light-House is the most remarkable erection on or near the shores of Great Britain, and, as such, affords a subject of instructive observation to our readers. The east coast of Scotland is penetrated by two arms of the sea, called the Firths of Forth and Tay, both opening upon the German Ocean. The entrance to the Firth of Forth is distinguished by a small island, called the Isle of May, whereon is situated a light-house for the use of mariners. Probably at a very early period, the mouth of the Firth of Tay was similarly characterized by an islet; but it has long since vanished by the action of the tides, and has left no trace of its presence but a sunken reef of rocks, which for ages was exceedingly unsafe to the mariner who approached its dangerous vicinity. At an early period, this sunken reef, which received the name of the Inch Cape Reef, was rendered in some degree safe to vessels, by a bell, attached to it by one of the abbots of the monastery at Arbroath, and which, being rung by the lashing of the waves, warned by its tolling the seamen who approached it after night-fall. It is related by tradition, that the bell so attached by the beneficent abbot was on one occasion wantonly cut away by a pirate who infested the Scottish seas, and that afterwards his vessel, in a stormy night, drifted on the rock, and, as a retribution for his crime, he perished with all his crew. By one version of the story, a Dutchman is said to have been the perpetrator, and that he took the bell out of a sordid desire for the metal; however, his fate is said to have been the same. Mr Southey has caught up the former outline of the transaction, and from it has elaborated one of his most beautiful poetical pieces.

One of the Editors of the present publication, in the work entitled "The Gazetteer of Scotland," has thus described the Bell-Rock as it exists in modern times:—This rock is situated in the German Ocean, about twelve miles in a south-eastern direction from the town of Arbroath, in Forfarshire; about thirty miles in a north-western direction from St Abb's Head, in Berwickshire; in lat. 56° 29' north, and long. 2° 22' west. It consists of a reef of shelving rocks of a reddish sandstone, scarcely uncovered at the low water of common tides, but, in spring tides, when the ebbs are greatest, is exposed to a length of 427 feet, by a breadth of 230, with a height of four feet at most. The reef is altogether more than 1000 feet in length. At high water, the whole is covered to a depth of about twelve feet. This rock lies so very much in the way of vessels entering either the Firths of Tay or Forth, or in passing along the east coast of Scotland, that, from a very remote period, it has been the cause of a vast number of wrecks. Till within the last twenty years, such a dangerous rock remained quite undistinguished by any light or signal to scare the mariner from its fatal vicinage. At length a bill was brought into Parliament, 1803, by the Commissioners of the Northern Light-Houses, for the purpose of having a light-house stationed on the rock. On the bill being passed in 1806, they received a loan of £25,000 from government, to assist an accumulated fund of £20,000. Plans were laid before them of different kinds, and they adopted that of Mr Rennie, which was on the principles of the Eddystone Light-House. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1807. Stones for the building were collected of different kinds. The outside stones of the first thirty feet were brought from Rubeslaw in Aberdeenshire. Stones for the hearting and for the higher parts were got from Mylnefield quarry, near Dundee. Those on the top were finer, and came from Craigleith, near Edinburgh. At Arbroath a working yard was fitted up for the artificers, and boats were engaged to go to and fro with and for materials, &c. A small vessel was also moored near the rock as a depot. The most curious part of the work at the outset was the erection of a place of refuge on the reef for the artificers, in the event of an accident befalling any of the attending boats. It consisted of a wooden tower of several stories, fixed on beams of wood planted into the rock, and secured with iron rivets. It was fitted up with sleeping-places, a cooking-room, and a place for a smith's forge. Into this erection the workmen were in the habit of retiring with their tools, as soon as the rock began to be covered with water. The cutting of a site for the foundation was attended with a prodigious deal of trouble, as the tide permitted working for a very short time every day only, and as no work could be done in stormy weather, or in the winter months. Besides, each day the water had to be pumped out of the site, before the men could resume their work where it had been left off. After overcoming almost impossibilities, on the 10th of July 1808 the first stone was laid. In the following spring, the works were proceeded in with much diligence, but not till a great deal of apparatus had been landed and fixed for the heaving of stones, and an iron railway laid along the

reef, for the easy transport of materials. During the month of September 1809, the first thirty feet were built. Next season, the works were again resumed, and, by a train of fortunate circumstances, the building was completed in October 1810. In the course of the winter, the internal fittings went forward, and on the 1st of February 1811, the beacon was first lighted. The expense of the whole was about £60,000.

The Bell-Rock Light-House, thus reared, is a circular edifice, the foundation-stone of which is nearly on a level with the surface of the sea at low water of ordinary spring tides; and, consequently, at high water of these tides, the building is immersed to the height of about fifteen feet. The two first courses of the masonry are very curiously dovetailed and joined with each other, in a way so as to resemble nothing so much as the pieces of a dissected map, forming one connected mass from the centre to the circumference. The successive layers of stone are also attached to each other by joggles of stone. The cement used was a mixture of pozzolano, earth, lime, and sand, in equal proportions. The individual stones weigh from one to two tons. The ground course measures 42 feet in diameter, and the building diminishes to a thickness of 13 feet. The total height is 100 feet, but including the light room, the total height is 115 feet. The building is solid to a height of 30 feet, where the entry door is situate, to which the ascent is by a ladder with wooden steps. Strangers are carried up and down by a chair and crane. At first the walls are seven feet thick, and they diminish to a single foot. From the door-way to the top, there are six flats, each having an apartment; and a communication from one to the other is had by a wooden ladder. The first floor is for holding water, fuel, or other bulky articles; the second for oil-cisterns, glass, and other light-room stores; the third is occupied as a kitchen; the fourth is the bed-room; the fifth the library, or strangers' room; and the upper apartment forms the light-room. The floors are of stone. There are two windows in each of the three lower apartments, but the upper rooms have each four windows. The light-room is of an octagonal figure, measuring twelve feet across, and fifteen feet in height, formed with cast-iron sashes, or window-frames glazed with large plates of polished glass, measuring two feet six inches by two feet three inches, each plate being a quarter of an inch thick. The light-room is covered with a dome roof of copper, terminating in a gilded ball. Round the light-room there is a railed terrace on the outside. The light is from oil, with argand burners placed in the focus of silver-plated reflectors, measuring twenty-four inches over the lips, being hollowed to the parabolic curve. That the light may be distinguished from all others on the coast, the reflectors are ranged upon a frame with four faces or sides, which by a train of machinery is made to revolve upon a perpendicular axis once in six minutes; moreover, by the interposition of coloured glass between the light and the observer, in the course of every revolution two appearances are produced; one is the common bright light, and the other is of a red colour. As a further warning to the mariner, in foggy weather two large bells are tolled day and night by the same train of machinery which moves the lights. The establishment of light-keepers at the Bell-Rock consists of a principal light-keeper, a principal assistant, and two other assistants. They each receive salaries varying from fifty to sixty guineas, with clothes, and board while at the rock. At Arbroath a suite of buildings has been erected, where each keeper has three apartments for his family. Connected with these buildings there is a signal-tower erected, with a telescope, and a set of corresponding signals is arranged and kept up with the light-keepers at the rock. Three of the keepers are always at the light-house, while one is ashore on liberty, whose duty it is for the time to attend the signal-room; and when the weather will admit of the regular removal of the keepers, they are alternately six weeks on the rock, and a fortnight ashore with their families. A cutter of fifty tons burden is kept in constant occupation attending the Bell-Rock, the Isle of May, and Inchkeith light-houses.

The construction of the light-house took place under the direction and by the arrangements of Mr Robert Stevenson, civil engineer, Edinburgh, in a way which did him much honour. In 1824, the same gentleman published "An Account of the Bell-Rock Light-House," with a view of the institution and progress of the Northern Light-Houses, in the form of a splendid quarto volume, which will be of great use in future undertakings of the kind. The Bell-Rock Light-House is now one of the most prominent and serviceable beacons on the Scottish shores, and has been the means of preventing innumerable wrecks. In summer it is occasionally visited by parties of pleasure from Leith and other places, when every attention is shown by the keepers. Though perched in a situation the most awful during commotions of the elements, these men feel no alarm for their safety. In cases of very heavy gales blowing from particular directions, they mention that they feel the fabric yield or tremble a little, but nothing to excite any disquietude. In fine weather at low tides they can walk out upon the reef, and indulge in the amusement of fishing for cod, haddocks, and all the other kinds of white fish of these seas, of which there is here great abundance. They keep an album, in which the names and *impromptus* of visitors are inscribed. On one occasion Sir Walter Scott honoured this Pharos of the

Scottish seas with a visit, and left the following appropriate lines :—

Pharos loquitur.
Far on the bosom of the deep,
O'er those wild shelves my watch I keep:
A ruddy gem of changeable light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And seems to strike his tim'rous sail.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

EXERCISE was always deemed of the greatest importance in the due performance of the bodily functions in the earliest times, as well as necessary to the cure and relief of the numerous diseases to which the frame of man is unfortunately subject. If we examine the works of the ancient and modern authors, we shall find them strongly advocating the benefits arising from corporeal exercises, even from the times of Hippocrates down to the age in which we live, the various species pointed out, and their proper mode of application discussed. Riding on horseback was strongly recommended, as a means of benefiting invalids, by Esculapius himself, according to the testimony of Galen. The first physician who paid any serious attention to exercise as a remedial agent for the cure of disease, was a Thracian of the name of Herodicus. He was the master of an academy which he denominated *Gymnasia*, where he instructed his pupils in the military and athletic exercises. Having noticed that these employments produced in his students an exceeding good state of health, he turned his attention to their regulation, so as to produce good health in invalids: with this view he established what he named *Medical Gymnastics*. As might be expected, his enthusiasm began to work empirically, inasmuch as he conceived they would benefit, if not cure, almost every disease. His employing of them in severe cases of fever, caused him to be severely censured by Hippocrates, whose able commentator, Galen, left behind several excellent remarks on the performance of the different exercises, and their effects in the alleviation of many important maladies. Galen, especially, recommended the use of the *strigil*, or flesh-brush, which is still very properly advocated at the present day. Hippocrates, in his work upon diet, recommends the various exercises of wrestling, together with that of the *corymbus*, or hanging ball, in favour of which Galen composed a little treatise, which he styled *De Parva Pila* (the little ball), wherein he states that it is an excellent species of exercise, inasmuch as it occupies both the mind and body at the same period. In the discourse upon exercises, which he addressed to Thrasylus, he very ably and properly discusses the question, as to whether the due preservation of the constitution depended upon the use of medicines, or upon the gymnastic art; at the same time he highly condemns the violent and athletic practices employed in the gymnasium, approving, at the same time, of moderate exercises, and assigning them to the judgment of the physician. In the collections of Oribosius, we find that many of the most illustrious of the Greek authors, and among them, Antyllus, have treated of them in a similar manner. Historical records inform us, that the ancient Romans even exceeded the Greeks in their attention to medical gymnastics. Pliny informs us, that, in the time of Pompey, Asclepiades was of opinion that the different modes of exercise, viz., friction, walking, and gestation, were the chief auxiliaries to the physician, more particularly when combined with a proper regulation of diet, together with the employment of the medical exercises, the establishment of public baths, with the construction of hanging beds (which later writers have considered as similar to the cots and hammocks used on board ship); these he deemed as some of the best means of rendering medicine agreeable to his patients; by which means, in addition to his great talent, he procured a justly extensive fame. The Roman authors have handed down to us many examples of the great benefits derived from the proper employment of exercise. From the pages of Suetonius, we find that Germanicus was relieved, and ultimately cured of a species of atrophy which affected his inferior extremities, from the exercise of riding: and the eloquent Cicero, when from debility he was compelled to desist from pleading, recovered his health by travelling, and the employment of friction. The ancient Romans were so well acquainted with the benefits arising from the effects of friction, that they even reduced it to a regular system, and constantly employed it as one of their ordinary exercises.

The common experience of mankind has sufficiently established the importance of exercise in the open air, so that it is hardly necessary to appeal to any reasoning to convince us on this head. We may, however, remark, that the immediate effect produced by bodily exercise is the quickening of the circulation of the blood; the motions and contractions of the heart and arteries, become more full and stronger; the consequence is, that the blood becomes more effectually propelled to every part of the system, but more particularly through the extreme ramifications of the arteries; a glow on the surface of the body is immediately produced; the countenance assumes a bright reddish appearance, from the small capillary vessels being distended with scarlet arterial blood; and the exhalant vessels of the skin immediately secrete the perspirable fluid, which they throw out from the surface of the body. The extreme branches of all the

other arteries in the body are distended and excited to greater action in a similar manner, whereby the functions of the glands, and other secretory organs, are stimulated to a greater activity in the performance of their various and individual offices. The office of digestion, in consequence of the gastric vessels forming the fluids necessary to digestion, is more actively, and, at the same time, more perfectly completed, and the stomach duly prepared for the repetition of the digestive process, in consequence of the supply of the gastric juice being increased. The bile and pancreatic juice are more speedily elaborated, and thus they increase the powers of the operations performed in the alimentary canal. During this period, when so many of the natural functions are in activity, it is to be borne in mind, that the functions of the lungs are not idle; in fact, they are in equal activity, inasmuch as they are called upon for a greater supply of the vivifying principle, which is derived from the oxygen in the atmosphere by which we are surrounded; and in consequence of the circulation of the blood being increased, so is the function of breathing, in proportion to the quantity of venous blood which the respiratory organs receive from the various parts of the body. Thus we perceive the wisdom of our gracious Creator even in the simple performance of any exercise, as running, for example, which causes the blood to circulate with greater velocity throughout the body; yet, at the same time, in order to prevent our suffering, or being annoyed in consequence, renders all the other organs consonant to it, by the increased actions of the lungs, in conjunction with the organs of exercise, i. e. the muscular system.

Now, to the most common observer it must appear plain, that, from the increased activity of the whole system, the uninterrupted circulation of the blood throughout the most minute of its vessels, as also through the glands and other organs, with the prompt separation of the excrementitious and other portions of the vital fluids, by the action of the various secretions, cannot do otherwise than contribute, in a greater or less degree, to the general health of the constitution. Exercise has another great advantage attending it, which is its contribution to the evolution and growth of the different parts of the human frame, whether we consider the great influx of the vital fluids (from which all enlargements of parts are formed), or whether we notice the fact, that those muscles and limbs, in consequence of active exercise, constantly acquire greater bulk, as well as superior strength. Let the reader but witness the arms of blacksmiths, anchor-smiths, watermen, and pugilists; the legs of dancing-masters, or the loins of porters, as also the backs and loins of watermen and firemen. These parts being, from the nature of their various avocations, in frequent and almost daily exercise, are invariably disproportioned in size: We may likewise add, that the same occurs to persons in the habit of elevating or carrying parcels of great weight, as warehousemen, porters, &c. Having noticed the phenomena we have just mentioned, let the reader but contrast them with the thin and almost emaciated forms of literary and sedentary men, and also the enfeebled legs of that ridiculed but useful class of the community, the tailors, whose extremities being but little brought into action, the muscles connected with them are apt to shrink. This fact must be apparent to any of our readers who have been so unfortunate as to have at any time broken an arm or thigh, and having had it bound up in splints and bandages for several weeks, until the bone has firmly and properly united. In a case like this, the contrast is apparent; the arm at liberty; and in the enjoyment of exercise, remains the same; the one bound up loses its size for want of action; but no sooner does it once more regain it, than it speedily assumes its former appearance.

The effects produced by exercise, in affording strength and rigidity of fibre to the fleshy or muscular system are daily, and almost hourly, exemplified in the difference we perceive in the texture of the legs and wings of birds produced on the table as articles of food. In the common barn-door fowls, and other graminivorous birds; which scarcely ever employ their wings for the purpose of flying, but daily use their legs in walking, this non-activity of the one part, and exercise of the other, produces great tenderness of the former, and a hardness or toughness in the muscular fibre of the latter. It is from the great influence that exercise has over the body, that we may attribute its growth and strength. Exercise is indigenous to the animal constitution, inasmuch as we find it constantly taking place in the young of the various species of animated nature.

Having considered the advantages of exercise to the human system, we shall now proceed to point out the manner in which it should be performed so as to prove beneficial. In order to employ it, so as to prevent disease, it should not be too violent, nor continued for too long a time, so as to create excessive fatigue. It is, however, impossible to lay down any set of regulations, by which persons may be governed in this respect, inasmuch as many circumstances concur to prevent this, as the constitution, age, habits, and strength of body, must modify its effects in different individuals. Many nations are at the present day prone to exercises, and some we have enumerated are frequently very properly practised by youths at our public schools. Addison observes, that "the French apply themselves more universally to exercises than any other nation; we seldom see a young gentleman

that does not fence, dance, &c." The second class includes those which result from motion which is communicated, as riding on horseback, in a carriage, sailing, swinging, friction, driving a carriage, &c.

Walking appears, on viewing the subject of exercise, to be the most natural one, inasmuch as it is capable of producing all the effects I have detailed, if adapted to the degree and duration of various attendant circumstances. Numberless are the individuals who have been subject to previous hypochondriacal maladies, who, by the proper exercise of walking, particularly in airy and country places, have been not only relieved, but cured: the maladies I allude to are those more or less consequent upon a derangement of the digestive faculties. Those individuals who have been accustomed to sedentary habits, and have in consequence become invalids, should regularly and strenuously pursue this exercise, in order to render it very effectual. When walking is but occasionally or only rarely resorted to, it induces languor, lassitude, and fatigue, and this more so, if the intermissions have been great; consequently it is far more prejudicial than advantageous; but it is to be remembered, that if it was daily pursued, it would soon cease to fatigue. So convinced were the ancient physicians of this circumstance, that one of them, whose name we forget, is stated, by Dr Arbuthnot, to have been "very exact in prescribing the exercises of his patients, ordering some of them to walk *eighty stadia* daily, which is about *nine English miles*;" from the idea, and at the same time a very correct one, that it would contribute to the healthy state of the functions. We must not forget that the animal strength becomes destroyed to a certain extent, or, to use the language of the late Dr Brown, the natural excitability becomes exhausted, through the mental faculties, as well as the exertions of the muscular system; therefore, in order that we may carry with us in our walks, in the search of health, the brooding anxieties and cares arising from our professional avocations—if we attempt to unite our studious habits with the exercise, we not only thwart, but frequently defeat our plan, which is to derive beneficial effects. So incompatible is deep thought with the exertion of the muscular system, that many persons frequently stop in their activity, when their arguments require deep reflection and consideration. Whenever walking is resorted to as a remedy for the relief or cure of disease, it requires great calmness of the mental faculties, and a relaxation from the serious occupations of life.

The more violent active exercises, which none but those enjoying the best of health can perform, and which can only be employed as a preservative from disease, require very few observations from us, except in the way of caution. As many of them, such as jumping, leaping, climbing, &c., are liable to induce ruptures, or a descent of some part of the bowels, the reader should be extremely careful of the extent he allows himself to go to, because many diseases, and the one we have mentioned, not only disable individuals from certain occupations, but occasionally are the means of shortening life.

The modes of exercise which may be safely used in the cure of disease, or the restoration of health in convalescents, are those of the second class, particularly carriage motion, horseback, and sailing. The most gentle exercise is that from the motion of a ship, and, consequently, is well adapted for the relief of persons of infirm and delicate condition of body, and has been frequently resorted to by persons labouring under consumption of the lungs. In the time of Pliny, the ancient Romans were in the habit of sending their consumptive patients into Egypt, not for the purpose of deriving any advantage from that country, but in consequence of the length of the sea voyage. Annaeus Gallio, who had been consul, was perfectly cured of consumption from a similar voyage. Celsus was likewise a staunch advocate for sailing as a remedy for this disease; and where the strength of the invalid was unequal to the task of a long voyage, he recommended short voyages, the employment of a litter, and similar means of exercise. Physicians of modern times are in the constant habit of recommending consumptive patients to go to Lisbon, Madeira, Italy, &c.; and in the incipient, or early stages, much benefit may be derived, both on account of the climate, as well as in pursuance of the Celsian recommendation, i. e. the motion of the vessel. However, invalids too often resort to this remedial agent in the latter stages of the disease, when it is too far advanced to admit of any other than mere palliative relief.

Carriage exercise, and that on horseback, are easily to be obtained, and are, therefore, of more importance in our consideration of the subject. Dr Sydenham believed horse and walking exercises to be of inestimable value, provided they were constantly pursued. Respecting chronic diseases, he observes, "nothing, among all the expedients which have hitherto come to my knowledge, so effectually supports the spirits and strength as long and constant riding upon horseback." And in his Treatise on Gout, and particularly respecting the prevention of the paroxysms by exercise, he says, "riding on horseback is far preferable to all other exercises for this purpose; in truth, I have frequently considered, that, if any person were acquainted with any medicine which he chose to keep a secret, of equal efficacy, in this and most other chronic diseases, with a constant and persevering exercise on horseback, he would speedily accumulate the most ample wealth."

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 63.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE TURN OF THE PENNY.

ONE morning, happening to pass through a suburb of this large city, where much vice, no doubt, but, perhaps, equal misery, is congregated, I overheard a wretched-looking female, with a string of knittings tied to the handle of her basket, and a few thimbles and small looking-glasses in the bottom of it, in conversation with another who was arranging greens upon a stall. "I was out all yesterday," she said, "through many streets, and up many stairs; and, woman, a' that I drew was just three halfpence; but if it were never sae little, its aye the turn o' the penny; and I'm just gaun out to try again the day." These touching words forcibly recalled to my mind those of a very eminent orator, when contrasting his own political consistency with that of certain of his party who had recently made a public boast of it. "It is all very well," said Sheridan, "for Lord This and Lord That to resist the temptation of place; but it is not so easy for me, who in all my life never possessed a shilling that I could call my own." Such was exactly the case of the poor basket-woman in comparison with that of more fortunate traders. In this great commercial country, there are said to be shopkeepers who draw over their counter four or five hundred pounds a-day. Of how little consequence to them were the entire loss of custom for a week! How small their merit in maintaining a fair and honourable character! But she! if she were a solitary widow, could the world say to her, "you have your share of good things; you have three halfpence a-day! why should you be discontented or dishonest?" If she had a fatherless family dependent on her earnings, could she deal a sufficient morsel to all—clothe them—educate them—bid them all be thankful? If she had a husband who spent his wages in profligate riot, and left her to maintain her children, could such gains keep them with the smallest measure of comfort? Verily, if the minds of many poor were not supported by a spirit of submission and contentment, it is not easy to see how they should otherwise be prevented from becoming soured, exasperated, and desperate. When this unhappy consequence does ensue, they are certainly not in any respect justifiable—we cannot say that human laws ought not to punish them; but their cases demand a more lenient consideration than if they had erred at the instigation of less pressing temptation. When a capital crime is committed, it starts before us all at once in its full enormity; the inducement or the provocation appears totally inadequate to have urged its perpetration; and the guilty author, denounced as possessing nothing in common with his fellow-men but the shape, is denied every access to their sympathies. But an abhorrence of depravity ought never to steel the heart with a determined animosity against the veriest wretch: we can estimate the amount of guilt, but not relatively. We cannot tell how the mind of him who suffers for his wickedness may have been studiously perverted from his youth, or how the hard usage of the world seared his better feelings, clouded his understanding, and nourished the evil passions, from inconsiderable beginnings, into fearful energy. Because we are placed beyond the sphere of temptation, we are too apt to deem ourselves proof against its power; we cannot see why others should have yielded more than we. "Sir," is a boast not unfrequently heard, "I am above such a thing; I would not act so basely for the world." No, not for the world perhaps; but to keep life and soul together—to satisfy the hunger of those whose pangs it is more grievous to witness than to suffer in our own persons—who can tell what he would do in that emergency? Many citadels have the reputation of being impregna-

ble, only because they were never assailed. What is then to be done? Are we to look to the palliating circumstances alone, when a misdemeanour comes before us; or whenever a case of distress is presented, are we to be indiscriminately charitable? This is not what should be done to the full extent; but, at the same time, we should never forget that, in denying an importunate beggar, we perhaps furnish him with a justification in his own eyes for resorting to dishonest or violent means of procuring what he cannot obtain from the pity of his fellow-creatures: and, above all, we should never grudge their small gains to the exertions of ingenuity or labour, however humble. How can we tell but it is the last effort the miserable objects before us have resolved to make, and that, if we close our hearts against their appeals, we are in fact thrusting them back among the ranks of the openly and hopelessly profligate? If we suppose that the poor creature who sold three halfpence worth of goods in a day, realized by her bargains one hundred per cent., she must have cleared only the pittance of a halfpenny farthing; yet she was by this success encouraged to go on in her laudable endeavours to procure an honest livelihood.

Let us not, then, turn with a contemptuous sneer from the picture of human beings, however mean and poor, exerting their skill in honest though almost ineffectual labour. We have often thought there is a blessing on industry, even if exerted in the most trifling degree. How respectable it seems in comparison with idleness and pampered vice! Near the gateway of one of the public offices in Edinburgh, there sits every day, during both summer and winter, from an early hour in the morning till nightfall, a poor old woman, a widow, whose occupation is to sell fruits and small comforts to children, and by which she realizes about the sum of threepence a-day. She also employs herself in knitting, but in this she is not regularly engaged, and altogether clears from one shilling and ninepence to two shillings a-week. With this humble weekly pittance she not only keeps herself from depending on the parish, but gives support, such as it is, to two children, left to her charge by the death of her husband; who was killed by the falling in of a quarry. Now, the lot of this very poor and humble widow would by many be reckoned deplorable, and in the last degree mean. Yet, how noble are her feeble efforts!—how noble are the efforts of all such unaided individuals! and how much are these efforts calculated to produce happy reflections, in comparison with the exertions of the dissolute in squandering the means of others, or of that listless indolence which induces reliance for support on public charity! The poor industrious widow is a respectable member of society, while the dissolute spendthrift and the competent pauper are equally objects of reproach.

The persevering efforts of poor women in gaining an honest subsistence by their industry, are no where so conspicuous as in Scotland, and that not only in the more unsophisticated parts of the country, but in the populous and refined cities. A class of individuals rendered destitute by family deprivation, and who would, if in the adjacent country, most likely, rely on the parish—that is, depend on compulsory alms—for support, here project many little schemes for acquiring an honourable, and, in some measure, independent subsistence; and how gratifying is it to state, that their endeavours are generally blessed!—blessed not only as regards their individual exertions, but as respects the welfare of the whole community. These will assuredly be esteemed pleasing characteristics of a people. Never, therefore, let us forget the utility of such admirable examples, or turn with af-

fected contempt from the efforts of the humble and industrious poor. Much rather let us learn to sympathize in their fate, as beings fully as good but not so lucky as ourselves, and in the spectacle of enduring hope which they oftentimes present, be more and more impressed with the conviction, that Providence never refuses to yield protection and consolation to the afflicted, nor leaves, unassisted, the desolate to mourn.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

SNOW.

WHEN aqueous particles freeze in icy lines, and aggregate together, they form flakes of snow, which, descending through the air, and accumulating on the ground, constitute the appropriate characteristic of the winter season. An intensely cold current of air, mixing with the vapour suspended in a warmer current, occasions, as in the case of hail, this precipitation. Snow, however, is formed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, or might, if commencing in a small nucleus, in higher regions, be converted in its descent into hail. That snow is formed in this manner, there can be no doubt; for a very cold stream of air, admitted into a room in which the contained air is warmer, and loaded with watery particles, will occasion its formation. In the huts of the people in the desolate arctic regions, snow is often so formed; they stop the chinks, yet still the walls are often covered with a thick icy crust; and whenever a cold current from the external air is admitted, snowy flakes are precipitated. Dr Robertson of this university states, that, in a crowded assembly room at St Petersburg, a stream of cold air was accidentally admitted into the room by a gentleman breaking a pane of glass, on which the vapour in the air was immediately congealed, and fell in the form of snow-flakes. In Siberia, Pallas, Chappe, and others, have seen it formed under similar circumstances; and, by the narrative of the Dutchmen who wintered in Nova Zembla, we are informed that a shower of snow fell, from the vapour of expiration, every time there was any communication with the external air. The peculiarities of snow consist in its extreme lightness, and also in its being purely white. Its lightness is occasioned by the excess of its surface exceeding so much in comparison the matter it contains; as gold leaf may be extended until it rides on the breath of every wind. Its whiteness is owing to the minute particles into which it is divided; hence, when ice is pounded, it is equally white. When snow, however, accumulates in large quantities, its weight becomes very considerable. On the 26th of April 1809, we read that a storm happened in the neighbourhood of Bath, which lasted nearly eighteen hours. It covered the ground, on an average, to the depth of sixteen inches, and trees of considerable size were bent double, and stript of their branches by its weight. Snow occurs in all regions of the globe at a certain height above the level of the sea, but falls more abundantly on plains as we proceed from the equator to the poles. In the arctic regions, snow falls nine days out of ten during the months of April, May, and June, and often a depth of two or three inches is deposited in an hour. In these regions, the thickest precipitations are observed to precede the occurrence of storms.

The forms of snow-flakes present an almost endless variety; they are often very regular and beautiful, and reflect with exceeding splendour the rays of the sun. When they are very large, they are said to indicate the approach of thunder. After a copious fall of snow, when the temperature is too low to produce any moisture, its level surface may often be seen sprinkled with thin delicate plates of ice, which refract

the light in colours as varied and brilliant as drops of dew. At such times, on the borders of lakes, and on the leaves of trees, groups of feathery icy crystals may be seen, remarkable for the most exquisite delicacy. The various modifications of crystals assumed by snow, are well described by Captain Scoresby, in his interesting account of the arctic regions; and he justly observes, that "the extreme beauty and endless variety of microscopic objects procured in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are perhaps fully equalled, if not surpassed, in both the particulars of the beauty and the variety of its crystals."

Snow is occasionally—but not frequently seen—of a brown colour, which arises from its being impregnated with earthy substances, brought from the mountains by those streams of water which are derived from the thawing of ice or snow. Much oftener has snow been observed of a red colour, which appears generally to have arisen from its intermixture with some vegetable substance. Such was the nature of the red-coloured snow observed by Captain Ross. With respect to the exact origin of that substance (says the late learned Dr Wollaston), I apprehend that we may not be able to give a decided opinion, for want of a sufficient knowledge of the productions of the regions in which it is found; but from all the circumstances of its appearance, and the substances which accompany it, I am strongly inclined to think it of vegetable origin. His supposition was confirmed, it appears, by Mr Bauer, who found the red matter to consist of a vegetable of the genus *Uredo*, which, he considers, originates and is generated in the snow. Captain Scoresby informs us, that, in the arctic regions, the redness of the snow may occasionally be attributed to the little auk (*Alca alle*), which feeds on shrimps, and accumulates in immense numbers; besides which, he has found it to be sometimes occasioned by the dung of birds. Martens, at Spitzbergen, saw red snow, which he considered to have been stained by the rain-water running down the rocks. This peculiar red matter possesses, it is stated, a very offensive odour, resembling a mixture of fish oil and drying oil, or the very coarse paint used for covering pallsades and wood in the open air.

Besides these peculiarities, snow-storms have been found to exhibit a luminous appearance, the cause of which is certainly not understood. In March 1813, such a shower overtook a party in Argyshire, who were at the time on a pleasure excursion on Loch Awe. The snow which fell had a luminous appearance, which was retained, not only on the sides of the boat, but on the garments of the persons present. They seemed to burn, although they felt no heat; and when they touched the snow, their hands for some time remained luminous. This strange phenomenon may have been produced by electricity; but the truth is, that this fact, which is recorded on authentic testimony, does not admit of any satisfactory explanation; and it is better in this, and in all other instances, candidly to acknowledge our ignorance, rather than to adopt a theory which is ostensibly unfounded, and only set up to gratify human vanity.

Notwithstanding that snow often accumulates in vast masses on the branches of trees, on the brows of rocks, and on the tops of high and irregular objects—on plains it generally preserves a certain level—yet sometimes, by the action of the wind, it is rolled along until it accumulates in large masses. In the month of December 1813, snow fell in considerable quantities during the day in the neighbourhood of London; but the meteorological report states, that, "instead of driving loose before the wind, it was occasionally collected into a ball, which rolled on, increasing, till its weight stopped it; thousands of these were to be seen lying in the fields, some of them many inches in diameter." On the 1st of April 1815, balls of snow were, in like manner, formed at Brunswick. Their texture was homogeneous, and they were extremely light, consisting of minute prisms of snow irregularly aggregated. They were formed by having been rolled to a considerable distance by the wind, and their paths were in general distinctly visible. The smaller ones, however, seemed to have been formed in their descent through the atmosphere, as they were found in woods and in small enclosures. Sometimes the balls of snow thus formed attain very considerable magnitude.

Snow, which in this country falls generally most copiously during the months of December, January, and February, seldom occurs so early as October, and is generally, after remaining some time on the ground, dissipated by an increase of temperature, arising from the direct action of the sun's rays, or the fall of rain. Occasionally, however, it disappears without any apparent thaw, or so much dissipates as to leave deep furrows on the snowy plain. This arises from the snow itself being evaporated, which will occur even below the freezing point. "On the night of the 10th of February," says Luke Howard, "I exposed 100 grains of light snow, spread on a dish (which had previously the temperature of the air) of six inches in diameter. In the first hour after dark it lost five grains; in the third it acquired a grain, the wind having changed, and the temperature, which had been falling from 25°, inclining to rise again. In the course of the night the loss was about 60 grains." This very ingenious author adds, that this evaporation from snow probably supplies the water for the formation of those thin mists which appear during intense frost. The air then becomes partially loaded with particles of ice, or with water, at so low a tem-

perature as to be ready to become solid the moment they find support. Hence, too, may arise the rime-frost which is found to accumulate on the windward side of the twigs and branches of shrubs and trees. Snow seldom remains long in temperate latitudes on plains or in valleys, but on the tops of high mountains occasionally appears throughout the year. It has thus been noticed on the summits of the Juras to remain throughout the summer, until the snows of another wintry season have accumulated on the same summits. In the arctic regions it continues, undissolved, to present a wintry and dreary aspect throughout the year; but there only lichens or mosses abound, or those plants which rank lowest in the scale of organization. Indeed, snow is itself a beneficent provision of nature for protecting the earth during the season of winter. Its structure being light and spongy, and admitting much air between its particles, interrupts the transmission or escape of heat from the soil, and thereby the roots of herbs and plants are enabled to preserve the heat necessary for the support of life, while the atmosphere above the snowy covering of the earth is many degrees below the freezing point. On this principle snow huts are inhabited by the natives of the arctic regions, wherein they find sufficient protection from the intense cold of the surrounding air.

When the light of the sun is reflected from snow, its intensity is often almost intolerable, producing very great pain and inflammation of the eyes. Even in those snowy regions where mountains of ice and fields of snow present a dreary and monotonous waste, through all seasons, the natives are not reconciled by habit to the inconvenience; for most of them are afflicted by dreadful diseases of the organ of vision. The intrepid navigators who have likewise penetrated into those dangerous northern latitudes, have been obliged to use eye-shades; notwithstanding which, they have experienced much suffering. Occasionally, however, the prisms of snow are so formed, and the sun's light is so directed on them, as to undergo a refraction, which presents us with the most beautiful and vivid colours. When the sun sets, and its rays yet linger on the glaciers and snows on the summit of Mont Blanc, this is seen in the most exquisite perfection; we then truly behold

"The rose-tints, which summer twilight yields
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow;
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven!"

Here, as in other instances, we cannot fail to observe how the hand of the Creator seems to have thrown a robe of beauty over every feature of the world. It remains for us to pursue our pilgrimage through it with an inquiring mind, endeavouring to obtain that knowledge which conducts to the highest species of human happiness

BARNY O'REIRDON THE NAVIGATOR.

BARNY O'REIRDON was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net nor cast a line into deep water: indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whisky, was looked up to, rather, by his brother-fishermen as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reidon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law; and in short, in his own little community, Barny was what is commonly called a leading man.

Seated one night at a public house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the newcomer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming, "Ah, lave aff your balderdash, and maybe I don't know you and your's as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reidon."

"Thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr Whipper-snapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, its not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr O'Reidon, for want of a better, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that's left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throth thin you might know better manners to your elders, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little travellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Throth I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and its what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitter-

ness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in quarrel between O'Reidon and his relation.

After the introduction of the liquor, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reidon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing eye-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was, and from the frequency of this action it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field; and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago, a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gas-sow, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he would stay "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But, at the same time, he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thrice shop;" he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reidon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work, to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one who he never perceived was approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and, on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a god-send to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and, accordingly, he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honour of the jolly goll, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, we will not dilate on—we will keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivaling O'Sullivan.

As the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going, and Barny rejoined that "praties were so good in themselves, there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being a "knowledgeable man, and up to all the saycrets of the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the chemis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel), as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honour and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden, and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame,

(glory be to God), and that it was given to him to understand (under Heaven) that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday; and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping on board, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Well," said one of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, may be, now, if we sail'd three days ago. What course are you going to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there—and so I bid you agin' lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Sure I'm here at the helm, and a weight on my mind, and it's fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business, and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there, and be handy; haul taught that foreshet there; we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make every thing dhrav."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this peculiarity render them particularly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied, namely, pilot and fishing-boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment: he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship, and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy every body is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day, Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"The channel," thought Barny, "must be mighty wide in these parts, and, for the last day or so, we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wonder we are'n't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther aff than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good howld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked, that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week, that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going?

"Faith, then, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny. "But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure an it's no matter where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—Why, thin, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons, and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matter," said Barny, "the same high road serves a coach and four, and a low-back car; the thravelin' tinker, an' a lord a' horseback. Don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail under saycret orders?" said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders; for by this time the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, it's a thrille makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughin' at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. Confound your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?"—and so the ship proceeded in its course.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance; and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for any thing he could see to the contrary, and, urged at last by his own alarms and

those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship; and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck; and, as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out—

"Why, thin, captain dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thru for you indeed, your honour," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months! arrah it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell God's thruth, I heard you wor goin' there; an as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gentleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I am going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain; "'tis to Bengal."

"Oh!" said Barny, "what'll I do now at all at all?"

The captain ordered Barny on-deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question; and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically—

"Oh! my heavy thathed to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor—it's a purty scrape yivled me into. I thought it was Fingal he said, and now I hear it is Binal. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I ever come across you, you onlooky vagabonde, to put sich thoughts in my head? An so it's Binal, and not Fingal, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes indeed, Paddy."

"An might I be so bowld to ax, captain, is Binal much farther nor Fingal?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirastru, how 'll I ever get there at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! an how will I ever get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it iligant as long as your honour was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honour."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a bether hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain; "and you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose."

"A compass! by my sowl an it's not let alone a compass, but a pair o' compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinthir, left me for a keepsake whin he went abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim, I can't say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix an it's a great respect I have for them, your honour. Sure, arn't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain in a rage—"twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad, it would be a quare thing if a saylarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind, any how."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, after trying to persuade him to come along with the ship, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, North, South, East, and West."

"Yis, Sir."

"How do you know them, for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake—How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, Sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the east, and sets in the west, which stands to reason; and whin you stand bechuxt the east and the west, the north is forinst you."

"And when the north is forinst you, as you say, is the east on your right, or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honour."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a nor-east course, and you will make some land, near home, in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but, mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honour!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same, we are in the hoighth o' distress, for, exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration, "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honour! and I'd like to drink the health of so noble a jentleman."

"I understand you, Paddy; you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessings an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St. Patrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, wid a heart and a half."

"Now, then, Barny, the sooner you turn your face towards home, the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time. Are you sure you remember my directions?"

"Throth an I'll niver forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The nor-aist coorse, your honour; that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that! never alter that coorse till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a nor-east coorse."

"Throth an that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life an the nor-aist coorse, and God help any one that comes betwixt me an it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barny."

"Good bye, and God bless you, your honour, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh sure I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin the wind is contrary; sure the nor-aist coorse 'll do the business complete." And so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses.

What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers—the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn her of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log-line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only chance of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackles." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship at parting was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits! How kindly have they been fortified by nature against the assaults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into danger, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hour became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and, finally, were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward outpouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The divil a taste," said Barny, "I'll not quit my nor-aist coorse for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed, and fired at, but he preserved his course, and got clear off.

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his nor-aist coorse were excited, as a larger brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's coorse.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin forinst me that-a-way. Brig-a-hoy there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig-a-hoy there!—bad luck to you; go 'long out o' my nor-aist coorse." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker.

"Oh look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy thathed to you; quit this minit, or I'll run down an yes; and if we go the bottom, we'll hunt you

for ever more—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that wont go out iv a man's no-ist coorse!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer—"For the tender mercy o' heavin, and leave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my nor-ist coorse! May angels make your bed in heavin, and do'n't ruinat me this-a-way." The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "done out of his nor-ist coorse."

"A-hoy there!" shouted a voice from the brig: "You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board."

"To be sure we have; thro' if we hadnt, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why you're mighty ignorant intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackarel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of every thing eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader; that unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, every thing eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait, the arrival of Barny O'Reidron and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practise his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-ist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was great good luck to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him, of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and, consequently, being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favour; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, "why thin boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfortunat craythers this blessed day, and was er-abled to extind our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry; and sure every good work we do here is before us in heavin—and that's a comfort any how. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowid, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home.—To the devil now wid Terry O'Sullivan, what does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge nas he of iligance? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin as we—he wint the short cut I go bail, and never daard for to venture the round as I did."

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-ist coorse*, but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build: nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a manoeuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat. He calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay almost as directly in the way of his "nor-ist coorse," as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix an it's glad I am to see your honour agin," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so, and that a pilot was wanted for Cove.

"You know Cove?" said the American.

"Is it the Cove o' Cork why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min out of it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honour."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith you're right enough, 'twas the *nor-ist coorse* we wor an sure enough; but no matter now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home any how."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honour, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether; you don't understan' navigashin' and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to follow the ship whin I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for, in throth, its myself and sleep that is straying for some time," said Barny; "an' if your honour 'll be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted—for sure, till you see the land, there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four and twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight; and when he came on deck, the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four and twenty hours on a stretch, before."

"Oh, Sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver I go to sleep, I pay attention to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoop," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, we flatter ourselves, it is not to those who do Barny the favour of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are; my darlint old head! an' where's the head like you! throth its little I thought I'd ever set eyes on your good-looking faytures agin."

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophise each well-known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbour of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could after piloting the ship into Cove.

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for piloting the ship that showed him the way home."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN EGYPT.

EARLY in the year 1807, being at that time stationed in Sicily, the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to form part of a small expedition sent to Egypt under the command of General Mackenzie Frazer. Subsequent to the unfortunate affair at Rosetta, where Major-General Wauchope was killed, and where the army lost a great many men, the troops retreated to Alexandria, and the corps to which I belonged was chosen for the purpose of encamping on the sands of Aboukir, to watch the motions of the Turks—classic ground to every military man, where British soldiers, under the old and admirable Sir Ralph Abercromby, taught the boasted Invincibles of Napoleon a lesson which they never forgot—classic ground, too, to every British sailor, who, in the beautiful words of Campbell (substituting Nile for Baltic), might

"Of Nelson and the Nile,
Sing the glorious day's renown."

In that camp, where we remained several months, the event happened, which I relate as indicative of what may be expected by kindness even to the most savage animal. Soon after our encampment, we observed that large troops of wild dogs were in the habit of hovering round the camp, for the purpose of picking up whatever they could; however, they never during the day approached near the camp, but were generally to be seen in a small wood in its vicinity, and about the ruins of the old castle. A wild dog is about the size of a large shepherd's dog, generally of a dirty white colour, very strong limbs, large head with prick ears, something like a wolf's head, and, like him, "bony, and gaunt, and grim." One of these dogs (a female) had domesticated herself at the hospital tent, where the men fed her, and I also used to take her to my own tent frequently, and give her a breakfast. She remained with the regiment many years after our return to Sicily. One night, being the captain on duty, it was my business after twelve o'clock to visit all the guards and pickets in the neighbourhood of our camp. I was on horseback; and when about a quarter of a mile distant from the camp, my horse suddenly began to snort, and very soon stood still; nor could I, by use of heel and hand, induce him to go forward. I perceived approaching me, at the distance of thirty yards, something white, and, by an immediate attack, became aware that my enemy was a troop of these said wild dogs. I drew my sabre, and endeavoured to urge my horse forward, but he was immovable. The dogs, to the number of eight or ten, kept a few yards in front of me, barking, and every now and then throwing themselves forward on their fore-legs, as if about to spring. I flourished my sabre, shouted to them, and kept a good front, as I knew if I allowed my horse to turn, they would fasten on him. I was suddenly surprised by seeing something pass from behind me with great rapidity, and in an instant after saw the fore-

most dog seized by another and thrown down; then another and another. I took advantage of the break in their line, dashed through, and quickly arrived at the picket I was going to visit. I found the men under arms, and the corporal said, he thought from the noise that the whole Turkish cavalry were in motion! When I was relating to the men the circumstance which had happened, my active ally made her appearance in the person of our hospital friend, who, I suppose, hearing the uproar, had come to the scene of action, and generously taken the side of the few against the many. Certainly, had it not been for my female canine auxiliary, I should have had the worst of the *tulzie*.

As some of the habits of the chameleon may not be generally known, I will take the liberty of mentioning a few of them, which came under my own observation. One morning, on my return from parade, I saw, close to my own tent, a very large chameleon hanging on a bush. I immediately secured him, and provided a box for him to repose in. In the course of a very few days he became quite familiar, and having seen them before, I knew how to gain his affections; which, in the first place, was done by feeding him well; and, in the next place, by scratching his back with a feather! I used to put him on my table at breakfast, and, in the course of a very few minutes, I have seen him devour at least fifty flies, catching them in the most dexterous manner with his long and slimy tongue; nor does he ever move from his position; but so sure as an unfortunate fly comes within reach, so sure is he caught, and with the rapidity of thought. In the forenoon I always gave him a large slice of water-melon, the whole of which he devoured; and he generally supped on as many flies as he could manage to entrap, setting at defiance all the "noble Hamlet's" theory of the chameleon's dish. Promises would not have suited him at all, being, at the end of each day, considerably more like a crammed capon than an air-fed chameleon.

It is not true that this animal will change colour according to what he is put on; but he will change shade according as he is pleased or displeased. His general hue is a bright green, with small gold spots over his body: he remains at this shade when he is highly pleased, by being in the sun, or being fed, or scratched, which he delights in: when angry (and he is very easily made so), his hue changes to a dusky green, almost to black, and the gold spots are not to be seen; but I never could perceive any other colour on his body but green, in a variety of shades; the spots enlarge very much when he is in good humour, so much indeed as to give a yellow tinge to the upper part of the animal; but in general they are merely little yellow spots here and there on the back and side. I carried him to Sicily, where he died, much regretted.

FREEMASONRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is, we believe, not generally known in this country, that, within the last six years, a party has arisen in the United States of America, with the avowed object of excluding every freemason from public office. Resolved and stern, like the Covenanters of Scotland, this party has pursued its object with a pertinacity that seemed to acquire equal strength from success and defeat. It had its origin in a small town in the state of New York, with reference solely to a town election. Since that period it has drawn into its ranks nearly one hundred thousand free and intelligent electors of the state of New York; it has almost divided the vote of Pennsylvania; it has planted itself deeply in the soil of Massachusetts; it is spreading in other of the New England states, in Ohio, and elsewhere; while in Vermont, like the rod of Aaron, it has so far swallowed up former parties as to have obtained the control of the state government.

This most extraordinary party of fanatics—as is described by Mr Stone, in his work on the subject of Masonry,* and by a writer in the American Quarterly Review for September 1832, both of whose words we use—had its origin in a deliberate and great outrage, committed in the western part of the state of New York, against the peace of the people and the majesty of the laws. An extensive conspiracy was formed against a free citizen, commencing in his seizure and abduction, and ending in his murder. The name of the unhappy victim was William Morgan, a person whose failings, it would seem, were many, and among them was an avaricious disposition. His unsettled habits keeping him continually poor, and poverty rendering him petulant, he quarrelled with his masonic brethren, and avarice and revenge suggested to him a double gratification in publishing to the world the long-treasured secrets of freemasonry. The masons were soon apprised of his design, which occasioned them the greatest alarm. The terror of the threatened publication spread widely and rapidly; and various were the schemes, legal and illegal, to which the brotherhood resorted to frustrate it. On a false charge of petit larceny, and a perversion of the forms of law, Morgan was stolen from his family, transported, like a malefactor, one hundred and fifty miles through a populous country, and put to death by a gang of assassins, under circumstances of the most atrocious character.

Mr Stone thus relates the final catastrophe of the

* This admirable sketch of Irish character is abridged from the *Dublin University Magazine*, a work recently established, and is from the pen of SAMUEL LOVER, Esq. author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

* Letters on Masonry and Anti-Masonry, addressed to the Hon. John Quincy Adams; by William L. Stone: New York. 1832

tragic event:—"On the 19th of September, eight masons, having finally determined to put their prisoner to death, believing, probably, that it would be safer to have a smaller number actually concerned in the execution, held a consultation as to the best mode of proceeding. The object was to select three of their number for executioners, and to have the other five excluded, and so excluded that neither should know who else, beside himself, was thus released, or who were the executioners. For this purpose, the following ingenious process was devised:—They placed eight tickets in a hat, upon three of which were written certain marks, and it was agreed that each one of their number should simultaneously draw a ticket. They were instantly to separate, before examining their tickets, and walk away in different directions, until entirely out of sight of each other. They were then to stop and examine the slip of paper they had drawn, and the five remaining blanks were to return to their own homes, taking different routes, by which means neither of them would know who had drawn the fatal numbers, and, of course, no one of the five could be a witness against the others! The three drawing the tickets which were marked, were to return to the magazine at a certain hour, and complete the design. The manner of his murder is believed to have been by attaching heavy weights to his body, and taking him out into the middle of the stream in a boat, where, at the dark hour of midnight, he was plunged into the torrent of the Niagara."

The horrible crime against humanity and the laws, which has here been set before us, was by no means discovered at once. The fact of the abduction and murder having been at length satisfactorily ascertained, the people of that section of country, labouring under a very honest feeling of indignation at the perpetration of such an outrage, set themselves about a thorough investigation of the transaction. But they soon found their investigations embarrassed, by freemasons, in every way that ingenuity could devise. The details of the case were only elicited by long and painful inquisition into circumstances, and, when elicited, the community was up in arms. The public feeling was naturally first excited in the village where Morgan had resided; but it soon extended itself far and wide, till it embraced a large part of the state of New York. The cry for justice was loud and deep, and the most vigorous measures were adopted in different sections for bringing the guilty to condign punishment. On the other hand, the conspirators, and, the Reviewer regrets to add, the masonic brotherhood in general, assumed the defensive. It plainly appeared that a systematic and determined combination existed to set at naught the power of the law. "At that time," continues Mr Stone, "by the then existing law of the state, grand jurors were selected and summoned by the sheriffs of counties. In one county, suspicion was strongly fastened upon the sheriff himself; and the grand jurors summoned by him refused to find bills, where the *ex parte* testimony was on all hands believed to be sufficient to put the offenders upon their trial. In some instances, where convictions were had for the lesser crime of abduction, the parties offending, so far from having been expelled from their respective lodges for their crimes, received aid and comfort from their brethren. In others, some witnesses stood mute; others were believed to have perjured themselves; while in other cases the masons on the petit juries would refuse to convict, even where the testimony was strong as proofs of holy writ. The arm of the law was raised, and the power and authority of the state invoked and exercised in vain; while the grand supervising bodies of the masonic institution were themselves strongly suspected of favouring the cause of the accused. The natural consequence of such a chain of circumstances was to increase the excitement of the people at every new development of facts, and to chafe them into a yet more angry mood, with every successive disappointment. A large portion of the press, moreover, either observed an ominous silence, or attempted to heap ridicule upon those who honestly believed the blood of an innocent man to be crying from the ground for vengeance. Thus irritated and inflamed, the anti-masons no longer confined their denunciations to a few misguided masonic fanatics at the west, but proceeded, in no measured terms, to denounce the whole fraternity, and to hold the institution of freemasonry itself as directly responsible for the alleged murder. At one time it was said that the Grand Lodge, at another that the Grand Chapter, and at another that the General Grand Chapter, had directly authorized and required the murder of the victim."

The public are now made acquainted with the cause of the wide-spread hatred of freemasonry in the United States, which does injustice to an institution hitherto considered harmless. It is, nevertheless, evident, that the masonic institution has been corrupted and abused to an alarming and unprecedented extent among the citizens of the Union; and until it openly repel the accusations brought against it, and take effective measures to prevent the recurrence of such outrages by its members, it cannot well be countenanced by respectable members of society. In consideration that masonry altogether is fast losing its hold on the public mind—that its mixture of absurd fable, and puerile pretensions to some sublime mystery, its mechanical terms and symbols, its scenic representation, its appeals to the heart, and its antiquated principle of narrowing the circle of general philanthropy,

are daily operating to reduce it to the character of a game for the amusement and attention of children—it would be useless to go into any regular animadversions on its history and character. We trust that the anti-masonic ferment created in the Union will speedily subside, and that the good sense of our transatlantic brethren will cause them to see the folly of proscribing, for the temporary misconduct of a few misguided fanatics, the whole of the members of an association, apparently as harmless as the infants whose amusements they seek to imitate.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF SAGACITY IN SMELLING.

THE blind man of Utrecht, mentioned by the Honourable Mr Boyle, and several other authors, is said to have been able to discover colours by feeling them: it is not less astonishing that several metals should be distinguished by smelling alone. The ancients mention various instances of this. Martial records a case of a person named Mamurra, who consulted nothing but his nose, to know if the copper that had been brought to him was of the true Corinthian. Some native Indian merchants have a still more exquisite sense of smell, for, according to the accounts of travellers in India, if a piece of money is given them, they only smell it, by which they are able to decide exactly its fineness, without touchstone, balance, or aquafortis: even if it be a piece of copper covered over with a leaf of silver, they discover the cheat in the same manner. It is said that the natives of many districts of India who abstain from the use of animal food, have an exquisite sense of smelling; so much so, that they have the power of detecting the particular spring from which the water is brought and offered to them for drink; and this water is quite inodorous to Europeans. The Indians have a word in their language which denotes a country of fine water. It has been related, that the negroes of the Antilles, by smell alone, can distinguish between the footsteps of a Frenchman and a negro. This, which at first might appear improbable, is not at all impossible, seeing how exquisite this sense is in many of the brute creation. We all know that dogs can trace the footsteps of their master, several hours after he has passed along a road: and it has been long established as an indisputable fact, that all our senses can be very much quickened by frequent exercise of them, as is frequently manifested in persons born blind or deaf. We shall illustrate this by one of the most striking examples on record, namely, that of an individual who was born both blind and deaf.

James Mitchell, the son of a clergyman lately deceased, in the county of Nairn, in Scotland, was born on the 11th November 1795. His mother soon noticed his blindness, from his discovering no desire to turn his eyes to the light, or to any bright object; and in early infancy she ascertained his deafness, from observing that the loudest noises did not disturb his sleep. He early showed an extraordinary acuteness of the senses of touch and smell. When a stranger arrived, his smell invariably informed him of the circumstance, and directed him to the place where a stranger was, whom he proceeded to survey by the sense of touch. In the remote situation where he resided, male visitors were most frequent; and, therefore, the first thing he generally did was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots; if so, he immediately went to the lobby, felt for, and accurately examined the whip; then proceeded to the stable, and handled his horse with great care, and with the utmost seeming attention. To these various things he was guided by the senses of smell and touch alone.

From his childhood he had been accustomed to strike his fore-teeth with a key, or any instrument that gave a sharp sound. His chief gratification in this amusement was obviously derived from taste and smell. He found great amusement, also, in the exercise of touch, and often employed himself, for hours together, in gathering, from the bed of the river, round and smooth stones, which he afterwards arranged in a circular form, seating himself in the midst of the circle.

The information of his understanding, and the guidance of his conduct, seemed entirely to depend either on touch, or the organs of smell and taste. His docility and contrivance often indicated a degree of understanding which (if due allowance be made for his want of two of the most essential organs to man and animals—sight and hearing) was superior to that of many in whom every inlet is unobstructed through which the materials of knowledge enter the mind. He had received a severe wound in his foot, and during his cure he usually sat by the fireside, with his foot resting on a small footstool. More than a year afterwards, a servant boy with whom he used to play was obliged to confine himself at home from a similar cause. Young Mitchell, perceiving that his companion remained longer in one situation than he used to do, examined him attentively, and seemed quickly to discover, by the bandages on his feet, the reason of his confinement. He immediately walked up stairs to a garret, sought out, amid several other pieces of furniture, the little footstool on which he formerly supported his own wounded limb, brought it down in his hand to the kitchen, and gently placed the servant boy's foot upon it.

We have had in Europe some persons whose sense of smelling was equally delicate with those which we have mentioned among the natives of India. Marco Marci speaks of a monk at Prague, who, when any

thing was given him, distinguished, by smelling, its qualities, and to whom it belonged, with as much certainty as the best-nosed dog. We ourselves knew an instance of an individual who could distinguish his own watch, from smelling, from that of other individuals, and could very readily detect with which hand any person opened the door of a room, by the smell left on it from the brass handle.

It was said of the above monk, that he could accurately distinguish, by this means, the virtuous from the vicious, and particularly the unchaste. We firmly believe in this, for we knew a lady of quality, who could distinguish, in this manner, when a certain gentleman had called at her house, even although she did not enter the room for more than an hour after his departure. We were forcibly struck with this on one occasion, when she could not possibly have known that he had paid a morning visit, as she was from home, and in quite an opposite direction, in an open carriage, and in which we accompanied her. The instant she entered the drawing-room, she said to her husband, "Mr — has been calling," and immediately pulled up the window, before waiting for the affirmative; as he had really been calling, and had departed upwards of an hour before.

The monk whom we have above mentioned was much devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and, among other things, he had undertaken to instruct mankind, with precepts, on the sense of smelling, like those we have on optics and acoustics, by distributing, into certain classes, a great number of smells, to all which he had given names; but an untimely death cut him off in the midst of these curious researches.

The guides who accompany travellers in the route from Smyrna or Aleppo to Babylon, have no signs in the midst of the deserts to know the places they are in; yet they distinguish with certainty, even at midnight, at what distance they are from Babylon, by only smelling the sand. Perhaps they judge of the distance from the odour exhaled by the small plants or roots intermixed with the sand.

Physicians, in visiting the sick, even before they have seen them, frequently form opinions from certain prognostics, such as the cadaverous smell that often betrays itself on entering the chambers of the afflicted.

In the acts of Copenhagen, there are some curious instances mentioned of the power of smelling in animals. It has long been supposed that dogs can foretell the death of a sick person, which they do by long-continued howling. Many regard this as fabulous and superstitious, but several remarkable instances have been related by our friends; and some personal observations of our own have gone far to impress us with a belief in the capability of dogs being able to foresee approaching death.

The anonymous author says, "In this respect dogs are more sagacious than men, being attracted by the smell of death, and often seeming, before the patient has expired, to demand their prey by a continued howling. Whilst I lived at Ripen, which was seven years, I took notice of a little dog of a chestnut colour, that very often boded the death of sick persons, without being once mistaken. Every time he barked in the night, under the windows of any one whose sickness did not even appear dangerous, it happened infallibly that the sick person died within a few days. A lady of my acquaintance had a favourite monkey, and the monkey, in return for the kindness of his mistress, was so devotedly attached to her, that he would scarcely ever be induced to leave her. But his nice smell in distinguishing the approach of contagious distempers was very remarkable. The measles became epidemical in the country; the lady fell sick of them; and, what is very remarkable, she was abandoned by her favourite monkey some days before there was any indication of her approaching illness. From all the circumstances, there could be little doubt but he had a foreknowledge of this event from smell. No sooner, however, did she recover, than the monkey returned to her with the same fondness and familiarity which he used to manifest towards her before her malady. Some time afterwards, this lady had a slight fever, but without any appearance of malignity, and, what is curious, the monkey continued with her as a constant companion."

The following curious illustration of the sensibility of the dog, and his nice discrimination of smells, is related in Brown's Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Dogs, being an extract from the letter of an officer in Chile:—"A gentleman now residing in Turkey has a fine pointer, which he very greatly values, and which is a constant attendant on him. Stepping into a public assembly about three years ago with this gentleman, we paid our respects to a certain noted Baronet, whose whole carcase is a corrupted mass of distempers. Hector immediately made up to the same corner of the room, and for two or three moments with great briskness snuffed about the hero's garments, and then, with a mortified look, taking two or three traverses round the apartment, he hung his ears, and, with his tail between his legs, fairly scampered down stairs, notwithstanding the repeated calls we made after him. As I always regarded the actions of this animal as somewhat above common instinct—for he is a remarkably cunning creature—this immediately struck me, and I ran down after him, when I found him drinking out of the gutter that ran from a pump before the door. Having finished this, he rolled himself in the dust two or three times, gave some yelps, and quietly laid himself before the

threshold, to wait our coming out; nor could all my entreaties or menaces get him in again. Is there any thing surprising in this? No: the gentleman was grown so nauseous, that even a brute could not endure him, and was forced to use methods to get rid of the *haut-gout* even after he had left him. Indeed, we, more complacent than honest Hector, stood the whole disagreeable perfume, at the expense of sickened stomachs, to preserve the appearance of good manners."

The above curious fact upsets a theory of Buffon, and which was followed by Goldsmith, who says, "Dogs not only trace the steps of other animals, but also discover them by the scent at a very great distance; and while they are thus exquisitely sensible of all smells, *they seem no way disgusted by any.*" To ascertain the value of this remark, we have ourselves tried the effect of disagreeable odours on dogs, and, in the case of assafetida, we have found that it produced great disgust, and they would run off, shaking their heads, and discovering strong marks of experiencing disagreeable sensations.

The sense of smelling is one from which we enjoy many pleasurable sensations; at the same time, it not unfrequently gives us false intelligence. Many things that have a disagreeable odour, are, nevertheless, wholesome, and pleasant to the taste; and it frequently happens that those epicures who convert eating into an art, seldom think a meal fit to please the appetite till it is offensive to their olfactory nerves. On the other hand, there are many substances which have a grateful smell, and yet are most deleterious to the constitution; indeed, this is almost universally the case with poisons. For example, the Manchineel apple, which is well known as a deadly poison, sends forth the most delicious odour; the prussic acid has the agreeable flavour of nuts, and two or three drops of it taken into the stomach produce instant death. Some of the mineral vapours, such as the choke-damp of mines, smell like the blossoms of sweet peas, prove fatal when inhaled, and thus "continue to flatter till they destroy." These facts prove, that, in man at least, this sense was never given to him by the disposer of all things to direct him to the choice of his food, but appears to have been provided rather as an attendant than as a necessary pleasure: while, in the lower animals, there seems to be every reason for supposing that it has been constituted to enable them to detect that which is good for food, and that which is poisonous; at the same time, we are aware that many mistakes of instinct occur even in them respecting their olfactory sense.

The pleasure which different individuals experience from various odours, often depends on an acquired taste; and we find this in a greater or lesser degree national. The Turks, Persians, and Arabians, delight in the effluvia of opium, which to European taste is most disgusting. The natives of Continental Europe, whether male or female, have long had a fondness for tobacco smoke, which, comparatively speaking, is yet but little relished in Britain by men, while it is held in utter abhorrence among females.

On the other hand, if we examine the inhabitants even of the same country, we shall find great diversity of opinion as to the pleasure they derive from the sense of smelling. Some persons are delighted with the smell of a rose, while others cannot endure it. We knew an instance of a person who fainted whenever subjected to the smell of celery, and another who took a headache whenever she sat near a pine-apple at table. Some savage nations experience high gratification at the smell of assafetida, which Europeans consider the most nauseous smell in nature. It would thus appear that much of our gratification in the use of perfumes and different odours is dependent upon habit; and as a strong proof of this, we knew a person who had the greatest possible dislike to the smell of celery and cucumbers; but seeing these so much relished by most people with whom he mingled in society, he determined, if possible, to conquer his aversion to them. For the former vegetable he has acquired a rapacious fondness, but for the latter, he still continues to dislike it. Hence it would appear that most of our perceptions of odours could be inverted by a little industry.

There is one curious fact regarding some odours, which is, that many substances, which at certain distances are an agreeable perfume, when nearer, are a most ungrateful odour. Musk, for example, in small quantity, or a weak tincture of it, is considered by most persons as highly fragrant, and yet, when in larger masses, its scent is insufferable, producing violent headaches, nausea, and vomiting. We on one occasion suffered severely from having put a small bit of musk into our waistcoat pocket on a fine summer day. The heat caused the musk to evaporate, and occasioned excessive sickness and nausea, and for weeks afterwards we could not divest ourselves of the idea of smelling the musk, although our waistcoat had been washed and bleached, and, indeed, not afterwards worn for some time.

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the construction of the organ of smell, we shall give a short account of it.

The organ of smell is a soft, vascular, porous membrane, furnished with papillæ or small dots, which are spread on the internal surface of the nostrils. On this membrane are distributed a great number of nervous fibres, which proceed chiefly from the first pair of nerves, and which pass through the ethmoid bone. From the extreme tenuity of the epidermis, or skin

which covers the nerves and blood-vessels in this membrane, hemorrhage or bleeding from the nose is more frequent than from any other part of the body.

In order to render the sense of smell more acute, the internal cavity of the nose is variously contorted and enlarged by a communication with several adjoining cavities, so as to increase very much the surface on which the sentient membrane is distributed.

The cavities with which the nostril communicates are called sinuses; these are, the frontal, which is situated in the frontal bone, under the eye-brows; the ethmoid, which is a spongy cavity in the ethmoid bone; and the maxillary, which is chiefly formed in the maxillary bone, and lies immediately above the double teeth in the upper jaw.

In animals which smell more acutely, these provisions for enlarging the internal surface of the nostril are still more remarkable.

The membrane of the nose is defended and moistened by a viscid mucus; and so necessary is this to smelling, that when it is deficient, the sense is always imperfect. The nostrils are furnished with muscles, by which they are dilated, when, in order to distinguish scents more acutely, we draw in a large quantity of air. A considerable difference betwixt smelling and tasting is, that the former is only acted on by the invisible effluvia of bodies which float in the air; the latter, by matter more condensed and visible. There seems, however, to be a greater similitude between tasting and smelling than between any two of the other senses; and when either of them is injured, the other commonly suffers with it.

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON.

[BY ABBUDON.]

It was in the month of February 1814, that I obtained the first sight of this noble bird, and never shall I forget the delight which it gave me. Not even Herschel, when he discovered the planet which bears his name, could have experienced more rapturous feelings. We were on a trading voyage, ascending the Upper Mississippi. The keen wintry blasts whistled around us, and the cold from which I suffered had, in a great degree, extinguished the deep interest which, at other seasons, this magnificent river has been wont to awake in me. I lay stretched beside our patroon. The safety of the cargo was forgotten, and the only thing that called my attention was the multitude of ducks, of different species, accompanied by vast flocks of swans, which from time to time passed us. My patroon, a Canadian, had been engaged many years in the fur trade. He was a man of much intelligence, and, perceiving that these birds had engaged my curiosity, seemed anxious to find some new object to divert me. An eagle flew over us. "How fortunate!" he exclaimed; "this is what I could have wished. Look, sir! the Great Eagle, and the only one I have seen since I left the lakes." I was instantly on my feet, and having observed it attentively, concluded, as I lost it in the distance, that it was a species quite new to me. My patroon assured me that such birds were indeed rare; that they sometimes followed the hunters, to feed on the entrails of animals which they had killed, when the lakes were frozen over, but that when the lakes were open, they would dive in the day-time after fish, and snatch them up in the manner of the Fishing Hawk; and that they roosted generally on the shelves of the rocks, where they built their nests, of which he had discovered several by the quantity of white dung scattered below.

Convinced that the bird was unknown to naturalists, I felt particularly anxious to learn its habits, and to discover in what particulars it differed from the rest of its genus. My next meeting with this bird was a few years afterwards, whilst engaged in collecting crayfish on one of those flats which border and divide Green River, in Kentucky, near its junction with the Ohio. The river is there bordered by a range of high cliffs, which, for some distance, follow its windings. I observed on the rocks, which, at that place, are nearly perpendicular, a quantity of white ordure, which I attributed to owls that might have resorted thither. I mentioned the circumstance to my companions, when one of them, who lived within a mile and a half of the place, told me it was from the nest of the Brown Eagle, meaning the White-headed Eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*) in its immature state. I assured him this could not be, and remarked that neither the old nor the young birds of that species ever build in such places, but always in trees. Although he could not answer my objection, he stoutly maintained that a brown eagle of some kind, above the usual size, had built there; and added, that he had espied the nest some days before, and had seen one of the old birds dive and catch a fish. This he thought strange, having, till then, always observed that both Brown Eagles and Bald Eagles procured this kind of food by robbing the fish-hawks. He said that if I felt particularly anxious to know what nest it was, I might soon satisfy myself, as the old birds would come and feed their young with fish, for he had seen them do so before.

In high expectation, I seated myself about a hundred yards from the foot of the rock. Never did time pass more slowly. I could not help betraying the most impatient curiosity, for my hopes whispered it was a Sea Eagle's nest. Two long hours had elapsed before the old bird made his appearance, which was announced to us by the loud hissings of the two young ones, which crawled to the extremity of the

hole to receive a fine fish. I had a perfect view of this noble bird as he held himself to the edging rock, hanging like the Barn, Bank, or Social Swallow, his tail spread, and his wings partly so. I trembled lest a word should escape from my companions. The slightest murmur had been treason from them. They entered into my feelings, and, although little interested, gazed with me. In a few minutes the other parent joined her mate, and from the difference in size (the female of rapacious birds being much larger), we knew this to be the mother bird. She also had brought a fish; but more cautious than her mate, she glanced her quick and piercing eye around, and instantly perceived that her abode had been discovered. She dropped her prey, with a loud shriek communicated the alarm to the male, and, hovering with him over our heads, kept up a growling cry, to intimidate us from our suspected design. This watchful solicitude I have ever found peculiar to the female:—must I be understood to speak only of birds?

The young having concealed themselves, we went and picked up the fish which the mother had let fall. It was a white perch, weighing about 5½ lb. The upper part of the head was broken in, and the back torn by the talons of the eagle. We had plainly seen her bearing it in the manner of the Fish-Hawk.

This day's sport being at an end, as we journeyed homewards, we agreed to return the next morning, with the view of obtaining both the old and young birds; but rainy and tempestuous weather setting in, it became necessary to defer the expedition till the third day following, when, with guns and men all in readiness, we reached the rock. Some posted themselves at the foot, others upon it, but in vain. We passed the entire day, without either seeing or hearing an eagle, the sagacious birds, no doubt, having anticipated an invasion, and removed their young to new quarters.

I come at last to the day which I had so often and so ardently desired. Two years had gone by since the discovery of the nest, in fruitless excursions; but my wishes were no longer to remain ungratified. In returning from the little village of Henderson, to the house of Dr Rankin, about a mile distant, I saw an eagle rise from a small enclosure not a hundred yards before me, where the Doctor had a few days before slaughtered some hogs, and alight upon a low tree branching over the road. I prepared my double-barrelled piece, which I constantly carry, and went slowly and cautiously towards him. Quite fearlessly he awaited my approach, looking upon me with undaunted eye. I fired, and he fell. Before I reached him, he was dead. With what delight did I survey the magnificent bird! Had the finest salmon ever pleased him as he did me?—Never. I ran and presented him to my friend, with a pride which they alone can feel, who, like me, have devoted themselves from their earliest childhood to such pursuits, and who have derived from them their first pleasures. To others I must seem to "prattle out of fashion." The Doctor, who was an experienced hunter, examined the bird with much satisfaction, and frankly acknowledged he had never before seen or heard of it.

The name which I have chosen for this new species of Eagle, "The Bird of Washington," may, by some, be considered as preposterous and unfit; but as it is indisputably the noblest bird of its genus that has yet been discovered in the United States, I trust I shall be allowed to honour it with the name of one yet nobler, who was the saviour of his country, and whose name will ever be dear to it. To those who may be curious to know my reasons, I can only say, that, as the new world gave me birth and liberty, the great man who ensured its independence is next to my heart. He had a nobility of mind, and a generosity of soul, such as are seldom possessed. He was brave, so is the eagle; like it, too, he was the terror of his foes; and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her Great Eagle.

In the month of January following, I saw a pair of these eagles flying over the Falls of the Ohio, one in pursuit of the other. The next day I saw them again. The female had relaxed her severity, had laid aside her coyness, and to a favourite tree they continually resorted. I pursued them unsuccessfully for several days, when they forsook the place.

The flight of this bird is very different from that of the White-headed Eagle. The former encircles a greater space, whilst sailing keeps nearer to the land and the surface of the water, and when about to dive for fish, falls in a spiral manner, as if with the intention of checking any retreating movement which its prey might attempt, darting upon it only when a few yards distant. The Fish-Hawk often does the same. When rising with a fish, the Bird of Washington flies to a considerable distance, forming, in its line of course, a very acute angle with the surface line of the water. My last opportunity of seeing this bird was on the 15th of November 1821, a few miles above the mouth of the Ohio, when two passed over our boat, moving down the river with a gentle motion. In a letter from a kind relative, Mr W. Bakewell, dated "Falls of the Ohio, July 1819," and containing particulars relative to the Swallow-tailed Hawk, that gentleman says:—"Yesterday, for the first time, I had an opportunity of viewing one of those magnificent birds, which you call the Sea Eagle, as it passed

low over me, whilst fishing. I shall be really glad when I can again have the pleasure of seeing your drawing of it."

All circumstances duly considered, the Bird of Washington, which is three feet in length, and six feet nine inches in extent of the wings, stands forth as the champion of America, *sui speciei*, and henceforth not to be confounded with any of its rivals or relatives. If ornithologists are proud of describing new species, I may be allowed to express some degree of pleasure in giving to the world the knowledge of so majestic a bird.—*American Ornithology*.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

ANCIENT VERSIONS.

ORIGINALLY there was but one version of the Scriptures; but a schism of a remarkable nature which broke out between the Jews and the Samaritans, was the cause of producing another version; and of this, and those which followed, we are now about to speak. The Second Book of Kings furnishes us with the history of this schism, which, it will be recollected, was caused by the setting up of certain golden calves to be worshipped at Dan, in Bethel, by Jeroboam. Omri hence built Samaria, and made it the capital of his kingdom, and thus was the separation between Judah and Israel-rendered complete. Samaria was, at first, only the name of a city, but afterwards it became that of a province. It contained the tribe of Ephraim, and the half-tribe of Manasseh, which was on this side Jordan; so that it was to the north of Judea, and between the Great Sea, Galilee, and Jordan; and there was, therefore, no going from Galilee to Jerusalem without passing through this province. The capital of the district, subsequent to the captivity, was Sichem, afterwards called Neapolis or Naplous, which was situated between the mountains Gerizim and Ebal.

In the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah, Samaria was taken by Shalmanezar, and the ten tribes were carried into captivity. Some years after, Esarhaddon sent the Cutheans to supply the place of the Jews, and to inhabit Samaria; and these people, who knew not the true God, but continued their idolatrous practices, and burnt their children in the fire to *Moloch*, were punished for their idolatry with lions, which made great havoc amongst them. For this reason, at their request, Esarhaddon sent some of those priests who had been carried into captivity, to instruct them, and teach them the worship of the true God. They did not embrace it with purity, however, but mixed the remains of paganism with their religion; for which reason, in the writings of the Jewish Rabbies, they are denominated, in scorn, *The proselytes of the lions*, because it was through fear of them that they mixed the worship of the Creator with that of their idols. Nevertheless, when Manasses, the son of Jaddus the high priest of the Jews, had built the temple on Mount Gerizim, the Samaritans then retained their old superstitions no longer, but always contended that their temple was more holy than that of Jerusalem; inferring, from the *ark's* having been a long time at Shiloh, near Ephraim, that the worship of God had rather begun in their country than in Jerusalem. According to Josephus, they claimed kindred with the Jews in their prosperity, but renounced all connection with them when they were under persecution. From John's Gospel we learn, that when the Messiah was on earth, the Samaritans, who received no part of the Old Testament except the Pentateuch, had lost all tradition of the revolt and subsequent captivity of the ten tribes; they considered themselves descended from the stock of Israel, claimed Jacob for their father, and contended that the *Holy Mountain* was in the portion assigned to them by Joshua.

There was no particular enmity between the two nations until the time of Ezra. Incensed by the opposition they gave to the building of the temple, from the time their assistance was refused, he is said to have solemnly excommunicated them; and hence arose that enmity, which was carried to such a height that "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans;" and, from Ezra's time, Samaria became a refuge for the discontented Jews. Ptolemy Lagos carried numbers, both of the Samaritans and of the Jews, into Egypt, where a fierce contest took place between them respecting the sanctity of their temples, each party insisting that theirs stood on the Holy Mount. The point was discussed publicly in presence of the king, and the Samaritan advocates, failing in their proof, were put to death. In the year 109 before Christ, John Hyrcanus destroyed the city and temple of the Samaritans; and, though afterwards, viz. in the year 29 before Christ, King Herod built them a city and temple, they still continued to worship on Mount Gerizim. In the twelfth century, Benjamin of Tudela found some remains of these people in that country, where they are still to be found. During the revolt of the Jews, the Samaritans continued in their subjection to the Romans; and since that period, they have always remained subject to the different powers who have been in possession of that and the neighbouring countries.

It is supposed that the present Hebrew character was first adopted from the Chaldeans by Ezra, at the time when, after the return of the Jews from Babylon, he collected the Scriptures, and formed the entire canon. As the people were familiarised with the Chaldee, he used that character in transcribing the Old Testament. What is now called the *Samaritan*, was the character used by Moses and the Prophets; and Ezra relinquished it to the Samaritans, it is said, in order to render the separation between them and the Jews more complete. Since that time, the Jews have used the characters we call the Hebrew, and the Samaritans have retained the others.

The value of the Samaritan Pentateuch is very great; for, where its text accords with the Hebrew text, it confirms it most decidedly; because, as the Jews and Samaritans were such inveterate enemies, there never could have been any designed corruption effected by them both. It frequently confirms, and sometimes corrects, the reading of the Hebrew in important places; and it overturns all that system of Rabbinical trifling, by which mysterious knowledge is said to be communicated through the shape and position of certain letters, or certain words, which they pretend Moses learned from God, because such things cannot be applied to its characters.

As the Samaritans do not understand the Hebrew text, although in the character of their own language, they have found it necessary to translate it for common use. For, as the Jews, after the Babylonish captivity, degenerated in their language from the Hebrew to the Babylonish dialect, so the Samaritans did the same, most probably by bringing this dialect out of Assyria with them, when they first came to plant in Samaria. Therefore, as the Jews, for the sake of the vulgar among them who understood only the common language, were forced to make Chaldee versions of the Scripture, which they call Targums, so the Samaritans, for the same reason, were obliged to do the same thing, and to make a version of their Pentateuch into the vulgar Samaritan, which is, most probably, the most ancient translation of the Bible in existence. This Samaritan version is not made, like the Chaldee versions among the Jews, by way of paraphrase, but by an exact rendering of the text word for word, for the most part without any variation. Being perfectly literal, the same Latin translation answers both to it and the Samaritan Pentateuch; and all the three are published in the Paris and London Polyglots.

There were two causes which chiefly conduced to render the Greek language, at one time, of almost universal use in the world. The first cause was the conquests of Alexander the Great, who was, by nation, a Grecian, king of Macedon, and afterwards ruler of the greater part of the then known world. His vast empire, although divided, yet subsisted for a great length of time, as his officers divided it among themselves, and reigned in different countries, so that the Greeks still continued to have dominion in the world, particularly the Seleucidæ, in Syria, and the Ptolemies, in Egypt, by which means the Greek language became known and in use, both in Judea and Egypt. The other cause of the extent of this language, was the high reputation the Greeks had acquired for learning and wisdom, which made many people desirous of knowing their language, who were not subject to their dominion.

This, then, was the language which was made use of to give the Gentiles the first knowledge of the Messiah. The Greek version of the Old Testament prepared the way for the gospel. The Gentiles read in these books the prophecies which the Apostles showed had been accomplished in Jesus Christ; and they found, also, that the obstinate incredulity of the Jews had been foretold in them. They could not suspect the fidelity of the Apostles, because this version of the Scriptures had not been made by them; nor could they accuse the Jews of having altered these books, because, as they were, the Jews were condemned in them. Besides, the time at which it was made gave this translation of the Bible a prodigious deal of weight; because, from its having appeared before the birth of Jesus Christ, neither Pagans nor Jews could say that the ancient prophecies therein contained had been adapted to the circumstances of his life.

Whoever were the authors of this the first translation of the Scriptures into Greek, commonly known by the name of the *SEVENTY*, or the *SEPTUAGINT*, and of which the Jewish historians, Philo and Josephus, have spoken much, no one doubts that it was made long before the time of Jesus Christ; and it is of great authority. Several passages of the Old Testament, which are quoted in the New, are taken from thence; and, being thus noticed by the writers of the New Testament, from their mode of using it, we may infer that it was in general circulation among the Apostolic churches. All the other ancient versions, likewise, which were publicly read in the different churches of the world, the *Arabic*, the *Ethiopic*, the *Armenian*, the *Gothic*, the *Illyrian*, and the ancient *Latin*, which was in use before St Jerome's time, were made from it; and, in short, every one of them, except the *Syriac*, were made from that of the *SEVENTY*, and to this day the Greek church, and the churches of the east, have no other. It is this version that the Fathers and Doctors of the church have explained, and commented upon. It was from this version that they drew their decisions in matters of faith, and their pre-

cepts of morality. It was by this that they confuted heresies, and both general and particular councils explained themselves by it. Thus, whoever the authors of it were, its authority is great; and that upon this account only, if no other, that it was made at a time when the *Hebrew* was a living language, and, consequently, more easy to be understood than it is now, when it is almost impossible to come at the true understanding of it, otherwise than by the assistance of the ancient versions. For these reasons, we shall turn our attention, somewhat particularly, to the history of this celebrated version.

Alexander the Great, on his building of the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, brought a great many Jews thither to help to plant the new city; and Ptolemy Soter, after his death, having fixed the seat of his government there, and set his heart much upon the enlarging and adorning of it, brought thither many more of this nation for the same purpose; where, having granted to them the same privileges with the Macedonians and other Greeks, they soon grew to be a great part of the inhabitants of that city. Their continual intercourse with the other citizens, among whom they were there mingled, having obliged them to learn and constantly use the Greek language, the same happened to them here, as had happened to them before at Babylon; that is, by accustoming themselves to a foreign language, they forgot their own. Hence, from their no longer understanding the Hebrew language, in which the Scriptures had been hitherto first read, nor the Chaldee, in which they were after that interpreted in every synagogue, they got them translated into Greek for their own use, that this version might serve for the same purpose in Alexandria and Egypt, as the Chaldee paraphrases afterwards did in Jerusalem and Judea.

After the time of Ezra, the Scriptures were read to the Jews in Hebrew, and interpreted into the Chaldee language; but at Alexandria, after the writing of this version, it was interpreted to them in Greek, which was afterwards done also in all other Grecian cities where the Jews became dispersed.

There are several opinions which modern writers have entertained respecting the origin of the Septuagint version, but the commonly received opinion is that entertained by Bishop Walton, the author of the London Polyglott, and is the same which is given in a historical account of the transaction, as related by a Hellenistic Jew, who flourished in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The account of the affair, as contained in a book written by the person above mentioned, whose name was Aristeas, is as follows:—

King Ptolemy Philadelphus, having, by the advice of Demetrius Phalereus, caused a magnificent library to be erected at Alexandria, and given him the direction of it, this philosopher spoke to him of the sacred books of the Jews, as of a work which would do honour to his library. The prince, therefore, resolved to have a copy of the Jewish law translated into Greek, his own language, and that which was the universally understood. For this purpose he sent ambassadors to Jerusalem, to Eleazer, the high priest, with magnificent presents for the temple. Their instructions were, to desire him to give the king a copy of the sacred books, and to send him some persons of distinction and learning, who might translate them into Greek. Aristeas, who was a chief officer in the king's guards, and a chief man in the kingdom of Egypt, was of this embassy; and Eleazer, who received him with honour, was, according to Josephus, the son of Onias the First, the brother of Simon the Just, who is mentioned in the Apocryphal book called Ecclesiasticus, and grandson to Jaddus, who went to meet Alexander the Great, and made him confer favourable terms upon the Jews.

The high priest consulted with the great council of the nation, called the Sanhedrim, in regard to Ptolemy's request, and afterwards chose six men out of each tribe—seventy-two in all—gave them a copy of the law, written in letters of gold, upon skins curiously fastened together, and sent them into Egypt. The king received them favourably, and showed a great deal of respect for the divine books; he then assigned them a residence in the Isle of Pharos, about seven furlongs distant from Alexandria, where they completed the version in seventy-two days. Demetrius caused it to be read publicly in the presence of the priests, great men, and all the Jews, who were then very numerous at Alexandria, and it was universally applauded; they cried out, with one voice, that the translation was just and faithful; and, in order to render it not only authentic, but also unalterable, they made imprecations against those who should attempt to make any alteration in it. When it was read to the king, he admired the wisdom of the Lawgiver, and commanded the books to be deposited in his library, allowing copies to be taken for the use of the Jews: he then sent back the seventy-two elders, after having made them some rich presents. The most magnificent of these presents was the freeing of one hundred and twenty thousand Jewish captives, whose ransom he paid, and gave them liberty to return into Judea. This version soon became common among all the Jews who spoke the Greek language, and was read publicly in their synagogues. It is not accurately ascertained in what year all this took place: Walton thinks the opinion, which fixes it in the 7th of Ptolemy, and the 278th before Christ, the most probable.

CASES OF MONOMANIA.

NOT many years since I dined with a friend, a man of distinguished abilities. There were other guests at table; our host was well, and in full performance of his intellectual manifestations, when on a sudden he was noticed to give signs of salutation to the door of the room; he welcomed an unseen friend, arose, and handed him a chair, addressed him, received his answers, and maintained the supposed conversation. This gentleman, next day, was completely free from the strange hallucination. The second example is one which I shall quote on indisputable authority. It is the history of the epidemic monomania of St Soudard, and never was there a history more curious and extraordinary. A battalion of French soldiers, during the toils and dangers of a campaign, were marching on a certain point, on a hot and overcoming day, and at double the usual speed. Their strength was eight hundred men, all hardy, seasoned, and courageous men, careless of danger, despising the devil, and little occupied with the thoughts of ghosts and phantasmagoria. On the night of the occurrence in question, the battalion was forced to occupy a narrow and low building, barely calculated to accommodate three hundred persons. Nevertheless they slept; but at midnight one and all were roused by frightful screams issuing from all quarters of the house, and to the eyes of the astonished affrighted soldiers appeared the vision of a huge dog, which bounded in through the window, and rushed with extraordinary heaviness and speed over the breasts of the spectators. The soldiers quitted the building in terror. Next night, by the solicitations of the surgeon and chef de bataillon, who accompanied them, they again resumed their previous quarters. "We saw," says the narrator, "that they slept; wide awake we watched the arrival of the hour of the preceding panic, and midnight had scarcely struck, when the veteran soldiers, for the second time, started to their feet; again they had heard the supernatural voices, again the visionary hound had bestrode them to suffocation; the chef de bataillon and myself heard or saw nothing of these events." Here, gentlemen, is a curious fact, and it is perhaps more worthy of attention as it seems to point out the special operation of physical causes in the production of the monomania and in the direction of the delusion towards the organs, namely, those of respiration, which had chiefly suffered in the previous marches, and in the suffocating atmosphere of the den in which they slept. The last example I shall give you, gentlemen, occurred in my own person (laughter), and yet I believe that I was not mad, at least I was not so at the time when the circumstance happened. (Increased laughter.) I was but a very young man, when one day I made my first visit to a dissecting-room, that of La Pitié, and there I saw the body of a child, in an advanced state of putrefaction, all covered with larvæ and worms. I returned home, not caring much about the matter, went to bed, and slept soundly. But when I arose in the morning, and was crossing the room to open my window, judge my astonishment to see lying on my table the very body I saw yesterday at La Pitié. I started, rubbed my eyes, shook myself, all in vain; there it was, blue, and green, and putrid, and full of creeping worms. Never was any thing more distinctly seen; nevertheless, the delusion soon vanished and I recovered my reason (a laugh), which, I am glad to say, has since been undisturbed by any such visionary spectres.—*M. Andral's Lectures in the Lancet.*

CROMWELL.

THE following tradition, concerning Cromwell, is preserved by an uncommonly direct line of traditional evidence, being narrated by the grandson of an eyewitness:—When Cromwell, in 1650, entered Glasgow, he attended divine service in the High Church; but the Presbyterian divine who officiated, poured forth, with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause of the independent general. One of Cromwell's officers rose and whispered his commander, who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd who were assembled to gaze at the general as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the Sixth's footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but, after his father's death, had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name; the man fled, but, at Cromwell's command, one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out in high spirits, and, showing some gold, declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to receive the particulars of his interview; among others, the grandfather of the narrator. The shoemaker said he had been a playfellow of Cromwell's when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; that he had fled when the general first called to him, thinking he might owe him some ill will, on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added, that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him, that he ventured to ask him what the officer had said to him in the church. "He proposed," said Cromwell, "to

pull forth the minister by the ears, and I answered, that the preacher was one fool, and he another." In the course of the day, Cromwell held an interview with the minister, and contrived to satisfy his scruples so effectually, that the evening discourse, by the same man, was tuned to the praise and glory of the victor of Naseby.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.

THE particulars of the following very striking incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers:—In a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached one Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leant his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came thither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you—listen to him!"

MAXWELL'S CROSS.

IN the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleming, in Dumfriesshire, there exists, or lately existed, a stone pillar or cross, erected to commemorate the circumstance of a treacherous murder. Tradition makes us acquainted with the nature of the event, which took place as follows:—

In 1483, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas, who for some time had been exiles in England, wishing to learn the dispositions of their countrymen towards them, made an incursion into their native country, went to Lochmaben, and plundered the market there. In the meantime, a master of Maxwell, son of Baron Maxwell of Caerlaverock, upon whom the wardenship of the borders had devolved, in consequence of his father's imprisonment in England, receiving intelligence of this affair, assembled his friends and dependents to repel and chastise the insolence of these rebels. He came up with them at Burnswark, where the action commenced, and was fought to Kirkconnel, when Douglas was taken prisoner, and the Duke of Albany made his escape. Having now recovered the booty, and obtained a complete victory, he was pursuing the broken remains of the hostile army; and, being wearied with the fatigues of the engagement and the wounds which he is said to have received in battle, he was supporting himself with his spear, resting by his hand upon the crutch of his saddle, when one Gass, from the parish of Cummertrees, who had fought under him in the engagement, coming up, thrust him through, on account of a sentence which he, as master warden of the marches, had passed upon a cousin of Gass. Upon the spot where Maxwell fell and the execrable deed was committed, this cross is said to have been erected, to perpetuate the remembrance thereof to posterity. It is a handsome pillar of a conoidal, or tapering form, nine feet in height from the socket, with a head consisting of four *fleur de lis* cut out of the solid stone.

CANADIAN IMPROVEMENTS.

IN taking a general and comprehensive view of Upper Canada (says Bouchette), and glancing retrospectively to what it was fifteen years back, the accelerated march of its prosperity and improvement is remarkably striking. Within that period, the mass of the country has been surveyed, settlements formed in almost every township, and towns and villages have sprung up with extraordinary energy, in various directions. Canals of an elegance and utility, and of dimensions* unrivalled, if equalled, on this continent, have been opened through the province. The Welland and the Rideau canals remove from the frontier, the internal communication by water, from the remotest British settlements of the St Lawrence, to the sea. The Burlington and Desjardins canals afford important advantages to the fertile district in which they are situated.

The navigation of the lakes and rivers has undergone the greatest amelioration. Eight or ten steamboats, some of them of great elegance, now form several complete and convenient lines of communication between the remote parts of the country. Manufactures and mechanics have also made considerable progress; coarse linens and woollen cloths are successfully manufactured for domestic use by most good farmers; and manufactories of iron are established at Marmora and Charlotteville. Saw and grist mills (there are upwards of five hundred of them), distilleries and breweries, are to be found in all the settled parts of the province. The principal towns in most districts contain proper public buildings, such as churches, court-houses, jails, warehouses, &c.

At York, a provincial bank is established under legislative authority, with branches at Kingston and Niagara. District schools, under the general superintendence of a board, and the immediate direction of trustees, are established throughout the province; and a college, upon the principle of similar institutions in England, has been founded and recently opened in the capital of the colony. The learned professions—the members of which are in general numerous—have also their ornaments; and eight or ten presses issue weekly newspapers, for the most part very intelligently edited, and circulating widely through the province. Post towns are frequent, and afford conveniently the means of communication with celerity and safety.

In fact, Upper Canada is rising in a large geometrical ratio into agricultural and commercial importance; nor can we, in thus contemplating its rapid prosperity, forbear attributing it as well to the ability and efficiency that has almost invariably distinguished the administration of its government, as to the great natural energies and resources of the country.—*The British Dominions in North America, by Joseph Bouchette.*

* Understood as to breadth and depth. The Grand Erie canal is infinitely longer than any of these: but it is only calculated for vessels of inferior burden.

THE CUTTING DIAMOND.

THE art of using the diamond for cutting glass has undergone, within a few years, a very important improvement. A glazier's apprentice, when using a diamond set in a conical ferrule, as was always the practice about twenty years since, found great difficulty in acquiring the art of using it with certainty, and at the end of a seven years' apprenticeship, many were found but indifferently skilled in its employment. This arose from the difficulty of finding the precise angle at which the diamond cuts, and or guiding it along the glass at the proper inclination when that angle is found. Almost the whole of the time consumed and of the glass destroyed in acquiring the art of cutting glass, may now be saved by the use of an improved tool. The gem is set in a small piece of squared brass with its edge nearly parallel to one side of the square. A person skilled in its use now files away one side of the brass, until, by trial, he finds that the diamond will make a clean cut, when guided by keeping this edge pressed against a ruler. The diamond and its mounting are now attached to a stick similar to a pencil, by means of a swivel allowing a small angular motion. Thus the merest tyro at once applies the cutting edge at the proper angle, by pressing the side of the brass against a ruler; and even though the part he holds in his hand should deviate a little from the required angle, it communicates no irregularity to the position of the diamond, which rarely fails to do its office when thus employed.—*Babbage on Machinery.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Book sellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER" AND
"INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 64.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE LAND OF SCOTT.

THE district which this mighty genius has appropriated as his own, may be described as restricted in a great measure to the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, the former of which is the central part of the frontier or border of Scotland, noted of old for the warlike character of its inhabitants, and even, till a comparatively late period, for certain predatory habits, unlike any thing that obtained at the same time, at least in the southern portion of Scotland. Though born in Edinburgh, Walter Scott was descended from Roxburghshire families, and was familiar in his early years with both the scenery and the inhabitants, and the history and traditions, of that romantic land. He was, indeed, fed with the legendary lore of the Borders, as with a mother's milk; and it was this, no doubt, which gave his mind so remarkable a taste for the manners of the middle ages, to the exclusion of all sympathy for either the ideas of the ancient classics, or the literature of modern manners. There was something additionally engaging to a mind like his in the poetical associations which have so long rendered this region the very Arcadia of Scotland. The Tweed, flowing majestically from one end of it to the other; the Teviot, a scarcely less noble tributary; with all the lesser streams connected with these two—the Jed, the Gala, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Quair—had, from the revival of Scottish poetry, been sung by unnumbered bards, many of whose names have perished, like flowers, from the face of the earth which they adorned. From all these associations mingled together, did the mind of this transcendent genius draw its first and its happiest inspiration.

The general character of this district of Scotland is pastoral. Here and there, along the banks of the streams, there are alluvial stripes called *haughs*, all of which are finely cultivated; and the plough, in many places, has ascended the hill to a considerable height; but the land in general is a succession of pastoral eminences, which are either green to the top, or swathed in dusky heath, unless where a patch of young and green wood seeks to soften the climate and the soil. Much of the land still belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and other descendants of noted Border chiefs, and it annually supplies much of what both clothes and feeds the British population. Being little intruded upon by manufactures, or any other thing calculated to introduce new ideas, its population exhibit, in general, those primitive features of character which are so invariably found to characterize a pastoral people. Even where, in such cases as Hawick and Galashiels, manufactures have established an isolated seat, the people are hardly distinguishable, in simplicity and homely virtues, from the tenants of the hills.

Starting at Kelso upon an excursion over this country, the traveller would soon reach Roxburgh, where the Teviot and the Tweed are joined—a place noted in early Scottish history for the importance of its town and castle, now alike swept away. Pursuing upwards the course of the Teviot, he would first be tempted aside into the sylvan valley of the Jed, on the banks of which stands the ancient and picturesque town of Jedburgh, and whose beauties have been rapturously described by Thomson, who spent many of his youngest and happiest years amidst its beautiful *braes*. Farther up, the Teviot is joined by the Aill, and, farther up still, by the Rule, a rivulet whose banks were once occupied almost exclusively by the warlike clans of Turnbull and Rutherford. Next is the Slitrig, and next the Borthwick; after which, the accessories of this mountain stream cease to be distinguished. Every stream has its valley; every valley has its particular class of inhabitants—its own tales, songs, and tradi-

tions; and when the traveller contrasts its noble hills, and clear trotting *burnies*, with the tame landscapes of "merry England," he is at no loss to see how the natives of a mountainous region come to distinguish their own country so much in poetical recollection, and behold it with such exclusive love. When the Englishman is absent from his home, he sees a scene not much different from what he is accustomed to, and regards his absence with very little feeling. But when a native of these secluded vales visits another district, he finds an alien peculiarity in every object: the hills are of a different height and vesture; the streams are different in size, or run in a different direction. Everything tells him that he is not at home. And, when returning to his own glen, how every distant hill-top comes out to his sight, as a familiar and companionable object! How every less prominent feature reminds him of that place which, of all the earth, he calls *his own*! Even when he crosses what is termed the height of the country, and but sees the waters running *towards* that cherished place, his heart is distended with a sense of home and kindred, and he throws his very soul upon the stream, that it may be carried before him to the spot where he has garnered up all his most valued affections.

There is one part of Roxburghshire which does not belong to the great vale of the Tweed, and yet is as essentially as any a part of the Land of Scott. This is Liddesdale, or the vale of the Liddel, a stream which seeks the Solway, and forms part of the more westerly border. Nothing out of Spain could be more wild or lonely than this pastoral vale, which once harboured the predatory clans of Elliot and Armstrong, but is now occupied by a race of more than usually primitive sheep-farmers. It is absolutely overrun with song and legend, of which Sir Walter Scott reaped an ample harvest for his Border Minstrelsy, including the fine old ballads of *Dick o' the Cow*, and *Jock o' the Syde*.

It may be said, indeed, that, of all places in the south of Scotland, the attention of the great novelist was first fixed upon Liddesdale. In his second literary effort—the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—he confined himself in a great measure to Teviotdale, in the upper part of which, about three miles above Hawick, stands Branxholm Castle, the chief scene of the poem. The old house has been much altered since the supposed era of the *Lay*; but it has nevertheless more of an ancient than a modern appearance, and does not much disappoint a modern beholder. For a long time, the Buccleuch family have left it to the occupancy of the individuals who act as their agents or chamberlains on this part of their extensive property; and it is at present kept in the best order, and surrounded by some fine woods of ancient and modern growth. Seated on a lofty bank, it still overlooks that stream, and is overtopped by those hills, to which, it will be recollected, "the lady" successively addressed her witching incantations. Immediately below the bank is a small collection of cottages, one of which has also a poetical history. It was the residence, upwards of a century ago, of a woman named *Jean the Ranter*, who sold ale, and had, among other children, one daughter of especial beauty. One day, while this bonny lass of Branxholm, as she was called, was spreading clothes upon the banks of the Teviot, she was seen by a young military officer named Maitland, who immediately fell so deeply in love with her, that he was induced to make her his wife. By this strange alliance, which was considered so extraordinary in those days as to be partly attributed to witchcraft on the part of her mother, the bonny lass became the progenitrix of a family of gentry in Mid-Lothian, while the grandson of one of her

sisters was lately known at Hawick, under the familiar name of *Willie Crow*, as a crazed poet and mendicant. The story was put into verse by Allan Ramsay, who states, that, when first seen by her lover,

"A petticoat, and bodice clean,
Was sum o' a' her claithing"—

and it seems to have been the opinion of this ingenious poet, that dress was the reverse of requisite to set off her native charms.

Not only did this country supply Walter Scott with many of the ideas that enter into his poetry, but also with some of the characters, scenes, and incidents of his still more delightful novels. It is not our purpose to enter specifically into these; but we shall state what we lately ascertained respecting an individual, who appears to have been the original of a character hitherto, perhaps, the most misty and unreal of all his fictitious creations. The person we allude to was an Englishman named Peter Stranger, or Japhet Crook, who, about a hundred years ago, migrated into Eskdale, and, possessing some smattering of scientific knowledge, was enabled to impose upon the Duke of Buccleuch (the son of the Duke of Monmouth), in so far as to induce his Grace to enter into some weighty and expensive operations for the purpose of digging and smelting iron. These operations were conducted at a place not far from the old tower of Gilnockie, where formerly Johnnie Armstrong practised a profession hardly less dishonest, and where there is still a hamlet, termed, from Stranger's operations, the *Forge*.

From what we have heard of the pretensions of this impostor, we entertain no doubt that he must have supplied the idea of Doustervel in the *Antiquary*, like whom he was in due time detected, and obliged to withdraw hurriedly to his native country. The subsequent history of this person was curious. Travelling through England, he fell into acquaintance at an inn with an old gentleman, who, having much wealth, and no near, or at least no dear relations, was somewhat puzzled as to the manner in which he should make his will. Stranger professed to be in exactly the same circumstances, and, by a train of artful devices, prevailed upon the old gentleman to make a will in his favour, while he, at the same time, should return the compliment by bequeathing all his own imaginary property to his friend; so that the longest liver should enjoy the whole. The two wills were formally drawn up at York, and, in a short time, the death of the old gentleman put Peter Stranger into the possession of a large fortune. The brother of the deceased lost no time in coming forward to claim his rights, but after a long litigation it was found that the will could not be invalidated. The fraud, however, was fully proved, and Stranger was condemned to be imprisoned for life, and to have his nose and his ears cut off. It is said that the hardened wretch bore this punishment with unshrinking fortitude, coolly remarking, that "they might peel his head like a turnip—he would not care—so long as they left him his fortune." The case made a considerable noise in England, as is testified by an allusion to it in Pope's *Third Moral Essay*, addressed to Lord Bathurst:—

"P. What riches give us; let us, then, inquire—
Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,
clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? Would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs?
To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?"

To which last clause, the poet appends the following note:—"Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged

a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in person till his death, and quietly left to his executor."

Such was the history of the individual who appears to have given the hint for *Dousterswivel*. We shall only add, that whether Crook or Stranger were the real name of the adventurer, the latter was that by which he went in Eskdale, and was transmitted, accordingly, to an illegitimate daughter—Nelly Stranger—whom he left in that country, and who lived to a considerable age.

Not far from the same district, the novelist appears to have been supplied with the ground-story of the tale of Guy Mannering. A Dumfriesshire gentleman, whom we shall call Cavers of Gatehill, was married for many years to a Galloway lady, a relation to a celebrated northern peeress, without her having had any children, till at length, during a long stay which he was compelled to make in England, she had a child, who, he was but too well assured, was not his own, and whose birth the lady did not long survive. By the terms of his marriage-contract, this child, whose illegitimacy he could not now prove, was the heiress of his estate—a circumstance repugnant in the highest degree to his feelings, and which he was resolved to use every means in his power to avert. In the hope of keeping the child ignorant of its own destinies, and blinding the world at large to its fate, he placed it under the charge of a poor shepherd, dwelling in the hills of the English border, a few miles from Carlisle. Though he used every means of concealment, the child, as she grew up, was known or supposed to be his, and a young man, of the name of Rugby, in time wrote to Mr Cavers, requesting his permission to marry her. To this letter Mr Cavers paid no attention, and the marriage accordingly proceeded. Rugby set up business as the keeper of a public house in Carlisle, and had two children by his wife, a boy and a girl. Though no attention was paid to the family by Mr Cavers, his wife's relation, the celebrated peeress above mentioned, invariably called at the house in passing to or from England, and latterly took charge of the two children, the former of whom she sent out to India, while the latter, being most respectably educated and set forward in the world, was eventually married to a Welsh bishop.

In the course of a few years, Rugby fell into embarrassed circumstances, and could conceive no better plan of redeeming them than selling to Mr Cavers, for a thousand pounds, the claim which he now knew his wife to have upon the estate of Gatehill. This paction was ratified in the most formal manner; but in the course of a few years more, Rugby became utterly ruined, and both he and his wife died; about the same time Mr Cavers died; and the estate passed quietly into the possession of a distant relation.

When advanced to about thirty or forty years of age, Henry Rugby returned from India, with a small fortune and an impaired constitution. He purchased a small place of residence in Devonshire, where he intended to spend the remainder of his days, without ever once thinking of his native place, which he had left too young to have any recollection of, or suspecting the hereditary claims which he had upon an estate in the south of Scotland. Some time after, he happened, by mere chance, to pay a visit to an East Indian friend, residing in the north of England; and, being fond of shooting, was easily induced by that person to accompany him on a sporting excursion into Dumfriesshire. Fatigued one day with his amusement, he entered the cottage of an old woman, and, while he refreshed himself with a drink of new milk, asked many questions, such as are apt to occur to a stranger, respecting the places in the neighbourhood. He in particular asked the name and proprietor of a handsome seat on the face of a hill at no great distance, to which the old woman replied, that that was Gatehill, and that it belonged to HENRY RUGBY, although another person was in possession of it. Struck by this information, he made further inquiries at Carlisle, and soon became acquainted with an attorney, who undertook to prosecute his claim before the Court of Session, where, after a tedious litigation, it was affirmed. The intelligence of his success was sent him by an express, and he immediately called together a few friends, to celebrate it by a feast; but, alas for

the triumphs of mortals! being tempted to drink rather more than the delicate state of his health in general permitted, he was found dead next morning. The eventual fate of the case before the House of Lords, to which it was appealed, we have not ascertained; but we think there can be little doubt, that, though different in many respects from the tale of Guy Mannering, there was enough of it to have suggested to the imagination of Sir Walter Scott the leading points of that admirable fiction.

(This subject will be concluded in a subsequent article.)

THE BENT OF GENIUS.

It is a very ancient maxim not only that poets are born with a particular constitution of mind, which it is not possible to acquire by any future training, but that there are in all men innate capacities, by the dictates of which, each is directed in the choice of the study or calling to which he addict himself. By this diversity of talent it is that a proper poise is preserved in the framework of society, and none of its parts allowed to become too strong or too weak for the rest. The stream of mind, diverging into innumerable channels, is thus conducted equally over the whole expanse of human interests, and imparts vigour to all alike, instead of being attracted into a few large currents, each tearing up a deep bed for itself, and manifesting strength indeed, but communicating no beneficial influence to its adjacent borders. Let us take a familiar example to illustrate what is meant. Of what inestimable advantage is it to a country town that the members of its community are all impelled, each in the exercise of his particular qualifications, to follow different professions, whereby one becomes a grocer, another a draper, a third a tailor, a fourth a butcher, and so on, and a variety of conveniences are made of easy access to the whole township! Let us suppose that all the youths of the place applied themselves to the study of medicine, and, as is usual in such situations, conjoined with the practice of physicians the business of apothecaries. The windows in the main street would no doubt soon exhibit a brilliant show; with the sun glittering upon the numberless bottles of many-coloured waters, or when the vivid rainbow hues were displayed by lamp-light, and contrasted with the surrounding darkness, the effect of the gorgeous scene would be overpowering; no city ever offered any thing half so magnificent. But the condition of the people would, nevertheless, be most deplorable. Not an article to be had but "the best patent medicines!" no resource for him that objected to pills, but to take potions; and for him that had a horror of potions, no alternative but pills! Such a consummation is happily prevented, by the endless variety and degrees of intellectual capacity by which some are prompted to high undertakings, while others content themselves with humbler but equally indispensable occupations.

In the allotment of different capacities to the individuals of the human family, there is nothing more startling than in the appointment of different conditions; yet some philosophers have thought it necessary to maintain, that, in point of intellectual endowments, all men come into the world on a level of equality—that the bent of their minds is wholly determined by circumstances—and that every qualification is the result of culture. This doctrine is by them considered to be much more cheering to all who are fired with a noble emulation of excellence; for if we are to sit down in the belief, that, in as far as we ourselves are concerned, our characters are immutable, and that a limit is set to our attainments which it is impossible to surmount, then are we indeed the creatures of accident, condemned to intellectual bondage, and undeserving of any credit for the most honourable or useful actions. In this general view of the case there is something extremely fallacious—for though born to unequal means, no one is precluded from exertion, but, on the contrary, incited to greater efforts, lest those whose natural talents are less, should, by superior diligence, outstrip the more highly favoured—yet, a farther statement of the arguments by which these views are supported, will introduce us to subjects of curious and most interesting inquiry.

It is noticed, from the earliest years of some boys, that their apprehensions are duller than those of their companions; let instructors do what they please, they can never, by the gentlest persuasions or the harshest stripes, quicken their dolish wits to keep pace with apter scholars. But this difference of capacity, undeniable as it is, and observable in all the stages of life, is by no means decisive of the question: it brings us to an early period of human existence, and shows us what the boys are, after being modified by the previous education to which each has been subjected; but it does not exhibit the soul in its naked and native energy, before its efforts were either curbed in one direction or encouraged in another. In the first two years of their lives, children learn a great deal more of what is practically useful, than they do in the same time at any future period of their lives—they learn the use of their senses and their limbs; at first they have no notion of grasping or holding fast; they have

no notion of what will hurt them, or of what is harmless, and will seize the edge of a razor as readily as a bunch of feathers; they have no knowledge of the comparative gravity of objects, and sometimes make long and ineffectual attempts to move from its place a weight which it takes the strength of a full-grown person to raise: it would be endless to enumerate all the acquisitions they have to make; and in the course of these, no two children are placed exactly in the same circumstances, or have their faculties exercised precisely in the same manner. If it were possible that they could be so situated and so trained, then we should probably observe similar results in an uniformity of dispositions and of abilities; had they been equally encouraged to pursue one thing and avoid another, their inclinations would have run with the same force in the same channel. But this is not the case; and their characters come to be as various as the seemingly unimportant, but, in reality, most influential events in their little lives. No one can tell how many empires have stood fast, because, in numerous instances, the desire of dominion was checked in infant minds, by fruitless attempts to remove a heavy piece of furniture, or to push back the walls of the chamber, in order to obtain larger scope for their nursery gambols. The mystery which involved the sources of the Nile, and the termination of the Niger, was perhaps prolonged for ages, in consequence of the spirit of adventure being extinguished in more than one child, who, on first venturing a-field, got into sloughs, and escaped, after great consternation and floods of tears, shoeless. The powerful effect produced by such trivial occurrences on the youthful and flexible powers of thought, has never been duly considered, and can never perhaps be properly estimated.

But to go a step higher still—we see that there is a frequent conformity between the mind, and the body which it inhabits. We no more expect to find the fiery energy of the Arab scintillating from the calm eyes of a Dutchman, than that pepper should be produced from reeds in the fens of Holland or of Lincolnshire; and even among men of the same nation we uniformly perceive the varieties of mental character conjoined with corresponding peculiarities of frame. Clumsy limbs and a heavy lumbering figure are not accompanied by vivacity of wit and a penetrating judgment; but small men, "good of their inches," are instinct with activity of mind, as if their souls, condensed in a small compass, were fitted, like a garison whose posts are not too far apart, to be on the alert at every point. Nay, in the very same person, whatever tends to invigorate the body enlivens the mind in an equal degree. In support of these opinions, many striking facts are adduced; but into these we shall not at present enter.

Whatever truth there may be in these speculations—and they are undoubtedly of great weight as far as they go—the soundness of the popular opinion is not shaken by them. They prove only that ideas are not innate, but are communicated, according to circumstances, from the external world; while they leave uncontroverted the fact, that the capacity or aptitude for entertaining particular classes of ideas is implanted in the mind from the earliest period of its connection with the body. That a sluggish soul for the most part finds a congenial habitation in an inactive body, is apparent enough to the most limited observation. It is also true that a mind so situated is subjected to a disadvantage in depending for its impressions upon an inefficient set of intelligencers, which is the case when the bodily senses are obtuse. But are not the abilities of the workman displayed by the very instruments to the use of which he accustoms himself? I a labourer resorts to ponderous implements, and manifests a predilection for felling trees, we do not usually predicate of him, that, with the same industry and with minuter tools, he would have been as expert in the more ingenious art of engraving upon wood. His occupation is evidently determined by his aptitude for slow, although powerful, exertions of muscular energy, which is something very different from that nicety of touch and manual dexterity which are necessary to turn the lines that are to express the features, or to scoop those hollows that are to give to a miniature landscape its contrasts of light and shade, and to hit off, with precision and ease, the difficult transitions from the one to the other. There is no more reason for supposing an original uniformity in all men's minds, than for alleging that the stamina of the bodily frame and the groundwork of the features at first presented no variety, but were modified and moulded wholly by the foods and drinks which nourished them, and by the pressure of the atmosphere amid which they were developed.

Precocity of genius in particular directions is so frequently manifested, that it is not possible to conceive that it depends in any measure upon circumstances or education. When a lady, who has since made a conspicuous figure in the world, was an infant, her father's residence happening to be within hearing of one of the city clocks, she withdrew her lips from the breast to listen to the hours when they were struck; from which, even at that early period, it was with truth conjectured that the vibration of sound affected, in her, organs peculiarly sensible to musical impressions. How many at the same age were then, and have since been, within range of the same peals, who yet continued to drain their nurses with a total indifference to their loudest reports! And yet, if it were true that children are nothing but what early circumstances

make them, a love of melody should distinguish all those, who, having been born within a certain distance of a church bell, have had the capabilities of their ears aroused by such repeated and sonorous appeals to them. The same girl justified the expectation of her parents by playing to admiration on the piano-forte at five years of age, and, being patronized by the Duchess of Buccleuch, composed music, and published it, and dedicated it to her patroness when she was eight.

It is true that a deficient ear may be to a certain extent rectified, and rendered more susceptible of harmonious modulations of sound. Dr Vandermonde's experiments to correct what is called a false voice proved this very satisfactorily. He conceived that defects in the utterance arose for the most part from some inequality of strength in the organs of hearing, or from some want of delicacy or tension, so that discordant sounds are communicated to the sensorium, in endeavouring to imitate which, our own tones are pitched in an unpleasant key. In accordance with this theory, he took a child whose voice was unmusical into a spacious apartment, and, having stopped one of her ears, made her recede till she no longer heard the sound of a repeating-watch which he held in his hand. Desiring her to remain in the place where this happened, he advanced, removed the cotton to the other ear, and then, resuming his former position, caused the watch again to strike. The child was surprised to find that she again heard tolerably well. Having thus ascertained which ear was the weak one, the other was kept as close as possible, in order to exercise that which wanted strength. The child was requested to sing from time to time, and the other necessary experiments were made to discover whether both ears had been brought to have the same sensibility. In this manner a true voice was obtained in the same proportion that the perception of sound was harmonized. These experiments are exceedingly curious, as proving that an ear for music may be wonderfully improved when it is imperfect, if people will take the necessary trouble while the organs are tender, and susceptible of modification. But we do not learn that any one was ever made a musical prodigy by the use of these means; and we have abundant instances, besides the one already alluded to, of children who have been so, almost without any sort of cultivation. The force of natural genius might be shown to be equally powerful in all other departments of human knowledge; so that the effect produced upon mind, by matter, or, in other words, by external circumstances of every kind, though great, must be pronounced to be only subsidiary; the popular opinion, in this instance, as in many others, being found to maintain its ground against all the ingenuity of speculatists.

A TALE OF TWEEDDALE.

AMIDST the hills of that district of Scotland called Tweeddale, there are many lonely vallies, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, who lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise from your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the sky-lark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house." Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the school-master of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met

with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as, passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe, but it was William's care to guard his wife and his child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they "took sweet counsel," and walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it was a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life, than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

"The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure, but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night, the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again, another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to muster, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and, as the time

was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearth-stane,' for her William, and often opened the door to listen and to look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill, descending the foot-path toward his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first, the heart-sickness of 'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to his rest, a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and, though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear, 'Oh Helen, Helen, I perish.' She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, would not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice gave way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again did Ellen try in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurgled together, though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonized Helen any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was, to seek for aid more efficient than her own. Meantime, William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, she ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, she took a sheep crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, she hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and, having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapt her child in a small blanket, and, throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farm-house, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

"Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, surmounting the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now again began to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length gave over crying, and, fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to seize her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the ostend which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she been alone concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child, prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame, when, on looking up, just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the

farm-house at a short distance!" New strength seemed now again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men, belonging to the farm, were ready to start, with all necessary implements, for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant, which had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery: she however delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, in spite of all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left it in the house.

"The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive, of which no hope could have been entertained, but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might, in a great measure, have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure, while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had, however, succeeded in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon a bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariably and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned, but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection, for she talked of her husband as still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes, and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate, till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great, that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house, I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place, and had no sooner looked upon her than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her, for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and to comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and, after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and hav-

ing adjusted our fishing tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind, during that day, for a single instant, the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

REMINISCENCES OF MY TRAVELS.

WHEN a traveller commences to write a history of his journey into the regions he has visited, he usually takes the trouble of informing his readers of the cause of his peregrinations. Following up this excellent practice, I have to premise, that, from my earliest years, I was reckoned a most adventurous boy. When only four years of age, I undertook a journey from our dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Leadenhall Street, to the distant western territory of Hyde Park; and the wonderful sights which there met my eyes having given me an extraordinary thirst after foreign climes, I perused every book of travels I could secure, devouring, in particular, those on Egypt, Abyssinia, and similar countries; and, being afterwards placed in easy circumstances, I determined to devote myself to the investigation of every thing remarkable, whether at home or abroad, and then communicate to the world the discoveries I had made. These delightful anticipations I am now about to fulfil.

From previous information, I had gleaned that he who travels should consider his health of vital consequence; since sickness impedes, and death usually terminates, a journey. Therefore, not intending to have a physician in my suite, nor a medicine-chest in my luggage, I procured a stout umbrella—one that would keep good in any climate, whether to keep off the rain or the powerful rays of the sun, and, by its bludgeon-like appearance when closed, keep respectful those persons who might otherwise become too familiar. Thus, having less to fear than many travellers, I speedily got beyond the bounds of the metropolis, and, after getting so far, endeavoured to ascertain which way the wind blew, by suspending a hair over the face of my pocket-compass. My thermometer stood at 63°. During these scientific inquiries I was accosted by a young man, who wished to know what it was o'clock. This I could not answer; but I added to his stock of information by proving that a pocket-compass was not a time-keeper. This led to friendly intercourse; and together we travelled over the dreary waste of Harpton common. I learned his name was Timothy; that he had left home because he chose; that he had taken leave of no one; first, because he did not like; and, secondly, if he had, his excursion would have been prevented. He seemed like a bird escaped from a cage, and certainly possessed a love of travelling. In the latter particular there was reciprocity of feeling, and we were, consequently, drawn towards each other. But, however chat may make shorter a road, walking after being fatigued is not very conducive to pleasure; we therefore surveyed the immense space before us with dismay. It was on the 1st of June—the year is of no consequence—we were on the confines of Twickenham common, which is bounded on the north-east by the desert of Hounslow, and on the west by the common of Teddington. We ardently hoped that some caravan might pass on our way, not that we were alarmed, but that it would be more pleasant to feel in security while passing any dangerous portion of this expansive country.

I looked round—no human being near me save Tim—behind me stood some of the giant oaks of Bushy Park, and full in the front rose the fuzes and the tall poplars of Twickenham. I could not, however, resist taking a sketch of an ancient landmark near the modern road. Tim looked over my shoulder as I placed it in my book, saying, "You might have written God knows how many pages, and I should not have understood it half so well." "You are fond of the arts, Tim," said I. "Not altogether that," replied he; "but because I find reading more difficult." "Ah! I am sorry for that, Tim," said I; "because your usefulness and your pleasures will be considerably abridged." "I am sorry for it," replied Tim. "Pray, Tim," inquired I, "to what does the pronoun *it* refer?" "The usefulness," answered Tim. "That does you credit," said I; "you must seek every opportunity to improve yourself. You may travel with me, rendering all the assistance you can; and I will reward you as I may be enabled." Tim nodded assent. "My pursuits are literary and philosophical." "That's famous!" cried Tim. "Fame may follow," sighed I, "when bread is not required. We do not possess the longevity of a parrot, nor the accommodating appetite of a chameleon. Few and full of sorrow are the days." "Oh!" exclaimed Tim, "many and full of fun would suit me better, Sir." "Be cautious, Tim," said I, "never to lessen the importance of the traveller by becoming a jack-pudding, particularly in those regions through which I intend to pass."

It never occurred to me till now that I had neither spelling-book, grammar, nor dictionary, although it is well known that travellers have so much need of them; consequently, I felt under circumstances rather unpleasant, for I could not be assisted by Tim, even in orthography, nor blame him for being a heedless amanuensis. Well, thought I, as usual, some one must correct my journal, by touching in, and scratching out, by and by. I pursued my journey across the heathy wilds, in the direction of Twickenham, occasionally surveying those immense ranges of country towards Hanworth, and the vast gravelly regions towards Teddington,

but found nothing scientifically interesting. There are not any stupendous granite rocks, such as are seen in Upper Egypt—not a sphynx, nor a pyramid, nor a temple with a mummy in its chambers, nor the remains of a sarcophagus, nor an Ibis, nor a serpent with his tail in his mouth. I travelled with my pencil in my hand: both Tim and myself kept our eyes open, excepting those intervals occupied by winking; yet neither of us saw any of those alluvial plains observable in Moldavia—not a fountain, such as are seen in Italy—no remains of architectural grandeur, sculpture, nor inscription—not one jet d'eau, like those common in Bulgaria—no arches nor obelisks, decorated with lines from the Koran, as in Turkey. In fact, there is not the least portion of ancient grandeur in a state of dilapidation, to excite a traveller's enthusiasm, on the extensive route alluded to, or the vast expanse lying before us, or between Hampton and Twickenham.

In different districts of the country, the banks rose rather precipitously to the amazing height of four, sometimes ten feet, formed of gravel, or argillaceous earths, in various strata. On the summits of these banks, and in the valleys between, I observed a species of vegetation, which grew in filaments of unequal lengths, and generally of a greenish hue, in all probability the *Festuca ovina* of Linnæus. On this, some huge horned quadrupeds of the *Bos* species were feeding. On examining more minutely, I found large portions of the soil to be entirely covered with this singular vegetation.

It does not appear that the rhinoceros is to be found in any of the ranges of this country, nor that the crocodile nor alligator inhabit the lakes or pools, of which there are many. During the period I traversed this course, I had not seen one camel nor dromedary; therefore I concluded that the merchants of the bordering countries choose other means of conveying their wares.

On one occasion I saw an immense cloud, of a light sandy colour, rise in the eastern horizon. It could not be a simoom, from its hue; it might have been a sirocco, but the breeze, which was becoming intolerably sultry, fortunately shifted to the north-west, and I escaped. To gratify Tim, I ascertained the latitude and the longitude; yet, how distant our position was from Bassora or Bagdad, I neglected to determine. In vain did I hope some caravan would pass on our line of march; for I had some apprehension from the tribes of wandering natives that might infest the country, and I was compelled to proceed with the utmost care, now moving slowly, then hastily, as circumspection dictated, until, greatly fatigued, I hailed the walls of Twickenham. Tim and I turned towards each other, and piously ejaculated, "thank Heaven."

As I approached the town, I observed what I conceived to be an incontestible evidence of the dawning of genius amongst the natives: it was a figure in which anatomy and character were united, drawn with chalk, on the outworks. The head was formed by a circle, from the lower extremity of which a zig-zag line descended, indicating the vertebrae of the neck and back; a cross line was made a little below the head, for the clavicles; from which, on either side, were drawn lines, evidently the upper and lower arms, at the extremities of which the digits expanded. A second cross line, at the base of the spinal column, represented the pelvis; from either extreme issued the lower limbs, in tolerable proportion. The whole figure had an air inclining to the heroic, but the lines which described the features were irresistibly comic. The mouth was curved upwards with a grin of confidence; the nose was rather long, encroaching on the upper lip; the eyes were large, removed too far from the nose, and the pupils were so situated as to give an idea of great affection, from their inclination towards each other. I could not learn if this were a delineation of the patron saint, or the guardian angel of the place; it was, notwithstanding, highly gratifying.

I passed on without interruption into the heart of the town. No fortification, moat, or drawbridge; no officers of municipality, no gens-d'arme, no Cossacks, Bostangi, nor constables, to offer impediment while I examined several useful and ornamental objects, and I began to consider that I must have entered a country where science and philosophy were extensively cultivated.

In or near the centre of the town, a machine had been constructed expressly to exhibit the changes of the wind. On the summit of a tall painted staff is a perpendicular rod of iron, on which is made to act a horizontal piece of metal, capable of being moved by the slightest breath of air, and in the form of an arrow; therefore denominated a *weather-cock*. Well, the wind acting on the broad or feathered end of this arrow, its point turns to the quarter whence comes the breeze. The cardinal points are pointed out by the characters E. N. W. S., placed just below the revolving arrow; thus, it is clear that those who know the signification of those characters, and their application to the machine, can guess which way the wind blows. I have ventured to think, if names have reference to uses, this machine might be called a wind-arrow, seeing it has nothing to do with either a cock or the weather.

I also observed a marker of time, placed in an elevated situation to exhibit the hours as they pass. This machine, within, is complicated; externally it has

a circle, on the outer portion of which Roman numerals, from one to twelve, are placed; three and nine being horizontal, six and twelve perpendicular, to each other. On the centre a sort of spear revolves, pointing to the hour with great regularity; but to distinguish any hour of the day, the sun is very essential, for during the visit of the sun to our antipodes, the hour is said to be of the night. Well, this machine is presumed by the natives to be acted upon by intellectual determination, which its face is to signify, the features being the index of the mind. I confess I could discover neither of these, notwithstanding many individuals very sagely declared the time was not truly told, by which I learn the machine is not infallible. It, however, pays great attention to public information, for those who cannot see, may hear the hour announced by its hammering on a bell the number of blows required. At the time of my patiently investigating the usefulness of this machine, I saw it was near twelve A.M., and therefore prepared both eyes and ears for the enjoyment, because I was informed "the chimes would play." All occurred as foretold, correctly as the calculation of an eclipse.

These "chimes" or chimings are mechanical performances of certain pieces of music by numerous hammerings upon suspended bells, the effect of which is not so sonorous as gongs, nor so shrill as cymbals, but resembling the jangle of stones rattled in tinkles, which, in great variety of tones, produce cadences very surprising. Those bells are not suspended solely to hammer melodies upon; for to each of these ponderous musical instruments a large wheel is attached, from which a stout rope is pendant, and, on particular occasions, a number of the natives assemble to pull those ropes, by which the wheels are moved, and with them the bells. Now, in the hollow of each bell, a knob of iron, called a clapper, is suspended, which, as the bell is moved, falls with considerable force against the side; and the result of these pullings and clapperings is a succession of astounding clangs, which, being multiplied and aggravated into distracting uproar, is called by the natives a "merry peal," "changes," and "triple bob-majors." It was not until I had almost been stunned by these bob-majors that I began to doubt if the natives possessed a musical taste; yet I proceeded to examine an inclosed area, in which the tower or depositary of these bells stood, and found it to be a burial-ground. I copied several inscriptions; others, on which the scythe of Time having cut deeper than the characters, perhaps may be deciphered by those who depend more on imagination than demonstration. I saw many hieroglyphics and sarcophagi, but not a mummy was visible, nor one that I could purchase. I was therefore deprived of the pleasure of removing a body from its interment.

I had been so fully occupied in my researches as to have forgotten Tim, and he had been so wanting of employment as to have forgotten himself in a sound sleep; but as he appeared much refreshed, I was led to think rest as conducive to health as antiquarian pursuits.

The colossus of British literature said, a vessel was a prison, with a chance of being burned or drowned. Tim agreed in the correctness of the Doctor's remark, and nothing but a love of enterprise could have urged me to quit the solid earth. Timidity should never form any part in the composition of a traveller. Although discretion is said to be the better part of valour, caution and fear are so nearly allied, that I regret never having obtained a perfect method of discovering how the distinction may be ascertained. Of one particular I was certain, viz. that heedlessness of personal danger is one of the greatest charms narration can possess: this determined me to embark. I agreed with a captain whose vessel was ready. My luggage, Tim, and myself, were quickly on board. The sails expanded to the gentle breeze, and we quitted port in gallant trim. The history of my voyage of discovery must, however, be left till another opportunity.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HENRY CLAY.

"Were one of the richest men in the world to arrive in New York, no matter how splendid his retinue or equipage, it would excite no attention, and but little remark; whereas, let a person of eminent intellectual character appear—any great orator, for instance such as Mr Clay—the whole population would be roused into a state of excitement."—*Stuart's America*.

IN giving some facts in the life of this distinguished individual, we have but one object in view; and that is, to show what can be accomplished by native resources of mind, unaided by the fostering care of guides and teachers. Mr Clay has undoubtedly strong original powers, an intuitive genius, rapid perceptions, and a vigorous imagination. He has also been placed in circumstances which compelled him to act. Still he is a self-taught man. To collegiate discipline, and academic guidance, he is not in the least indebted for his extraordinary attainments. Far beyond many, also, who have educated themselves, he has the graces and delicacies which are generally acquired only in the halls consecrated to study. He has not only the enthusiasm and wildness of a Kentuckian, but the beauty and gracefulness of classic lands. He has the strong, native sense of a backwoodsman, combined with the amenity and polish which are required in the ancient seats of learning. We regard this as a striking and

most valuable fact. Mr Clay will exert, doubtless, considerable influence in future time, and after his death, as a model of oratory. The events of his life, the circumstances in which he has been placed, as well as the native qualities of his mind, naturally point him out as an attractive example for the youthful heart to dwell upon. The generosity, the frankness, the enthusiasm of his character, will win their way, where simple, solid, sterling excellence would find no place. Mr Clay has been the warm and eloquent advocate of the independence of the new Southern Republics, and of emancipated Greece. With two or three exceptions, he has manifested himself to be superior to local views and temporary interests, and to be actuated by high regard for the welfare of the whole country, and of future times.

HENRY CLAY was born in Hanover County, in the state of Virginia, on the 12th of April 1777. His father, a clergyman of considerable talent and high respectability, died while Henry was yet a child. At an early age, the lad, having a common school education, was placed in the office of Mr Tinsley, clerk of the high court of chancery, at Richmond, Virginia. In this situation he met occasionally with the distinguished men of the state; and at length, by his amiable deportment, and his striking displays of intellect, attracted the attention, and gained the friendship of Chancellor Wythe, and Governor Brooke, who by their joint advice persuaded him, at the age of nineteen, to undertake the study of the law. To this pursuit he applied himself with great industry and ardour. Soon after being admitted to practice, in the twenty-first year of his age, he removed to Lexington, in the state of Kentucky. Instead of entering immediately upon his professional course, he still confined himself to his legal studies, with the determination of making himself thoroughly master of the great principles of law, before he assumed the responsibility of practice. In taking this course, he showed a remarkable indication of good sense and of sound judgment, especially as there were many things in the circumstances of a new country calculated to excite and call forth, prematurely, his distinguished powers. He wisely laid the foundation, deep and broad, on which he was to build his superstructure of reputation and usefulness. Up to this period, he had never made an effort at public speaking, and was wholly unconscious of his own oratorical powers; although it is said that his style of conversation was universally admired by his associates for its extreme correctness and elegance. The first exhibition of his powers of extemporaneous eloquence was made under peculiar circumstances. Soon after his removal to Lexington, he joined a debating society in that place, but continued, for some weeks, to attend its meetings without offering to take part in its discussions. On one occasion, however, when the vote on an interesting question, which had been the subject of debate, was about to be taken, Mr Clay remarked, in a low but audible whisper, that the subject did not appear to him to have been exhausted. This remark was overheard by several of the members, who, from their high opinion of his powers, had long wished to persuade him to participate in the debates of the society, and they addressed the chairman simultaneously, "Do not put the question yet, Mr Clay will speak." The attention of the society was now, of course, directed to Mr Clay, who, not having sufficient confidence to resist the appeal, arose under extraordinary embarrassment, and commenced his speech by saying, "Gentlemen of the Jury." The members of the society were unwilling to increase his agitation by seeming to take notice of his mistake, and he repeated it several times, in a stammering tone, till, at length, he gradually gained confidence from his own efforts, and, finally, concentrating all his vigorous and disciplined powers upon the subject in debate, he surprised his audience with a beauty and compass of voice, an exuberance of eloquence, and a force of argument, worthy of a veteran orator. His reputation as a speaker was at once established. He immediately became a leading champion in all the debates of the society. It is very evident from this circumstance, that Mr Clay had well employed his time previously. He did not depend upon his genius alone, but upon the results of patient reading and consecutive thinking. The Lexington bar was at that time, undoubtedly, the ablest in the western district of the United States, consisting of George Nicholas, John Breckinridge, James Brown, James Hughes, William Murray, and other eminent men. Notwithstanding the number, experience, and strength of these competitors, Mr Clay soon came to be entrusted with more suits than any rival practitioner. Though well acquainted with the law, during the early years of his practice he was not, in this respect, distinguished beyond some of his competitors. In legal science he had superiors, but, in eloquence and persuasion, none. Though capable of applying the abstract principles of law with great ingenuity and force, his genius was still better adapted to discussions in which the natural powers of intellect were principally called into exercise. The commencement of Mr Clay's political life may be dated as far back as the year 1797. The people of Kentucky were about to call a convention to frame a new constitution for the state; and one feature of the plan which had been submitted to them was a provision for the final emancipation of the slave population. The strongest prejudices of a majority of the people in every part of the state were arrayed against the measure. Mr Clay was aware of this fact, but

his sentiments and feelings were on the side of emancipation; and, without taking a moment's heed to his popularity, he entered into the defence of his favourite policy with all the unquenchable ardour of his nature. His vigorous pen was busy in the public journals, and his eloquent voice was raised in almost every assemblage, in favour of the election of men to the convention, who would contend for the extinction of slavery. The struggle was a fierce one; but the advocates of slavery prevailed, and the young champion of liberty and equal rights, who had made the friends of slavery tremble for their ancient prerogatives, became unpopular on account of the part which he had acted. The true principles of slavery were not then understood. The idea of emancipation was new. It alarmed the prejudices of the multitude, and Mr Clay's powerful vindications of it were regarded by many rather as the brilliant but wayward efforts of a young votary of ambition, than as the results of a calm and deliberate conviction of right. But his sincerity in opposing negro servitude has been manifested, with one or two exceptions, in all his public acts. Very frequently, when a coloured man brought an action at law for his liberty, Mr Clay volunteered his services as advocate, and, it is said, never failed to obtain a decision in his client's favour.

The subsequent career of Mr Clay is well known. He has now, for the third time, a seat in the senate of the United States. On the first day of his appearance as a member of the House of Representatives, in 1812, he was appointed speaker by a vote of nearly two to one, over two opposing candidates. To this office he was uniformly re-elected so long as he continued a member. During all this period, including seasons of unprecedented political strife, not one of his decisions was ever reversed, on an appeal from the chair, notwithstanding the energy with which he always exerted his authority. Mr Clay was one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, in 1814. He performed the duties of secretary of state, during the administration of Mr Adams, from 1825 to 1829. He has thus been connected with nearly all the great political questions which have agitated the people of this country for the last thirty years. Hardly any individual has exerted a more extensive influence. Of some of his public efforts, and of the measures which he has advocated, there are different views, according to the circumstances in which different individuals may have been placed. No one will deny to him, however, the possession of most distinguished gifts of nature, and of education; it is therefore more a matter of regret that he has sadly tarnished his character by having been repeatedly concerned in the odious practice of duelling.

Mr Clay has repeatedly expressed himself unequivocally and nobly in behalf of the desolate and outcast Indians and Africans. He thus speaks of the American Colonization Society. "Let us not be disheartened by the little which has been accomplished in the brief space of thirteen years, or by the magnitude and difficulties of the splendid undertaking. In the execution of vast schemes, which affect the happiness and the condition of a large portion of the habitable globe, time is necessary, which, in the estimation of mortals, may appear of long duration, but which, in the eyes of Providence, or in the computation of the periods of national existence, is short and fleeting. We may boldly challenge the annals of human nature for the record of any human plan for the melioration of the condition, or the advancement of our race, which promises more unmixed good in comprehensive benevolence than that of the Colonization Society, if carried into full operation. Its benevolent purposes are not confined to the limits of one continent, nor to the prosperity of a solitary race. They embrace the two largest portions of the earth, with the peace and happiness of both descriptions of their present inhabitants, and the countless millions of their posterity. The colonists, reared in the bosom of this republic, with a knowledge of the blessings which liberty imparts, although now unable to share them, will carry a recollection of them to benighted Africa, and light up in time her immense territory. And may we not indulge the hope, that, in a period of time not surpassing in duration that of our own colonial and national existence, we shall behold a confederation of republican states, on the western shores of Africa, with their congress and their annual legislatures, thundering forth in behalf of the rights of man, and causing tyrants to tremble on their thrones? Confiding in the approving judgment of Divine Providence, and conscious of the benevolence and purity of our intentions, we may fearlessly advance in our great work. And when we shall, as soon we must, be translated from this into another existence, is the hope presumptuous, that we shall then behold the common Father of the white and the black, the Ruler of the universe, cast His all-seeing eye upon civilized and regenerated Africa—its cultivated fields—its coasts studded with numerous cities, and adorned with temples dedicated to the religion of His Redeeming Son—its far famed Niger, and all its great rivers lined with flourishing villages, and navigated by that wonderful power which American genius first applied; and that, after dwelling with satisfaction upon the glorious spectacle, he will deign to look with approbation upon us, His humble instruments, who have contributed to produce it!"

POPULAR MORALS.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

HAVING advanced proofs of the existence of a Supreme Being, drawn from various works of creation, and quite apart from Revelation, we now conclude the evidence, by noticing the proofs which may be drawn from the vegetable and animal kingdoms. On this branch of the subject, our authority, Mr Sullivan, proceeds as follows :—

"We are next to notice the works of the Creator in the vegetable kingdom. We include in this all that vegetates, that is, all that grows on, and has a connection with, the earth, by roots.

It is within the notice of most persons that the variation of the seasons is occasioned by the earth's motion round the sun, and the gradual elevation of one pole, and the consequent depression of the other. As there is one region around the centre in which there is perpetual summer, so there is at the poles, alternately, endless winter; and the year is divided into one long day in which the sun never sets, and one long night in which he is never seen. Between this unchanging summer and endless winter, every variety of climate, and of heat, and of cold, and of vegetable productions, is to be found. We must leave to the researchers of young aspiring minds to trace out the connection which necessarily exists between this variety, and the enterprise, employment, comfort, improvement, and happiness, of the human race. It would be an easy and pleasing labour to show, that from these sources may be drawn innumerable proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, in adapting man to use the products of his bounty, and in adapting these products to his use. Still more pleasing would it be to demonstrate, that, principally from this variety of vegetable product, the intercourse and consequent refinement of mankind is directly, or remotely, derived. In short, that, from the vegetable kingdom, more than from any other, and all other sources together, in some form, varied as it may be by art and science, come all the commercial dealings of nations. But this is only incidental to the illustration intended to be made.

It is not our purpose to intrude into the department of natural history. This is a source, no doubt, of pure religious emotion, and of pious reverence, in all its varieties and divisions. We only allude to it, to illustrate the object in view; we do not treat of it, though we know not of any study which is better adapted to enlarge and elevate the mind, and improve the heart of man, than that of the natural world, when engaged in and pursued with the conviction, that we are perusing the volume which God has opened for our instruction, intending thereby to disclose himself through means adapted to our earthly condition.

The vegetable world has this in a manner so peculiar to itself, that it is every where, in every grade, from first formation to decay, pleasing and beautiful to the human mind. Even those vegetable substances which contain, by some unknown law, qualities which are poisonous, pain-imparting, or life-destroying to man, are nevertheless beautiful in their growth and development. There are general laws prescribed to the vegetable, as there are to the animal kingdom. To these laws, all that is nourished by the earth, refreshed and fed by moisture from the clouds, or warmed and expanded by the beams of the sun, must submit and conform. Yet so varied is vegetable being, that if its varieties were not organized and fitted to render submission and obedience, they could have no place in the scale of creation.

The most imposing object in the vegetable kingdom is the solemn forest. Single trees on a plain, or a sufficient number to form a grove, are objects of beauty, and, consequently, of pleasure. The dark close forest carries the mind back through an indefinite lapse of time, and conveys to it a sentiment of the actual presence of the work of the Creator, as it came from his hand unchanged by any act of man. With this seeming stamp of originality on it, yet the long enduring forest, which appears ever the same, is silently and hourly submitting to the laws of nature, ever varying and changing; and though life, among its members, like life among the members of the human family, has its limits; and within some definite term, not one of all that are seen will remain; yet it is still the forest, to the human eye. From the most deep-rooted and long-enduring of this vast assembly, down to the many perfect vegetables which are invisible to the naked eye, there are general laws of beginning, continuing, and ending the term of life. Yet between these extremes there are many genera, or kinds, capable of definite and well-understood classification. Among these classes each has its own order of being; and these are again subdivided, and known by distinctions of form, internal structure, and in foliage, in flowers, in fruits, in juices, and fragrance. Each of them seems to have been given for some purpose, pleasing, convenient, or necessary to the animal kingdom. This is the inexhaustible treasury for the supply of life, for the restoration of health, for the rejoicing of the senses, for daily necessities, and luxurious gratification.

The continuance of vegetable life, unaided by human ingenuity, is provided for by natural causes. They bear about the germinating influence; yet, however close the neighbourhood of various orders may be,

there is no confusion from age to age, nor is the order of nature ever deranged or impaired. It is this regularity of the laws of the Creator that we are called on to reverence. It is the adaptation of vegetable to animal life that commands our gratitude, while it adds another to the many proofs of One infinite and adorable Mind.

On a sphere so variegated as we know our own to be, and forming as we see it does, from its atmosphere, its waters, its minerals, its vegetables, a place fitted for use, and intended to be used, the purpose of Creation would seem to have failed, if it were not inhabited. All those animals which are inferior to man have been most diligently examined, and divided into classes by learned naturalists. The several genera and the species belonging to each have been accurately defined. It is foreign to our purpose to go into detail in this department of natural history. The present purpose will be accomplished if attention can be awakened to some general truths, which prove in this, and in all other parts of created being, the original and continuing presence of the Author of the Universe.

The first fact that strikes us is the exact order which prevails throughout animated being. Each family of the animal kingdom has its peculiar place assigned to it; to that place it is perfectly adapted, and to none other. In that appropriate sphere it comes into being, finds its own share in the created world; in that it continues, and in that it expires. All its instincts, propensities, faculties, pleasures, aversions, enmities, and wars, have their own peculiar objects. For each of these innumerable classes, from the elephant to the smallest mite that the microscope discloses to us on the dried fruit, or the purest lily's leaf, and in the transparent drop of spring water, there are laws of being, far more definite and far more faithfully obeyed than any which proud intellectual man can make and enforce.

It has been objected that it is inconsistent with divine benevolence that some animated beings are necessary to others as food. A moment's reflection will show that this objection cannot be maintained consistently with obvious laws. If some sorts of animals did not prey on others, the common food must be vegetable. Suppose all animals and insects were left to increase in numbers, as we know they would do, and all were to find food from vegetable products, how long would it probably be, before all of them would perish for want of food? Supposing existence a benefit, and considering the numbers that escape destruction, it will be found that this provision, so complained of, is consistent with general laws, and, consequently, with the benevolence of the Deity. In the ocean, if the same law as to food did not prevail, its inhabitants would soon come to an end. It is known that one fish may produce millions of fish. If the increase were permitted according to this scale, and some fish were not consumed by others, it seems that the whole would perish for want of food.

Let us examine two or three instances of the organization of animals. Seeing is necessary to all animals, because all of them are, in some way, connected with objects which are external to them. The law of vision depends on general laws, connected with light, and on the action to which rays of light are subjected, in passing through substances which permit this passage. It might, therefore, seem to us that there must be one sort of construction of the eye adapted to act with reference to one uniform and invariable law of nature. The principle on which vision depends must be the same, in all eyes, that is, on having the image of the object seen transferred through some medium to the sensitive nerve adapted to receive it. The general law, therefore, is this: the existence of the object seen must be in such a relation to the animal seeing it, that its image can be impressed, by the help of light, on the proper space in the interior of the eye. But that which excites our wonder is, the endless variety, among the different orders of being, by which the eye is adapted to its duty, and the means given to preserve it, in a fit state for use. The exceeding sensitiveness of the eye would expose it to irreparable injury, and it might soon be destroyed, if such means were not given. In the human form, in which the hand appears, the injuries to the eye may be remedied by the use of that member.

Among animals which have not that member, nature has provided other means to this end. Birds, generally, and many animals, and the horse among others, have a third eye-lid, the constant action of which may be easily observed, and so curiously adapted to use, that it can be passed over the outer surface of the eye in almost every instant, and by its action all offending substances are wiped away. On examination it is found that this eye-lid moves on mechanical principles well understood, but in this instance marvelously applied.

The keenness of vision in birds of prey, which see at very great distances, and also at very short ones, requires another conformity to the general law. The eye of these animals is, therefore, so constructed, that it can, by means of pliable scales on the outside of the ball of the eye, and by muscles drawn over them, so diminish or enlarge the size of the eye, that it will perform its duty as to an object, however near and distant it may be. This power of vision enables birds to see, from their airy elevation, far beyond the reach of the human eye, over a wide extent, and to discern their food, and with surprising sagacity they submit themselves to the gravitating power, and ar-

rive at the earth's surface with a rapidity which would seem to be necessarily followed by destruction from the contact. This keenness of vision seems to enable them to know whether the object seen is living or dead, though the position of the body may be the same in either case.

Another variation is seen in the *fixed* eye of the insect race, and in the position of it. One or two instances will sufficiently illustrate this. In the common fly are seen two small round projections at the side of the head. These projections contain many thousands of lenses disposed in rows, each one of which is capable of transmitting an impression of outward objects. A German naturalist counted 6236 in the two eyes of a silk worm. Another naturalist counted 14,000 in the eyes of a drone fly, 27,000 in the eyes of a dragon fly. It has been proved by actual experiment with the help of glasses, that each one of these lenses was capable of receiving an independent and distinct impression. The inference seems necessarily to be, that the retina of these insects may receive, at the same time, some thousands of impressions without any confusion, which is far more wonderful than the single impression made on the retina of our own species, and on those of other animals, who have two eyes with a retina for each.

As we have no other purpose than to awaken curiosity and thought in relation to the natural world, we must leave this inexhaustible subject to the inquiring and well disposed. They may feel assured that the thoughtless hours which they pass in early life may be made instructive and happy, if they will examine the natural world, not as a mere show, but as proofs of that Power and Benevolence by which themselves and the minutest insect were alike gifted with existence."

ODDS AND ENDS OF SUBJECTS.

HORNED WOMEN.

An extract from an American journal went the round of the newspapers in 1827, concerning a *horn* which had grown out of the head of a woman of that country. Such a wonderful natural product, although justly described in the journal alluded to as of "very rare occurrence," is not unknown among us in Scotland; for, in the Anatomical Museum of the Edinburgh University, there are preserved four horns, which had grown out of the heads of four different females. One of them is about seven inches in length, as thick as the little finger, of a crooked shape, and has appended to it a label, bearing the following inscription:—"This horn was cut by Arthur Temple, chirurgion, out of the head of Elizabeth Low, being three inches above the right ear, before their witnesses, Andrew Temple, Thomas Burne, George Smith, John Smytton, and James Tweedie, the 14th of May 1671. It was a growing seven years, her age 50 years." It is rather odd that all these ornaments graced the heads of ladies. But such excrescences have not always been so conveniently placed, as we learn from Sir Robert Sibbald's History of Fife, a curious book published about the beginning of last century. "A person of quality," says that author, "a lady of great age in this shire, had a horn growing out of her toe, and put her from walking; it was cut off by Dr H., and she was freed of pain, and walked."

OVER-FEEDING.

Mr Abernethy agreed with the opinion entertained by Franklin, who said that nine-tenths of the diseases were caused by over-feeding. That learned surgeon, in one of his lectures in 1827, thus addressed his hearers:—"I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is their gormandizing and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to an excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgetting and discontenting yourselves about that which can't be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions and worldly cares, pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm."

METHOD OF OBTAINING FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT

COLOURS ON THE SAME STEM.

Split a small twig of elder-tree lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, or soft part of the wood, fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers, of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time: surround them with mould, and then, tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be incorporated so as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

DILUVIAL REMAINS.

In a very curious article, by Caleb Atwater, Esq. published in Silliman's Journal, in January 1827, it is said, that fossil plants which are now the natives of torrid climates have been found in considerable numbers in the state of Ohio, America, and in the vicinity of Ohio river. Among these plants are the bread-fruit tree, the species of palm which produces the cocoa-nut, and the bamboo. The writer states, that he has in his possession the perfect impression of the cassia and the tea-leaf, found in the rocks of that region. The impressions of the bread-fruit tree show the flowers fully expanded and entire, and the author avers that these specimens of these fossil plants are so perfect and faithful to nature as to dispel all doubts

of what they once were. The largest trees are found mostly in sandstone. "The supposition," says the author, "that these tropical plants were carried northward by the ocean, is disproved by the fact that some of the trees, or rather the roots, and parts of their roots, and parts of their trunks, stand upright, evidently on the spot where they grew, and others, with every root entire, lie to all appearance where they fell when turned up by the roots. Again," asks the writer, "if floated from tropical regions, how happens it that their flowers were uninjured? These show all their original beauty of form; they are fully expanded, and could not have been transported from any considerable distance. Scarcely a day could have intervened between the period in which they were in full bloom, and that in which, by the catastrophe which long since overwhelmed our globe, they were embalmed in the spot where they are now found."

SAVING KNOWLEDGE.

Instead of cutting off the whole head of a cauliflower, leave a part on, the size of a gooseberry, and all the leaves; second and even third heads will be formed; and thus they may be eaten for two or three months: when, by the present practice, by cutting the head off completely, the bed of cauliflowers are gone in two or three weeks.

LEARNED LADIES.

The following clever bit is from Blackwood's Magazine:—"You shall hear a biped insist on having young ladies taught chemistry, and botany, and natural philosophy, and so on, that they may be fit to become wives to men like himself—himself as great a gapus as gapes—whose knowledge of chemistry gives him reason to suspect that an acid is something infernally sour—whose botanical eye can with difficulty distinguish a dockan—and who in natural philosophy is contented with the old definition of thunder, 'the conjection of sulphur congeals the matter.' Suppose the blockhead were to lay hold of such a wife, what could he make of her? She must forsooth be scientific, in order to be a fit companion for HIM! that, when he returns from business into the bosom of domestic privacy, there may be a partner worthy of HIM—of a man of his fine feelings, and cultivated understanding, and wide range of political, poetical, and philosophical information. How else could he live? His soul must be fed as well as his stomach; and if his better half be not as good as his worse, he dies. The poor prig does not know, that, with all his zeal for female education, he could not do a more fitting, and consistent, and congenial thing, than to marry his cook, all whose natural talents are at least equal to his own, and some of them much more highly cultivated. But we have no personal feelings towards this individual in particular, and are anxious that our observations be considered applicable to the majority of men at large. 'If the majority of our females were well instructed, they would be far before their fathers and husbands, and that would never do. Changes must begin with men, or we shall have all confusion.' Are there twenty men in Edinburgh, ten in Glasgow, five in Paisley, two and a half in Aberdeen, and one and a quarter in Dundee, entitled to a learned wife?"

WHEN TO KILL A LION.

The following curious circumstance is related in Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa:—"I was told here that a lion had just killed an ox, and had been shot in the act. It is the habit of the lion, it seems, when he kills a large animal, to spring upon it, and, seizing the throat with his terrible fangs, to press the body down with his paws, till his victim expires. The moment he seizes his prey, the lion closes his eyes, and never opens them again until life is extinct. The Hottentots are aware of this; and on the present occasion one of the herdsmen ran to the spot with his gun, and fired at the lion within a few yards distance, but, from the agitation of his nerves, entirely missed him. The lion, however, did not even deign to notice the report of the gun, but kept fast hold of his prey. The Hottentot re-loaded, fired a second time, and shot him through the head. This fact, being well authenticated, seemed to me curious, and worthy of being mentioned."

NARRATIVE OF THREE DESERTED CHILDREN.

"I will record in this place," says Mr Flint, in his Travels in America, "a narrative that impressed me deeply. It was a fair sample of the cases of extreme misery and desolation that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river. In the Sabbath school at New Madrid we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances: A man was descending the river with these three children in his pirogue. He and his children had landed on a desert island, on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses, which were at Little Prairie, opposite the island, within a great distance. He wanted more whisky, although he had been drinking too freely. Against the persuasions of his children, he left them, to cross over in his pirogue to these houses, and renew his supply. The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing could dissuade him from this dangerous attempt. He told them that he should return to them that night, left them in tears, and exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink before he had half crossed the passage: the man was drowned. These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty and ragged dress, for he had

taken his blanket with him. They had neither fire nor shelter, and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast, and the night closed over them in this situation. The elder was a girl of six years, but remarkably shrewd and acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, and the youngest a boy of two. It was affecting to hear her describe her desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources. She made them creep together, and draw their bare feet under their clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning, the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces. She then persuaded them to run about, by setting them the example. Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork. It would seem as if Providence had a special eye to these poor children, for, in the course of the day, some Indians landed on the island, found them, and, as they were coming up to New Madrid, took them with them."

SINGULAR CAPTIVITY.

Mr James Boag, timber merchant, Johnstone, while breaking up a log of American wood, of about twenty-four feet in length, and twenty-eight inches square, in the spring of 1827, discovered in the very centre of it a hollow, in which were a considerable number of living bees, a quantity of honey, and a few larvæ of bees. The imprisoned insects were longer, and of a more attenuated frame than the free tribes that roam over the hills and valleys of Britain. Every care was taken to preserve some of the interesting foreigners alive, but they all died in a short time after exposure to the influence of the atmosphere, hardly tasting the sweets of liberty till consigned to non-existence. The log contained several of these hollows of different dimensions, and in all of them a number of living bees. Some inches of solid timber intervened between each, precluding the possibility of communication between the hapless inhabitants of the various cells. Their incarceration may be attributed to the growth of the tree, which had probably closed up their ports of egress while they were buried in their long winter sleep.

It is to be regretted, in days so prolific of auto-biographies, that one of these trans-Atlantic exiles could not have furnished the booksellers with a narrative of his sensations ere he died. The Bee Family, or a Voice from the Hollow Tree, by an American Wood-ranger, would have formed an amusing addition to our stock of adventure by sea and land.

NATIONAL PHYSICAL FORCE OF ANIMALS.

The account given by M. Dupin, of the physical force of the animals of France, affords a great number of interesting observations. We remark, that the whole animal force of the kingdom is only equal to four times the physical force of the people; while in Britain, the whole animal is equal to eleven times the physical force of the people; whence it follows, that in France the labourers are three times less assisted by animals than the labourers of Britain. In Britain, they have one horse for every ten inhabitants; in France, one for every thirteen. The diligences, or stage-coaches, except on a few roads, travel at the rate of only two leagues an hour, while in England, the same conveyances travel at the rate of three, and even four.

PASSION OF THE INDIANS FOR SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

At the treaty of Chicago, in 1821, the commissioners ordered that no spirits should be issued to the Indians, and informed them, in their own manner, that the bungs were driven into the barrels. A deputation of the chiefs was sent to remonstrate against this precautionary measure, and at its head was Topinbe, the principal chief of the Potawatomi tribe, a man upwards of eighty years of age. Every argument was used to convince them that the measure was indispensable; that they were exposed to daily murders; and that, while in a state of intoxication, they were unable to attend to the business for which they were convened. All this was useless, and the discussion only terminated by the peremptory refusal of the commissioners to accede to their request. "Father," said the hoary-headed chief, when he was urged to remain sober, and make a good bargain for his people, "Father, we care not for money, nor the land, nor the goods. We want the whisky. Give us the whisky."

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER DRAWN FROM ANIMALS.

In a late number of the Journal, we gave some prognostics drawn from animals, under the title of Animal Barometers, of which the following may be regarded as a continuation. These have, from long observation by several meteorologists, been found to afford pretty certain indications of atmospheric changes:—

1. When the bats appear more numerous than ordinary, and fly abroad longer than usual, they announce fine and warm weather on the following day. The contrary is the case when they are fewer than usual, and when they take refuge in houses, and cry.
2. The owl, when it is heard crying in bad weather, is the forerunner of fine weather.
3. The croaking of ravens in the morning indicates the same.
4. It is a symptom of approaching rain and storms, when ducks and geese fly here and there in fine weather, and dive into the water.
5. When the bees make short excursions from their hives, it is a symptom of rain; and it is equally so

when they come in swarms to the hive before night, and without being completely laden.

6. If the pigeons return late to the pigeon-house, they announce rain for the following day.

7. It is a sign of bad weather, when the sparrows chirp frequently, and invite each other to flock together.

8. When the hens roll themselves in the dust more than usual, it is a symptom of coming rain; and it is an indication of the same when the cocks crow in the night at extraordinary hours.

9. It is a sign of bad weather, when the swallows skim the surface of the water or the ground; and when they hawk very high in the atmosphere, it is a sure indication of continued drought.

10. A storm is approaching when the flies sting and become more troublesome than usual.

11. When the gnats assemble before sunset, and form a circling mass, they announce fine weather.

12. If the frogs croak more than usual, and if the toads come out in great numbers from their holes in the evening—if the worms appear on the surface of the soil—if the moles labour more than usual—and if the oxen and the turkeys collect together, these prognosticate almost evident certainty of rain.

13. When the cattle in the fields, especially the sheep, are sharper than usual after the grass, rain is not far distant.

14. When cats lick their paws frequently, and rub them over their faces, it is a sure indication of rain.

15. When cattle congregate, and remain in close masses, in an inactive state, it is an indication of the approach of thunder.

PROGNOSTICS DRAWN FROM TERRESTRIAL BODIES.

1. If the flame of the lamp sparkles, or if it forms an excrescence, there will be, in that case, a strong probability of rain.

2. The same happens when the soot loosens and falls down the chimneys.

3. If the coals in the grate blaze more than usual, or flame with more activity, it is a sign of wind.

4. On the contrary, when the flame is steady and uniform, it is a sign of fair weather; when the flame is low and blue, it is a certain indication of frost.

5. If the sound of bells is heard from afar, it is a sign of wind, or of a change of weather.

6. If pleasant or offensive smells are condensed, that is, become stronger, they indicate rain.

7. The frequent change of wind is the forerunner of a violent storm.

8. If salt, marble, iron, or glass, become moist—if the wood of doors and windows smells, and becomes distended—and if the corns on the feet become painful, these are symptoms of rain or a thaw.

9. Those winds that begin to blow in the day time, are always more violent, and last longer, than those that begin during the night.

10. The frost that begins with wind lasts longest.

11. If the wind does not change, the weather seldom changes.

12. If distant objects become more than usually distinct, and appear nearer than usual, it is a certain precursor of rain.

JOE MILLER.

Mr Mathews, in his celebrated Monopolylogue, entitled, "Mathews' Dream, or Theatrical Gallery," gives the following curious and not generally-known anecdote of the well-known Joe Miller, for the veracity of which he pledges himself:—

"It is a fact not generally known," says he, "that Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the most taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the daily habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well known public-house in Portugal Street, Clare Market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, who, from Joe's imperturbable gravity, whenever any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death, having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this *badinage*. A Mr Motley, a well-known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them; and from that day to this, the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest, past, present, and to come."

THE APPLE.

It is difficult to find adequate terms to set forth the value of the advantages which have accrued to mankind from the cultivation of this justly high-prized fruit. In the woods and hedges of England, the crab and wilding apples are every where found; crooked, hostile, rigid in figure and quality; with numerous small austere fruit, which even the hog will hardly eat; but, transplanted into a garden, and subjected to the corrections of the horticulturist, they have, in the course of time, been divested of their savage character, forming a goodly tree, and yielding crops of goodly fruit, fit for many healthful purposes of life. Many of the newest sorts have been spontaneously produced, and a great number by the art of fertilizing the flowers of one with the pollen or dust of another. One circumstance in the history of the apple must not pass unnoticed here, viz. the deterioration of the old sorts, which regaled and were the boast of our forefathers a century ago. It is the opinion of an eminent orchardist, that, as the apple is an artificial production, and, as such, has its stages of youth, maturity, and

old age, it cannot, in its period of decrepitude, be by any means renovated to its present state, either by pruning or cutting down, changing its place, or by transferring its parts to young and vigorous stocks; and that, in whatever station it may be placed, it carries with it the decay and diseases of its parent. This is the most rational account which has been given of this indisputable fact; and though its accuracy has been called in question by some naturalists, the general failure is in our own orchards, and the difficulties in forming new ones with the old favourite sorts, is a decisive proof that such deterioration exists. It is, therefore, the chief object of the modern pomologist to obtain, from seeds of the best weildings, new varieties, wherewith to form new and profitable orchards, and which may be expected to continue in health and fertility, as the old sorts have done, for the next century. The preservation of this useful fruit is now brought to great perfection, by keeping them in jars, secure from the action of the air; but there is one method of preserving them for culinary purposes, which, as it is not practised in this country, may be noticed here. Any good baking sort, which is liable to rot, if peeled and cut into slices about the thickness of one-sixth of an inch, and dried in the sun, or in a slow oven, till sufficiently desiccated, may be afterwards kept in boxes, in dry places, for a considerable time, and only require to be soaked in water for an hour or two, before using.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

In an old magazine, printed about the year 1780, the writer, speaking of the persons whose habit it was to resort to the various tea-gardens near London, on a Sunday, calculates them to amount to 200,000. Of these, he considers that not one would go away without having spent half-a-crown, and, consequently, the sum of £125,000 would have been spent in the course of the day: twenty-five thousand multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year, gives, as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of £1,300,000. The writer calculates the returning situation of these persons as follows:—Sober, 50,000; in high glee, 90,000; drunkish, 30,000; staggering tipsy, 10,000; muzzy, 15,000; dead drunk, 5000.—Total, 200,000.

LINEAL CONSANGUINITY.

It is, at the first view, astonishing to consider the number of lineal ancestors which every man has within no very great number of degrees, and so many different bloods is a man said to contain in his veins as he hath lineal ancestors. Of these, he has two in the first ascending degree, his own parents; he hath four in the second, the parents of his father, and the parents of his mother; he hath eight in the third, the parents of his two grandfathers and two grandmothers; and, by the same rate of progression, he hath one hundred and twenty-eight in the seventh, one thousand and twenty-four in the tenth, and at the twentieth degree, or at the distance of twenty generations, every man has above a million of ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate.

GIGANTIC FLOWERS.

The Krubut, or Great Flower of Sumatra.—To this amazing plant has been given the botanical appellation of *Rafflesia Arnoldi*. The first, or generic name, is in honour of the late Sir Stamford Raffles, governor of Sumatra; and the second, or specific name, in memory of Dr Arnold, who discovered the plant in 1818. It is one of the most extraordinary of vegetable productions. It is a parasite, growing in the woods, on the roots and stems of those immense climbing plants, generally of the genus *Vitis*, which are attached, like cables, to the largest trees in the forest. The flower constitutes the whole of the plant, there being neither leaves, roots, nor stems. It is a true parasite, growing out of another plant, in the manner of the mistletoe, and not on the decayed surface of the plants, as the common fern on the trunks of old oak pollards. The flowers, so far as is discovered, are of one sex, and only the male has been sent to England. The breadth of a full-grown flower exceeds three feet; and the petals, or blossom leaves, are of a subrotund shape, and measure twelve inches each, from the base to the apex; and it is about a foot from the insertion of one petal to the opposite one. That part which is considered the nectarium, and situated in the centre of the flower, would hold twelve pints of water: the pistils, which are abortive, are as large as cows' horns, and the weight of the whole is calculated at about fifteen pounds.

The flower fully blown was discovered in a jungle, growing close to the ground under bushes, with a swarm of flies hovering over the nectary, and apparently laying their eggs in its substance. The colour of the fine petals is a brick-red, and covered with protuberances of a yellowish-white. The smell is that of tainted beef. The structure of this plant is too imperfectly known to admit of determining its place in the natural system of botany; but Mr Robert Brown, one of the first botanists in the world, thinks it will be found to approach the passion-flowers.

The first appearance of the plant is a round knob, which, when cut through, exhibits the infant flower enveloped in numerous bracteal sheaths, which successively open and wither away as the flower enlarges; until, at the time of full expansion, there are but a very few remaining, which have somewhat the ap-

pearance of a broken calyx. It takes three months from the first appearance of the bud to the full expansion of the flowers. The fruit has not yet been seen by botanists, but is said by the natives to be a many-seeded berry. The female flower differs little in appearance from the male, further than being without the anthers of the latter.

In the observations of Mr Brown on the *Rafflesia*, he remarks, that it is not common for parasitic plants to fix indiscriminately on the roots or branches of their stocks, as is supposed to be the case with the *Rafflesia*, and that plants parasitic on roots are chiefly distinguishable by the imperfect development of their leaves, and the entire absence of green colour, and their embryo not only minute, but apparently imperfectly developed. The modes of union between a parasite and its supporter or stock, vary in different genera and species of this class of vegetables. Some, as in the mistletoe and *Rafflesia*, depend on the stalk for nourishment, during the whole of their existence; others, as the common broom rape, are originated in the soil, and, afterwards, when they have attached themselves to their stock, and in their more advanced state, produce roots of their own. In some cases the connection between the parasite and the stock is such as can only be explained in the supposition that the germinating seed of the parasite excites a specific action in the stock; and the result of which is a formation of a structure, either wholly or in part derived from the root, and adapted to the support and protection of the undeveloped parasite; analogous, therefore, to the production of galls by the puncture of insects. On this supposition may be explained the connection between the flower of the *Rafflesia* and the root from which it springs.

The Hydrangea Hortensis.—This inimitable plant is one of the most superb in nature. The Earl of Selkirk had one in his fine garden on the beautiful domain of St Mary's Isle, which excited the admiration of all florists, was, before the year 1827, several times cut down, and as often started into fresh luxuriance; and in August of that year was in full and extraordinary bloom, measuring round the extremities, as near as possible, thirty-two feet, and displayed five hundred and twenty-five flowers, and, what is perhaps equally surprising, several of which measured not less than two feet in circumference.

VALUE OF AN AFRICAN WIFE.

Some English settlers in South Africa, in a hunting excursion across the frontier, were entertained at a kraal of the Amatymba Caffres. The chief inquired how many wives an Englishman usually had, and how many cattle were required to be paid for one. He was told that no man, not even the king himself, was allowed to have more than one wife; and that property was not given for them, but, on the contrary, expected with them. "You are a people of strange customs," said the Caffre; "among us, no man can procure a tolerable wife for less than ten good oxen, and our chiefs sometimes pay sixty cattle for one of superior qualities. Your women, I fear, make but indifferent wives, since no one will pay for them, and their relatives must even pay the man to marry them off their hands."

EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCE.

In the year 1827, there grew on the farm of Bents, parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire, a root of rye, size of a Portugal onion, from which sprung sixty-six stalks, each provided with a well-filled head. It was allowed to ripen, and when pulled up, the grains were counted, and found to amount to the amazing number of four thousand and ninety-six pickles—perhaps the greatest quantity ever produced from one grain of rye. Mr Crow discovered the plant early in the season, and many witnessed the phenomenon when growing.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE ARABS.

THE ARABS, who set little value on the lives of mankind, respect their remains, and take the utmost care of their interment; the want of it they consider one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen, and they die with composure when they are certain of leaving some one behind them to bury them. The severest punishment, therefore, among them is to be cut to pieces, and thrown to the dogs. Their funeral ceremonies, as far as I have had an opportunity to observe them, are as follow:—Scarcely has the Arab breathed his last, when his body is carefully washed; after which it is wrapped up in a winding-sheet of white cloth, reserved by the Arabs for that purpose. This cloth is manufactured in the town of Arabia; but they set a much higher value upon that which is brought them by pilgrims from Mecca, and which has been blessed by the principal Imam. This benediction is expensive, it is true; but the singular favours annexed to it make them forget what it costs. As soon as the dead body is purified, it is laid upon a kind of litter, and is carried to the place of interment, either on horseback, or by the friends and relations of the deceased. While the men are employed in digging the grave, the women squat down in a circle around the body, which they feel and uncover, and afterwards converse together with much indifference; but every now and then they break off their discourse, to give vent to their lamentations, to ask the body questions, to beseech it, in the most earnest manner, to return again and take up its abode amongst them. "Why," say they, "hast thou

quitted us?" Did we not prepare thy *courcousson* well? Alas! shall thy children behold thee no more? At present, since thou hast plunged them into sadness and woe, nothing remains for them but to sigh and to weep. Ah! return again with us; nothing shall be wanting to thee. But thou hearest us no more; thou no longer givest us an answer to our words; thou hearest only our sighs," &c., and other expressions of the same kind, which I have often made the Arabs translate to me, whilst I was assisting at these mournful ceremonies. These dismal lamentations, which display a natural and pathetic eloquence, would have a powerful effect in moving the hearts of the spectators, did they not see these very women, a moment after, throw aside that external appearance of the deepest grief, talk and laugh together, and afterwards return to their former wailings. During these tender complaints, they tear their hair, and open the veins of their temples with their nails, while the blood trickles down, mingled with their tears, and exhibits an appearance of the deepest despair. When the grave is finished, the body is deposited in it on its side, and with the face turned towards the east. One of their *papas* puts into its hand a letter of recommendation to Mahomet; after which a kind of arch is formed over it with branches of trees, in order that the earth may not touch it. When the grave is covered with earth, other branches of trees are laid over it, with a quantity of large stones, to prevent savage animals from devouring the body in the night time. In the middle of the stones, an opening is left where they deposit earthen vessels, and other family utensils; but this is only done to Arabs of a certain rank. Before they quit the grave, they erect in the middle of it a kind of funeral flag, which is generally a piece of the clothes of the deceased, fixed to the end of a stick. When the ceremony is finished, each returns home with the greatest tranquillity, and without showing, in their exterior appearance, any signs of the melancholy duty they had been discharging. The nearest relations and friends of the deceased go, from time to time, and visit his tomb. They remove some stones from it, and in part uncover the body, to see that the person has not returned to life; and when the smell convinces them of the contrary, they renew their wailings and lamentations as above described. Some scatter a little lime over the stones, to make this rude tomb look somewhat brighter. On every holiday the Arabs go in crowds to visit the tombs of their dead, and to bedew them with their tears.—*Poirer's Travels*, 1773.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no! not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said: "an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.—*Life of Copley, Family Library*.

ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

From "*Sonnets*, by Edward Moxon." 1830.

Sleep, infant Pilgrim! Over thee one bends,
Too anxious for thy being, thee to rob
Of one sweet dream. Surveying thee, the throb
Of future years steals o'er me; yet hope blends
Her lilies with fear's dark contrasted flowers.
Long may the former bloom for thee, meek child,
And oft repeated be these slumbers mild
Which hush so softly lull thy cherub hours.
Thou, like a flower't of the virgin May,
In lusty beauty puttest forth a ray,
Which time will brighten till thy noon arrive,
As summer to the offspring of the field.
Storms thence against thee their wild course will drive,
And, like the flower, thou to their strength must yield.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 65.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TEA AND SUPPER.

"I hate your immense loads of meat; that's country all over. Something nice and a little will do."—GOLDSMITH'S *Essays*.

SUCH was the saying of the exquisite Beau Tibbs; and whether with or without a cautious regard to the scrupulousness of his larder, whether from real taste or from economy, there was certainly much propriety in the remark. The more formal the party—the more immense the preparation—the more weighty the load of meat and vessels—just so much less chance is there of that light-hearted hilarity, that social and cordial union, which forms the charm of a miscellaneous party. From a conviction of this, but without any positive knowledge of what does constitute a pleasant meeting, many persons abjure dinner-parties, as liable to all the objections we lately stated against them, and seek for ease and felicity in invitations styled technically *at homes*, which implies tea and supper. No doubt such people are safer here. Tea and supper generally require candles, by which there is always more sociality than under the business-like thing called day-light. This is so much in favour of the hopes of the inviters. Then, tea and supper always implies the drawing-room in the first instance, where there is likely to be a little more ease than in the fixed parallelogram of sitters, which distinguishes the dining-room. This is so much more. Between tea and supper, moreover, there is more variety of conversation, more variety of amusement, and a greater chance of the various divisions of the company becoming coherent, and agreeable to each other, than in any part of the penitential solemnity styled a dinner. All these advantages, however, will be in a great measure lost, if a proper attention be not paid to the selection of the guests. A meeting of Blacks and Whites, and Slaters and Wrights, all in pairs, called together for the mere commercial purpose of clearing off so many debts, and unrelieved by any admixture of good talkers and good singers, would freeze the nectar, and poison the ambrosia of the immortal gods.

A dinner-party is generally gone into with one's eyes open: a tea and supper party is often a matter into which one is betrayed. Some day, your wife mentions to you, quite in what Mrs Pringle called an overly way, that she happened to meet her old friend Mrs Nicholson on the street that day, and, not having seen her for a good while, had asked her to come up next Friday night, bringing the Misses Nicholson along with her—just in an easy way. This passes as a very simple matter, and there is no more thought about it for some time. However, meeting a friend or two of your own whom you have not seen for a long while, and recollecting that there is to be somebody with you next Friday at any rate, and that you will therefore be unable to attend to any business that evening, why, you ask your two friends to come too, as it will make little difference whether your guests be three in number or five: besides, as your wife sagely remarks, "these two young gentlemen will be company to the Misses Nicholson." That afternoon you are informed by Mrs B., that, recollecting a particular school acquaintance, whom she had not seen for many years, but who was now spending a few days in town with Mrs Armstrong, she had sent to invite her with the said Mrs Armstrong, and Mrs Armstrong's son and niece, for the same evening. The affair now begins to look serious, and you half think, with Bucklaw, in the *Bride of Lammermuir*, that it will be as well just to make a night of it. Having ultimately resolved upon this course, you set your wits to recollect others whom it would be "as well" to invite on the present occasion, and "so," as Mrs B. remarks, "be done with all parties for the winter." "Since we are

to have so many at any rate," says your truly wise helpmate, "it will be best to make up a good set when we're at it—for, in an evening affair, you know, a few more does not make much difference." There is then a hurry-scurry issue of notes to this one and that one, whom you were not at all thinking of inviting till this opportunity occurred, and who, good souls! would far rather stay at home than thus be dragged at the chariot-wheels of your convenience. Some can come, and some cannot; and, on summing up the acceptances, and finding that one or two more could still be taken in, why, in all probability nothing will please Mrs B. but she will call upon several formerly omitted individuals—the very newest, or the most forgotten of your acquaintance—and ask them in an easy way, "as it is now too late to send notes." Thus, instead of simply having the Nicholsons, in a quiet way, as you first thought, you get packed to the door with a brilliant assemblage, the half of whom are hardly known to either you or your spouse, but are mutually supposed to be each other's acquaintance, and who are no more amalgamable into a friendly composition, than the company at a sale or a picture exhibition.

In such *soirees* as this, the whole affair becomes a painful kind of solemnity, rather than what it ought, or is expected to be. Instead of cultivating, as you desired, a better acquaintance with certain persons, and enjoying with them an interchange of ideas and feelings, such as friendship demands, you see them all the while (if you see them at all) in a kind of masquerade. No one appears in his natural character. The manners are stiff and artificial—unirradiated by a single trait or *escape* of real human character. The conversation, from the mutual non-acquaintance of the individuals, is necessarily general, referring to all kinds of hack exhausted subjects, such as the theatres and the picture exhibitions: if any man alludes to a somewhat more extraordinary public amusement which has just come to town, the whole catch at it, like drowning people grasping at straws, and seem to take a sincere interest in it, while, in reality, they are only anxious to relieve the desperate dulness of the scene they are involved in. In fact, a request to snuff the candles is often a relief on such occasions; and if any one can tell about such a thing as Mackenzie's theory of the weather, his neighbours hang upon his blessed lips, like an excited multitude when addressed by a popular orator. One might become quite *distingué* on such occasions by a jest upon a cheese-paring. Any thing—any thing will do—only let some one speak something loud enough to be heard by the rest. How fortunate on such an occasion is the recent occurrence of some great public transaction, even though it be of the nature of a calamity or accident, which may supply a few points of remark to the unhappy assemblage. If you had not had that—so run your thoughts at the end of the evening—you would have had nothing, and the whole affair must have been passed in something little short of absolute silence. From this difficulty of conversation, people often sit for hours at a supper-table, eating and drinking of the very best productions of the earth, and yet all the time inwardly experiencing the most awkward and the most unpleasant sensations. They begin to think themselves trepanned into some ridiculous scrape or dilemma, and see the full force of honest Sancho's wish—that he might be permitted to eat garlic and crusts behind a door, rather than feast in public. But all this is nothing to the attempt usually made to get some one to sing. Horace said, nearly two thousand years ago, that no *private* singer could ever be

got to sing when asked, but that, when not asked, they never give over*—and the same thing is seen in our own day. Often have we seen half an hour spent, in a stiff miscellaneous party, like that we have been describing, before either lady or gentleman could be prevailed upon to waken the awful echoes of such a scene with a song: every one, regularly as asked, becomes suddenly affected by a grievous catarrh, or, as Signor Corri used to call it, "a leetle horse at de trot;" and unless some one can tell upon another, which is not likely in such a collection of strangers, there is no finding out a singer either by physiognomy or phrenology. At last, perhaps, some unhappy young creature in gauze or muslin is badgered out of all resistance, and fairly forced to squeak up some modern sentimental ditty, which she occasionally practises confidently enough to her piano-forte at home, though here she is like to sink into the earth at the very thought of whispering it. Up it goes, however—the most miserable caterwauling that ever was heard. Probably the song implies some passion of no small vehemence, or describes a situation in the highest degree moving. The contrast, then, between the meaning of the words, and, the poor, peepy, fainting, tremulous, expressionless voice in which they are given—not to speak of various break-downs in the most emphatic parts of the performance—produces such a depressing effect upon the audience, as surpasses all description. You all feel that you have been instrumental in making a fellow-creature ridiculous, and, if you have any real generosity, execrate yourselves for the very pity which you find yourself called upon to bestow upon her.

Upon such *enjoyments* as these, the wealthy and the easy in circumstances annually expend much money, without giving either themselves or others the least real pleasure—the expenditure being solely dictated by a desire of *showing off*, or of proving their wealth and dignity before certain persons, whose good word may elevate the spenders in the scale of society. The sacred idea of hospitality and social intercourse is thus abused, that the vulgar idea of opulence may be advanced: the most valuable products of nature are brought forward and liberally distributed, not that they may cheer or recreate the individuals called together—whether thrown over the throats or under the feet of these individuals is a matter of indifference: the only object is, that, *by their being used*, something may be argued in favour of the parties bringing them forward. We have often thought that if the money thus expended in regaling those who are already in no need of regalement, were bestowed upon the poor—or if even a fifth part of it were so expended—the condition of the humbler classes of society would be much alleviated, while the giving class would not experience the least decrease of real comfort. At the same time, it might reconcile the poorest man to his condition, to see how much of the wealth he perhaps envies is spent under the influence of an infatuation from which he is exempt, upon feasts which, unlike Mercy, bless neither the giver nor the receiver, and are just a means of rendering a certain number of persons miserable in themselves, and odious to each other, for a certain number of hours. The crust of the labourer carries with it a relish and a blessing which rarely befall costly banquets, and there is often more real joy and social mirth over the humble potato which one embrowned hand will pass to another in the intervals of a grinding toil, than over the most delicious liquors which "respectable people" think

* Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos, Nunquam, rogati, &c.

they may innocently indulge in, while they censure and bewail the infinitely smaller indulgences of the poor. There is a balance of comfort in this, which shows that Providence has more nearly equalised the happiness of various classes of its creatures than is generally imagined.

The improvement which we promised upon this subject must now be attended to. It has been shown, we think, that there is no pleasure in either dinners or later and lighter entertainments, if the object be merely to give meat and drink to certain persons, or to sacrifice money in compliment to them. Some higher moral views must enter into the design. We must have the wish of increasing or keeping alive a kindly intercourse with certain fellow-creatures, whom we hold in esteem, and from whose company we experience advantage. We must aim rather at social intercourse than at either eating or drinking; above all, the idea of flattering or pleasing them by a large expense on their account, must be discarded. If we really desire to see such persons in our house, so as temporarily to form one family with them—for there is the secret of hospitality—we must invite them to such an entertainment as our own family may be supposed to partake of on the better days of the week—or perhaps a little better than even that—but in no case much; and then they will be at their ease with us, will enter into all the familiar converse which gives home its habitual charm, and will afterwards, in their own secret minds, respect us for the moderation of our style of living. It is also necessary that they should be invited in such parcels as are convenient to us, and agreeable to themselves. Persons of the same order in the world, and, if possible, acquainted a little with each other, but, above all things, likely to take well to each other when they have been made acquainted, ought to be selected. One alien character has often spoilt the best concocted parties; and it is equally unfortunate when the individual is much above, as when he is much below the general level. It may not also be amiss—especially if you are not yourself of a sprightly turn—to have some clever person, who may act as what the Germans call a *sprache sprecher*, or sayer of smart things, and so make up for your own quiescence, and that of other individuals in the company. A man of this kind becomes like a golden string to bind the incoherent members of the association together, and his good offices are too commonly necessary in this sombre island. Music is another means of amusing a miscellaneous party: few are not susceptible of pleasure from this source, and it is in general easily provided. Cards we consider, upon principle, as a vicious means of wasting time, not to speak of other evils which beset them. But as it were vain for us to attempt their expulsion from society, we neither recommend nor forbid them.

By proceeding upon moderate views like the above, we believe that entertainments of various kinds may be given, without producing much discomfort in any quarter, and with the chance of much increasing, for the time, the happiness of all parties. But it is almost vain to legislate upon the subject. Even those who may allow the force of our observations are still likely to be so much under the trammels of custom, that they will go on rendering themselves and others miserable by large showy feasts, merely because it is what society looks for. So long as human nature is liable to appreciate the means above the end, mahogany will be loaded with unenjoyed viands, and men and women reduced below the ordinary standard of cheerfulness, by being obliged to sit around it for a certain length of time, looking with a certain silly arrangement of the facial muscles, and talking (if they talk at all) at a certain degree of smallness and nonsensicality. Evil principles in the hearts of men we could hope to correct; but any thing that bears the sacred impress of custom, although in the most trivial details of life, makes us despair.

NATURAL HISTORY.

QUADRUPEDS.

WE come now to treat of the fourth order of quadrupeds, called by Cuvier *Feræ*, or animals whose four legs are formed for walking; they have three kinds of teeth, with teats on their abdomen, varying in number, and having a single membranaceous stomach, and short intestines.

The species of this order live chiefly on animal matter, and this more exclusively, as their molar teeth are formed for cutting. The species which have these teeth partly or wholly formed with tubercles on their surface, subsist more or less on vegetable substances; while, on the contrary, those which have sharp points on their upper surface, live chiefly upon insects, and also on the smaller kinds of animals. Their lower jaw is articulated crosswise, and shuts like a hinge, which prevents it from having a horizontal action, the motion being limited to opening and shutting, that is, they cannot grind their food like man, or animals of the horse, cow, and the sheep kind. The predominating sense of the order seems to be smell.

The first family of this order are insectivorous animals, having their fore-feet armed with stout nails; the hind feet have always five claws, and the soles of their feet bearing upon the ground when walking or standing. The fore-feet have also usually five toes, although to this there are some exceptions. The surface of the grinding or molar teeth is always crowned with sharp tubercles; the canine teeth in some of the species are sometimes very long, and at others very short. Their bodies are either covered with hair or prickles.

THE HEDGEHOG inhabits most of the temperate countries of Europe, frequenting hedgerows and thickets. Their usual food is fruit, roots, snails, insects, and flesh; they are also very fond of eggs, and will sometimes enter a hen-house, and drive the hen from her nest, and devour the eggs. That they feed on flesh is denied by some naturalists even to the present day, which we think the more surprising, as Buffon stated this fact. He says, speaking of tame ones, "they ate caterpillars, beetles, and worms, and were also very fond of flesh, which they devoured either boiled or raw." It has now been satisfactorily proved that they prey upon live animals, as Mr Woodcock, surgeon, Bury, Lancashire, found one with a live toad in his mouth, the head and one of the legs of which were consumed; and, in 1819, a labouring man of the name of Copland, on the lands of Terraughty, Dumfriesshire, overheard a sound which led him to believe a hare was in jeopardy from the attack of some unknown enemy; the squeaking, however, soon terminated; and, after searching carefully in all directions, he detected a leveret lying dead by the side of a hedgehog. He had, however, coiled himself into the form of a ball on hearing footsteps advancing. Copland was so enraged at the sight, and being convinced the poor leveret had been burked by the hedgehog, that he instantly despatched him with a hatchet which he had in his hand. Mr Lane, gamekeeper to the Earl of Galloway, mentioned, in 1818, having seen a hedgehog cross a road, carrying on his back six pheasants' eggs, which he had pillaged from a nest hard by.

The hedgehog is not that stupid animal which many suppose it to be, as it has been trained to some curious tricks, and also becomes very domesticated. Mr Sample, of the Angel Inn, at Felton, Northumberland, had a tame hedgehog, which turned a spit as well in every respect as the dogs of that name which have been trained to the occupation.

Plutarch mentions a curious incident of a citizen of Cyzicus, who acquired the reputation of being an astonishing meteorologist. He discovered that a hedgehog generally has its burrow open at various points; and, warned by an instinct of an approaching atmospheric change, he stops up the opening next the quarter from whence the wind is to blow, and thus could predict to a certainty to which quarter the wind would shift.

THE MOLE.—Nature, ever wonderful in the adaptation of her forms to the situation which she intends an animal to fill, has given to the mole a formation which admirably fits it for burrowing, and digging its way under the ground. The bones of the animal are articulated together, so that there are no projections, and the whole are covered by a thick coat of very close-set velvety fur. The fore-feet of the animal are extremely large in proportion to its body, and in the form of the palms of the human hand, being broad and naked, and provided with very large broad nails, concave on the under side, and united to the bones; in place of a thumb, they have a large and strong bone under the skin; the hind-feet are very small, with five slender toes, and a small thumb on the inside. The mole digs with astonishing rapidity, and if surprised while it is out of the earth, it disappears in a few seconds.

Moles are very savage in their nature, and will attack animals much larger than themselves. An experiment was tried to ascertain the courage of one, by confining it in a glass case, along with a viper and a toad; the mole killed both, and devoured part of each.

Mr Arthur Bruce records, in the Linnæan Transactions, a circumstance which appears to have been before unknown—that of the mole being addicted to swimming. We shall give the account in his own words:—"On visiting the Loch of Clunie, which I often did, I observed in it a small island at the distance of one hundred and eighty yards from the nearest land, measured upon the ice. Upon the island, the Earl of Airlie, the proprietor, had a small castle and shrubbery. I remarked frequently the appearance of fresh mole-casts, or hills. I for some time took them for those of the water mouse, and one day asked the gardener if it was so. 'No,' he said; 'it was the mole; and that he had caught one or two lately.' Five or six years ago, he caught two in traps,

and for two years after this he had observed none. But, about four years ago, coming ashore one summer's evening in the dusk, he and the Earl of Airlie's butler, they saw at a short distance upon the smooth water some animal paddling towards the island! They soon closed with this feeble passenger, and found it to be the common mole, led by a most astonishing instinct from the castle hill, the nearest point of land, to take possession of this desert island. It had been at the time of my visit, for the space of two years, quite free from any subterranean inhabitant; but the mole has, for more than a year past, made its appearance again, and its operations I have since been witness to."

In the Magazine of Natural History, Mr H. Turner mentions a circumstance similar to the above account: he says, "Last summer and autumn (1831), I visited a river at the bottom of the Botanic Garden of Bury St Edmund's, several times very early in the morning, and late in the evening, for the purpose of procuring a specimen of the kingfisher, to preserve, which is frequently to be met with here. One morning, as I sat very quietly, I observed a mole come out of an osier holt and run across a grass path, and take to the water: when it was about half across the river, I ran to the edge of the water, and the mole then made a perceptible attempt to dive, but merely immersed his nose in the water for half a minute, and rapidly gained the shore, and soon disappeared in a hole of the bank. A few mornings afterwards I saw it take to the water as before, but as I remained perfectly still, I observed its unrestrained actions. It was nearly four minutes in swimming six yards, and appeared as if it rather enjoyed its morning's bathing. I mentioned this to an old mole-catcher, as I thought it rather singular, who replied, 'I've seen 'em swim across rivers of a devil and all of a width.'"

The mole shows changes of weather. The temperature or dryness of the air governs its motions as to the depth at which it lives or works. This is partly from its inability to bear cold or thirst, but chiefly from the necessity of following its natural and ordinary food, the common earth-worm, which always descends as the cold or drought increases. In frosty weather, both worms and moles are deeper in the ground than at other times, and both seem to be sensible of an approaching change to warmer weather, before there are any perceptible signs of it in the atmosphere. When it is observed, therefore, that moles are casting hills through openings in the frozen turf, or through a thin covering of snow, a change to open weather may be shortly expected.

The cause of this appears to be: the natural heat of the earth, being for a time pent in by the frozen surface, accumulates below it; first incites to action the animals, thaws the frozen surface, and at length escapes into the open air, which it warms and softens, and, if not counterbalanced by a greater degree of cold in the atmosphere, brings about a change. Changes from frosty to mild weather, caused by the ascent of heat from the earth, are often so evident, that the circumstance needs no confirmation. Stronger proof, if proof were necessary, cannot be given than the common appearance of frost or snow remaining longer upon ground having a stratum of rock beneath, than upon that where there is none. Old foundations of buildings which have not been dug out are easily traced by the same appearance; and any subterraneous solid body, as large stones, drains, planks, or pieces of timber, may be discovered in the same way; and even a plank laid across a ditch, at such times, will remain covered with snow for many hours after the snow on the ground is all melted and gone.

This sufficiently accounts for the activity of the mole before a change of weather, and deserves to be noticed by the meteorologist among the other prognostics of the weather.

The mole is frequently of much more use to the agriculturist than he imagines, as it drains his lands by natural means, and destroys worms. Mr James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, makes the following remarks on this subject:—"The most unnatural of all persecutions that ever was raised in a country, is that against the mole—that innocent and blessed little pioneer, who enriches our pastures annually with the first top-dressing, dug with great pains and labour from the fattest of the soil beneath. The advantages of this top-dressing are so apparent, and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced person, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted, now nearly half a century, in the most manly and valiant endeavours to exterminate the moles from the face of the earth. If a hundred men and horses were employed on a common-sized pasture farm, say from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres, in raising and conveying manure for a top-dressing of that farm, they would not do it so effectually, so neatly, or so equally, as the natural number of moles on that farm would do themselves."

Moles have openings placed for air at certain and very uniform distances.

The mole is a cruel, voracious beast, satisfied only with animal substances, and easily killed by hunger. None of them can remain more than twelve hours without food, and, even after an interval of six hours, they are much exhausted. Although worms and insects are their ordinary food, if they can catch a bird, a small quadruped, or a frog, they precipitate themselves on it with fury, open the belly, devour the entrails, pulling the edges of the wound asunder, and penetrating as far as possible into the body without

being diverted from their purpose by the presence of man, or noise. They do not even spare their own species; and if two are shut up together without food, there will shortly be nothing left of the weakest but its skin, slit along the belly.

THE HERMIT OF MANOR.

So lately as December 1811, there died, in the vale of Manor, in Peeblesshire, an aged individual, who had exhibited, during his life, nearly all the features and habits of the extinct species called a *hermit*. The name of this person was David Ritchie. He was deformed, and a pauper; yet he possessed a strength of mind and a strength of sentiment, together with a share of literature, and, in some things, good taste, such as singled him out not only from his fellow men in that pastoral district, but from the herd of the human race. He was born of poor parents, in the parish of Stobo, adjacent to Manor, about the year 1740—his father's name being William Ritchie, and that of his mother Annapple Niven. He had himself the impression that his deformity was owing to carelessness on the part of those entrusted with his keeping in infancy; but this must have been a mere appliance, suggested by self-love, for the gratification of wounded vanity, as his personal defects bore the decided appearance of being inherited from nature. They were confined to his limbs, which were not only shorter than usual, but were bent outwards in such a way as to resemble rather the fins of the turtle than the locomotive enginery proper to the human being. The other parts of his body displayed not only a fully-developed, but an extremely muscular and powerful organization—a circumstance, however, which only aggravated the repulsive singularity of his appearance. David's physiognomy was of a piece with the unnatural structure of his person. His visage was long, meagre, and attenuated; his features large and prominent; his chin projecting far beyond the upper part of his face. From the tip of the latter feature, indeed, to his forehead, his countenance exhibited a progressive slope backwards. His complexion was coarse, hairy, and of a tan colour; and the only redeeming points of his grim aspect were his eyes, which were black, animated, and expressive. When, to the personal qualities just enumerated, we add a voice of a most unearthly pitch and compass, resembling more the utterance of the screech-owl than the tones of humanity, our readers will be at no loss to figure to themselves an object sufficiently disgusting. We have thought it proper thus to describe, at the outset, the extraordinary animal economy of this individual, as an acute sense of it, operating upon a mind peculiarly sensitive, seems to have been the chief, if not the sole cause of that misanthropic disposition which he displayed through life.

David was sent, while yet young, to Edinburgh, to learn the trade of brush-making; but whatever inclination he may have had to follow out that occupation, he soon found his residence in the midst of a populous community altogether intolerable. A propensity not only to slight and contemn, but actually to persecute those unfortunate creatures, whose mental or corporeal functions have been "curtailed of their fair proportions" by nature or accident, seems ever, we are sorry to say, to have been a characteristic of the younger portion of our northern community. The extraordinary physiognomy and person of David, accordingly, soon procured for him such a degree of notoriety, generally manifested, too, without the smallest sympathy or regard for the poor creature's feelings, that he speedily abandoned the town, and fled (if we may use such an expression in speaking of him) to his native hills, his heart bursting with the bitter sense of insulted manhood, without the ability either to bear or to retaliate—filled at once with rage against his tormentors, and disgust at his own misshapen features and person, which thus cruelly excluded him from the pale of social life, and resolved to separate himself forever from all intercourse or communion with his fellow men.

How David subsisted for some time after his return to his native place, we never heard; but he probably found a shelter in his father's cottage, for we have been informed, that almost immediately after the death of the latter, he began to erect his future hermitage. The place he pitched on was a patch of wild moorland, lying at the bottom of a steep bank, on the farm of Woodhouse, in the vale of Manor, Peeblesshire. Whether David asked or obtained the leave of the proprietor for this proceeding, does not seem quite clear; but certain it is, that the latter, so far from molesting him in his possession, ordered his servants to give him every assistance he might require in the construction of his habitation. Of such aid, however, David availed himself as little as possible, seemingly taking a pride in being the fabricator of his own abode, which, although small, he put together with an extraordinary degree of solidity, the walls consisting of alternate layers of large stones and turf. He covered his miniature dwelling with his own hands, with a neat thatched roof. The door was only three feet and a half high, beneath which he could with ease stand upright. After the completion of his dwelling, David next proceeded with the cultivation of his little garden, which was partly scooped out of the bank behind, and which he had previously enclosed with a strong stone wall. His

horticultural labours did equal credit to his taste and industry, and in a short time it was stocked with all sorts of flowers, herbs, and culinary vegetables, as well as fruit-trees. His feet being of no use to him in the process of digging, he forced the spade into the earth by applying his breast to it. He soon after procured some bee-hives, which he tended with great care, and these speedily became to him a source of considerable emolument, as well as amusement. David's hermitage, both from its own romantic and beautiful appearance, and the singular character of its inhabitant, soon attracted numerous visitors; and it would appear, that to these the poor man evinced much pride and gratification in showing off the results of his taste and handiwork—always providing that they addressed him without any marks of either surprise or disgust at his appearance, and in the courteous manner due to one who had something to show. Among his visitors was the late Dr Adam Ferguson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and historian of the Roman republic, who resided at the neighbouring mansion of Hall-yards. In the year 1797, Sir Walter Scott, then a young barrister, paid a visit to the venerable professor, with whose family he was at all periods of his life very intimate; and, among other curiosities of the district, he was taken to see the dark hermit of Woodhouse. On this occasion, he was accompanied by Mr (now Sir) Adam Ferguson, the eldest son of the professor, who has been so kind as to communicate to us the particulars of the interview. It may be mentioned, once for all, that David afterwards figured as a fictitious character in one of the celebrated novels of his visitor, under the name of *Elshender the Recluse*.

At the first sight of Mr Scott, the misanthrope seemed impressed with a sentiment of extraordinary interest, which was either owing to the lameness of the stranger—a circumstance throwing a narrower gulf between this person and himself, than what existed between him and most other men—or to some perception of an extraordinary mental character in this limping youth, which was then hid from other eyes. After grinning upon him for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the dwarf passed to the door, double-locked it, and then, coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his iron hands, and said, "Man, ha'e ye ony poo'er?" By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions, or which, at least, he had studied and reflected upon till it had become with him a kind of monomania. Mr Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of that kind, evidently to the great disappointment of the inquirer, who then turned round and gave a signal to a huge black cat, hitherto unobserved, which immediately jumped up to a shelf, where it perched itself, and seemed to the excited senses of the visitors as if it had really been the familiar spirit of the mansion. "*He has poo'er*," said the dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of the hearers thrill within them, and Mr Scott, in particular, looked as if he conceived himself to have actually got into the den of one of those magicians with whom his studies had rendered him familiar. "Ay, he has poo'er," repeated the recluse; and then, going to his usual seat, he sat for some minutes grinning horribly, as if enjoying the impression he had made; while not a word escaped from any of the party. Mr Ferguson at length plucked up his spirits, and called to David to open the door, as they must now be going. The dwarf slowly obeyed; and when they had got out, Mr Ferguson observed, that his friend was as pale as ashes, while his person was agitated in every limb. Under such striking circumstances was this extraordinary being first presented to the *real* magician, who was afterwards to give him such a deathless celebrity.

Although the care of his bees and the cultivation of his garden appeared, in the eyes of his humble neighbours, to be David's sole occupation, he had a private source of amusement within his solitary dwelling, to which they themselves were in a great measure strangers—namely, in books. Improbable as it may seem, this poor decrepit creature's favourite author was no other than the sentimental Shenstone, whose love-pastorals he confessed to afford him the most intense delight. Next to Shenstone in his favour was Milton's *Paradise Lost*, large portions of which he could repeat by rote; and his nice perception of the beauties of many of the sublimer passages is said to have been altogether extraordinary, considering his origin, education, and rank in life. In addition to these volumes, he had got a copy of "*Tooke's Pantheon*," and had his head confusedly stored with all the mysteries of the heathen mythology. David had likewise at his command the library of his kind benefactor, Dr Ferguson, who reckoned him a man of great capacity and originality of mind. He possessed, moreover, a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and would sit for hours gazing upon the varied landscape before him in a reverie of deep admiration; and in this lonely source of enjoyment it would almost seem as if Providence kindly intended a sort of compensation for that bar which excluded him from all participation in the social joys of humanity. His habitual and deeply rooted misanthropy, however, counteracted any beneficial effects which this affection for the pure aspect of nature might have had in mollifying down the asperities of his temper and disposition; and he awoke from these temporary reveries with a bitter feeling of disgust with himself, and a more malignant feeling of hatred towards his fellow-crea-

tures. The sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom, and poisoned the very springs of his existence. This ever-present consciousness of his bodily inferiority frequently came upon him overpoweringly, even when in his mildest moods, and the workings of his agony are described to have been perfectly frightful. The same cause rendered him jealous in the extreme of every one that came near him, and he watched their every word and look for a mark of contempt towards himself. A lady who had known him from infancy, having gone one day to visit him in company with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and good humour, all his tastefully-assorted borders, &c., when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages which had been injured by caterpillars. David, observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his stick, exclaiming, "I hate the worms, for they mock me!" Another lady, likewise an old acquaintance and generous friend, having called one day at his cottage, David, whilst ushering her into the garden, glanced back at her with one of his jealous looks, when, imagining that he saw her spit, he turned upon her fiercely, exclaiming, "Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me—that ye spit at me!" and drove her out of the garden with insult and imprecations. His expressions and threats when roused to anger were horribly savage, and altogether original. His dislike to children, which he acquired in youth, from their propensity to molest him, continued till the day of his death.

His cottage falling into disrepair about the year 1802, Sir James Nasmyth kindly ordered a new one to be erected for him and his sister, a poor helpless creature of imbecile mind, at a short distance from the site of his former abode. This cottage had two apartments; but although David consented to live under the same roof with his sister, he would neither permit her to come into his room, nor even to enter the house by the same door, and separate ones were accordingly made. The only living creatures, indeed, besides his bees, whose society David could tolerate, were the black cat above mentioned, and a dog, to both of which he was much attached. A large addition was also made to David's garden, all of which he trenched to the depth of two feet and a half with his own hands.

What with the small pittance he and his sister received from the parish—they being for many years the only persons who got relief from the parochial funds—the produce of his bees and extra vegetables, and the numerous gratuities in money, food, and clothes, which he received from his neighbours and visitors (besides living rent free), David had even more than enough to satisfy all his little wants. A *meal-pock* always hung for him in the parish mill, and never failed to receive a multure from every grist. It must be mentioned, as a fact consistent with his misanthropic character, that although he scrupled not to accept of pecuniary donations, he never testified any particular gratitude to his benefactors for their bounty, or seemed to think himself at all under an obligation to them. He had a strange pleasure in wandering out in the dark, and is said to have spent whole nights amongst the ruins of old buildings, and other fancied haunts of spectres. Nevertheless, he was extremely superstitious, especially on the subject of witchcraft, to protect himself from which he had his garden well stocked with *rowan-trees*. He was supposed to entertain certain peculiar points of religious belief, but was frequently heard to speak of his existence in a future state with a fervour amounting to tears.

There was nothing very uncommon in the style of his dress when he went abroad, either to Peebles or any of the neighbouring farmers' or gentlemen's houses, which practice he altogether left off for many years before his death. He usually wore an old slouched hat out of doors, and a cowl or woollen night-cap at home. His feet, to fit which with shoes was beyond the ingenuity of any rustic artificer, were wrapt in pieces of leather or cloth. He always walked with a sort of pole or pike-staff considerably longer than himself.

David Ritchie died in December 1811, after an illness of three days, being reckoned at that time considerably above seventy years of age. About £20 were found in his chest after his death, the half of which was restored to the parish. He had become penurious and miserly in his latter years; the only article on which he was ever known to expend any money being *snuff*, in which he indulged to excess. During his life, David had cherished and expressed a great desire to be buried in a romantic and beautiful spot on the Manor water, called Woodhill. His alleged reasons for this predilection were his antipathy to being huddled up in the kirkyard with the "*common brush*," as he expressed it, and his aversion to have "the clods clapped on him by such a fellow as Jock Somerville, the *bellman*," whom he mortally detested, on account, as some thought, of a resemblance which that obnoxious individual bore to himself in personal deformity. David changed his mind, however, on his deathbed, and he was "gathered to his fathers" in the churchyard of Manor.

David's sister, with whom he never could agree, survived him for many years. The poor creature, whose derangement increased much after her brother's death, continued to reside in the lonely cottage during the day, but was taken care of at night by some kind individuals in a neighbouring hamlet. The notoriety

which her moorland habitation acquired after the publication of the "Black Dwarf," caused her much annoyance by the questions put to her regarding her brother, by the idle and curious who flocked to the spot. "Will they no let the dead rest?" she would mutter to herself, after one of these interrogatory scenes; "what gars the folk speir sae mony questions abae us? Our parents were poor, but there was nae ill anent them." She was still further concerned when some one told her that her brother was introduced into a play; meaning that his fictitious representative was brought upon the stage in the drama formed out of the novel by Mr Terry. Her old acquaintance, Sir Adam Ferguson, paid her a visit soon after, and was saluted in the following terms:—"Oh, Maister Audam, isn't this an awfu' like thing? they say they're acting my brother Davit in Lunnon. Will they no let the dead rest in their graves?"—an appeal far from deficient in pathos. With that kindly and benevolent sympathy of heart which was one of his distinguishing qualities, Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the novel, in the late edition, expresses much concern at what the old woman suffered on account of his having made free with her brother. But he ought, at the same time, to have considered, that, if he thus occasioned her a little verbal persecution, the grievance was amply compensated by the pecuniary donations that were liberally showered on her by her interrogators, and which secured for her helpless old age many comforts which she might otherwise have wanted.

During the twenty years that have elapsed since the death of the hermit, his garden has been permitted to run almost entirely to waste; but we are fortunately enabled to present something like a catalogue of the numerous flowers and plants which it once contained, in the following lines, by Mr Thomas Gentle, gardener, Peebles, in which the writer has, with much ingenuity, and great simplicity of expression, put a whole *hortus siccus* into metre and rhyme:—

Old David reared the curious Christmas rose,
That in the month of January blows—
Batchelors' buttons—lilies, pure as gold—
Ground-ivy, twined in many a lengthening fold—
Myrrh—balm—thyme—and fair southernwood and mint,
Plants less desired for elegance than scent—
Blue violets—daisies—polyanthus red,
Under the leaves of deadly nightshade hid—
Tall shepherd's club—French William—blue monk's
hood—
The modest primrose, native of the wood—
Green periwinkle, sage, and calomile,
That creeps along the surface of the soil—
Pennyroyal—millifee—Solomon's seal—
Fair flower-de-luce—French lilies—and speedwell—
Valerian—orpia—cransbile—scurvy-grass—
And tulips of the common kind and class—
Grey horehound—tansy—wormwood—bitter rue—
Wild agrimonia—and white feather too.
Famed star of Bethlehem, and Jacob's ladder,
With gardeners' garters, striped like any adder—
Carnation—poppies—catchflies—saxifrage—
And honesty, no favourite of this age—
Queen's jellyflower—campanula—fox-glove,
High stalks with white, and purple stalks above—
Red and white double roses—wallflower fine—
And many sorts of pretty columbine—
Walk-rob-in—hyssop—blue-glass—hellebore—
Coast Mary—beateny—and borage hoar—
St Johnswort—saving tree—and butcher's broom—
And yellow aconites, an early bloom—
Small dog-tooth violets—cowslips—golden rod—
Alicampane, with leaves more red and broad—
And a majestic Turkey-rhubarb bush—
Tall Scottish thistle—and the clothier's brush—
And small sweet-scented lily of the vale,
Mingling its sweetness with the passing gale.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DANIEL DE FOE,

The Author of "Robinson Crusoe."

"Few things, in an ordinary life," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "can come up to the interest which every reader of sensibility must take in the author of Robinson Crusoe. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' and it cannot be denied that the first perusal of that work makes part of the illusion. The roar of the waters is in our ears—we start at the print of the foot in the sand, and hear the parrot repeat the well-known sounds of 'Poor Robinson Crusoe! Who are you? Where do you come from, and where are you going?' till the tears gush, and, in recollection and feeling, we become children again! One cannot understand how the author of this world of abstraction should have had any thing to do with the ordinary cares and business of life; or it almost seems that he should have been fed, like Elijah, by the ravens. It is well, however, to be assured that he was a man of worth as well as genius; and that, having to contend all his life with vexations and disappointments, with vulgar clamour and the hand of power, yet he did nothing to leave a blot upon his name, or to make the world ashamed of the interest they must always feel in him."

DANIEL DE FOE was born in 1661, in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, in the city of London. His name was properly Foe, and he only added the *De* when grown up to manhood. His father was James Foe, a respectable butcher, of dissenting principles; and his grandfather, whose younger son his father is supposed to have been, was a yeoman of the same

name, farming a small estate of his own at Elton, in Northamptonshire, and possessing the opposite principles of a cavalier and high-churchman.

By his father, the author of Robinson Crusoe was educated with the view of his becoming a dissenting clergyman: his chief preceptor was Mr Charles Moreton, who kept a dissenting academy at Newington Green, and subsequently emigrated to America. Whether from an unsettled disposition, or his father's inability to supply the necessary expenses, he never finished his education as a minister; but he nevertheless had acquired a knowledge at the academy of five different languages, of mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. His learning, however, is very plausibly supposed to have been superficial, and in which character it is spoken of by his contemporary, the poet Gay. The glory of De Foe was not destined, however, to arise from any modification of existing knowledge, but from the nervous common sense, and the power of describing imaginary beings under all the semblance of reality, with which he was endowed by nature.

The dissenting principles, which consisted in a denial of certain forms and powers assumed by the church of England, together with some dim but aspiring views respecting civil liberty, took such a hold of the mind of De Foe, that they never left him from the beginning to the end of his career. Entering into life at the end of the reign of Charles the Second, when both civil and religious tyranny were coming to a height, he could hardly fail, with such a mind and temperament as he possessed, to throw himself at once into the turmoil of polemical warfare. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-one, he wrote a satire upon the church clergy, styled "Speculum Crape-Gownorum." When only three years older, he took a more practical step against the church, by joining the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, which was very speedily put down. De Foe narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and returning to London, eluded the wide-sweeping and bloody revenge with which the government visited the actors in that unfortunate movement. He soon after embarked in business as a sort of agent between the London hosiers and the country manufacturers, and, being free by birth, took up his living as a citizen of London. This happened in 1687-3, on the eve of the revolution, a crisis when neither stockings nor citizenship could keep De Foe from pen and ink; and accordingly he joined the numerous assailants of the tottering power of King James. Of the revolution, he was not only a supporter—he hailed it with enthusiastic joy, and ever after observed the 4th of November, the anniversary of the landing of the Prince of Orange, as a holiday. In October 1689, when King William and Queen Mary paid their first ceremonial visit to Guildhall, Daniel De Foe appeared conspicuously in the procession as one of a royal regiment of volunteer horse, made up of the chief citizens (chiefly dissenters), and who, gallantly mounted and richly accoutred, made a very great show. He admired the character of King William to a degree of enthusiasm, and, unlike the generality of the English people, retained a warmly grateful sense of his services to British liberty and freedom of conscience. As an exposure of the absurd cry that the king was a foreigner, De Foe wrote his poetical satire, entitled, "The True-born Englishman," a piece which, though deficient in polish, is a masterpiece of good sense and just reflection, and shows a thorough knowledge both of English history and of the English character. It is, indeed, a complete and unanswerable exposure of the pretence set up by the English to a purer and loftier origin than all the rest of the world, instead of their being a mixed race from all parts of Europe, settling down into one common name and people. King William was so much gratified by this publication as to extend his personal friendship to the author, who was often closeted with him during the latter part of his Majesty's life. His pen, however, added more to his celebrity than his fortunes. Having engaged in the Portuguese and Spanish trade, he lost a vessel by shipwreck, and, from one cause or other, miscarried in business of two or three descriptions. Like most falling men, he committed some errors in attempting to retrieve his affairs. They could not, however, have been very unpardonable, as he was not made bankrupt, and his creditors agreed to take his own personal security for the composition. What is still more to his credit, after being fully discharged he continued to pay to the extent of his power, to the amount of some thousand pounds. The fact is equally characteristic, that, while in this state of depression, he occupied himself in projecting ways and means for the government, which obtained him a small place and other countenance, and restored him to comparative competence.

The death of King William in 1701 made matters much for the worse with De Foe. Under Queen Anne, the high church system waxed more and more furious and intolerant, till, in the end, a university preacher was able, with impunity, to lead an infuriated mob through the streets of London, pulling down the dissenters' places of worship, burning their private dwellings, and making it unsafe for one of that profession to be seen abroad. The established clergy, in general, cherished the most embittered feelings towards the dissenters, and desired to see them subjected to very severe penalties. De Foe marked, with an exact eye, the extravagant notions which the heat of the time had engendered in the minds of these men,

and, under the title of "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," brought out a pamphlet, in which he caricatured the whole under a semblance of the most serious earnest—inasmuch that, at first, the pamphlet was highly extolled by the clergy as a more than usually uncompromising demonstration of their favourite views respecting the people.

When it was at length discovered that the author was only burlesquing the sentiments of the clergy, he was immediately denounced as one of the most profligate of men; nor were even his own brethren, the dissenters, so sure of the propriety or expediency of his satire as to stand up in his defence. A prosecution for seditious libel, in which the accusers hypocritically overlooked the real, as opposed to the apparent tendency of the pamphlet, was instituted against him. He was moreover cheated into a plea of guilty, by the expectation of a pardon, when, to the eternal disgrace of justice, a sentence followed, inflicting a triple appearance in the pillory, a fine of two hundred marks, imprisonment during the queen's pleasure, and sureties for good behaviour for seven years. The firmness of character of this extraordinary man was strikingly exemplified by the fortitude with which he endured the ignominy of the first part of his sentence, and the total ruin of his affairs (and at the time he possessed a wife and six children), which followed a prosecution so merciless. Instead of yielding to despondency, his elastic mind fell back upon its resources, and, besides the immediate production of his caustic satire, termed "A Hymn to the Pillory," during his imprisonment, which lasted nearly two years, he commenced his celebrated journal, "The Review;" published a collection of his works; kept up a pamphleteering warfare on various public topics with all his usual activity; and in no respect showed any mental yielding to his fallen fortunes. Pope, in his *Dunciad*, has made an ungenerous allusion to the circumstances:

"See where on high stands unabashed De Foe."

But without any wish to depreciate the merit of this poet, it may be said that De Foe had ten thousand times more real glory in enduring the honourable dishonour of the pillory for an effort in behalf of humanity and toleration, than what the author of the *Rape of the Lock* had in any single transaction of his crazy and capricious life.

It is a remarkable fact that De Foe was condemned for patriotic conduct under a Whig ministry, and that he was released and consoled by a Tory one. On the accession of Harley and Bolingbroke to power, the former interceded for and obtained his liberation, and prevailed upon the queen to supply the money for his fine and expenses. This can scarcely be called a disinterested proceeding, as the object evidently was to buy off a writer of whom the new cabinet had some reason to stand in dread. De Foe accepted from Harley the charge of acting as a confidential agent, at Edinburgh, in the transactions of the Union between Scotland and England—a duty which he is allowed to have discharged with activity and zeal, and chronicled in his "History of the Union" with much ability. It does not appear that he either employed his pen, or gave his personal services, in behalf of any of the expressly Tory measures of this celebrated cabinet; he only abstained from writing against it, which was the least that his obligations to Harley would allow him to do. He had, besides, another and equally cogent reason for doing little at this time in behalf of the popular cause. The popular cause was hardly true to itself. The mass of the community were led away by the insane cry of "the church is in danger," from the pursuit of their own proper objects, into a defence of others with which they had nothing to do. De Foe, whose mind went always in the van of the age, suffered more from the party which he led than from that which he opposed; so that it could hardly be wondered at if he at last drew off from active combat, and contented himself with merely cherishing in his own bosom those abstract principles which he considered his fellows not yet fitted to realize. Having published a pamphlet, in which he ironically urged the people to bring in the Pretender by a caricatured use of all the Jacobite arguments, he was prosecuted for it by a co-patriot, named William Benson, who, being utterly unable to see the real drift of the *jeu d'esprit*, conceived that the author was in league with the disinherited Stuart, and endeavoured to bring him to trial accordingly for high treason. It was only through the friendly zeal of the Tory Harley, and his representations to Queen Anne, that De Foe was released from Newgate, whither he had been committed on the judges' warrant for writing something in defence of his pamphlet, after its presentation to the grand jury, and his being compelled to give bail to appear for trial. Such was the perseverance of his enemies on this occasion, that his ministerial friends thought it most advisable to cover him by a formal royal pardon, to which event he has alluded with considerable humour.

De Foe's defence of a proposed commercial treaty with France, on grounds which exhibit the clearness of his ideas on that subject to great advantage, brought on a still greater torrent of enmity and abuse; until at length the accession of George the First, which he had strenuously supported, by depriving him of every species of protection, drove him from politics altogether. His spirit seemed at last to give way to so much unrelenting enmity, and a slight fit of apoplexy ensued—an event which rendered an appeal which he soon after published, in defence of

his conduct and writings, more particularly impressive.

At the verge of three score, struck with one fit of apoplexy, and tormented with the gout and stone, this persecuted, but most virtuous and ingenious man, retired to Stoke Newington, and turned to an employment which might rather have been expected to engage him in the bloom and verdure of life—namely, the writing of romances. His Robinson Crusoe, which was among the first, appeared in 1719, and immediately obtained that degree of public favour which it has ever since maintained. The original idea was communicated to him by a Scottish mariner, named Alexander Selkirk, who had accompanied Captain Woodes Roger upon his voyage round the world, and been left for three or four years upon the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean. It has a merit which does not belong to any of the other romances of De Foe; for while these in general refer to the very lowest and most profligate characters in social life—such as pickpockets, sharpers, and women of various degrees and kinds of infamy—and are, therefore, of very questionable moral tendency, this legend of the lone and melancholy sea is a complete abstraction from all polluting scenes, depending for its interest solely upon the sympathy which we feel for a human being placed in such an extraordinary situation, and the ingeniously minute and well conceived train of circumstances and adventures which the author has imagined for his hero. "The great beauty of this fiction," says a recent Reviewer, "consists, not in the hero, but his situation, and the admirable manner in which he is made to adapt himself to it. Human sympathy attends his every action, and the simple and natural pathos of a plain unsophisticated man on the sublimity and awfulness of perfect solitude, moves more than would all the feeling and eloquence of Rousseau, had he attempted a similar story. No wonder this tale is translated into all the European languages, and even into Arabic, as we are informed by Burckhardt, although that people possess a Crusoe, in 'Hai Ebn Yokdan,' of their own." It will be in vain, this critic thinks, to contend for the same merit in Moll Flanders, Captain Singleton, Colonel Jack, and other romances produced by De Foe—yet they show, equally with Crusoe, that first-rate sign of genius, the power of imagining a character within a certain range of existence, and throwing into it the breath of life and individualization, which was a pre-eminent mental characteristic of De Foe. This was also shown in various works of fiction, which he produced as veritable histories and biographies, such as the Citizen's Account of the Great Plague of London in 1665, the Memoirs of Captain Carleton, and others. The most acute readers have been deceived by the amazing appearance of natural probability borne by these works. Even in his lowest romances there are touches here and there which charm us by their exquisite simplicity and truth—as, in "Colonel Jack," where the boy hero and his companions are sitting at a three-half-penny ordinary, and are delighted, even more than with their savoury fare, to hear the waiter cry, "Coming, gentlemen, coming," when they cry for a cup of small beer; and also where we are told, as a notable event, that "about this time the Colonel took upon him to wear a shirt."

Notwithstanding the number and success of his publications, De Foe, we lament to add, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, heightened by domestic afflictions. To the last, when on the brink of death, he was on the verge of a jail; and the ingratitude and ill-behaviour of his son in embezzling some property which De Foe had made over for the benefit of his sisters and mother, completed his distress. He was supported in these painful circumstances by the assistance and advice of Mr Baker, the celebrated naturalist, who had married his youngest daughter, Sophia. The subjoined letter gives a melancholy but very striking picture of the state of his feelings at this sad juncture:—

"DEAR MR BAKER,

"I have your very kind and affectionate letter of the 1st: But not come to my hand till the 10th; where it had been delay'd I know not. As your kind manner, and kinder Thought, from which it flows (for I take all you say to be as I always believed you to be, sincere and Nathaniel-like, without Guile), was a particular satisfaction to me; so the stop of a Letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an affliction too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every Comfort, every Friend, and every Relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance.

"I was sorry you should say at the beginning of your Letter, you were debarr'd seeing me. Depend upon my sincerity for this, I am far from debarring you. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father in *tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjur'd, and contemptible enemy, that has broken in upon my spirit, which as she well knows, has carry'd me on thro' greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruin'd my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and as I am at this time under a weight of very heavy illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the

breasts who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, that nothing but this has conquer'd, or could conquer me. *Et tu Brutel!* I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffereth them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity, I can say no more; my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wrong'd, while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have any thing within you owing to my memory, who have bestow'd on you the best gift I had to give, let them not be injured and trampled on by false pretences, and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and council; but that they will indeed want, being too easie to be manag'd by words and promises.

"It adds to my grief that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth, and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath.

"Your unhappy, D. F.

"About two miles from Greenwich, Kent,

"Tuesday, August 12, 1730."

From this scene of sorrow we must now hasten to an event that dropped before it the dark curtain of time. Having received a wound that was incurable, there is too much reason to fear that the anguish arising from it sunk deep in his spirits, and hastened the crisis that, in a few months, brought his troubles to a final close. The time of his death has been variously stated; but it took place upon the 24th of April 1731, when he was about seventy years of age. Gibber and others state that he died at his house at Islington, but this is incorrect. The parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, in which he drew his first breath, was also destined to receive his last. This we learn from the parish register, which has been searched for the purpose, and farther informs us that he went off in a lethargy. He was buried from thence, upon the 26th of April, in Tindall's Burying-ground, now best known by the name of Bunhill-Fields. The entry in the register, written probably by some ignorant person, who made a strange blunder of his name, is as follows: "1731. April 26. Mr Dubow. Cripplegate." His wife did not long survive him.

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.

WHEN residing on the coast of Malabar, in the year 1820, I had occasion to be much with Captain Graham, who was at that time adjutant of one of the king's regiments stationed in India. The head-quarters were in a small island connected with the mainland by a ledge of rocks, which were dry at low water, so as to allow the passage of people on foot, or in palanquins; and the house which Captain Graham occupied lay at the farthest point of the island, between two small clumps of cocoa-nut trees. The situation was uncommonly pleasant, being open on all sides to the breeze from the sea, and enjoying from its verandah a broken view of the surrounding bay, which appeared in glimpses through openings among the palm trees. The little Arab prow, flitting up and down on the water like butterflies, or gliding from island to island, with their white bleached sails and turbaned seamen, were often seen and lost as they passed these openings, and gave an appearance of romance to the scene which rendered its quietness doubly agreeable.

On calling on Captain Graham one morning, I found him seated in his verandah, busied among a chaos of regimental papers, report books, accounts of stores, and other matters, which, with the assistance of a Purvo, or Hindoo clerk, he was arranging and putting up in separate bundles. After the usual compliments, he pushed aside some of the litter of papers which had gathered on the sofa, and gave me a seat beside him. "The regiment has shifted its quarters frequently of late," he said, "and our depot of records has not missed its share of the jolting of long marches, so that it has got into sad confusion. The colonel has sent this morning for some papers, for which I had to turn over the whole archives of office. We have now found almost the whole of them, so that I will be able to join you in a few minutes. I received some English papers this morning, which Hybutty will bring for you." The clerk, a tall graceful-looking man, with a white muslin frock fastened round the waist, and a red turban (the dress of his caste), went, with a look of great submission, and brought the papers; but I had seen them before, so that I began to look about me for some other amusement; and observing a drawer lying at my foot, marked the "Dead-Letter Box," I

began to turn over its contents. They consisted chiefly of letters from England to men belonging to the regiment who had died in India, and were many of them of a very uninteresting character. Numbers had their directions so ill written, that it was surprising how they had ever found their way to India, or, being there, how the Hindoo clerks of the post-office had contrived to discover their owners. Several of them (from this cause, I supposed) were marked, *mis-sent to China*, or other places. Some were unsealed, torn, and crumpled; others were lying sealed, as they had arrived from England. I glanced into some of the former, chiefly to soldiers from their relations at home, and was struck with the melancholy contrast between the reality and the hopes of the writers, who always seemed to consider their friends as alive and well, whereas they had often been dead before their letter was written, and always before it arrived in India.

There was one packet, consisting of three or four letters, tied up together with a piece of twine, and all addressed to the same person. The hand-writing of these was greatly superior to that of most of the others; and I was reading the address half aloud—"Lieutenant George Moxley"—when Captain Graham turned round, with a gesture of inquiry. "I have been looking at the letters in this box," I said, "and this one I think is addressed to 'Lieutenant George Moxley.'"

Captain Graham appeared a good deal interested, and said, "Poor fellow! he is dead several years ago. His death had something affecting in it, and made a greater impression on me, as he came from the same neighbourhood with myself. He was extremely anxious to do well here, hoping to be able to assist some friends who were not in the best circumstances at home."

"This is a letter from his sister, I believe," said I. "We may read it," said Captain Graham; "the whole melancholy story is over now."

I took the letter accordingly: it was written in a beautifully delicate female hand, and signed "Annie Moxley." I read it aloud.

"My dear George—Your last letter gave us all great pleasure. Papa received it while we were at breakfast, and read it quite through to himself before he told us any thing of the contents. But I saw at the first by his looks that it was agreeable to him; and when he read aloud your affectionate recollections of us all, you may be sure that we shared in his pleasure. We had been very anxious about you for some time, particularly as we learned from Captain Bingham's letter that your company had been ordered to a station which is reckoned unhealthy. I think I never saw papa so much pleased, as when he found that you were well, and in good spirits. Robert was quite elevated with the account of your travels and adventures, and says he will go to India too. But mamma looked grave and unhappy at his talking; and I think, notwithstanding that you are so much pleased with your condition and prospects, she still regrets that you had not remained in some situation, even of less promise, at home. My dear George, how much both she and my father think of you, and how much—how very much—of their happiness depends on your being well! The effects of your letter upon the whole of us remind me of nothing so much as a fine sunny day in spring upon the birds in the garden. We were all happier; and I could have fluttered about among the bushes, and sung song myself. Little Alice, who was so little when you left us, is grown a tall girl now, and plays and sings beautifully. You recollect how you used to scold me for mangling your favourite '*Tutti-taiti*.' I am sure you would be delighted if you heard her play it. She took more pains with it than any other, after she heard that I used to tease you by neglecting it.

"Robert is at Mr Griffith's academy, and papa gets good accounts of his progress. He makes very pretty drawings in pencil; they are really good. I was going to send you his sketch of the wooden bridge which joins the two willow trees leaning across the water, but he has scratched all the back with mathematical triangles, and spoiled it. But I will have him to make another for you, and will send it the first time a parcel can be forwarded.

"I think papa is not so cheerful as he was wont to be; it may be only my fancy; but I often see him pacing about in the garden, and looking anxious; and I am sure some letters which he received lately made him uneasy. Mamma looked very earnestly while he was reading one of them; but when she saw that it attracted my attention, she spoke of some indifferent matters, and neither papa nor she said any thing afterwards about the letters to us.

"I had arranged to go a little jaunt this summer with Grace Fairley to her relations, near Wigan; but the anxiety which I see in papa throws a kind of damp on my spirits, and I don't think I can go, though it will disappoint Grace. I would like much better to stay a week or two with the Fairleys themselves—they are so quiet and agreeable; and, with Grace's liveliness, it would remind me of the time when you used to go with me, and we were all so happy together. I believe Grace thinks of those days as well as I—a visit, when you and I used to go by ourselves, put

her in better spirits than I ever see her in now, with all their company.

"Aunt Haxton is—"

"The rest of Miss Moxley's letter is about relations," I said; "we need not read it; but here is one from her father."

"Read that," said Captain Graham.

"It is not long," I replied, and began to read.

"My dear George—Your sister's letter will tell you how much we were gratified to hear that you were well, and in good spirits. There is nothing which can cheer our homely fire-side so much as to know that you are pleased with your prospects, and have been able to recommend yourself to the attention of gentlemen who can be of use to you. The patronage of Colonel Bruce does you much honour; and I was glad to see the manner in which he spoke of you in a letter to his brother, with whom I had some acquaintance many years ago. Your night expedition, to make a survey of the fort of Kaladroog, seems to have recommended you strongly to his attention; but though I told your mother that he had noticed you, I remained (as you have done) silent as to the adventure itself, which was not of a nature to amuse mothers. I hope his friendship will be of advantage to you; and in India, as I dare say you have seen by this time, nothing assists the prospects of young men, even of the steadiest habits, so much as the countenance and protection of gentlemen of his character.

"You are already aware of the disappointment we met with in your uncle's business; his affairs are not yet wound up, so that we are not informed of the total loss, though I am afraid it will be considerable. I have not, of course, been able to conceal it from your mother, whose distress, both on her brother's account and our own embarrassment, affects her spirits a good deal. It was lucky that your letter arrived at the time it did, as it has served to restore her, in some measure, to her wonted composure and cheerfulness, though I am quite sure that you must have made a great sacrifice in sending the very considerable remittance which it inclosed. I applied it, as you requested, to the expenses of Robert's education, who, I am glad to say, makes very fair progress. In mathematics, he is quite beyond the lads of his age.

"As your sister will write you a long letter, I shall add little more. I hope that you may continue prosperous, and, above all, that you be such, both towards God and man, as to merit prosperity.—I am your affectionate father,

SAMUEL MOXLEY."

"The remaining letter," I observed, "is signed Robert Fairley."

"Poor Moxley's school-acquaintance and intimate friend," replied Captain Graham; "we were all three educated together, but Fairley had no occasion to come to India."

I proceeded to read the letter, which was in a different strain from the others.

"My dear Moxley—I suppose this letter will reach you at the foot of some Indian rock, with a castle on its shoulder, which you are going to take by surprise from its black tenants. What a strange lad you are! Who would have thought that the quiet George Moxley, who was known here for nothing but his skill in useless languages, should undertake such adventures? I heard Mr Bruce read the letter which he received from his brother, concerning your night expedition in the disguise of a Jagee, to take a survey of the fort of Kaladroog, and was quite surprised at your clever management; it is very lucky that Jagees are not required to speak to every one that asks questions, else you might have been puzzled a little. But is it possible that you were dyed black? What a figure you must have made!—naked, with a rope about your waist, and a wig powdered with ashes! If masquerades were in fashion, you would have drawn some attention here in that costume. And then your return next night with a party of soldiers to scale the rock, and take the Indians and their black prince in their beds. I can't pardon you for being so cunning, George: you should have appeared in the morning before the gates of their castle with your band of heroes, and blown your horn, like a good knight and true, to invite the sable warriors to equal combat, or to deliver up their enchanted fortress. I believe, however, this was not Colonel Bruce's opinion. He gives you great credit for the saving of time you caused him at the beginning of the rains.* Pretty soldiers you, to be afraid of a shower! I have always heard that our Indian army was tender of its health, and here is a proof of it. However, as Colonel Bruce was pleased, and every body else seems satisfied, I suppose I must allow you some credit too.

"But to have done with this: Our old friend Mrs Griffiths is dead, and has left, as was expected, the greater part of her property to Grace. It is very considerable indeed; and I am glad of it, for your sake as well as hers. I can see that Grace has nearly the same thoughts herself. And I can assure you, that my mother and the whole of us retain our high esteem for you, and will be glad if your expected furlough can be procured. Mr Bruce knows of the arrangements for your marriage, and will use his interest with his brother both for your sake and ours.

* The rains in India are so heavy and continued when they set in, that no military operations can be carried on afterwards for four months; and an army which attempts to keep the field rarely escapes destruction.

"I was at Glenskeach during the shooting season, and had excellent sport—though not to be compared with tiger hunting, I suppose. However that may be, I hope you will be able to make the experiment with us next year, and, by so doing, add to the pleasure of more than one old friend.—I am, &c.

"ROBERT FAIRLEY."

After reading the letters, I held them in my hand for a few moments with a feeling of regret and sorrow: "And the object of all these regards—this affectionate son—this kind brother—this favoured lover and friend—died shortly after?"

"He was dead while these letters were in writing," replied Captain Graham, looking at the date of one of them. "After the enterprise which he carried through so gallantly at Kaladroog, he rose rapidly in the good opinion of all the superior officers; and it was arranged that he should receive the appointment of aid-de-camp to the governor. In the meantime, however, he was ordered with a detachment upon a separate service, near Barodah: his party had to march for several days along the banks of the Nerbudah, one of the most unhealthy aguish tracts in India—hot and stifling in the day-time, and after nightfall, damp and chilling in the extreme. Moxley, however, knew the precautions necessary in such a climate, and had sense enough to attend to them; but after several fatiguing marches, the encampment was discovered one night to be on fire, and alarm immediately spread that it was caused by the enemy. Mr Moxley's activity and previous arrangements prevented any serious damage, and the enemy (if it was their work) found no opportunity of profiting by the confusion. The fatigue, however, and exposure, threw him during next day's march into a brain fever, and he was carried in that state to Baroach. He lay for several weeks in a state of madness, accompanied by symptoms which every day threatened his life. After recovering a little, he was brought to Bombay for change of air and medical attendance: I was at Goa at that time, and when I arrived at the presidency, he was much recovered, being able to see his friends, and to speak a little, though still incoherently, at times. I was too much occupied to see him for some days, but he at last sent for me, and I was to call at his tent on the esplanade next morning. I went accordingly, and on alighting from my palanquin, was astonished to find no servant in attendance but a little Hindoo boy, while every thing about the tent seemed to be in confusion! 'Where is your master, Sunder?' I said. 'Oh, sahib,' cried the lad in a scream between terror and grief, 'Moxley sahib bhaug-gya.'—'Bhaug-gya! you little fool,' I replied, 'Mr Moxley ran away! what do you mean?' The poor boy could do nothing but reiterate his assertion that his master had run away; and as I saw that there was no more to be learned from him, I was leaving the place, when one of my palanquin bearers, who had met an acquaintance at a neighbouring tent, came up and informed me that my friend had actually disappeared that morning, no one could tell how. His servants, on entering his apartment, found his bed deserted, and a quantity of clothes thrown in confusion about the floor; a book which he had been reading the night before, was gone, but his watch was in its usual place; and every thing else undisturbed. I hurried immediately to Dr Lamb, the medical gentleman who had been attending Mr Moxley, and found there his Parsee servant, and one or two of his friends, on the same errand with myself. Dr Lamb was not at home; but, from circumstances mentioned by the Parsee, we were led to conjecture that some relapse of mania had affected Mr Moxley, and that he had escaped from his tent in that state. But where to seek for him? We hurried away in different directions; and, after spending an anxious day, galloping about among the villages and cross roads, I learned at last that some country people had seen a European gentleman, unattended and in disordered dress, that morning on the road to Mahim. I hurried immediately in that direction, thinking that he might have gone to Tanrah, a military station in the island of Salsette. I could not, however, arrive there before midnight; but, just as I had passed the causeway which joins the islands of Bombay and Salsette, I met a native, who told me that a white man had been seen that afternoon going up an opening in the jungle (wild thickets), and he was afraid he would fall a victim to the tigers. I shuddered at the idea, but knew not what to do, as it was now far in the night, and I had with me only one servant, besides being very slightly provided with arms. On inquiry, I found, that, by following a certain track, I should arrive at an Indian village, where assistance of some kind might be procured. The road was one of the most dismal I ever travelled, for it was at this time the season of the rains; and after dark, it came a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with such a deluge from the clouds as almost blinded us. I knew no step of the way; and though the road was illuminated at times by gleams of lightning, which showed us a kind of open track through the rocks and brushwood, still we were so much dazzled by the flashes, that the darkness after each appeared tenfold thicker, and more bewildering. I never was more perplexed, and, considering that the life of my poor friend depended on the expedition I should make, I can hardly express my feelings. After travelling in this way for more than two hours, and losing our road

more than once among the trees, a sudden and vivid flash of lightning threw a glare upon every thing about us, and I saw in the momentary light that we had just passed to one side of a row of cottages, and were leaving them. On calling at one of the huts, we found a boy asleep in the corner of a kind of verandah attached to it; we awakened him, and found that the people of the place were Indian-Portuguese, and that we had luckily stumbled upon the house of their Padre, or priest. The boy got a light, and the Padre soon made his appearance; he was a venerable old man, perfectly black, with hair as white as wool. I had some difficulty in explaining to him our object, from my ignorance of Portuguese and Mahrattee, his native languages; and, what you will think strange in an Indian village, I was obliged sometimes to have recourse to Latin, as a tongue which we could use in common. When he comprehended my situation, the old man expressed the greatest sympathy, and said that some of his people would go with us in the morning. 'But can nothing be done now?' I said. 'It is impossible,' replied he; 'the jungle is infested by tigers: and the darkness, besides, is such, that the people could not keep together, even if they knew where to go, or if your poor friend could answer their signals.' I felt that his reasoning was unanswerable, and was obliged to acquiesce. He sent for one or two of his people, to whom he gave directions to be ready early in the morning; and some of them, in the meantime, kindled a fire to dry our wet clothes.

"You may easily imagine the anxiety and impatience with which I waited for morning. As soon as light appeared, the people were dispatched in different directions along the track which we supposed Mr Moxley had taken. The village lay in a small hollow of the woods, from which the surrounding hills were seen at a distance rising in abrupt and barren shelves; the jungle or woodland only running up the slanting ravines in their sides, where there was some depth of soil. The path which Mr Moxley was supposed to have taken led along one of these, and we searched it in every quarter, but in vain. The day was calm, and excessively hot, as is not unfrequent after rain, so that I began to be exhausted and feverish, while anxiety agitated me to a degree I can hardly express. We had yet seen nothing giving the smallest clue to success; and as the natives have a kind of instinctive dread of approaching the beds of gigantic reeds, which are supposed to be the couching places of the tiger, there were many spots which I could not get examined. I was beginning utterly to despair, when one of the people called out, 'A tiger—a tiger!' and he and his comrades made a rush towards some precipitous rocks, which we had been skirting for the last quarter of an hour. I went after them in the same direction; but as I knew they were easily alarmed, and believed that it might be only some chance rustling of the long hard grass which they had heard, I stopped at intervals, being ready to fire in case of any real danger. While I was waiting in this manner, I heard one of the villagers call me in a hurried voice, 'Sahib, sahib, hidhur ao!' (Sir, sir, come here!) On following him round the thicket, I saw two of the people standing before a kind of low opening in the face of the rock, to which the man led me. The place within could hardly be called a cavern, as the day-light glimmered back to its farthest extremity, and I could see a white object lying or sitting on the floor within. Conjecturing (as the men had done) that this must be my friend or his lifeless remains, I rushed into the place, and, to my astonishment, saw Mr Moxley sitting on a ledge of the rock with a book on his knee, apparently reading with perfect composure. When I came quite near, he lifted up his head, and, after looking at me for a moment, said, with a kind of feeble smile, 'Ah, Graham, you are here at last! Why did you not come when I sent for you yesterday?' The strange wandering expression which accompanied these words, showed me too truly the state of his mind; and his pallid ghastly features indicated a weakness, of which he himself seemed totally unconscious.

"I was delayed at the adjutant-general's office," I said; "but I hope you have not been worse?"

"They promised me a furlough, and I dreamed last night that we had set sail; is that true?"

"Only a dream," I said.

"Ah, Graham," he said, again looking up, "what brought you and Miss Fairley to this strange place? The camp was on fire again last night."

"I had by this time put my arm round his shoulder, and he leant on me without an effort to support himself. I sent one of the men in the meantime to the village to procure some means of conveyance from the woods; and while he was gone, I endeavoured to get our patient, who had had no nourishment for two days, to take a little milk and rice bread, which we had brought (the only food to be procured in the village). He looked at it a little, without seeming to comprehend what we wished, and then, with great difficulty, swallowed a few drops of the milk. He seemed to revive a little, and said,

"I should wish to see my father."

"I could not make any answer; and, after a few moments, he continued—

"I am dying, Graham; what will become of them all?"

"He appeared a little collected while he said these words; but raising himself up, as if looking earnestly

at one of the men coming in from the mouth of the cavern, he said,

"Anne, Anne! I thought Grace Fairley would have come with you."

"In a few minutes he sunk back on the shelving rock; and though he lived for some time, he did not again speak. I carried the remains of my poor friend to the village, on one of the rude couches used by these people, made of four poles laced together with coir ropes; and he was buried next day near the Portuguese village in that wild district."

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE SEPTUAGINT AND VULGATE.

It has generally been admitted, that the SEPTUAGINT, which, as has been explained, is so called from the number SEVENTY, or, more properly, SEVENTY-TWO interpreters, who were said to be employed in the formation of it, was the first Greek version of the Old Testament. No mention has been made of any that preceded it, and it cannot be deemed probable that Ptolemy would have taken so much pains to procure a version of the Jewish law, had any other previously existed; and it is equally improbable he should have been unacquainted with it, had it existed at a time when, with the assistance of Demetrius, he was procuring Greek books from every part of the world. It is plainly affirmed by Philo, that before his time the law was not known in any language but the original. The acquaintance with Jewish customs and Jewish history, which many Heathen writers, before the reign of Ptolemy, have manifested, has led many persons to conclude that they must have derived their knowledge from a Greek version of at least parts of the Old Testament. Yet we may account for the knowledge of Jewish customs, &c. which these writers display, without supposing that they obtained it from any Greek version; for we have direct evidence that Aristotle, at least, had intercourse with the Jews, for the purpose of gaining information respecting their law; and as the philosophers were certainly acquainted with the doctrine of the Gymnosophists and of the Druids, who had not any written law, so we may suppose they obtained their knowledge of the Jewish religion from personal intercourse with individuals of that nation.

At first, it is probable, the Law only was translated, for there was no need of the other books in the public worship; no other part of the Scriptures but the Law having been in early times read in the synagogues. But afterwards, when the reading of the Prophets also came into use in the synagogues of Judea, in the time of the persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes, and the Jews of Alexandria, who in those times conformed themselves to the usages of Judea and Jerusalem in all matters of religion, were induced hereby to do the same; this caused a translation of the Prophets also to be there made into the Greek language, in like manner as the Law had been before. After this, other persons translated the rest for the private use of the same people; and so that whole version was completed which we now call the Septuagint; and after it was thus made, it became of common use among all the churches of the Hellenistical Jews, wherever they were dispersed among the Grecian cities.

When the Hebrew language had ceased to be the vulgar tongue, the version of the SEVENTY was read in the synagogues, even in Judea itself. It is true, this was not universally done; there was a sort of division among the Jews about it; some were for having the Scripture read only in Hebrew, and were, therefore, called *Hebreus* or *Hebraizers*; whilst others read it in Greek, and were called *Hellenists*, that is, *Grecians* or *Grecizers*, as has been already observed. As the number of the latter was greater than that of the *Hebrew-Jews*, and the Apostles preached most frequently to them, it is not to be wondered at, as St Jerome observes, that the passages of the Old Testament which are quoted in the New, are sometimes borrowed from thence. It is thus seen that this version preceded the publication of the Gospel; and it has been authorised by the use which the Apostles made of it, as well as the whole church. It seems very evident, however, from various passages, as Parkhurst has remarked, that the writers of the New Testament, in their citations of the Old, did not intend either literally to translate the Hebrew, or to stamp their authority on the SEVENTY translation, but only to refer us to the Original Scriptures.

The Septuagint version was continued in public use among the Jews for more than three hundred years; but as it grew into use among the Christians, it went out of credit with the Jews. In the twelfth year of the Emperor Adrian, A.D. 132, Aquila, a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, published a new Greek version of the Old Testament. This man, who had been a Christian, and afterwards became a Jew, is supposed to have undertaken this work in opposition to the Christians, not only that the SEVENTY might be superseded, but that a new version might be given of those passages on which they relied most in their controversies with the Jews. The Hellenistical Jews received this version, and afterwards used it every where instead of the Septuagint; and, therefore, this Greek

translation is often made mention of in the Talmud, or Compendium of Jewish Doctrines, but the Septuagint never. The Emperor Justinian published a decree, which is still extant among his institutions, whereby he ordained, that the Jews might read the Scriptures in their synagogues, either in the Greek version of the SEVENTY, or in that of Aquila, or in any other language, according to the country in which they should dwell. But the Jewish doctors having determined against this, their decrees prevailed against that of the emperor, and, within a little while after, both the Septuagint and the version of Aquila was rejected by them; and ever since, the solemn reading of the Scriptures among them, in their public assemblies, has been in the Hebrew and Chaldee languages. "The Chaldee," says Prideaux, "is used in some of their synagogues even to this day, and particularly at Frankfurt, in Germany."

Not long after the time of Aquila, there were two other Greek versions of the Old Testament Scriptures made; the first by Theodotion, who lived in the time of Commodus, the Roman emperor, and the other by Symmachus, who flourished a little after him in the reigns of Severus and Caracalla. The former is supposed to have belonged to Ephesus, and fell into the heretical errors of Ebion and Marcion, to which sect Symmachus also belonged, being by birth a Samaritan, and by profession first a Jew, then a Christian, and, lastly, an Ebionite heretic. They both of them undertook the making of their versions with the same design as Aquila did, although not entirely for the same end; for they all three entered on this work for the perverting of the Old Testament Scriptures. Aquila, however, did it for the serving of the interest of the Jewish religion, the other two for promoting the interest of the heretical sect to which they belonged; and all of them wrested the original Scriptures in their versions of them, as much as they could, to make them speak for the different ends which they proposed. From the circumstances, therefore, under which these versions were made, it may be inferred that their authority cannot be very great, though, from the fragments of them which have been collected, we may derive considerable assistance in understanding particular portions of the Old Testament.

In speaking of the ancient versions of the Bible, it must be observed, that there are two in the Syriac language—the Old, which is a translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, and the New, which is a translation of the New Testament from the Greek. This last is, beyond contradiction, the most ancient that ever was formed in the Christian church. It is that which the Christians in the east, called *Maronites*, make use of in their worship; and they, as well as the other Syrian Christians, boast very much of its antiquity; for they allege that one portion of it was made by the command of Solomon, for the use of Hiram, king of Tyre, and the other part by the command of Abgarus, king of Edessa. It is certain this version was of considerable antiquity, and was in all likelihood made within the first century after Christ, and had for its author some Christian of the Jewish nation that was thoroughly skilled in both the Hebrew and Syriac languages; and as it is amongst the oldest translations that we have of any part of the Scriptures, so it is the best, without any exception, that has been made of them by the ancients into any language whatsoever. This last character belongs to it in respect of the New Testament, as well as of the Old; and, therefore, of all the ancient versions which are now consulted by Christians for the better understanding of the Holy Scriptures, as well of the New Testament as of the Old, none can better serve this end than this old Syriac version, when carefully consulted and well understood. To this purpose the very nature of the language gives much assistance; for, it having been the mother-tongue of those who wrote the New Testament, and a dialect of that in which the Old was first given, many things of both are more happily expressed in it through this whole version than can well be done in any other language.

The language of princes generally becomes, in time, the common language of their subjects. The conquests of Alexander made the Greek tongue universal; and by the same means the Latin tongue extended itself, with the Roman empire, all over the world; so that, at length, there was scarce a nation where, by the help of this language, you might not make yourself understood.

It is not known who was the author of the first Latin version of the Scriptures; but St Augustine, a celebrated bishop of the Latin church, about A.D. 400, tells us that there soon appeared a great number of them. "We know them who translated the Scriptures into Greek," says he, "and the number of them is not great; but the number of the Latin translators is infinite. When the faith came to be established, the first man who found a Greek copy, notwithstanding the little knowledge he had of the two languages, boldly undertook a translation of it." From another passage of his writings it has been generally concluded, that there was one particular version, called "the Italian," in higher estimation than the rest, and which was the authorised version of the Roman churches. However this may be, it is certain the Latin church was in want of a version of the Scriptures formed directly from the Hebrew, as all the Latin translations in existence at that time had been taken from the SEVENTY. St Jerome,

who was contemporary with St Augustine, was in every respect best suited, of any of the learned men of that time, to the task of making a new translation, which he accordingly undertook. He began by correcting some books of the Old Testament in the Latin Bible, particularly the version of the Psalms, and marked those passages wherein any difference existed between the Latin version, the Greek of the SEVENTY, and the Hebrew original. He had early applied himself to the study of the Hebrew language, and at different periods had the assistance of five Jewish teachers; he had access also to the works of Origen, who published what is called the *Hexapla*, that is, the Bible in six different languages. From these he must have derived considerable assistance in the work he undertook—that of translating into Latin all the books of the Old Testament, to which he added a corrected edition of the common version of the New.

This work of St Jerome is still used in the Roman Catholic church, and is known by the name of the *Vulgate*; for which some have gone so far as to claim the authority and infallibility of an inspired production. At first, however, his version was not generally received; for although many were pleased with it, because it was more consonant to the original, and a more literal translation than that of the SEVENTY; yet others, and among the rest Augustine, considered it a rash attempt, and calculated to diminish the authority of the Greek version. It was approved of by the Jews as conformable to their text, and was received into the church gradually and by tacit consent, rather than by the sanction of public authority.

Nevertheless, the *Vulgate* which we have at present, and which the celebrated Council of Trent declared to be authentic, is not the pure version of St Jerome; it has in it a great deal of the ancient *Italian*; but it cannot now be discovered by whom, or at what time, this mixture was made. Some think that St Jerome has no part at all in the present *Vulgate*; and it is certain that the *Psalms* in it are not his. Nevertheless, the Latin version comes nearer to the *Hebrew*, and is more perspicuous, than the *Septuagint*. Since the time of the Council of Trent, namely, in 1589 and 1592, corrected editions of the *Vulgate* have been published under the authority of the Popes Sixtus the Fifth and Clement the Eighth.

DEER HUNTING IN AMERICA.

[BY AUDUBON.]

THE different modes of destroying deer are probably too well understood and too successfully practised in the United States; for, notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them, that, in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the great bustard now is in Britain.

We have three modes of hunting deer, each varying in some slight degree, in the different states and districts. The first is termed *still hunting*, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called *fire-light hunting*, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named *driving*. Although many deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

Still Hunting is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier men. To be practised with success, it requires great activity, an expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunter must be aware of the situations which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found, at any particular time.

Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We shall therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the *true hunter*, as the still hunter is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places, where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We shall allow our hunter all the agility, patience, and care, which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting-shirt, and a pair of trousers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball-pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap; and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men, besides ourselves, that is, myself and my kind reader, could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every

leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence-rails of his little corn-field. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well-known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendour; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, reader, for I know him well.

"Pray, friend, what have you killed?" for to say, "what have you shot at?" might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings. "Nothing but a buck." "And where is it?" "Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My bell struck, and must have gone through his heart." We arrive at the spot, where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grape-vines, sumachs, and spruce-bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted: it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon the branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcass to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing that, in the immediate neighbourhood, another at least is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have sought for the buck along the *shadowy* side of the hills. Had it been the spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane-brake, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the deer, immersed to his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of mosquitoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the deer feeds, abound, the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time he might have marked the places where the deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently *scraps* the earth with his fore-hoofs; at another, he would have betaken himself to places where persimmons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees the deer frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring, our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn; or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy the deer within reach of his rifle. But, kind reader, you have seen enough of the *still hunter*. Let it suffice for me to add, that by the mode pursued by him, thousands of deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring for even the most valuable portions of the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induce them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by *fire-light*, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, *forest-light*, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which at times appears awfully grand. At other times, a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers, of him who follows the hunter through the thick undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks, at one time impeded by a straggling grape-vine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn saplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion has forced his way through them. Again, he every now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered over with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave you, kind reader, to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit your taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine-knots filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great grandmother, in which the pine-knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth, his rifle slung on his shoulder,

and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other, with the frying-pan and the pine-knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are produced by the reflection of the pine-fire from the eyes of an animal of the deer or wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated, approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures the skin and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the greater part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten deer, should these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the deer alone, but also sometimes to wolves, and now and then to a horse or a cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now, kind reader, prepare to mount a generous full blood Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamour of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting you, under the shade of the wood, and we must together go *driving* the light-footed deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt, when pleasure is anticipated as the result: so, galloping we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well known place, where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the *drivers*, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game, as it passes by. Hark again! The dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind!

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind you do not shoot me! The deer is fast approaching. I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near it that it will pass in a moment. There it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground! What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety! All is in vain, however: a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen, are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracks are discovered by persons on horseback in the woods, or a deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or a small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called *stands* by the sportsman, who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives intimation to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the deer with the hounds, and, by good management, generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the deer be cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.—From Audubon's *American Ornithology*.

APRIL.

On April, in old calendars, is drawn
A gallant hawkier pacing on a lawn,
Holding a bell'd and hooded fowl of prey,
Ready to loose him in the airy way.
For daily now descends the solar beam,
And the warm earth seems in a waking dream;
Insects creep out, leaves burst, and flowers rise,
And birds enchant the woods, and wing the skies;
Each sentient being a new sense receives,
And eloquently looks, to each, its lives.

APRIL, whose name is derived from a Latin word, signifying to *open*, is celebrated by writers as one of

the most delightful months in the year. "April," says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*, "is spring—the only spring month that we possess—the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake, so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is to May and June what 'sweet fifteen,' in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of glorious autumn. It is fraught with beauties that no other month can bring before us, and

'It bears a glass which shows us many more.'

Its life is one sweet alternation of smiles and sighs and tears, and tears and sighs and smiles, till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May."

By the same writer we are directed to observe, "what a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow! and the new-born daisies that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky, powdered with snowy stars. In making our way to yonder hedgerow, which divides the meadow from the little copse that lines one side of it, let us not take the shortest way, but keep religiously to the little footpath; for the young grass is as yet too tender to bear being trod upon; and the young lambs themselves, while they go cropping its crisp points, let the sweet daisies alone, as if they loved to look upon a sight as pretty and as innocent as themselves." It is further remarked that "the great charm of this month, both in the open country and the garden, is undoubtedly the infinite *green* which pervades it every where, and which we had best gaze our fill at while we may, as it lasts but a little while—changing in a few weeks into an endless variety of shades and tints, that are equivalent to as many different colours. It is this, and the budding forth of every living member of the vegetable world, after its long winter death, that, in fact, constitutes the *spring*; and the sight of which affects us in the manner it does, from various causes—chiefly moral and associated ones; but one of which is unquestionably physical: I mean the sight of so much tender green after the eye has been condemned to look for months and months on the mere negation of all colour, which prevails in winter in our climate. The eye feels cheered, cherished, and regaled by this colour, as the tongue does by a quick and pleasant taste, after having long palated nothing but tasteless and insipid things. This is the principal charm of spring, no doubt. But another, and one that is scarcely second to this, is the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over, and almost hides, every thing else in the fruit-garden and orchard. What exquisite differences and distinctions and resemblances there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit trees; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details. The almond-blossom, which comes first of all and while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of plum follow, the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond. The peach and nectarine, which are now full blown, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep bluish colour, and of a delicate bell shape; the lips, however, divided, and turning backward, to expose the interior to the cherishing sun. But perhaps the bloom that is richest and most *promising* in its general appearance, is that of the cherry, clasping its white honours all round the long straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or a bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch. The other blossoms of the pears and (loveliest of all) the apples do not come in perfection till next month."

No communications in verse or prose are wanted. All anonymous or unpaid letters are regularly returned to the Post Office without any attention to their contents.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyll Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 66.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

NAMES.

"WHAT'S in a name?" is the question asked by the passionate Juliet, when anxious to annihilate the space which the name and lineage of Romeo have cast between her and her lover. The same question has been asked a thousand times on lighter occasions, and generally answered, through an absence of all reflection—Nothing. This proceeds, in some measure, upon an understanding that Shakspeare has here professed his sense of the insignificance of a name; whereas, if we trace the play to its conclusion, it will be apparent that it was altogether designed to show how much there might be in such a small matter—no less, to wit, than the ruin of a pair otherwise fitted to render each other happy. Throwing this poetical instance out of view, it will be obvious enough, we think, from the ordinary run of facts in common life, that, though a name is in many cases a matter of indifference, it is fully as often one of material importance. In all parts of the United Kingdom there are names of the most ludicrous and vulgar sound, such as Hogsflesh, Higginbottom, Clutterbuck, Gotobed, Meiklewham, M'Turk, &c. Now, these may do very well for people who have no desire to soar beyond a very humble sphere of usefulness. But we contend, that, if a man of high intellectual capabilities were born with such a designation—and no doubt there have been many men so circumstanced—his name would be an effectual bar to prevent him from coming into notice. Suppose the bent of his genius lay towards a military life, could the glory of a Caesar or a Napoleon be reaped under the name of Hogsflesh? Were he to affect poetry, could any new epic approaching to the *Paradise Lost* be published with the name of Gotobed upon the title-page? No—there has been a good fortune in all great men hitherto as to their names: all of them have had smooth, euphonious, or at least not ridiculous, designations; and the public may depend upon it, that, though not a positive, it has been at least a negative cause of their success—it has at least not prevented them from coming before the world, and reaping the full benefit of their talents. Alas, however, for the Hogsfleshes and the Higginbottoms!—alas for the innocent Clutterbucks and Meiklewhams! How many of these unhappy clans, with all the power and all the will to shine, have been deterred from even attempting to scribble their names in the book of Fame, conscious that the very sound would startle and disgust the world, and procure nothing but laughter and sarcasm for all their noblest efforts! Good worthy Gotobeds, it might wake Gray himself from the dead, to think how many of you have been mute and inglorious, not for want of opportunity, or any of the other accessory aids, but simply because you trembled to give the world your address, and, thrusting back your cards into your pockets, resolved rather to die as dry-falters and bakers, than shock the ears of mankind with a sound so soporiferous and so ungraceful.

Then, again, some names, though tolerable enough, are so very common, that they give no distinction, but, on the contrary, almost appear to preclude it. The name John Smith, for instance, is a very decent name; it has been borne, no doubt, by many respectable persons in all ranks of life. But who could rationally expect, with such a name, to carve out for himself a reputation for either poetry, science, or military prowess? Why, he is lost in the myriad of John Smiths, and could no more extricate himself, so as to assume a distinct and distinguished position, than he could fly in the air, or walk upon the water. A man thus entitled bears about him a doom of everlasting mediocrity, which he can no more reverse than he can regenerate his bodily constitution. He is John

Smith, and he will never be more than John Smith, though he were to live to the verge of time. He might be naturally capable of saying the brightest things, of making the most useful discoveries, of embodying the most beautiful and affecting sentiments; but let his name accompany them, and they are heard of no more. That common-place sound would dispel the admiration of a world, and cause him to sink at once, with all his fictitious glory, into the humbler shades of life. Down he would go, like a plummet, though he had the *Waverley* novels disposed like a cork-jacket all around him. His only chance of success is in anonymity, and, of course, if he is to remain for ever anonymous, he gains no fame. We are fully persuaded that Junius was a man of the name of John Smith—a greatly unfortunate man, not fearful of acknowledging his work for any thing that kings or men could do to him, or any other consideration whatever, than simply that he could not endure the idea of exploding all the utility and all the estimation of his piquant writings, by putting such a name upon the title-page.

The non-distinction of the name Dr Brown has been already illustrated, we believe, in an English comic song; and it is very remarkable, that, though there have been many literary and scientific characters bearing this designation, hardly one of them has ever found it possible to gain more than a comparatively local fame. What Doctor is to Brown, Captain is to Campbell—an inseparable adjunct, and one which tends quite as much to take away the individuality it pretends to give. The legion of the Captain Campbells, as they may well be called, might be a staff for the formation of a new army. There is a Captain Campbell in Scotland for every other hundred men. They might colonize a fifth continent. How much good broad-cloth, how many pairs of respectable Wellington boots, have been worn away upon the limbs of the Captain Campbells, without any one of them having ever been singled out from the rest! No doubt, the Captain Campbells have all been capital fighters in their day: if war has ever done us any good at all, no small portion of that good has been gained by the Captain Campbells. But the misfortune is, that there are too many of them. Their glory is like a chandelier, where no single candle makes any great appearance; whereas, if there were only one of them, he would be like one light in a room, and his usefulness would be at once seen, and prized accordingly. The only advice that could be given to a man of this unfortunate designation, who wanted to signalize himself, would be, that he should commence a tour of the earth in search of a place where there was not another Captain Campbell within ten miles. If such a place there be, let him settle down upon it, with a happy mind, and try what he can do in the way of public service, though it should only be as executioner to the Grand Turk. But if he can no where find such a spot of earth, why, then, unless he becomes a kind of shoemaker of Cordova, and quietly poniards all his namesakes that fall in his way, we fear there is no hope for him.

Walter Scott was fortunate in his name. Had he been called Thomas Scott, or John Scott, there is a great chance of his never having arrived at the distinction he did. Robert Burns was similarly fortunate. His father luckily changed the family designation from *Burness*, which would never have done as the name of a poet. Vulgar family names, it has to be observed, may be greatly meliorated by the use of some fine-sounding classic Christian name. For instance, the addition of *Horace* to *Smith*, saves the plainness of the appellation vastly, and makes it fit for a title-page. We recommend fathers of families

with common names to attend to this in the christening of their children. We have often regretted the slavishness with which the most of people adhere to old custom in this duty. The first children of the family are regularly called after their grandfathers and grandmothers, and those which follow, after even nearer relations, so that old plain names are perpetuated, and there is no distinguishing one person from another, either now or in future times. We have heard genealogists and lawyers complain much of this stupid system, and express their belief that many fortunes have been lost by it. Surnames are sometimes given as Christian names to children, as Douglas, Stewart, Dundas, Nelson, &c. This is an intolerably mean custom, and afterwards marks the father as having been a dependent or expectant in some shape of the great man whose name he has adopted. Whenever we hear of a person with a surname for a first name, we have an idea that his father was a footman. A Christian name formed of a complete name of another person, is nearly as bad. A double Christian names, as William Frederick, is now in most cases the result of pure affectation, and is so much in use among characters of questionable respectability, that it ought, if possible, to be discarded. The giving of a name to a child is one of the important trifling duties of human life, and, as such, requires a little more attention than what is usually bestowed on it. Let parents, therefore, take note of these hints, and give their children some really pleasing single Christian name, without regard to whether it was ever before in the family, and holding in view that it will be one which will suit any rank in life, and any distinction which the young individuals may attain.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST PAUL'S.

STRANGERS would hardly be able to pick their way through the metropolis, were they not guided by the great leading thoroughfares. By attending to these, there is no difficulty in the matter. Several thoroughfares from different quarters in the east—for instance, one proceeding up from the Tower and shipping places, and another by Leadenhall Street from the north-eastern suburbs—converge into a point at the eastern extremity of Cheapside. This is one of the finest commercial streets in the world, and there is, perhaps, more real wealth in and about its precincts than in some half dozen continental kingdoms. The houses—of brick, of course—are tall, to be London houses, and are compactly built together, the whole of the lower parts being the shops of drapers, and other tradesmen. Nothing can equal the bustle that generally prevails. The various eastern and western thoroughfares having poured in their contribution of waggons, and other vehicles, the whole have necessarily to pass through this street before emerging at either extremity; and thus the traffic is prodigious. The din in the centre of the street is not more distracting than the rapid rushing onwards of the crowds of passengers, chiefly men engaged in business, or proceeding probably to or from the Exchange, the Bank, or the commercial marts in their neighbourhood, all situated near the eastern termination of Cheapside. In proceeding westward, this main avenue is interrupted in such a way as to part off into two lines: that to the right, or north, continues through Newgate Street, Skinner Street, Holborn, Broad Street, and Oxford Street, till it arrive in the country; that to the left, or south, nearer the Thames, which guides it, continues through St Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand. At the western extremity of the Strand, the line again parts into two: that to the right proceeding by Pall Mall, St James's

Street, and Piccadilly, to the parks; and that to the left continuing through Whitehall and Parliament Street, to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. As the provincial perambulates Cheapside with a view to a journey into the western or fashionable regions, he perceives a great density of streets, houses, population, and commerce. On coming to the end of Cheapside, if he do not take care, he will march up Paternoster Row, which lies straight before him; but if he has studied his map to some purpose, he rounds the corner into St Paul's Churchyard. Here is quite a new scene. In the midst of a confined open area, and surrounded by a massive iron railing, stands the huge edifice, St Paul's Cathedral, appearing like a number of large churches piled a-top of each other, with rows upon rows of pillars, and surmounted by an immense but graceful dome, whose lofty head is reared above the whole of the structures of the metropolis.

St Paul's!—who has not heard of this far-famed boast of the capital, or, we might say, of the country at large? Surely, we may pause a little, to take a narrower view of its dimensions. This magnificent building stands on a spot of ground which has been consecrated to religious purposes for twelve hundred years. A Christian church was planted here four hundred years before the Norman conquest, and, under various shapes and extensions, it remained till destroyed by the great fire in London, in 1666. An entirely new edifice was then erected in its stead, the important work being committed to Sir Christopher Wren. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and measures 514 feet in length, 286 in breadth, and 370 in height, to the topmost pinnacle. Outwardly, the walls, which have a dark sooty appearance, except where bleached with the rains, are what we would call two storeys in height, there being two rows of windows. There are three porticoes at as many entrances, on the north, west, and south. That on the west is the principal, with twelve lofty Corinthian pillars below, and the angles above crowned with handsome bell towers, the size of ordinary church towers or steeples. But this entrance, which fronts the street called Ludgate Hill, is apparently disused, and the common entrance is by the north portico and flight of steps. You are admitted to the interior by a small wicket of the door of this entrance, admission being given on paying the sum of *two pence*. On entering this large show, nothing appears any way remarkable but the vastness of the open space, especially overhead beneath the dome. The walls and arches have rather a clumsy aspect, and the contour is far inferior to that of the interior of York Minster. The sides of the aisles are garnished with statues and sepulchral monuments; but while many are well executed, there is, upon the whole, as in the case of Westminster Abbey, too much straining after effect, by giving emblematic figures, and indulging in other silly conceits, by no means natural. Through some fine open screen-work, a view is obtained of the place where the usual services are performed, and which is highly decorated with dark oaken carved work. If the stranger pleases, he may mount by means of stairs and ladders to the top of the cupola; and though he be taxed in a small sum at the different stages, he will be amply repaid by the extensive view from the balcony or gallery, which comprehends the whole of London, with the country beyond its outskirts, and the Thames rolling placidly in its winding course through the dense mass of houses. Altogether, St Paul's is a magnificent structure; and though it cost a million and a half of money in the erection—and that was a great sum in the seventeenth century—the price was well spent by the nation on so worthy an object. St Paul's is, nevertheless, only a curiosity, it being of no practical use or benefit as a place of public worship, at least not more so than the smallest chapel in London.

The clock-work and great bell of St Paul's always attract the notice of visitors. The pendulum measures fourteen feet in length, while the mass at its extremity is one hundred weight. The great bell—the bell of St Paul's—the bell which is only rung when a member of the royal family dies—the bell which, according to Skryme the apothecary, and the other wise heads in Little Britain, turns all the beer sour by its ringing—is placed in the southern turret above the western portico, and weighs four and a half tons, and is ten feet in diameter. The fine deep tones of this mighty bell sweep solemnly of an evening across the metropolis, and are heard distinctly by fa-

milies at their firesides, several miles distant. At night,

“When all the air a solemn stillness holds,” the strokes, we are told, may be heard at the distance of twenty miles.

In the immediate vicinity of St Paul's, the town has a sort of retired cloistered appearance, the names of the very streets and lanes giving token of their former connection with the religious structure, and its clerical attendants. The enclosed churchyard is surrounded by a street, not of the broadest dimensions, closely hemmed in with houses, now chiefly dedicated to trade, the lower storeys being, as usual, shops. The “Corner of St Paul's Churchyard” is an expression which awakens in our mind the most delightful reminiscences of our boyish days: what stranger visits the metropolis who does not start with pleasure at sight of the well-remembered “corner,” which for half a century has flourished in immortal youth on the tiny pages of the neat little books got up by the worthy Mr Newberry for the “divertisement” and “moral improvement” of all good boys and girls? “Ah!” said Tommy to himself, as he leaned his head upon his hand, “if I could but get to read all the nice little books in Mr Newberry's shop, at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard, I should be the happiest boy in London.” Such was the soliloquy of Master Thomas Trip, a young gentleman with whom we were all, less or more, on terms of intimacy in the days of boyhood. The far-famed shop of Mr Newberry still exists, though in a modernized form, at the right hand corner as you pass out of the churchyard into Ludgate Hill.

Paternoster Row, we said, was in some measure a continuation of Cheapside. Such is the case, but it is not used as a thoroughfare, though it communicates by transverse alleys or courts with the churchyard, and, at its western extremity, by means of another cross alley, called Ave-Maria Lane, leads into Ludgate Hill. Paternoster Row, or “the Row,” as it is familiarly termed, is a longish, dull, narrow street, hardly wide enough to permit two carriages to pass each other, with a narrow pavement for a single rank and file on each side, and a gutter in the middle. The houses are tall, and sombre in their aspect, and the shops below have a dead look in comparison with those in the more animated streets. From a very remote period, this alley has been the seat of trade of book-sellers and publishers, who, till the present day, continue in such numbers as to leave little room for other tradesmen in its precincts. The book-shops here have all, to a greater or less extent, an air of set-down respectability about them. They are not of that bedizenized flashy character so common in other quarters. Their doors are mostly shut, as if business was of little consequence; and it is tolerably evident they depend more on their literary reputations, or connection with foreign countries, as well as customers in the provinces, than on mere outward show. There is generally a quiet coolness about “the Row,” very different from the heat and bustle of Cheapside or Ludgate Hill, from whence the hum of traffic is wafted to the ear. But on the last day and evening of the month, a very different scene is presented. The Row is all agog, like a hive on a bright summer's day; the great process of monthly publication being actively going forward. To-morrow is “Magazine day,” and we do not doubt that no fewer than 100,000 numbers, and parts of periodicals, are in the course of being dispatched in bales and packages to all parts of the United Kingdom.

NATURAL HISTORY.

QUADRUPEDS CONTINUED.

THE second family of quadrupeds, which are of a carnivorous nature, have six cutting teeth in each jaw, with the grinders or molar teeth generally edged, sometimes with tubercles, but never having rough pointed tubercles on their crown, and always provided with strong canine teeth.

The first tribe consists of plantigrade animals, or such as have the whole sole of the foot resting on the ground when walking. The first genus is the *Ursus*, or bear, which has six cutting teeth in both jaws, and one canine tooth in each side of the cutting teeth in each jaw, and from four to seven molar teeth in each jaw on both sides, making a total of from thirty-two to forty-four. The body is thick, and covered with strong hairs; the ears are somewhat long, and slightly acuminate; they have five strong toes on each foot, provided with long, curved, and strong claws, blunt at the edges. The tail is short.

Bears are large ill-shapen animals, with thick and clumsy limbs. The cartilage of their nose is moveable. They usually live in deep burrows of their own digging, or in caves, where they pass the winter in a kind of torpidity, and generally without taking any kind of food, subsisting on the absorption of the fat which he has accumulated in the course of the summer. The females bring forth in the month of January in these retreats, and generally produce two at a birth.

THE BROWN BEAR was at one time an inhabitant of Great Britain, as well as of the whole European Continent, but has now been completely extirpated from this country, as well as from France, Germany, and Holland. But in Russia, Bohemia, Poland, and the Alps, it is to be found pretty plentiful, and as far to the east as Japan and Kamschatka.

The usual size of the brown bear is about four feet in length, although they sometimes measure five feet. One which was lately exhibited in the streets of Edinburgh, when walking upright, was nearly six feet in height. The colour is of a dark burnt-umber brown, but nearly black on the legs and feet.

The brown bear is an animal of solitary habits, and continues associated with his mate for a very short time, and then retires to some sequestered cavern, hole in a tree, or pit in the earth.

It is but seldom that the bear will attack man in a wild state, unless provoked by some aggression; but if roused, he proves a formidable and furious enemy. He can climb trees with much ease.

The brown bear lives almost entirely on vegetable food, and it is only when very hungry that he seeks to eat flesh. The whole of this kind are said to be fond of honey; and the natives of Russia, taking advantage of this, form various plans for entrapping them. They fix a heavy log of wood to the trees on which bees have a hive, attached by a long string. The bear climbs the tree in search of the honey, and, finding himself interrupted by the log, he forces it aside, and attempts to pass it; but in returning, it strikes against him with considerable force, and, exciting him, he renews his exertions, till he becomes furious, and continues his obstinate attempts until he is either killed or falls senseless from the tree.

History informs us, that, in early times, bear-baiting was a favourite amusement in England. Sir Thomas Pope entertained Queen Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, at Hatfield, with an exhibition of this barbarous sport, which is said to have afforded them high gratification; and we are told that it was one of the amusements of Kenilworth Castle. Rowland White mentions, that, when Queen Elizabeth was in her sixty-seventh year, she enjoyed the sports of bull and bear-baiting in the tilt-yard. During this and other reigns, there was a special officer appointed for the care of the bears, who had a salary of sixteen pence a-day. It was his duty to provide bears and dogs, and to superintend the sport of baiting; and such was the arbitrary state of the times, that this officer had unlimited powers to send his under-officers to all parts of the kingdom, with authority to seize and carry off bulls, bears, or dogs, for the amusement of his royal master, and for which there was no redress.

We have no public record of this amusement having been sanctioned by royal authority, later than the 11th October 1561, when a patent was given to Sir Saunders Duncombe “for the sole practice and profit of fighting and combating of wild and domestic beasts within the realm of England, for the space of fourteen years.” These cruel sports were sometimes, although but seldom, practised in England so late as the middle of the eighteenth century. On the Continent, however, the sport of bear-baiting is still practised.

Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear, called Marco, that possessed great sagacity and sensibility, of which the following is a remarkable instance:—During the winter of the year 1709, a Savoyard boy, who was ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a farmer's wife, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart, to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard returned in the morning to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat; and it added not a little to his joy to perceive that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner, without the servants of the duke knowing any thing of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came one day to bring the bear his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a staring manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make a little noise as possible, for fear of awaking the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The bear, thus ravenous, did not appear the least moved when the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread in court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied with the truth of Marco's generosity; several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with their

nishment that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, and was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his temerity, begged pardon of those who were present. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought to him on the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who afterwards conducted him to the duke. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered the little Savoyard to be taken care of, who, doubtless, would have soon made his fortune, but he died soon afterwards.

When George the Third was Prince of Wales, he had a bear presented to him, and which was kept in the Tower of London. On one occasion, a servant carelessly left the door of the den in which it was kept open; the keeper's wife happening to cross the court, the bear flew out, seized the woman, threw her down, and fastened upon her neck, which he bit, and, without offering any farther violence, lay upon her, sucking the blood out of the wound. Resistance was in vain, as it only served to irritate the animal, and she must inevitably have perished, had not her husband luckily discovered her situation. By a sudden blow, he obliged the bear to quit his hold, and retire to his den, which he did with much reluctance, and not without making a second attempt to come at the woman, who was almost dead, through fear and loss of blood. He always afterwards growled whenever he saw this woman, and made violent efforts to reach her. The Prince, upon hearing of the circumstance, ordered the bear to be killed.

The following incident is told by Munster:—"A Muscovite peasant, while in search of honey in the woods, mounted a very large tree, whose trunk was hollow in the centre, and discovered that it contained a great quantity of honey-comb; he descended into the interior, where he stuck fast in the honey, which had been accumulated there to a considerable depth, when he found that all his efforts to withdraw himself proved unavailing; and what added to the horror of his situation was, that the tree was in such a remote and sequestered part of the wood, that to attempt to call for assistance seemed a hopeless effort, as it was quite impossible his voice could be heard. Here he remained two days, and allayed his hunger with the honey, and fairly gave himself up to despair, when a bear, who like himself was in search of honey, mounted the tree, and descended the hollow cleft with his hind quarters forward. The man was at first alarmed, but at length mustered courage to lay hold of the bear with all his strength, upon which the animal seemed to be seized with a panic, made a speedy retreat, and dragged the man after him. When fairly extricated from the honey, he quitted his hold, and the bear made the best of its way to the ground, and escaped."

In the travels of Captains Lewis and Clark to the source of the Missouri, we find the following illustration of the great physical powers of the brown bear:—"One evening, the men in the hindmost of the canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open ground, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, set out to attack him, and, concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of them now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The enraged animal sprang up, and ran open-mouthed at them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but, before they could reload, he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river; and when they reached it, he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as each could load. They struck him several times, which only exasperated him; and he at last pursued two of them so closely, that they leaped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river. The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters from the shore shot him in the head, and killed him. They dragged him to the banks of the river, and found that eight balls had passed through his body."

THE TWIN FLOWERS, AN AMERICAN STORY.

"WILL you buy my flowers?" said a neat-looking girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chestnut Street, and holding out, at the same time, a small basket containing some beautiful roses; "they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red rose for your hair, Miss? here's one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks." "Not a rose, my child," said the young lady; "there are thorns among them; but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet; oh, it's a forget-me-not!" "Pardon me, Miss," replied the child; "that flower is engaged." "To whom?" "To Master Charles Leland." "Charles Leland, indeed," said the lady; "well, but here's another; what a beautiful pair!" "They are twin flowers—they are

both for that gentleman," said the little girl. "Oh, a fig for him," said the young lady; but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favourite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well-known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear; she thought he had been neglectful of late, but then the flowers; he knew they were favourites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hand; and to hear him say, "Harriet, forget me not," would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole to her bosom—perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it had hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand. "Accept," said he, "my humble offering, and forget me"—Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom. "Where is the other?" said she, as she playfully put back his hand. A moment's silence ensued; Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed deeply, and turned it off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said forget me!

This could not have been all he intended to say, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal, and insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbour's, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl, and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend, but, as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it; it was a forget-me-not. She examined it—it was one of Leland's; the mark she had made upon it, when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was, at the moment, an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family, and that he even paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once rumour told truth. "Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane?" said she. "Oh, from a beau to be sure," said Jane, archly; "don't you see, forget-me-not;" and as she took back the flower, "I should not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it in my bosom though—come, sing:—

I'll dearly love this pretty flower,
For his own sake who bid me keep it;
I'll wear it in my bosom's —

"Hush, Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her; "my head aches, and your singing distracts me." "Ah, it's your heart," said Jane, "or you would not look so dull." "Well, if it is my heart," said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and, as soon as possible, she returned home.

A sleepless night followed: Harriet felt that she was injured, and the more she thought about it, the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! "If he wants to be freed from his engagements," she said to herself, "I will give him no trouble," and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears, but she was resolute, until she had dispatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result, not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands; and, about a month afterwards, he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married; and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New York; and, dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who, it seemed, was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and an engagement which he alleged was broken off by his capricious mistress, for no other reason than his offering her a sweet new-blown forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife. "But was there no other cause?" asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity. "None to my knowledge, as Heaven is my witness." "Then what did you do with the other flower?" said Harriet. The stranger gazed in astonishment. It was Leland himself, and he recognised his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met; and before they parted, the mischief made by the twin flowers was all explained away, and might have been forty years before. Had

Charles said he had lost one of the forget-me-nots, or had Jane said she had found it. The old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards; and it was always observed, that Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she ever looked before.

NARRATIVE OF AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

It was somewhere near the middle of the ocean, on our homeward passage from Jamaica, that we fell in with the wreck of a vessel, and several poor souls clinging to the rigging. The weather, for some days before, had been rough, with hard gales from the north-east, and our ship being heavily laden, we were much afraid that she would founder. For a time we gave ourselves up to despair, seeing nothing around us but certain death. We drove at the mercy of the tempest, without being able to set a stitch of sail, and we expected every moment that our masts would go by the board. Several large seas broke over us, one of which carried away a boy and two seamen, as well as our best boat, upon which we mainly relied for assistance, in case we had been forced to leave our vessel. When we were in the greatest extremity, however, and every one on board, like the seamen in the ship of Tarshish, was calling upon his God, the storm suddenly abated, and the wind, veering round to the south-west, blew a brisk and steady breeze.

The captain, now taking an observation, found that we had been driven to the southward several hundred leagues out of our course; but we set all our canvass again, and bore away in the right track; and a double allowance of grog being handed out to the seamen, we soon forgot our late dangers, and laughed and talked as merrily as if nothing evil had happened.

After some days' sail, the man at the mast-head, one evening, called out, "On deck there! Breakers ahead!" and the vessel, which was then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, was immediately brought to. The old seamen said that no breakers were known in that part of the ocean, and that they had sailed in that course twenty times, and had never seen any. The captain took his spy-glass, and going up into the fore-shrouds, soon found that it was the hull of a vessel, half sunk, and part of a mast standing, which the man had mistaken for rocks. He looked sulky when he came down, and ordered us to proceed. As we approached the wreck, we observed the people upon it making signals to us with their hats and handkerchiefs; and the captain, having gone below for a few minutes, the mate hoisted the English jack as a token that we had observed them; but the captain, when he came again upon deck, was angry with him for so doing, and ordered the jack to be instantly hauled down, at the same time telling the mate, that if he acted so again without orders, he would punish him for his presumption. Our captain was a hard man, and when he was out of humour, carried it with a high hand, both to his officers and crew.

When we came alongside the wreck, we discerned that the men, five in number, who were clinging to it, were pale and sickly, and seemed as if they had been some days in that situation. It is probable their vessel had suffered in the same tempest from which we ourselves had escaped. They stretched out their hands towards us, and seemed delighted with the prospect of deliverance; and one of them hailed us, and told us they were from Quebec, that their vessel was timber-loaded, and that they were the only survivors of the crew. Our captain replied that he could not take them up, for we had already had a long voyage ourselves, and would soon be on a short allowance of provisions. "But some other vessels are behind," said he, "and will relieve you." The poor man then cried out, earnestly, "O! for the love of God, do not leave us here. We have been waiting for nights and for days, but no ship has come near us, and we are dying of hunger and cold. Our shipmates are all dead, and buried in the waves, and we are alone and helpless on the wide ocean, and we have no one to comfort or save us. O! if ye be men and Christians, have mercy upon us, and do not leave us here!" His companions then raised their voices, and joined their entreaties to his so piteously, that every man in our ship shed tears of sympathy and commiseration except our unfeeling captain. He stood upon the quarter-deck, and looked upon the poor supplicating wretches with coldness and indifference, sometimes humming a tune, and sometimes giving directions to his men, as if he saw not, or heeded not, the scene of misery which lay before him.

The mate then went up to him, and asked whether he would hoist out the boat, but the captain swore that he would not shorten sail, or hoist out his boat, to save all the lubbers that ever stepped between stem and stern. "No! no! Morris," said he, "we have mouths enow already, and we will not have a biscuit a-day to each, by the time we make the Land's-End." The mate, who was a humane man, said, "We have received mercy ourselves, and how can we deny it to others who are our fellow-creatures? Let us save these unhappy men, that we ourselves may be saved in the time of need—for by what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again." But this only enraged the captain more. He cursed the mate for a canting scoundrel, and swore if he did not keep quiet, and mind his own business, he would have him started up with a rope's-end. The mate saw it was needless to remonstrate any longer—so he left him, and walked away.

It was mournful to hear the cries of the poor men, when they saw we were deserting them. They cried out, and entreated mercy in such heart-rending accents of distress, as would have moved the compassion of a savage. Greatly did I regret that our crew did not then take the command of the ship into their own hands, and rescue the sufferers—but such was our habitual reverence for our captain, and so much were we lost in astonishment at his strange and inhuman conduct, that we were utterly incapable, at that moment, of acting otherwise than in obedience to his will.

I thank the Father of Goodness, however, that I am innocent of the blood of these men;—yet guiltless as I am of the death they endured, their sufferings made a deep impression on my mind; and many a time, still, do I awaken at night, and hear their short thick sobs and piercing screams, as distinctly as if they were uttered at the side of my bed.

They continued to call after us till we were far past them, and their voices were lost in the whistling of the wind. I kept my eyes fixed upon the wreck, where my fellow-creatures were struggling for existence, till the intervening swellings of sea hid it from my sight.

The breeze now freshened, as the darkness of night approached, whereby we were obliged to close-reef our mainsail and topsails, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. It was my turn at the helm that night, and my thoughts often wandered back to the poor wretches we had left behind, and I thought that they must soon perish in the waves, for the sea was now running high and dangerous. The crew had all gone below, except the watch, who were on the fore-castle, looking out a-head, and managing the rigging. It was some time past midnight, I think, when I heard the captain bawling as loud as he could, "About ship!" and at the same time he came running towards me, followed by the mate, and taking the wheel out of my hand, turned the ship's head round to the wind in a twinkling. "We must go back," said he to the mate, "and save these poor men on the wreck—I cannot sleep for thinking of them." The mate looked mournfully out to the sea, then shook his head, but remained silent.

As we had now a strong breeze in our teeth, and as our ship was deep, and did not lie near the wind, we beat about for a good while, and made but little of it. A clouded moon shone out upon the sea, and showed it heaving in a strange and tempestuous manner, so that we could not hope that the wreck would hold together for many hours. All this while, the captain walked restlessly about the deck, with his night-glass in his hand, frequently looking out a-head, and appearing to be in great agitation of mind.

"It is going of a fool's errand," said the boatswain, "to seek for these poor fellows. Their last day's cruise is over, I'll warrant them, and all we can do for them now is to hope that they have got into snug and quiet births aloft, in a better harbour than the one they have left here." "Amen!" said the mate. The captain turned away from them, and his feet struck hard against the deck, as he paced it irregularly fore and aft.

It was noon next day ere we reached the place where we conjectured the wreck had been, but not a vestige of it remained. The air was now clear, and the sea stretched far and wide, but nothing was seen to indicate either that the unhappy sufferers still existed, or that they had been entombed in the waves. The mate and some of the more experienced seamen advised that we should forthwith proceed on our voyage, as it was impossible that the wreck could have outlived the tempest of the night; but the captain was now as anxious to save the lives of these poor men as he had before been averse to it. His conscience seemed to reproach him for his inhumanity, and he seemed to feel that he would one day be made to account for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, which he had refused to compassionate. Even when he acknowledged that there was no hope of meeting with the wreck, still he persisted in the search, and a considerable time was spent before he consented to quit the spot. We beat about for several days, but at length we were obliged, with heavy hearts, to stretch away on our course.

The captain, during the rest of our voyage, seemed much disturbed in his mind. He frequently walked the deck for a whole day without speaking to any one, and seemingly unconscious of every thing around him. Sometimes, too, he was observed to steal out of his cabin at night, and stand at the bows of the vessel, as if watching for a sail, till morning.

After we had arrived in port, and discharged our cargo, I quitted the ship, as did the whole of my comrades—for we liked not to sail any longer with our captain. He, however, in a short time set out again for Jamaica—but he was never afterwards heard of. Some say he foundered at sea, at the very place where he had refused to rescue the poor suffering mariners, and others that his crew mutinied, and ran away with the vessel to the negro coast of Africa. Whatever may have been his fate, it is certain that he never reached the end of his voyage, nor was he once spoke with, or heard of, after leaving this country. Little doubt can remain but that he perished miserably, either on a barren coast, among cruel and relentless savages, or in the bosom of the raging ocean. Herein, therefore, as in many other circumstances of my life, I had reason to thank the goodness of Providence, which

had directed me to leave his company, and to seek my fortune elsewhere.

When I had remained some time at home, I engaged myself in quality of mate on board a vessel bound to the Brazils, and made several prosperous voyages to that coast—taking out with me a small stock of merchandise, which turned to very good account.*

HIGH LIFE

IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE domestic manners of European princes and nobles, about five centuries ago, are described with great force, and, we believe, fidelity, in a work published a few years ago, under the title of "Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence." The following extract will afford some amusement to the rational plebeian of the present day:—

"The domestic manners of the times, and the progress of the useful arts and manufactures, cannot be better illustrated than by a description of the customary arrangements of the apartments of a princess on the birth of a child; and they will, therefore, be here given with a minuteness which might appear frivolous but for this consideration.

These apartments consisted of three rooms in suite—the *chamber of parade*, that of the mother, and that of the infant. The articles of furniture in these rooms were few in number, but splendid in their material. The chamber of parade contained only a buffet with long narrow shelves, of which our modern kitchen dresser is an exact copy in form; a bed never used, except to place the infant upon on the day of baptism; and a single low chair with a cushion, such as *princesses were wont to sit on*.

This chamber, as we may suppose from the name, was adorned with the utmost magnificence the times could boast; it was hung with crimson satin embroidered with gold; the floor was entirely covered with crimson velvet; and the curtains, tester, and coverlet of the bed, corresponded with the hangings of the walls. The single low chair was covered with crimson velvet, and contained a cushion of cloth of gold; a similar cushion lay on the bolster of the bed. The buffet stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold; its long narrow shelves were covered with napkins of fine white linen, on which stood flagons, cups, and vases of gold and silver plate.

This apartment, resplendent with crimson and gold, and fine linen, led into that of the mother, which was entirely hung with white figured satin. It is doubtful whether modern luxury could exceed the simple splendour of the one, or the chaste elegance of the other.

This interior apartment contained rather more furniture than the exterior, having two beds, a couch on rollers, a buffet, a small table, and a single high-backed chair. The walls were hung with white figured silk damask; a traversaine or curtain of white figured satin, bordered with silk fringe, hung across the entrance; two others of the same description were festooned up at the upper end of the chamber in the day-time, but, running on rings, were drawn at night, so as to enclose the space which contained the two beds on a line with each other, about five feet apart. These two beds, and the space between, were covered with one tester of white silk damask, with valances of the same white satin and silk fringes as the traversaines, a curtain similar to which was drawn up at the head of the alley between the two beds, under which stood the high-backed chair of state, covered with crimson cloth of gold, with a cushion of the same material. The coverlets of the beds were of ermine, on a ground of violet cloth, which appeared 'three quarters of a yard' below the ermine all round, and hung down the sides of the bed a yard and half, below which again appeared sheets of fine cambric, starched clear. The couch on rollers was hung and furnished with cushions and coverlets, similar to those of the beds, and commonly stood under a square canopy of crimson cloth of gold, terminating in a point at top. The floor was entirely covered with a carpet of velvet.

But the principal ornament of this apartment was the great buffet which stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold, with a border of black velvet embroidered in gold, with the arms of the parents. The number of the shelves of this buffet marked in a conspicuous manner the rank of the parents of the newborn babe. Two were appropriated to the wife of a banneret, three to a countess, four to the consort of a reigning duke or prince, and five to a queen. On these shelves, covered with white napkins, were ranged 'vessels of crystal, garnished with gold and jewels, basins and cups of wrought gold and silver, never used on any other occasion,' and all the most magnificent plate the banneret, count, duke, or king, possessed.

At each end of the buffet stood massy candlesticks of gold, with wax tapers, which were lighted 'when visitors entered'; two other lights stood before the buffet, and were kept constantly burning, night and day, as, even in summer, the day-light was excluded for fifteen days, in conformity to etiquette. On the buffet were placed three *drageoirs* (confection-boxes) of gold, ornamented with jewels, each rolled in a fine napkin, and at the side stood the low table, on which

were placed the gold and silver cups, in which spiced wines were served, after confections had been presented from the buffet.

On common occasions, the office of serving guests was performed by the gallantry of the men; but it was the peculiar privilege of the female sex to dispense the refreshments which were offered to all who entered the natal apartments for the space of a month. When the period arrived for the mother to appear again in public, she was placed at the side of the bed in the chamber of ceremony, habited in her most sumptuous robes, and was conducted by princes and knights to the church, preceded by minstrels and trumpets, as when espoused. At the altar she presented three gifts borne by three noble ladies of her suite—a candle, with a piece of gold inclosed, a loaf of bread rolled up in a napkin, and a cup filled with wine. The attendant ladies kissed these offerings as they delivered them to the princess, and she kissed the patina each time the priest presented it to receive them, it being esteemed a mark of respect to kiss whatever was presented to a superior. When the ceremony was finished, she was reconducted to the palace in the same state.

The various gradations of rank on such occasion were marked in the middle ages by a variety of minute circumstances. A countess, for instance, could have but *three shelves* in her buffet, on which she might place but *two confection-boxes*. The hangings of her apartments could not be hung with satin or damask, but she was obliged to be contented with silk of an inferior quality, tapestry, or embroidery on silk. These regulations show how various must have been the products of the loom, when tapestry and embroidery in silk were assigned to the inferior ranks. The coverlet of a countess was of *menu vair* (that is, petit gris) in lieu of ermine, and the lining might only appear beneath the fur *half a yard*, whilst an additional quarter marked the royal rank. The canopy of her buffet must consist of velvet, not of cloth of gold, and must not be bordered with a different colour or texture.

A considerable degree of magnificence began now to distinguish the interior ornaments of the residences of the great, especially in the south of Europe. The walls were hung with velvet, satin, or damask, or painted in a regular series of stories from Scripture, or from the innumerable romances then in vogue, and the windows were frequently glazed with that brilliant painted glass which modern art has vainly endeavoured to emulate.

Whilst the walls of palaces were thus sumptuously decorated, the floors were generally neglected. When carpets were used, they were of silk or velvet, corresponding with the hangings; but these were rare, and spread partially, in the oriental fashion, for the comfort of individuals of rank. The brick or marble floors were generally strewn (at least in summer) with rushes or odoriferous herbs, or the flower of the yellow broom when in season, which thence became the emblem of humility.* Vases of flowers were also a favourite ornament of both their eating and sleeping apartments.

But the chief magnificence of the great was displayed in their own personal attire, which, varying in fashion from day to day, and differing in every different capital, may be described as ludicrous or splendid according to the scene or occasion chosen.

Offices that we should deem a degradation to any above the rank of a menial servant, were, in the middle ages, performed by youths of the highest birth, whilst serving as squires, preparatory to their receiving the order of knighthood, without which no rank conferred the privileges of honour.

The young squires spread the tables for the guests, and when the knights and ladies retired from the festive board, after eating their own meal, they cleared the hall for dancing, or some other general amusement in which they were permitted to join. They arranged the sleeping apartments of their lords, and their male guests; made their beds, and attended them to their chambers after having served them with the *wines* and confections which were understood to be the signal of separation. The *wines*, as this evening cordial was called, was a mixed beverage, compounded of wine, spices, and honey, according to the ingredients called *claret*, *hypocras*, or *piment*.

From the offices assigned to the highborn squire, we may conclude that female servants were rare in the feudal castle, and seldom employed except in the apartments of ladies: princesses were personally served by women of rank.

They must not be served at table by a gentleman with a napkin on his shoulder, but only one round his arm. Their bread is not to be put in a napkin folded up on the table, but only laid on the table with the knives, and covered with an unfolded napkin. Their senechal is not to carry a wand of office, nor are they to have two cloths at once on their tables, nor are the trains of their robes to be borne by women, but only by some gentleman or page; nor are they to have gentlemen or horses without number, but only as many as their rank permits.

The chief luxury of the table was the intermeats, which on common occasions were delicate dishes, such as *blanc-manger*, omelets, and, in Italy, macaroni. But at public banquets, by the intermeats were under-

* From the *Literary Coronet* for 1823.

* The Earl of Anjou, grandfather to Henry the Second of England, bore the broom-branch in his penitential pilgrimage to the Holy Land: hence the name of Plantagenet, from the *Planta genista*, descended to our kings.

stood certain entertainments and pageants, introduced in the hall between the courses, for the amusement of the guests. Representations of battles and sieges were performed, allegorical personages introduced, and minstrels, dancers, tumblers, and jugglers, vied with each other in exercising their talents for the amusement of the assembly. Besides the common exhibitions of licking red-hot iron, keeping up four or five knives or balls in the air at once, catching a lance on the nose, or balancing timbrels on the ends of the fingers, the jugglers seem also to have occasionally practised optical deceptions.

At public festivals, dancing generally succeeded to the banquet. All the dances of this period seem to have been of slow measure, so that the customary expression of holding a *solemn ball* was more appropriate than it at first sounds.

In private society, singing, playing on some musical instrument, and the art of narrating stories of mirthful or romantic adventure, were accomplishments commonly possessed by the youth of both sexes in southern Europe. No less than forty ways of playing chess are said to have been known. Backgammon, under the ancient name of *tables*, and many other games of chance, were much practised, and towards the close of this century cards were invented at Paris.

These were the amusements of the hall or chamber; the more active sports of the young squires and pages were quoits, ball, prison-bars, or the game of base; shooting at the popinjay, hazel wand or rose garland, and tilting with hollow canes."

DEESIDE.

THE sun has not yet cast off his winter mantle of haze and cloud; the trees have not assumed their dress of green; the grass is still stunted and brown; the more genial flowers of spring have not been prevailed on to peep from the coverings of their sombre buds; and every now and then a cold shivering blast comes whirling from the bleak white hills, or from the surly sea—it is assuredly hardly the time for a pleasure jaunt, especially in the case of busy people like ourselves, who are not partial to perusing the North British Advertiser three weeks old, or Pigot's Commercial Directory for 1826, in a dirty room of a country inn, with a grate before us which has not the faculty either to give light out of smoke, nor smoke out of light, but to give smoke alone, without a blink of fire, a window which gives a view of a dead wall opposite, too close to admit the passage of light, but not too close to prevent the passage of the sputtering sleet, which finds its way through the chinks with every cold sweep of the scouring wind. Yet it is, after all, spring—at least spring by courtesy, if not in fact—the birds will soon begin their songs—the sun will look clear, the sky blue, the waters of the frith unruffled—the trees will assume a tender green—people will begin to long after a ramble in the woods, and will hardly know where to go: out of common charity we should inform them; and so, with our feet on the hobs, and the candle burning brightly in a cold evening, we shall take a mental excursion to the hills, whither we expect our reader's kind company for a few minutes. We are to be far north this time; so we shall commence by setting our friend down at the point of the new pier of Aberdeen, whither, if he is fond of a brisk sea-breeze, and a fine line of coast scenery, he has found his way in the steam-boat. On first landing, the traveller will find a dreary line of wharf and dock, thousands of ships, and all the glories of commerce expanded before him. "Footdee" and "the Shore" may not be considered by him as among the most inviting of places, but let him not form hasty and rash conclusions of the spot on which nature has chosen to let him drop. Aberdeen is, to be sure, an odd sort of place in many respects—a place which has ways of its own, which strangers sometimes make wry faces at—but it is, nevertheless, an excellent place, and only requires to be well known, to be well appreciated. We advise you then by all means to remain where you are for twenty-four hours at least, and acquire, by converse with the crowded city, additional zest for a ramble among the lonely hills. You will surely find some worthy acquaintance on whom you may bestow the pleasure of your company; and if you do not, you will at least find one or two of those hospitable mansions, called inns, where the stranger and wayfaring man are received and tended. Presuming you to be mounted on an eminence, from which you can take a view of the busy city, swarming and toiling beneath your feet, and of the neighbouring land and sea, you will find an aspect of scenery, which, if not beautiful, is at least peculiar and interesting. Here a vast tract of country has in a manner stretched its hard edges into the German Ocean, embracing its balmy north-east wind, and hugging the foam of its waves, and its generous fogs, as if Britain had set aside this the sturdiest and toughest portion of her soil, to keep the tender mercies of the ocean from her green grassy hills and fertile vallies. But if the interest which the scene inspires may be of a questionable nature, no one will withhold a modicum of admiration to the

men (*justly called so*) of the spot, whose minds have been fashioned after the manner of the country. There is, indeed, a sturdiness and toughness about every thing Aberdonian, which forms a connecting link between the mind and matter of the district. There is the cold, hard, white granite, stretching in long perspective by the sides of the well-built and well-filled streets—the hard bleak outlines of the hills—the stiff sea-breezes, and stiffer double tumblers and Finnan haddocks, and the bold broad accent; and, in conformity to these, are the shrewd clear intellects, acute as the east wind after it has sharpened itself on the surface of the German Ocean, the minds made for mirth and glee, and the sound heads, which the double tumblers aforesaid cannot discompose. Recollect that this bleak out-o'-the-way place has numbered among its citizens a Barbour, a Jamieson, a Gibbs, a Gerard, a Blackwell, a Gregory, a Campbell, and a Beattie—names whose sound is somewhat hard, and in conformity with their intellects, which could deal weighty knocks to people of a softer clime. We expect you will take an after-dinner saunter through the cloistered pile of King's College, where you will hear your tread echoed along the Gothic curtains, and see wall-flowers and ivy growing in carved niches, beautiful in hoary antiquity, but not in decay. A while ago you might have heard the hum of many voices within, and seen the "Gentlemen of the University" issuing from the great arched gate, with their scarlet gowns; but now the session is up, and nothing disturbs the repose of the evening, save the ticking of the clock, the songs of a few blackbirds in the trees, and the steps of the venerable sacrist, who wanders like a spectre about the deserted halls, finding his occupation gone; nor must you omit some admiration to the gloomy grandeur of the neighbouring cathedrals, or to that surly arch of Balgownie, commemorated in the history of the early days of Byron.

We shall take the liberty of presuming that you are in one of the Deeside coaches next morning, with the early lark singing matins over your head, "the ploughboy whistling o'er the lea," and the sturdy labourer proceeding to his morning work, and you doubtless feel delighted with the pure spring air, the clear streams, and the green trees, around you. Perhaps a good breakfast, with plenty of heather honey, may have made you alive to the beauties of nature ere you have reached Upper Banchory—it is really a very sweet spot: the Grampians circle it round, and their tops are probably just now, even in these less alpine parts, covered with snow. On the left you will perceive Cloch-na-ben, with a curious wart on her forehead; and far off you may distinguish the graceful outline of Lochin-y-Gair. The Dee has here a deeper, mellow hue than any where else; the trees cast a softer shade; the hills are more green; and then there is a clattering brook, which rattles itself into some black pool at the foot of a rock, forming itself into a torrent more wild than a regular cascade, near which a pretty cottage, half hid in trees, peeps over the top of a rock into the restless surge; and at a distance, to complete the prospect, is seen the village church with its Gothic tower. As the traveller proceeds on his journey, he has now a pleasing variety of scene—the road sometimes passes through deep shady woods, where the tender birch is the prevailing tree—then it emerges, and winds round the edge of some elevated terrace, with the Dee brawling beneath, or winding calm and smooth through some tranquil valley, where its waters are allowed a moment of dignified peace; nor should we forget the venerable towers frowning over smooth knolls of green trees, which refinement and good government have converted into mere ornaments of the soil. When you are about thirty miles or so from Aberdeen, the scene changes considerably. The Moor of Dinnet is a wide monotonous expanse of some square miles; little does it contain but heather, and bogs, and cairns. So, wishing our friend a good journey across it, we shall just amuse them with a sketch of the character of the men of Deeside. They are a sturdy, independent sort of people, with many customs which their wellwishers would not choose to see altered. They have much honesty, and great civility, although few strangers allow them the latter qualification on a first interview, from a simplicity and appearance of conscious equality in their manner, which those accustomed to obsequiousness are apt to call insolence. It is remarked, that they do not touch their hat when speaking to an individual with a good coat, and they never vouchsafe the term "your honour," or even the less respectful "Sir." In courts of justice their manner is strikingly remarkable. The man from the hills stands bolt upright, giving no farther honour to the august assembly than merely taking off his hat, which is not unfrequently done for him by the officious attendant, and telling his story blunt through, without vouchsafing any man his title; nor does the hard rough sound of the honest man's voice, or his proverbially broad pronunciation, mitigate the effect. They live healthily, but coarsely; indulging their iron frames moderately in the strong waters of the district. Their habits are not proverbial for comfort or cleanliness, nor are they fastidious in insisting, as many other people do, that smoke shall find its way out, and that rain and snow shall not find their way in. It is related (though perhaps the story is an exaggeration), that two or three young gentlemen from Aberdeen, having encountered on the Moor of Dinnet such a pleasing coincidence of circumstances as a cold dark

night and a pelting highland shower, sought refuge in the nearest cabin. The usual hospitality of the district was offered to the unfortunate pedestrians, and they ensconced themselves for the night in one of the sleeping apartments: the term *one* is not so inapplicable as it may seem, for a highland farm-house has divers buildings about it, which may be used as bed-rooms for any description of animal under the sun, not excepting a man. The rain continued all night: on wakening in the morning, though the place was dark, the gentlemen found it was time to rise; so one of them stretched his leg cautiously out of bed, but the limb retreated to its resting-place with considerable celerity, when it found itself encountering the cold surface of a sheet of water. The other gentleman was not so fortunate: he jumped right out, and found himself up to the knees in water. It was useless to be deterred; so he searched about for his clothes, which he caught hither and thither, not in the condition he could have wished to have found them in, and, getting them on as well as he could, went straightway to tell his moving accident by flood to his hospitable hostess; but the only consolation he met in that quarter was a stare of contemptuous astonishment, and this sententious remark, "Dinna tell me ony mair about it, man; ye should just hae lookit about ye for the stappin' stanes."—But our friends have, ere this time, reached Ballater, the Tunbridge Wells of Aberdeen; it is a fair village, built on a small plain, with a precipitous hill behind, and before it the winding Dee, once crossed by a stately stone bridge, of which the merciless floods of 1829 have left nothing but a scattered heap of stones remaining. After passing Ballater, the stranger is in the bosom of the Grampians; previously he has passed hills of no contemptible dimensions, and seen hills still higher rising before him, but he always found an outlet which allowed his eyes to wander down some fruitful vale, till it lost its gentle outline in the distance. Now he is surrounded and barricaded in by hills; wherever he may worm his way through the vallies, they surround him like a wall, which forbids his escape; some crowned with pine, others raising their bare bleak tops among the clouds. But the glens through which he wanders are still full of trees and verdure; first he passes the Tower of Abergeldie, embosomed in its well-known bowers of weeping birch; then he is among the forests of Braemar, those tall proud pines, not planted by the hand of man, but the legitimate grandchildren of the ancient forests, which sheltered the foes of the Caesars. Far above its companions, Lochin-y-Gair stretches its broad black precipices, streaked with snows, which thousands of summer suns have not melted. Nor are the inferior heights which overhang the pathway to be neglected. It is probable that the stranger may have seen many a round-topped craggy hill like Arthur Seat, or some set of sheer precipices on the sea-shore, but that he may never have seen a rock rising some thousand feet or so to a sharp point, with its sides partly bare and precipitous, partly shagged with trees. Let him then stand and gaze at the Cluny Rock, which hangs its beetling point over the public way, as if it were watching an opportunity to discharge its head at some illustrious and chosen passenger, as Faudon served Wallace. But we have now brought our courteous reader to the village of Castleton of Braemar, which will probably be his journey's end for a time; and as he will require rest and refreshment before he accompanies us to the recesses of the far-off mountains, we are sure Mr Emslie of the Fife Arms will be exceedingly glad to see him, will have no objections to his staying all next day, and be the last person in the world to make any grumbling or inhospitable observations on his sojourn, however long.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WILLIAM EDWARDS.

AMONG the various instructive examples of the triumphs of genius over difficulties, afforded in the lives of numerous distinguished individuals, that of William Edwards, a celebrated engineer of the last century, is particularly worthy of notice. This ingenious man was a native of Glamorganshire, in Wales, where he was born in the year 1719. He had the misfortune to lose his father, who was a farmer, when he was only two years old; but his mother continued to hold the farm, and was, in this manner, enabled to bring up her family, consisting of two other sons and a daughter, besides William, who was the youngest. Her other sons, indeed, were soon old enough to take the chief part of her charge from her hands. William was taught, in the mean time, to read and write Welsh; and this was all the education which he seems to have received. When about the age of fifteen, he first began to employ himself in repairing the stone fences on the farm; and in this humble species of masonry he soon acquired uncommon expertness. The excellent work he made, and the dispatch with which he finished it, at last attracted the notice of the neighbouring farmers; and they advised his brothers to keep him at this business, and to let him employ his skill, when wanted, on other farms, as well as their own. After this he was for some time constantly engaged, and he regularly added his earnings to the common stock of the family.

Hitherto the only sort of building which he had practised, or had seen practised, was merely stonemasonry without mortar; but at length it happened

* This article was written in the latter part of March.

that some masons came to the parish to erect a shed, for shoeing horses, near a smith's shop. William contemplated the operations of these architects with the liveliest interest, and he used to stand by them for hours while they were at work, taking note of every movement which they made. A circumstance which at once struck him, was, that they used a different description of hammer from what he had been accustomed to employ, and, perceiving its superiority, he immediately procured one of the same kind for himself. With this he found he could build his walls both more rapidly and more neatly than he had been wont to do. But it was not long after he had, for the first time in his life, an opportunity of seeing how houses were erected, that he undertook to build one himself. It was a workshop for a neighbour, and he performed his task in such a manner as gained him great applause. Very soon after this, he was employed to erect a mill, by which he still further increased his reputation. He was now accounted the best workman in that part of the country, and being highly esteemed for integrity and fidelity to his engagements, as well as for his skill, he had as much employment in his line of a common builder as he could undertake. In his twenty-seventh year, however, he was induced to engage in an enterprise of a much more difficult and important character than anything which he had hitherto attempted. Through his native parish runs a river called the Taff, which flows into the estuary of the Severn. It was proposed to throw a bridge over this river at a particular spot, where it crossed the line of an intended road; but to this design difficulties of a somewhat formidable nature presented themselves, owing both to the great breadth of the water, and the frequent swellings to which it was subject. Mountains, covered with wood, rose to a considerable height from both its banks, which first attracted and detained every approaching cloud, and then sent down its contents in torrents into the river. Edwards, however, undertook the task of constructing the proposed bridge, though it was the first work of the kind in which he had ever engaged. Accordingly, in the year 1746, he set to work, and, in due time, completed a very light and elegant bridge, of three arches, which, notwithstanding that it was the work of both an entirely self-taught, and an equally untravelled artist, was acknowledged to be superior to anything of the kind in Wales. So far his success had been as perfect as anything which could be desired. But his undertaking was far from being yet finished. He had, both through himself and his friends, given security that the work should stand for seven years, and for the first two years and a half of this term, all went on well. There then occurred a flood of extraordinary magnitude; not only the torrents came down from the mountains in their accustomed channels, but they brought along with them trees of the largest size, which they had torn up by the roots; and these, detained as they floated along by the middle piers of the new bridge, formed a dam there: the waters, accumulating behind, at length burst from their confinement, and swept away the whole structure. This was no light misfortune in every way to poor Edwards; but he did not suffer himself to be disheartened by it, and he immediately proceeded, as his contract bound him to do, to the erection of another bridge. He now determined, however, to span the whole width of the river, by a single arch of the unexampled magnitude of one hundred and forty feet from pier to pier. He finished the erection of this stupendous arch in 1751, and had only to add the parapets, when he was doomed once more to behold his bridge sink into the water over which he had raised it, the extraordinary weight of the masonry having forced up the key-stones, and, of course, at once deprived the arch of what sustained its equipoise. Heavy as was this second disappointment to the hopes of the young architect, it did not shake his courage any more than the former had done. The reconstruction of his bridge, for the third time, was immediately begun with unabated spirit and confidence. Still determined to adhere to his last plan of a single arch, he had now thought of an ingenious contrivance for diminishing the enormous weight which had formerly forced the keystone out of its place. In each of the large masses of masonry, called the *haunches* of the bridge, being the parts immediately above the two extremities of the arch, he opened three cylindrical holes, which not only relieved the central part of the structure from all over-pressure, but greatly improved its general appearance in point of lightness and elegance. This bridge was finished in 1755—the whole undertaking having occupied the architect about nine years in all—and it has stood ever since.

This bridge, at the time of its erection, was the largest stone arch known to exist in the world. Since that time, stone arches of extraordinary dimensions have been built—such as the five arches composing the splendid Pont de Neuilly over the Seine, near Paris, the span of each of which is a hundred and twenty-eight feet—the island bridge over the Liffey, near Dublin, which is a single arch of a hundred and six feet in width—the bridge over the Tees, at Winston, in Yorkshire, which is also a single arch of a hundred and eight feet nine inches in width, and which was built by John Johnson, a common mason, at a cost of only five hundred pounds—and the nine elliptical arches, each of a hundred and twenty feet span, forming the magnificent Waterloo Bridge, over the Thames, at London. A bridge is now building

at Chester, which is the largest single arch in the world, being two hundred feet span.

At Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, there is a *cast-iron* bridge, over the river Wear, the chord of the arch of which is two hundred and forty feet long. The Southwark or T-afalgar Bridge, over the Thames at London, is at present the finest iron bridge in the world. It consists of three arches. The chord of the middle arch is two hundred and forty feet long. There is a *timber* bridge over the Delaware, near Trenton, in New Jersey, which is the segment of a circle three hundred and forty-five feet in diameter. The timber bridge over the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, is of the extraordinary span of three hundred and forty feet. The bridge over the Piscataqua, near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is the segment of a circle six hundred feet in diameter.

The bridge built by Edwards over the Taff, but-tressed as it is at each extremity by lofty mountains, while the water flows in full tide beneath it, at the distance of thirty-five feet, presents an aspect very striking and magnificent.

This bridge spread the fame of Edwards over all the country. He afterwards built many bridges in South Wales, having their arches formed of segments of much larger circles, and consequently much more convenient. He found his way to this improvement entirely by his own experience and sagacity; as, indeed, he may be said to have done in regard to all the knowledge which he possessed in his art. Even his principles of common masonry, he used himself to declare, he had learned chiefly from his studies among the ruins of an old Gothic castle in his native parish.

Edwards was likewise a farmer to the end of his days. Such, moreover, was his unwearied activity, that, not satisfied with his week-day labours in these two capacities, he also officiated on the Sabbath as pastor to an Independent congregation, having been regularly ordained to that office when he was about thirty years of age, and holding it till his death. He accepted the usual salary from his congregation, considering it right that they should support their minister; but, instead of putting the money into his own pocket, he returned it all, and often much more, in charity to the poor. He always preached in Welsh, though early in life he had made himself acquainted with the English language, having acquired it under the tuition of a blind old schoolmaster, in whose house he once lodged for a short time, while doing some work at the county town of Cardiff. In this effort he showed all his characteristic assiduity.

Edwards died in the year 1789, in the 70th year of his age, leaving a son, who inherited his abilities.*

REMINISCENCES OF MY TRAVELS.

THE readers of these outlines of my travels (which, by the way, I "intend" shall shortly make their appearance, according to custom, in two volumes octavo, with coloured engravings, price four-and-twenty shillings) will be pleased to remember, that I left off by mentioning how I had the temerity to embark on board of a vessel bound for certain territories as yet unknown, and which, therefore, remained to be described to the world.

Passing along the coasts, I observed them partially covered with rushes, and other aquatic plants. The captain informed me he had never seen any crocodiles lurking along shore, although I plainly perceived, beneath a kind of lotus, something very like the trunk of a tree. I occasionally threw pieces of biscuit overboard, to ascertain if any of the shark species were alongside, but I saw none: something shot past us with the velocity of lightning: I know not if it were a porpoise. I was anxious to see the Argonauts spread its little sail, as the weather was moderate, but I was not so fortunate; yet, while looking out far ahead, I saw what I imagined to be a flying-fish, and entreated the captain to permit me to go forward and spear the dolphins as they came up in pursuit of their winged prey. He informed me I need not take any farther trouble, for, if I had seen a flying-fish, the dolphin would undoubtedly come on board. This I thought delightful, and I described to Tim the variety of brilliant hues that extraordinary fish displays while gasping for breath; but it came not on board: I therefore conclude the other was not a flying-fish.

The port at which we embarked lessened on my view, till it became doubtful where it was; we were not out of soundings I was certain, for several flights of birds, about the size of Mother Carey's chickens, and perfectly black, hovered about. By the noise they made, I should conclude them to be voracious. I knew there were arms on board, consequently did not experience any alarm, but they passed without offering us any molestation. I surveyed the coasts as we stretched along them with all sail set, but saw neither palm tree, date tree, bread-fruit tree, nor pines, nor melons, nor oranges, growing wild. I thought there appeared something tinged with red on a bank, and I inquired of the captain if it were a bird of the crane species, called an adjutant? I was informed it was only a private of the guards. As we proceeded, the headlands had all the appearance of being inhabited, and, as we neared shore, I perceived dwellings, about which the natives were actively

employed. I distinctly saw what I believed to be a female with a vase, formed with a handle on one side, and a spout on the other. I did not think it prudent to alarm her, as she sat still to observe us, perfectly motionless. I asked the captain if he thought it could be a mermaid. He believed not. Tim looked very intently, but could not see either a glass or a comb, and I feel I should not be justified in stating it to be a mermaid, for I had no opportunity to see its tail.

Again we stood out, and I was enabled to turn my attention to scientific inquiries. The specific gravity of the water of the Dead Sea exceeds other water; it is stated that persons can float there with ease, who would undoubtedly sink elsewhere; but such is the obstinacy of man, that nothing I could urge to Tim could induce him to jump overboard to ascertain the properties of these waters. I had also a strong desire to know if it were fresher at the bottom than on the surface; the captain furnished me with a small phial, but Tim could not be prevailed on to be lowered, with a weight attached to his body, to determine any valuable addition to modern discoveries. On directing my attention to the distance, I thought I perceived something moving, and pointed it out to the captain, who assured me it was stationary; I looked again, but could not see any paper-like appearance. He overlooked me as I endeavoured to take a sketch, and I heard him mutter, "Star and Garter." I closed my sketch-book, and ran over the celestial hemisphere in my mind's eye. I did not think it a constellation of Chaldeic origin. I was observed divining, but I gave up the idea of being deemed a conjuror, by inquiring where the Star and Garter was situated. "On Richmond Hill," replied the captain. At that moment I made the discovery that it was affixed to the earth; of course, the agreement thus scientifically made by two individuals, and by a different process, will render it one of those results that may be deemed indisputable. As we approached, the beauty of the scenery was pointed out to me; it is such as Arcadia alone could give to the eye of a traveller. On every tack, the prospect grew more delightful, the distant objects more beautiful, the nearer more lovely. The sun was glancing on richly scattered foliage that decorated the villas on various parts of the gently sloping ground. The trees seemed like the lashes on the eyelids of beauty, to shield the gems that shone beneath. If ever there should be another Eden, it will be laid out like Richmond. It was a presentiment that caused me to search for this spot in the celestial regions. I was enchanted, but the captain hastened from the scene as if a Circe were there. I must think there are syrens on the shore, but the captain had more fortitude than Ulysses, who bound himself to the mast, and was frightened out of his wits by Scylla and Charybdis. No such fancies entered the head of my captain. I therefore consider him a greater man.

The wind increased, and dense clouds began to roll their huge masses towards us. The spray beat over the deck, and wet the whistle of the gusts in the cordage. The mountain wave, and the dreadful gale, are mole-hill and sigh compared to what I experienced as our vessel rolled and pitched. Can weathering the Cape equal this? It is monsoon and tornado united. I could scarcely stand on deck, and could not go below. I gazed on the conflicting elements, and thought of Vandeveldt's going to sea purposely to witness a storm, who, while amid the roar of the winds, and the foam of the waves, exclaimed, "Grand! Beautiful!! Sublime!!!" If he had been with me, his mind would have been otherwise employed. I verily believe there to be a state of mind, produced by an accumulation of *things*, in which it is deprived of the power of judging correctly. Tim was quite overcome—perfectly prostrate: I therefore became watchful for his safety. I thought him too near the side, and endeavoured to drag him into a place less dangerous; my earnestness alarmed him, and as I put forth all my strength for his preservation, my foot slipped, and Tim unfortunately fell overboard—I retained my hold of him until I was assisted by the captain: we fished him up, and were glad to find he was not wetted through the skin, nor a leg snapped off by a shark. I was quite delighted with his philosophy, as he calmly looked round and said, "I dare say all's right." The vessel continued to labour; her timbers creaked as she rose on the wave, and *she* dipped into the hollow; yet I was not subdued by fears that lessen exertion, for I ascertained our supplies were deficient—that we had no life-boat, not even a cork jacket on board, nor means by which to fire a rope ashore. With the knowledge of all these distressing particulars, I was still enabled to retain self-possession, which proves that travellers should be peculiarly gifted, both physically and mentally, to secure themselves against the multitudinous disasters by which they are surrounded. I inquired of the captain if I could be put on shore? "Where?" said he. "There," said I, pointing to an open beach. With pleasure I saw the bow turn shoreward, and heard with satisfaction the keel grate upon the beach. I leaped on shore with alacrity, which Tim, endeavouring to imitate, measured his length rather inelegantly: he might, however, have been saluting the earth at their meeting again. "Adieu!" said I to the captain. The vessel lessened on my view, and mingled with the mist. As my eye glanced along the shore, I perceived two of the natives coming towards us. "Where are we?" said I to Tim—

* Biography of Self-Taught Men. Boston, 1831.

"Here, sir," said he, "and there go two other travellers; thank God, they do not come our way." Tim trembled exceedingly. "Don't be terrified," said I, "but let us proceed up the country."

I traversed various tracts of land in different stages of preparation; occasionally they were intersected by small water-courses, or plantations of a species of thorn, and some were planted with esculent vegetables in a high state of cultivation. I saw nothing that could satisfy me. I was in a beaten track; all was silent and solemn. How interesting are periods of uncertainty! Every step seems as if poetically taken, and the imagination capable of being excited, even to the sublime; nay, even beyond.

At the extremity of one of these ranges of the country I perceived a trodden way; at least I so concluded, from the vegetation appearing as if destroyed by pressure and friction, most probably from the feet of natives. I pursued this apparent pathway until I approached the confines of a forest, the extent of which I had no means of ascertaining. It might be what is denominated a wood only; at all events, there were some trees. However, on looking to the left, I was surprised at beholding what might be considered a habitation. I approached with some trepidation, and, to my astonishment, saw a tablet of a peculiar description. "Here," said I "my toil meets its merited reward." No one to give information, I was driven on my own resources; fortunately they were vast, or darkness would have hung on this subject, perhaps for ages, or till some highly-gifted traveller should, like myself, wander to the spot. My delight at the discovery subdued, for a moment, all other sensations. I drew out my sketch-book. The tablet was a parallelogram, fourteen and a half inches high by eleven inches one-tenth and a line broad. Now, it does not appear that the tablets of the Ethiopians were exactly of these dimensions, and it is singular precisely in the degree in which it may differ. This tablet, which, for the future, and for distinction, should be denominated mine, was covered with a composition of a black colour, or near that hue which is occasioned by the absence of light. The characters which embellished this tablet were of a colour approaching to white; but as the composition was not equally opaque, the hue of the groundwork appeared more or less through the transparent parts, thereby giving a great variety of grey to different portions of the characters without the appearance of design. How far time may have been instrumental to this curious arrangement, it would be difficult, perhaps presumptuous, in me to determine. The inconceivable delicacy and beauty which antiquity infuses, and which few of the moderns sufficiently appreciate, are beyond the reach of art, but regulated by antiquarian procedure, and perfected by mental acquirements. The characters which appear on this tablet in three lines, are copied with all the attention to correctness of form that an admirer could bestow; but it is hoped due allowance will be made, when the very limited means the moderns possess shall be taken into consideration.

MANGI
IN DUN
HEAR

When this beautiful specimen of antiquity first met my astonished eyes, the impression on my mind was correspondingly alarming, and it is surprising that I was enabled to pursue the investigation on the spot, as I did, with such critical acumen and indisputable correctness; but I knew too well the value attached to faithful delineation and just examination of objects connected with bygone ages, to permit my intention to be thwarted. After the agitation had subsided, I commenced by tracing a similarity to the Roman character with some resemblance to the Saxon; apparently the whole formed a sentence consisting of four words; but not being satisfied that beginning at the right end would succeed best, I very naturally sought for a part at which I could commence. Thus it was that the final word pressed itself on my mind, being precisely the English word "hear," from the Saxon *hynan*, a verb active. I could not discover in what mood; but it is rational to conclude that information was intended, and, therefore, that it is in the imperative. It also appeared to me that the second or the middle line contained two English words, "IN," a Latin preposition, and an English adverb. This, in connection with the foregoing word, I could comprehend, making those allowances for the nature of the inscriptions, are absolutely necessary. The first line for a long time were lines, and it is possible, I thought, and then her hands then time; and then

so did the Peruvians, the Mexicans, and it is impossible to say how many others. My contemplations were broken by a contest between Tim and two of the natives, the same I had seen on my landing. They got the better of Tim, and put iron on his wrists. In answer to my inquiries, I learned that Tim had made his escape from the cage at Hampton, where he had been confined for gathering some fruit from trees that did not belong to him, and that if I made any resistance to his being taken, they would handcuff me also. To which I replied, "Farewell, Tim," and away they went. The confusion brought forward the inhabitants of the horrid cavern—they were females. I gazed with astonishment: "Pray," said I, "what is to be understood from that tablet against your dwelling?" "Why, can't you read? I take in washing and mangling." I looked at the woman, then at the tablet, then at my book. "Umph," said I, "I did not know that, but it is never too late to learn." "To learn!" exclaimed the woman; "what are you, then?" "A gentleman, a traveller, and an antiquarian," replied I; adding, "I have discovered what you are. In my opinion, you are an exceedingly rude being." "Well," continued the woman, "and, in my opinion, you are a great fool." To this nothing could be said, and I retired, thinking on the probability of its correctness.

CURIOUS FACTS REGARDING VEGETABLE REPRODUCTION.

It has long been known that crows, and other birds and animals, deposit seeds in the earth, from whence trees and plants are produced. The Rev. Mr Robinson, in his *Natural History of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, says, that "birds are natural planters of all sorts of trees, disseminating the kernels upon the earth, till they grow up to their natural strength and perfection." He tells us, "that early one morning he observed a great number of crows very busy at their work, upon a declining ground of a mossy surface, and that he went out of his way on purpose to view their labour. He then found that they were planting a grove of oaks. The manner of their planting was this: They first made little holes in the earth with their bills, going about and about till the hole was deep enough, and then they dropped in the acorn, and covered it with earth and moss. The young plantation," Mr Robinson adds, "is now growing up to a thick grove of oaks fit for use, and of height for the crows to build their nests in. On telling the circumstance to the owner of the ground, who observed the acorns to spring up, he took care to secure their growth and rising. The season was the latter end of autumn, when all seeds are fully ripe."

It is surprising how many different means nature adopts in perpetuating the duration of animal and vegetable life. Mr Edwards justly remarks, that even the droughts of autumn continue to increase and propagate seeds and plants. These sudden and long-continued droughts occasion deep chinks and cracks in the earth, wherein are deposited the seeds of trees, and the larger plants that require depth for their growth, and are at the same time placed beyond the reach of animals which feed on them.

The seeds of the common broom grow in little pods, which, when fully ripe, and ready for diffusion, are scattered by a beautiful contrivance of the contraction of the edges of the pods, which suddenly bursts them open, and, forcing the internal surface outward, throws the seeds at a considerable distance from the parent plant. But for this wise provision, they would be choked under the old plant for want of air and light.

Mice also bury a great number of seeds for their winter store, many of which vegetate.

Some seeds, such as those of the thistle, are provided with a kind of down, by which, as with wings, they are carried, with the help of the wind, to great distances, and others fix themselves on the ground by means of glutinous substances attached to them.

The South Sea Islands, which have been raised to their present elevation above the ocean, are entirely the production of myriads of minute polypi or worms, which construct the different kinds of coral. These coral formations are first covered by sand, and then by marine substances; then with the excrements of birds, in which are undigested seeds, that spring up and flourish in the deposits which have been formed on the reefs.

Some plants are migratory, while others are fixed particular localities, from which they never wander. In Hampton Court Park, there is a small pink, which inhabits a particular mound of earth; and although it has long been known on that spot, yet it has not been traced beyond it.

It is curious to observe the influence which particular soils have on different flowers. Whoever has attended to the cultivation of tulips, must have noticed, that on too rich a soil, the colours of the flowers, which have steadily remained on a particular soil, will, on being removed, break into a variety of colours. If the tulip is taken up, and the root is planted in another soil, the blossom

loses its brilliant yellow hue, and becomes of a pale brown or chocolate colour.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary phenomena connected with vegetable life, is the tendency of plants to follow light, which seems so necessary to their health, and even their existence. This makes them display what Blumenbach calls real motion. In the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences* at Boston, there is an excellent example of this tendency described.

In the spring, a potato was left in a cellar where some roots had been kept during the winter, and which had only a small aperture for the admission of light at the upper end of one of its sides. The potato, which lay in the opposite corner of the aperture, shot out a runner, which first ran twenty feet along the ground, then crept up along the wall, and so through the opening by which light was admitted.

Providence, ever mindful of the wants of the human race, has endowed those plants which are of the greatest importance to mankind either with the property of adapting themselves to a great variety of climates, or, when confined to any individual climate, of flourishing there in almost any kind of soil. This is the case with several species of grain, the potato, &c., and that valuable plant, the cocoa. Palm vegetates vigorously in sandy and stony, as well as in the richest earth.

Many plants, common duckweed for example, are not firmly attached to the ground by their roots, but can change their situations at certain seasons of the year, sinking at one time to the bottom, and at others coming to the surface of the water.

THE FLITTING.

In an unpretending volume of sketches of Scottish rural life, entitled "MY GRANDFATHER'S FARM," the following is given as illustrative of one of the most touching of all scenes, a sale of effects for debt, and which is not without its moral:—

"It was on the day before the flitting, or removal, that John Armour's farm-stock, and indeed every thing he had, but as much as might furnish a small cottage, was to be roused to meet his debts. No doubt it was a heart-rending scene to all the family, though his wife considered all their losses light, when compared with her husband's peace of mind. The great bustle of the sale, however, denied him the leisure which a just view of his condition made most to be dreaded; so that it was not till late in the evening, when all was quiet again, his cherished possessions removed, and time allowed him to brood over his state, that the deep feelings of vexation and despair laid hold of his spirit.

The evening was one of remarkable beauty; the birds never more rapturous, the grass never greener around that farm-house. The turf seat on which old Hugh was wont to rest, in the corner of the little garden, was white with gowans; the willows and honeysuckles that over-arched it all full of life;—the air was bland, the cushat's distant cooing very plaintive—all but the inhabitants of the humble dwelling were tranquil and delighted. But they were downcast—each one pursued some necessary preparation for to-morrow's great change, saying little, but deeply occupied with sad thoughts. Once the wife ejaculated, 'Oh, that the morn was o'er!' 'Yes,' said her husband, 'the morn, and every morn o' them; but I wish this gloamin' had been stormy.' He could not settle—he could not eat—he avoided conversation, and, with his hat drawn over his brow, he traversed wearily the same paths, and did over and over again the same things. It was near bed-time, when one of the children said to her mother, 'My father's stan'in' at the corner o' the stable, and didna speak to me when I spak' to him;—gang out, mother, and bring him in.' 'If he wad but speak to ane!' was the mother's answer. She went out—the case had become extreme—and she ventured to argue with and reprove him. 'Ye do wrang, John—this is no like yourself;—the world's fu' o' affliction—ithers ken that as weel as you—ye mauna ha'e a' things your ain way; there's ane abuse us wha has said, 'In sorrow shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life.' Ye canna expect to gang free; and I maun say, it wadna be guid for ony o' us. May be greater ills are yet to befa' ye, and then ye'll rue sair that ye ha'e gi'en sic way at this time: come in, John, wi' me; time will wear a' this out o' mind.' He struck his hand against his brow—he grasped at his neck-cloth—and after choking on a few syllables which he could not utter, tears gushed from his eyes, and he melted in a long heart-rending fit of weeping. Oh! it is a sorrowful thing to see a strong, hard-featured man shedding tears! His sobs are so heavy, his wail so full-toned! John Armour, perhaps for twenty years a stranger to weeping, had now to burst the sealed sluices of manhood's grief, which nothing but the resistless struggle of agony could accomplish, ere relief could reach his labouring breast. Now it was he sought the dearest sanctuary on earth—he leaned upon his wife's bosom, and she lavished on him the riches of a woman's love. At length he went to rest, gentler in spirit, and borne down by a less frightful woe than what had lately oppressed him.

Next morning brought round the bustle of flitting. There is a deep interest attending a scene of this kind, altogether separate from the feelings of those who have to leave a favourite abode. Circumstances of

antiquity—of mystery, belong to it. The demolition even of an old house has something melancholy; the dismantling it of furniture is not less affecting. Some of the servants that had been at one time about the farm assisted on this occasion, and entered fully into the sentiments now described. 'That press has been there, I'll warrant', this fifty years; it was his mother's, and came on her blithe marriage-day; the like o't ye'll no see now-a-days—it's freck yet. Few hae seen the back o' thee, I trow, these two days, but the wabsters and slaters; they winna ken what to mak' o' this wark;—let me look into the back o't.' 'I was be a wee eerie,' said another, feeling the gloomy appearance of the old empty dwelling suggest thoughts allied to superstition, 'about gangin' into that toom house at night; I wad ay be thinkin' o' meeting wi' auld Hugh, honest man.'

The fitting set off to a cottage about two miles distant; two cart-loads of furniture, one milk-cow, and the old watch-dog, were its amount. John Armour lingered a little behind, as did his wife, for she was unwilling to leave him there alone. He then proceeded to every part of the premises. The barn and stable kept him a few moments; the rest he hurried over, excepting the kitchen and spence. When he came to the kitchen (for it was the apartment he visited last), he leant his head for an instant against the mantel-piece, and fixed his eyes on the hearth-stone. A deep sigh escaped him, and his wife then took him by the hand to lead him away, which he resisted not, only saying, 'I ha'e mind o' mony a thing that happened here,'—then casting his eyes hastily round the desolate apartment,—but farewells to thee for ever.' In a few minutes they overtook the fitting, nor did he once turn again his head towards the desolate place, which had so firm a hold of his heart."

RULES IN ETIQUETTE.

When you write a letter to a friend, contractions in the name of the place you write from, in the name of the month, or in the concluding sentence, as, "Yours, &c.," are perhaps allowable; but when you write a letter to a person with whom you are not on familiar terms of intimacy, and who ranks higher than yourself in society, you must not use contractions. Every word must be written fairly out, and you must not close up the epistle by any thing like a hurried expression of courtesy. The same rule applies to the backing of the letter. When you write to a baronet, do not direct the letter with the contraction "Bart.," write the word "Baronet" in full. Never use wafers for letters to persons who are any way above you in rank; indeed, nobody in good society now uses wafers except on very ordinary occasions, or in matters of business. In folding letters, do not try to make the doubling intricate or fantastic, which is a sign of a vulgar mind; just use simple folding. It is also reckoned improper to say "in haste" at the conclusion of letters. Never make use of paper gilt on the edges, whether in writing to high or low; for it is altogether unfashionable and antiquated, and is in reality of no use. You must, however, take care, in writing to persons in mourning, to use paper with black edges and black sealing-wax—the latter especially: to use red wax, under these circumstances, is considered a mark of rudeness or ignorance. By attending to these simple rules of etiquette in carrying on an epistolary correspondence, you will please those to whom you write, and indicate your refinement in manners.

A SCOTTISH TOWN-DRUMMER.

Almost every burgh in Scotland has its town-drummer, such a functionary being generally of fully greater use than even the Provost himself. These town-drummers are frequently men of great consideration in the place; and instances are known of their having made so much money in their vocation, that they could have laid down "pound for pound" with the whole of the members of the civic corporation. But no town-drummer that ever we heard of was so distinguished as the late Daniel Macormick of Dundee. This remarkable individual—according to the account in the *Dundee Advertiser*—filled the various offices of town-drummer, town-officer, and billetmaster, and was, besides, celebrated for his extraordinary knowledge of the learned languages. "His history (says the above authority) is involved in some obscurity. His father, it is said, was a native of Lochaber, and had removed to London in the prosecution of his business as a dyer. Dan was born in the metropolis; but his father having died at an early age, he was removed to his friends in Lochaber, where he attempted to carry on the business which his father had followed; but, not finding encouragement, he removed to Glasgow in quest of employment. Here, during his leisure hours, he devoted himself to books; and his friends, observing his assiduity, were anxious that he should be educated as a Catholic priest. With this view, he was aided in the gratification of his love of learning; but the intentions of his friends were from some cause or other frustrated, and Dan enlisted in the Argyllshire Fencibles, and accompanied his regiment to Dundee about the year 1800. Through the interest of Provost Riddoch, Dan and a few others were discharged from the fencibles, with the view of securing their services in drilling the volunteers then embodying in Dundee. He was appointed one of the town-officers, and the others likewise succeeded to situations under the

town. About ten years afterwards, Dan was appointed town-drummer, and, at a subsequent period, billetmaster. Seldom, we believe, has so high a degree of scholarship been possessed by any one in so humble a sphere as that in which Dan moved. To an intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, he united a knowledge of Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, and German. He was also well skilled in music. While in the vigour of life, his performances on wind instruments were considered excellent. He had an extensive acquaintance with rare and curious books, and has left a considerable collection of his own, to be sold in Edinburgh. Dan lived the life of a bachelor; but he was not indifferent to the attractions of the fair. He has left behind him a daughter. One of our contemporaries gives the following anecdote of him. 'Some years ago, one Rabbi—came to this town, and advertised that he would deliver lectures on the Hebrew and Persian languages. He wished the Town Hall for the occasion; and, accompanied by Dr R—, a gentleman since deceased, he proceeded to make his application for the use of the room. On their way, they met Macormick with his drum; and the Doctor, who loved a joke, told their errand, and introduced his Jewish friend. Dan wished to try his mettle; and, pulling out a Psalter from his pocket, proceeded to interrogate the lecturer. The stranger was confounded; and, fearing to encounter the Provost, after the specimen he had had of the town-drummer, the Rabbi withdrew his advertisement, and carried his Hebrew roots to another quarter.' We have heard another version of this story; but which is the correct one, we cannot say. As related to us, the story was as follows:—'The learned Hebrew having heard of Dan's skill in philology, waited on him; and, after a very learned colloquy, departed with a high idea of his acquirements. He then repaired to a clergyman to make his pretensions known, and to solicit the divine's patronage. The reception the Rabbi received was such as to give him by no means a very exalted idea either of the clergyman's learning or urbanity; and, in his ire, he remarked, that he thought the Doctor of Divinity should be appointed to the situation of the Town-Drummer, and the Town-Drummer to that of the Doctor of Divinity.'

A SPANISH VILLAGE.

Soon after entering this sierra, I passed through the most miserable village that I have seen in any part of Spain. It is quite impossible for one who has never seen the very lowest of the Spanish poor, to form the smallest conception of the general appearance of the inhabitants of this village. I saw between two and three hundred persons, and among these there was not one whose rags half covered his nakedness. Men and women were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches of a hundred hues and sizes; and as for the children, I saw several entirely naked, and many that might as well have been without their tattered coverings. I threw a few biscuits among the children, and the eagerness with which they fought for and devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than of human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly; and I profited by the delay to look into one or two of the miserable abodes of these unfortunate beings. I found a perfect union between the dweller and his dwelling. I could not see one article of furniture; no table, no chair; a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former there was no occasion; and something resembling a mattress upon the mud floor was the bed of the family. Leaving this village, I noticed two stone pillars, and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain. I forgot the name of the grandee at whose door lies all this misery; but if the power of life and death be his, and if he cannot make the former more tolerable, it would be humanity to inflict the latter.—*Spain in 1830.*

THE PIG POINTER.

Toomar, the gamekeeper of Sir Henry P. St John Mildmay, broke-in a black sow to find game, back, and stand to her point, nearly as steadily as a well-bred dog. This sow was a thin long-legged animal, one of the ugliest of the New Forest breed. When young, it manifested a great partiality for some pointer puppies, then under the care of the keeper at Broomy lodge. It often played and fed with them. And it occurred one day to Toomar, that, as he had broken many an obstinate dog, he might also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal willingly cantered along with him a considerable distance from home; he enticed her still farther by means of a kind of pudding, made of barley-meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. His other pocket was filled with stones, to throw at the pig whenever she misbehaved, as she was too frolicsome to allow herself to be caught and corrected like dogs. She proved, however, upon the whole, to be tolerably tractable; and he soon taught her what he wished, by this system of rewards and punishments. She quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood stock-still when she came upon game, and backed dogs with great steadiness. When she came on the cold scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail was certain, and then fell down on her haunches as she, that she would frequently minutes and upwards on her point. A

game rose, she always returned to Toomar, grunting very loud for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomar died, his widow sent the pig to Sir Henry Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage net, and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park; and the sagacious animal never failed to point it in the manner above described. Sir Henry was obliged at length to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life:—A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped, and a person being sent to watch the flock, detected this sow in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they fed. Sir Henry sent her back to Mrs Toomar, who sold her to Mr Skyes, of Broakwood, in the New Forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

A circumstance, which powerfully excited the risible muscles of a number of the town's-people, once occurred in Grimsby, an English country town. It happened that Mr Love, the ventriloquist, had publicly announced his intention of performing in the Assembly Rooms. On the appointed evening, a tolerably numerous audience had assembled; but the performance had scarcely commenced, when it was suddenly interrupted by the most dismal yells and howlings from above. It appears that in that part of the entertainment, when, by means of his singular powers of vocal deception, he causes an invisible agent to be heard singing on the roof of a building many yards distant from that in which he exhibits, then gradually approaching, until it is finally heard in the act of descending the chimney attached to the Assembly Rooms. A native of an adjoining village, who had been induced to patronise the entertainment, and who, we presume, had never before witnessed a similar performance, and consequently was not aware of the extent of the illusion which an accomplished ventriloquist is capable of creating, felt convinced that a second person "had a finger in the pie," and being well acquainted with the house, slipped out, unperceived by the audience, and ascended by the back stairs in the dark to the roof of the building, with the firm determination of opening the eyes of the audience, and exposing the confederate of the performer. At this juncture, two other wisecracks in the company entertained exactly the same opinion, and, accordingly, followed the steps of him who had first made his exit from the apartment. Arrived at the summit of the garret stairs, they found the trap-door wide open—this they thought looked suspicious, but, on ascending to the tiles, they discovered the first-mentioned Paul Pry in the act of reconnoitring, with his head placed close to the chimney pot. Doubt was now out of the question; they therefore commenced labouring their unsuspecting victim with such vigour, that, had not his wailings brought mine host (who now began to suspect the devil was in the place in reality), and some of the people connected with the establishment, with lights, to his assistance, the consequences might perhaps have been rather serious. As it was, a mutual explanation speedily followed; and the ventriloquist, as might be expected, joined heartily in the convulsive roar of laughter which it occasioned, whilst the unlucky wights against whom it was directed were glad to make a precipitate retreat.

ROMAN FOUNDER.

An auctioneer, putting up an antique Roman helmet for sale, told the company he was informed that it had belonged to Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was an iron or a brass founder, he could not tell.

NATIONAL EPAULETTES.

The late King George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, among other splendid articles of dress he was accustomed to exhibit, appeared one day in public with a pair of most brilliant diamond epaulettes. This happening at the very time the nation was called upon to pay his debts, gave occasion for criticism even among the lower ranks. "Do you see what fine things the Prince has got on his shoulders?" said one dirty-looking fellow to another. "Never mind, Tom," answered his companion; "they'll soon be on all our shoulders." Some person of rank, overhearing this remark, told it over again to the Prince, who, fond of a joke, seemed highly amused, although the jest was a little impudent.

EDINBURGH: Published by
Booksellers, No. 10
sellers in Edinburgh
for Glasgow.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER" AND
"INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 67.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

OLD BACHELORS.

ABSTINENCE from marriage, where it is dictated by prudence, is not only commendable in itself as a safeguard against individual misery, but is entitled to the gratitude of the public, inasmuch as it is, when practised upon a large scale, at least in a country of the old world, the preservative of a nation from moral degradation and general distress.

This proposition, however, is of no weight against another which we have been in the habit of hearing from the lips of Miss E. P., an amiable young lady with whom we have had the honour of being acquainted for the last two and thirty years—namely, that "it is a great shame (such are her emphatic words) for gentlemen who have houses of their own, and every thing comfortable, that they should not take wives." Perhaps there is a little personal feeling in the remark of our respected friend, seeing that, in her own immediate neighbourhood, there are several middle-aged men, with capital domestic establishments—fit for the accommodation of a family every one of them—who yet, year after year, live dreamily on in single comfortlessness, apparently unobservant that there are ladies in the same predicament, almost next door, whom they might at once render happy, and themselves too, if they only would think of proposing a union of their respective places of residence.

Personal, or not personal, the remark is just: we do think it "a great shame" that some respectable persons of our acquaintance, between the ages of thirty and forty, not to speak of a few a little older, should confine to themselves the enjoyment, such as it is, of a house and fortune every way comfortable, when they at once might increase infinitely their own happiness, and also that of others, if they would only open their eyes to the situation of such young ladies as our friend Miss E. P., and obey the grand scripture injunction, which commands them to love their neighbours as themselves. It is truly provoking to see men of this kind pretending to think themselves happy with their starved beef-steak dinners, and their furniture unconscious of ever having been deranged or rumpled by children, all the time that their hearts secretly confess, and every other person knows, how deficient they are in all that gives a real charm to existence.

Like the most of wrong things, resolute celibacy of this kind arises from want of sense: the old bachelor is simply a man who does not see human life in a right point of view, and has no foresight of the future. He has perhaps had a hard struggle with fortune in his early years, and, never having been able to get over the fright which poverty gave him in his youth, thinks, even in the midst of plenty, and while life is advancing to its meridian, that, so far from having any thing to spare for wife or for child, he is hardly sure of his own wants being supplied for the remainder of his days. The hearts of some men become quite hardened by the prudential maxims upon which they have acted, and which, like the old fortresses of our native country, survive long after there is any occasion for them. Then there is another set—children of fortune—men who have been wandering about all their days, till, in the words of a quaint writer, "they almost forget what a home is." These, of course, let them settle when they like, or where they like, have an absolute difficulty in comprehending the idea of matrimony, and, even if they could understand it, would fear to tie themselves down, lest they should, some day hereafter, take it into their heads to go out a voyage to Vera Cruz, and be a

No. 15. Vol. II.

little bothered with "the childer." Others are prevented from marrying by lending too serious attention to those silly bugbears about matrimony, which are occasionally the subject of sportive conversation—such, for instance, as the chance of a scolding wife, or of children who turn out ill, and so forth—as if any venture in this life were assured against a risk of some kind or other. There is still another and larger class, whom we shall first describe, and then show how plain a tale will put them down.

This class may be called the Jacobin Bachelors. They repudiate matrimony as a thing calculated to impair their personal liberty. Give us, they cry, the freedom, the independence, of a single life. None of your chains for us. We are the hearty boys, who despise all petticoat government. We must be sole monarchs of ourselves, and have nobody whatsoever to exert the least control over our actions. We'll remain

— free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
And wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Stop a little, gentlemen, and let us consider your case. Methinks your quotation is somewhat infelicitous. The noble savage who ran so wildly through these primitive forests long since degenerated into peat-moss, was a person, let it always be kept in mind, without breeches. Not a rag of toggery had he of any kind, nor a house to shelter him, and his freedom consisted in a permission to knock every other naked rascal like himself on the head if he could, always with the understanding that he was also to be knocked on the head, whenever any other body had the courage or strength to do so. These gentlemen have found a convenience in submitting to certain laws and rules, which, no doubt, trench dreadfully on freedom, but, at the same time, conduce much to comfort. In short, men have submitted to the bondage of society. Now, what is matrimony but one of those salutary restraints which sensible people in general have agreed to submit to, in order to increase their mutual happiness? There may be a wild momentary pleasure in an unlimited indulgence of the will; but if it be not reasonable and innocent, it is *only* momentary. The servitude is incurred, through an impulse of the reason, in order that our pleasure may be prolonged and protected. Thus matrimony becomes a "linked sweetness long drawn out," while there never can be any thing but an irrational and visionary happiness in the sense that we are free from it. Always remember that freedom is not in itself a good—it is only a means of good; and that, in cases where it produces a sensible benefit, it is to be appreciated, but in no other. If an exemption from matrimonial control produced either a general or an individual good, we would say, by all means give not thy soft heart to woman. But this is not the case. An universal exemption from matrimony would make the world a wilderness—a particular case of it makes a man a desert. It is an evil in every way it can be taken. What, then, is the use of the abstract freedom, if it be not attended with any of the benefits of freedom? The whole is obviously a mistake of the means for the end; and the Jacobin Bachelors, we suspect, only fear those unseen chains which love imposes, because they are themselves fond of rule.

Messieurs the Bachelors have several other fallacies, and as we are resolved to leave them not a leg to stand upon, we shall tumble the whole of these down one after the other. As part of the preceding fallacy about freedom, they conceive that there must be something irksome, if not almost impossible, in the constancy which matrimony requires as one of its car-

dinal rules. We know the slipperiness and vagrancy of our own minds, say they very cunningly, and we really cannot deliberately undertake a solemn obligation which we know we would soon break.

Now, this is a mere hypocritical shift, for, instead of there being any natural tendency to inconstancy in men, there is an almost insurmountable disposition to constancy; inasmuch that they are almost as certain to be constant to what is bad, as to what is good. Constancy forsooth!

Fallacy the second is an idea they have, or pretend to have (for many of their arguments are only assumed), that, by keeping clear of matrimony, they avoid all care, expense, and responsibility, respecting the next generation, and secure an equable and certain happiness in life, even to its close. Poor, unhappy men! it is little they know of the way in which affairs are really to run hereafter. In regard to the first expectation, we would just ask if any one ever knew an old bachelor who was not burdened some way or other with children? Are they not sure, just in proportion to their own childlessness, to have brothers and sisters who bring whole legions of children into the world—which children regularly are cantoned out in alternate lots upon their bachelor uncle, partly to relieve the press of matter at home, and partly from a benevolent desire to provide him with company, wherewithal to cheer his solitary parlour? Is not "our uncle" appealed to on every occasion of extraordinary expense, such as the fitting out of one of us for India, and the putting another of us to college to study medicine, and so forth? And does he not thus in the long-run dissipate as much of his hard-earned gains as if he had had children of his own—in which case, moreover, he would have had a little more of the honour to console him for the cost? No, no; tell us not of the *saving* of bachelorship. One way or another, the expense of rearing the next generation is pretty well allocated over society.

But old bachelors are not suffered to escape with simply providing for a troop of nephews and nieces; they very frequently become the prey of their servants, who consider their property as fairly liable to spoliation in every possible shape. Where is the old bachelor—the man who perhaps abstained from marriage to escape being ruled—who is not wholly ruled, three-quarters tormented, and at least half plundered by a Jenny, or a Betty, or a Mary—some old withered female domestic, who knows his cue, and manages him accordingly? No, no; it is all stuff to talk of there being any saving, or any defence against being ruled in old bachelorhood. If bachelors knew their own interests in time, they would in reality marry in self-defence.

Finally, as to their assurance of happiness to the very close of life, nothing could be more wilfully absurd. If happiness depended alone upon wealth—which it notoriously does not—then it might be secured. But happiness depends upon the cultivation of the social affections, so far as it depends on any thing earthly; and this is the very point which the bachelor has neglected. While more prudent men made provision in middle life for the necessities of age, by rearing an attached and honourable offspring, who at last become a hedge of shelter around him, the poor timid and unforeseeing bachelor thought, that, because he now was contented to enjoy wealth, he would always be so; and, accordingly, he goes on in a state of declared rebellion against nature, till, at length, when it is too late, he finds himself exposed on the common of society, unable to comfort himself with his gold, and totally destitute of what alone could

comfort him—a possession which gold could once have cheaply bought, if he had only had the heart to disburse it. Such is the latter part of the pretended happiness of a single life—with wealth, courted by insincere friends, or at least friends in whose sincerity there can be no confidence—without it, only the more fully exposed to all the evils of poverty.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

SLEET.

HAVING explained the origin, and phenomena which attend the fall, of snow, we shall now proceed to consider the nature of that peculiar modification of frozen vapour known under the name of sleet, with the appearance of which we doubt not that most of our readers are familiar. When aqueous globules freeze in the higher regions of the atmosphere, they aggregate together, and form flakes of snow; and when these have partly thawed, and have again become frozen, they constitute sleet, which is thus caused by the variable temperature of the atmosphere. Sleet falls at all seasons, and sometimes changes into rain, and sometimes into snow. It occasionally falls indeed very heavily, gathering and freezing additional moisture in its descent. Thus, in the Meteorological Observations appended to White's Natural History of Selborne, we read, that, on the 20th of January 1768, "in a lane near Hackwood Park, many rooks, attempting to fly, fell from the trees, with their wings frozen together by the sleet that froze as it fell." Numerous other examples of sleet-storms have been recorded, many of which will be found in Luke Howard's Climate of London, to which excellent meteorological work we beg especially to refer.

HAZE, MIST, FOG.

The atmosphere which surrounds this earth always contains a certain quantity of moisture, which, according to the diminution of temperature, becomes more or less condensed; so that, in this country, the air is seldom perfectly transparent. When the watery particles are only partially or imperfectly condensed, so as to produce an indefinite obscuration, they constitute a haze, which generally may be observed of an evening, when the temperature of the air becomes diminished by the decline of the sun towards the horizon. When viewed from a distance, the surface of the earth always appears enveloped in a haze of greater or lesser density; and although, when sailing, for example, on the Pacific Ocean, the atmosphere may appear very clear, yet, on being viewed from a high mountain, the water will appear obscured by a haze, which will be found to extend many feet above its surface. When the watery vapour in the surrounding air becomes more condensed, with a defined outline in the form of a cloud, either resting on the surface of the earth, or a few feet above it, then it is termed a mist; and when the whole atmosphere around appears equally obscured, then we give it the name of a fog, which, however, is not to be confounded with that moist and obscured state of the air, which often accompanies our easterly and westerly winds. Mists, as well as fogs, consist of thin vesicles of water containing air. When Saussure, in ascending a mountain, became enveloped in a mist, he observed that some of these vesicles were larger than peas, and they burst on catching them in his hand. How these vesicles become formed, is not well understood; but the general opinion is, that mists and fogs arise from air of unequal temperatures, holding moisture in solution, mingling with each other. Accordingly, the mixture of the evening sea breeze, with the air above the land, often produces dense mists, for the air above the sea is warmer than that above the land, because warm water is lighter than cold water, and, therefore, when water becomes cold at the surface, it sinks, and a warmer mass rises to supply its place; the temperature, however, of the land is limited to its surface, or penetrates only very slowly its upper soil; consequently, the air above it is cooler than that above water; and when they intermix, a condensation of aqueous vapour into mist or fog takes place.* Besides this, the contraction of the air from its becoming colder after sunset, often produces a condensation of the watery particles floating in it. In addition to which, there can be no doubt that a certain quantity of vapour rises up, or evaporates from the earth itself, which we may suppose to have been within a short period moistened by rain, and this, having become elevated to some distance above the ground, in like manner becomes condensed. During the night, therefore, the air above the surface of the earth is thus generally rendered hazy, and light mists are observed hanging in gauzy folds along the sides, and around

the summits of hills and mountains;—hence, Lord Byron, in noticing the approach of morning, gives us this beautiful passage—

"Night wanes; the vapours round the mountains curled,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

Fogs are often, especially in large towns, remarkably dense; indeed, so much so as to occasion serious accidents from their interference with distinct vision. This frequently happens in London, and in other large cities, and arises from smoke, vapours, dust, &c. being stagnated in the thick fog. On certain calm winter days it may be observed, that the smoke, on leaving the chimneys, descends towards the ground, and downward currents often set through flues at the bottom of which there is no fire. Fogs seldom rise high in the atmosphere;—hence, Dr Darwin, in giving an account of one which overspread a tract of ground through which he had occasion to ride, states, that on every rising of the ground he was quite above its level, though in descending again it was so thick that he could scarcely see a yard beyond his horse's head. In the northern regions, fogs are extremely dense, owing, doubtless, to the difference between the temperature of the air which sweeps over the immense tracts of ice extending through those desolate regions, and that of the air which passes over the warmer surface of the ocean. It is one of the greatest annoyances which the whalers and navigators in those dangerous seas have to encounter. "They seldom occur," says Captain Scoresby, "with high winds; yet, in one or two instances, I have observed them very thick, even in storms. Rain generally disperses them; but, after the rain ceases, when the air is warm and damp, the fog often returns with increased density, so that it passes the eyes like smoke, and contracts the circle of vision to a radius of fifty or sixty yards. When such fogs prevail, with a freezing temperature, they usually varnish the rigging, yards, masts, and other apparatus of ships, with transparent ice, which sometimes increases to the thickness of near an inch, and is apt, when dislodged by any motion of the rigging, to fall in showers, and cut the faces of those on deck."† In these high northern latitudes, fogs prevail during the greater part of the month of July, and sometimes for considerable intervals in June and August. They often produce remarkable ocular deceptions; thus, by increasing the apparent distance of objects, they sometimes magnify men into giants, hummocks of ice into mountains, and common pieces of drift ice into heavy floes or bergs. "When people walk," says Gilbert White, "in a deep white fog by night with a lantern, if they will turn their backs to the light, they will see their shades impressed on the fog in rude gigantic proportions. This phenomenon seems not to have been attended to, but implies the great density of the meteor at that juncture."

Fogs generally affect the hygrometer, or that instrument by which the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere is indicated, but sometimes they have no effect upon it, and they are then termed "dry fogs." There was a remarkable fog of this description, which spread over the whole of Europe, and part of Asia and America, for some months, in the summer of 1763. During its continuance, there was much thunder and lightning, and the electricity of the air appeared to be much increased. At that time, Mount Hecla, in Iceland, was in a state of eruption, and it is imagined that it had its origin from that source. The air at such times has a disagreeable smell, and it is generally considered that such fogs appear when earthquakes are about to happen in volcanic regions.

THE INDIAN WIFE,

A TALE.

TAHMIROO was the daughter of a powerful chieftain of the Sioux American Indians, and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty, but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Hers was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexible grace so appropriate to protected and dependent women in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the Young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn." I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of her admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppishness of dress, might have done little towards gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner, which the

Indians never pay woman; and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, and anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of his European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart, as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill in many graceful acts, which excited the wonder of the savages.

He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of every country, made him a universal favourite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But, conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well fright him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief.

With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "there are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised Florimond de Rance would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting, and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent when he passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers, the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet.

The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh, but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading innocent look which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in her former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him; and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage had seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked

† An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery, By W. Scoresby, jun. Vol. I., p. 441.

* Sir Humphry Davy. Philosophical Transactions, 1819.

with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of her emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he returned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that De Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home; and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favour his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tract after tract of Tahmiroo's valuable land was sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, where he intended to convey his children, on pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders chanced to visit the Falls of St Anthony just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire. She entreated with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pled in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart," said her father, sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself, but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" she exclaimed, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman, coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth; and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly-wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange, unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men. The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not.

It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for De Rance did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance, and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman, who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the moccasin he had stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy, and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest war-pump belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed; "he cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it towards the Falls of St Anthony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract.

Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi!

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MISS JANE PORTER.

FEMALE authorship is one of the most prominent and characteristic distinctions of the present age. It is only in comparatively very recent times that woman has come forward to vindicate her claims to mental eminence, and to show that she also is endowed with powers sufficient to run through all the notes of the literary gamut, from the philosophical erudition of a Dacier and a De Staël, to the scrutinizing discrimination of an Edgeworth, a Mitford, or a Ferrier; and the imaginative vigour of a Baillie, a Barbauld, and a Hemans.

Of those who have distinguished themselves in our own day by high talents and indefatigable perseverance in their exertions, we know of none more truly worthy of our notice than the two accomplished sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and have much pleasure in dedicating a few columns to a biographical and literary sketch of the former. To the merits of the author of the "Hungarian Brothers" we intend also shortly to turn the attention of our readers.

The father of the family, of which Misses Jane, Anna Maria, and Sir Robert Ker Porter, are members, was an officer in the British army, who, dying prematurely, left his children to the care of his estimable consort, who yet survives at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Jane, the subject of the present cursory memoir, was born on the English border, and in childhood, along with her sister and brother, was carried over the Tweed to receive the rudiments of her education in Scotland, under the tuition of the well-known George Fulton, late of Hanover Street, Edinburgh, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary, and other excellent school books; a man who, in his retirement from public life, now enjoys the honour and respect to which his talents so justly entitle him. By none are these sentiments more warmly expressed than by his three distinguished pupils, in whom his animated lessons first kindled that love of distinction and thirst for fame which they have each so nobly achieved. Indeed, to the enthusiasm with which he used to expatiate on the glories of the heroic heroes of Cambruskenneth and Bannockburn, the subject of this biographical sketch has been often heard to attribute the most vivid of those early impressions which subsequently led her to select the "Scottish Chiefs" as a theme worthy of embellishment.

Mrs Porter, from the slender means devolving to her as the widow of a younger brother, continued to live in quiet retirement, surrounded by children in whom she had every reason to delight, and finding in their society a more than equivalent for the privations to which fortune restricted her. The whole three were intense students, and gave themselves up to their love of reading, and of the fine arts. Books and the pencil constituted the ruling passion of the trio; and while the brother was sketching on his slate Achilles or Æneas, the Red Cross Knight or the Holy Nun, the Wallace or the Bruce, the sisters alternately read aloud the historic page, which his genius loved to illustrate. Robert thus more effectually cultivated the talent, which, in after-times, produced the finely finished pictures of our country's victories; one of which, that illustrative of the battle of Agincourt, was presented to the city of London, and now decorates one of the great public buildings.

After this, the young painter of warlike scenes chose to try their realities in the field, and accompanied Sir John Moore throughout his disastrous campaign in the Peninsula. He was present at the glorious battle of Corunna, wherein the British, like a stag at bay, turned on their pursuers, and compelled them to retreat. He was present with his gallant commander at the moment of his death; and, on his return to England, Captain Porter published a little volume under the unassuming title of "Letters from Spain and Portugal, during the march under Sir John Moore, by an Officer." The simple truth of the statements contained in that work contributed at the time of its publication to stamp upon it a peculiar value; and a respected place in evidence as a contemporary document, has been awarded it alike by Southey and Napier, historians of somewhat conflicting political sentiments.

Having accidentally touched on the subject of this justly celebrated brother of our authoress, perhaps it may not be unacceptable to our readers to take a glimpse at his biography before resuming our subject.

From the Peninsula, Captain Porter travelled into Russia, where he married an illustrious lady, and settled. He thus became an eye-witness of the burning of Moscow, and the disastrous flight of the army of Napoleon from the ancient capital of the Czars. This enabled Sir Robert to collect materials—many of which, like that of his first volume, were derived from personal observation—for a second historical work, commemorative of the French Emperor's Invasion and Retreat, which he gave to the world with his name on its title-page.

At the termination of the war, he became an *attaché* to the British mission at St Petersburg, and shortly thereafter commenced his travels into Persia, Kur-

distan, and Babylonia, which occupied him for a space of three years.

Sir Robert and the late Mr Claudius Rich, the British resident at Bagdat, were the two first English travellers that sent home for publication detailed descriptions of the long sought for and so often disputed ruins of Babylon; and to Sir Robert we are indebted as the first who has given correct views of those stupendous remains of antiquity. Besides the general map which he has affixed to his book of travels, he has executed a series of drawings, forming an accurate survey of the entire line of roads from Vlado Caucasus to Shiraz, and thence to Bagdat. These he has hitherto refrained from publishing; but they have been pronounced by persons of judgment and authority who have examined them, as of great importance and value in a military point of view.

Sir Robert does not derive his knighthood from the possession of a foreign order, as many suppose. That honour he received from his late Majesty George the Fourth when Prince Regent; and subsequently he has had the stars and crosses of several foreign orders added to that distinction. His last expedition into remote lands was in following the footsteps of his friend the distinguished Baron Humboldt to South America.

We now return to his interesting sisters, Jane and Anna Maria, both of whom, at the youthful years of sixteen and seventeen respectively, had appeared before the world as authors. The subject of our memoir, who was the elder of the two, made her literary debut by the publication of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," a novel, or more strictly speaking, a romance, in four volumes. Considering the time, and the age at which it was written, this cannot fail to be regarded as a very extraordinary work—a great proof of which may be found in its retaining to this day its popularity, after a probation of twenty-seven years. Indeed, our assertion can scarcely be disputed, that this work was probably the very first of the kind, which, blending history and fiction together, introduced them into the same story. This was done with such an air of simple reality and vraisemblance throughout, that by many it has been read as a narrative of actual facts. Indeed we defy scrutiny to point out to us in any parts where the former ends, or the latter begins.

General Gardiner, who was British minister at Warsaw during the calamitous period to Poland, to which the tale relates, has been heard to express his surprise how Miss Porter should have chanced to be at that time resident in that capital without his knowledge of such a fact—not believing that any save an eye-witness could have described what actually happened there, in the manner which characterizes that spirited work. She has received many compliments to the fidelity of her pen from poor dismembered Poland, and amongst the rest a curious gold ring, which was used as a rallying sign among the patriots during their awful struggle for independence. To enhance the value of the gift, it was sent her by a nephew of the celebrated General Kosciusko.

The next essay of Miss Jane Porter as a writer, was our favourite romance, the "Scottish Chiefs;" and, in confirmation of our own sentiments in its praise, we have an ample support not only in its general popularity, but in the valuable testimony which that most competent judge, Miss Joanna Baillie, has borne to its merits in her volume of "Metrical Legends." On its first appearance, it made an almost electrical impression, especially throughout Scotland, and obtained for its gifted author many tributes of regard. Rings and crosses of the tree of Wallace were sent to her from the western counties—on the Continent, and in our colonies, her work obtained every mark of approbation—and from one of the German courts she received an honorary title, as a lady of the chapter of one of its chivalric orders. Both Thaddeus of Warsaw and the Scottish Chiefs have been translated into the German, French, and Italian languages.

Since the appearance of Wallace, Miss Porter has published two small volumes, under the title of "Sir Philip Sydney's Aphorisms," consisting of opinions and sentiments on moral, religious, and political subjects, selected from the various writings of that flower of chivalry, and a work to be considered as a valuable pocket companion to the young and enterprising, as it inculcates a line of conduct which it would be well for them to pursue, nerving them against all the freaks and frowns of fortune, by showing them that vice only is to be feared, and virtue to be sought after.

Our author's next appearance before the tribunal of fame was in the publication of the "Pastor's Fireside," in which, during the Stuart struggle, Duke Wharton and the famous Ripperda of Spain are the principal actors. Although this work lacks the youthful buoyancy and vigour of talent which distinguished its two precursors in the walks of imagination, it contains many striking passages, and some of the characters are well brought out. It obtained for its author the friendship of many high diplomatic characters, both in our own country and abroad, and, like Thaddeus and Wallace, has gone through several editions; all three being still regarded as stock books by the trade.

In the year 1823, she published "Duke Christian of Lunenburg." The hero is of that branch of the family of Brunswick now in possession of the British throne. It is written in the same free and generous spirit of independence, tempered by genuine loyalty, which distinguishes her former productions, more especially her Scottish Chiefs, and which procured

for that work the glory of being denounced to the flames by the Emperor Napoleon, then ruling over France through the tyranny of despotism.

"Duke Christian," however, though thus penned in the true British vein, experienced a widely different treatment from another absolute monarch, the late Emperor of Russia, who, on perusing it, wrote with his own hand a most gratifying letter to its author, and bore his testimony of commendation to her talents, and their application.

Her next publication was a joint production between her sister and herself, in two volumes, entitled "Tales round a Winter Hearth." It is an agreeable collection of stories, to which Miss Jane contributed the one named "Berenice's Pilgrimage," wherein she had an opportunity of making use of some interesting details in her brother's travels in the East.

Her last work, which is in a similar form, came out in 1828, and is in three volumes, of which her portion comprises one.

The "Field of the Forty Footsteps" is founded on an extraordinary legend, relating to a field in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, which has since been made the site of the New London University. It has been said that an observation in that story had so powerful an effect on the mind of a person of high talent and influence, as to have been the cause of his first suggesting the establishment of the King's College in London.

Of the portions which Miss Anna Maria Porter contributed to these two works, we need not at present take any particular notice. Meanwhile, we conclude this little memoir of our favourite Miss Jane, by adding that they both reside under the roof of their venerable and excellent mother, who, as we before mentioned, is at the "green old age" of eighty-four, having been born in the memorable year of the Chevalier's rebellion. Their abode is situated in the pleasant village of Exeter, in Surrey, a place celebrated of old by Shakspeare as the favourite country residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and in more recent times by our own poet of nature, Thomson, as one of the loveliest spots in England.*

SCOTTISH DUKES.

ROXBURGH.

THIS family, like that of Buccleuch, presents the phenomenon of a predatory knight emerging from the times of turmoil into those of civilization, with large border estates, which, acquiring a sudden value from the changed circumstances of the time, conferred importance and obtained title. The ancestor of the Roxburgh family, little more than two centuries ago, was only Laird of Cessford, or more commonly called *Gudemán o' Halyden*. As a border proprietor, however, he was little inferior to Buccleuch, and he has the superior dignity of a descent from Anglo-Norman lineage. Cessford, the first seat of the family, is a tower within the frontier range of the Cheviots: Halyden is now a lonely unmarked spot near Melrose. The first man of great public eminence was Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, who was born in 1570, and is described in Sir Robert Cary's Memoirs as a brave and active young man. He was a warden of the marches, and distinguished himself so highly in that capacity as to be ennobled, before the year 1600, under the title of Lord Roxburgh. In 1603, he was one of the few Scotch noblemen whom James the Sixth took along with him to England—a circumstance which marks his great personal importance as one of the royal counsellors. In 1616, he was created Earl of Roxburgh, and, in 1637, was made Lord Privy Seal. In the riot which took place, July 23, that year, on occasion of the new liturgy being introduced at St Giles's Church, Edinburgh, his lordship was the means of saving the bishop, by taking him into his coach, and driving him off to Holyrood-house; on which occasion, however, he was only protected by his servants drawing their swords against the populace. The earl acted throughout the civil wars as a royalist, but in a very prudent way, and died peaceably in 1650, in the 80th year of his age. His male issue having died before him, his titles and estates were inherited by his daughter's son, Sir William Drummond, son of the Earl of Perth, who, as required by the entail, married his cousin, Lady Jean Ker, a granddaughter of the earl by one of his sons. The son of this pair, Robert third Earl of Roxburgh, was drowned in 1682, in coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York. What is certainly very remarkable, his countess, who was the eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Tweeddale, survived him in constant widowhood for the long period of seventy-one years, only dying at Broomlands, near Kelso, in 1753. This ancient heiress is said to have been the heroine of the Scottish song called "John Hay's Bonnie Lassie." Her walking-stick is still preserved at

Fleurs. Her two sons, Robert and John, enjoyed the title in succession. The latter, in 1707, was created duke, in consideration of his zeal for the Union. He was afterwards secretary of state for Scotland, and made a distinguished figure under the administration of Walpole. The third duke, grandson to this nobleman, was the celebrated bibliomaniac, whose library, on being sold after his death in 1804, realised a prodigious sum. That nobleman never married, having been disappointed in an attachment to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whom he had seen on his travels, and who was only prevented from marrying him in consequence of the brilliant destiny of her younger sister, the queen of George the Third. German etiquette forbade this match, it being thought improper that the elder should be a subject of the younger sister. The duke was succeeded by his cousin, Lord Bellenden, who died next year. The title and estates then devolved, after a tedious law-plea, upon Sir James Innes Ker, descended from a daughter of Lord Hary, the son of the first earl.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

My great-grandmother was not of a cynical or austere disposition, but rather cheerful, talkative, and benevolent. In this, I must confess, she differed from many other old Scottish ladies of her time, whose character, in general, displayed a very bitter rind. But it could be accounted for, on the supposition that all the natural affections of her heart had been developed and brought into action by her numerous domestic relations, and had not again been chilled or soured by accidental circumstances. Fortunately for me, in all our intercourse she was uniformly kind and communicative.

The three months which I spent with her ladyship, previous to engaging in the unsentimental horrors of the High School, were assuredly the most pleasant of my life. They were almost altogether devoted by us both to my initiation in all the mysterious family secrets of my ancestry, to her relations of which my juvenile curiosity ever inclined a willing and ready ear. My great-grandmother's memory reached back quite distinctly to the era of the Union, when she was a girl of eight years of age, and she preserved all the more remote reminiscences of her father, who had been in public life a short while after the Restoration. She had anecdotes at third hand of the Civil Wars, and even a few shadowy outlines of the time of James the Sixth. From her husband, who held a high judicial office in the reign of George the First, she had derived many interesting anecdotes of the government of Scotland, from the Union downwards; and from her early female acquaintance, she had picked up as much legendary scandal of the latter end of the seventeenth century, as is perhaps at this moment afloat respecting the whole world of our own day. All these traditionary stores were faithfully committed to my memory, which thus became encumbered with many unintelligible, but yet distinctly impressed pictures, of which the real meaning has only since dawned upon me gradually, as I grew up, and as I happened to find them illustrated in the course of historical researches.

Imagine the delicious dreams of romance in which I thus indulged. I was raw from my country castle, where a venerable copy of Buchanan's Scotland, with portraits of the Roberts and the Jameses (almost my only reading), had given my mind a decided turn for retrospective contemplation, and where my other great-grandmother's ballads had tinged my whole soul with the brilliant hues of romance. My temperament was naturally lively and fanciful, and here, placed in very contact with one who had herself seen an age of something like chivalry, and been in the presence of others who had almost seen it in its vigour, I felt as if I lived a century before my time, and moved amidst the awful ghosts of those whom I had ever been accustomed to think of as the heroes of an inconceivably glorious age, long passed from mortal ken.

This passion—for in me it amounted to such—was fed in no small degree by my great-grandmother taking me to visit many of the real scenes of her stories, which were neither more nor less than the streets, closes, and houses of the Old Town of Edinburgh. This very curious and wonderful place, of which she preserved innumerable local anecdotes, always filled me with a sort of awe. The first close I ever entered was that memorable one in which the old Episcopal chapel was situated, where the narrowness of the passage, its tortuosity, the stupendous height of the buildings on both sides, their black and antique appearance, the religious rubrics here and there interspersed, and the projections above, which scarcely left an inch of sky in view of a spectator from the bottom, overwhelmed me with an indefinable feeling of more than admiration. My great-grandmother, in time, and as her increasing infirmities would permit, walked with me through many such, and pointed out what had in her early days been the residences of the noble and the wealthy, and were now reduced, by the change of manners and fashions, to accommodate only the mechanic and the poor. There was scarcely a close of which she could not tell some strange traditionary anecdote. She once pointed out a recess in a court somewhere behind the Lawnmarket, where, when a

* Abridged from the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, 1829.

girl, she had one night seen two gentlemen fight each other with swords, for a good while, till one of them fell, and the other fled. "We were all horror-struck," she said; "for there happened to be no man person in the house to go out and part them, except the lively laddie, that wadna steer frae the kitchen-neuk; but, hearing the groans of the wounded gentleman, we ladies went down stairs in a body, with candles, and found him dead, for the sword had gone quite through his back, and the gutter ran with blood down (as we afterwards heard) to the very North Loch. He was a lord's son, and there was a feud about him between his family and somebody that was blamed for his death, many a long day after. Never shall I forget that night—there's the very step, outside of that stair-fit, that his head was lying on, wi' its lang curled hair and thrawn white face, when we came down and saw him!" As I shuddered at this fearful sketch of past times, and gazed on the localities with a strange and thrilling interest, she pulled me away with her stout bony arm, calling me, in her old homely phrase, a "daft callant;" though I know she was in secret immensely pleased at the attention which I paid to her stories.

I was greatly struck one day, in the course of a tour through some very antique and ruinous places, when her ladyship happened to stumble upon the house in which, at a ball, she had fallen in love with her husband. It was a good way up stairs, and so mean-looking an abode, that I could not imagine the possibility of its ever having been the scene of fashionable revels. On ascending to the proper height, we entered a lobby, of which the walls were coloured with a blotched and dirty white, and begrimed all around. From this several doors and passages branched off; and it was evident that each of these doors gave entrance to the habitation of a separate family. Her ladyship was at first puzzled how to proceed, for, though in her youth she had been quite familiar with the house, it now appeared that the internal arrangements had been altered, and many subdivisions had taken place, so that the original apartments could scarcely be recognised. One thing she was quite clear upon, and that was, that the dancing-room had windows which overlooked the North Loch, "for I mind," said she, "after I had danced the first dance with my dear lord, he handed me to a seat in the neuk o' the window, and there sat gently down beside me. I looked over to Bareford's Parks (for it was a summer evening, and not dark), pretendin', wi' my tale, no to heed him, but to be quite ta'en up wi' the bits o' innocent lambs that were a' daunderin' about the place, where there's naething noo but a big starin' New Toon, as they ca't, fu' o' wylie-tod writers. And my lord observed me looking at the lambs—oh, he was a pleasant man, and then very young, and new put on the bench; yet he was grave and learned beyond his years; and it ill set a man o' his character and profession to speak silly things to a silly lassie, that had naething but vanity and nonsense in her head. However, he was sae anxious to please me, that he began and spak some havers about innocence, and pastoral life, and the sweetness o' theae bonny creatures that I saw over the Loch. Now, I wasna thinkin' at a' about either ae thing or anither a' the time but himself, and was just in a kind o' reverie about him indeed; but at last, hearin' him speak about the sweetness o' the lambs, and seein' him point out a particular one, that looked very plump and happy, I was obliged to muster up some answer to his lordship, and, in my confusion, what d'ye think I said, Sandy? Man, I drew a lang breath, and said, 'Yes, my lord, I daresay that aye wad mak' a very sweet lamb pie!' My Arcadian swain was quite dumfounded, and I heard him ejaculate, 'Oh, Lord!' in a kind o' horror. But I soon brought him about again, and matters a' proceeded gaily enough for a few months, when we were happily married."

We proceeded to explore one of the dark passages before us, and knocking at a door, which was opened by a little girl, entered a small apartment with one window, which in reality did command a view of the New Town. Upon our entrance, an aged spectacled dame, in coarse but clean clothes, rose from a table at which she appeared to be reading a large Family Bible, and coming forward, respectfully inquired our business. My great-grandmother, apologizing for our intrusion, briefly stated that curiosity respecting this very remarkable old house, which had been the habitation of some of her best and earliest friends, was the sole occasion of our visit, and expressed a hope that the few moments of our stay would not put her to much inconvenience. The woman, who seemed to be the retired servant of some person of rank, replied, in very polite terms, that we were exceedingly welcome to gratify our curiosity, and even proceeded to *chaperone* us round the apartment, of which the roof and cornices, as she showed us, were ornamented with curious stucco-work. But my great-grandmother expressed little curiosity respecting these, which she declared to be modern-antiques, and begged to be allowed to sit a few moments in the recess of the window, which she recognised to be that through which she had seen the lambs of Bareford's Parks. A chair being placed, her ladyship sat down with feelings evidently not a little excited, while the old woman retired to the other end of the room, and I stood silent at a little distance, in expectation of her remarks upon the scene.

"Yes, yes, Alexander," said she, "this is the very

window I spoke of; for, in this thick old pane, I see—what I remember having then seen—the name of my school-acquaintance, the Hon. George—, who was the second son of the noble proprietor of this house. A gallant young man he was, and was killed in a duel at Leyden, when studying there for the Scots bar. Here sat I, seventy-four years ago, a light lassie o' sixteen, wi' the bloom on my cheek and pride in my heart; and there sat my future husband, your great-grandfather, Lord Kittleghame, that has been in his grave sin' the year twenty-nine. Little did I then think of sitting here again at this time of day, an auld wife, with a great-grandchild by my side, and sic a changed world a' round me. Gin Thomas the Rhymier himself had told me what was to come to pass, I wad have ca'd him a haverin' fool. But naebody can imagine strange enough things for futurity no to bring about. There's that New Town, that naebody thought would ever be a town at all—ye see, it's half a mile lang already, and may be a hale ane or they be done wi't. Nay, they're maybe born that shall see it ta'en down to the sea, and even over to Fife, nae sayin' t' and then the Frith of Forth will be a kind o' new North Loch for them to mak' brigs over. Speakin' o' the Nor' Loch, there was a story told i' my day, that a poor old woman once attempted to drown herself in it, but was prevented in a very singular way. She waded in a gay bit, till her large wide stiff hoop, being buoyed up by the water, carried her off her feet, and then the wind blew her away across the Loch, quite safe and erect, but cryin' a' the time for help; and when she landed on the other side, she was completely reconcealed to life, and it is said she lived with her family for many years after, though she never got another name till her deen' day, but *Nor' Loch Tibbie*.

"But that's no to the point," continued my great-grandmother, looking round the room, and surveying its humble furniture. "To think o' this house, that was once the entailed property and residence of Lord—, and was said to have been built for a town-house to his ancestor the Regent—, being now such a wretched abode! It is dreadful. Ah, the many gay and grand sights that I have seen here! This was a large room then, and the panels were a' covered with beautiful paintings and mirrors. I have seen country dances here, with six-and-thirty couples in them. A' the nobility o' the town used to come, and ladies with such hoops, that they could not stand closer to each other than at arm's length, while their heads were dressed up like the very Tower o' Babel itself. My troth, dress was dress in thae days! There was a band o' musicians at that end—violin players, amateur and professional, without number, with the ingenious MacGibbon on the haut-boy, and the lively-fingered Crumbden on the harpsichord. Some gentlemen of birth and fortune, between the dances, entertained the company with gratuitous performances on their own favourite instruments, accompanied by ladies who could sing. There was Mr Falconer of Peshedo on the flute, Mr Seton of Pitmeddin on the violin, and Mr Chrystie of Newhall on the viol de gambo; and as for ladies, there were some of Crumbden's pupils, whose very grand-daughters have, to this day, a finer hand upon the harpsichord than others. No such agreeable gentlemen or ladies now-a-days, nor such music neither! There were naething then in vogue but gude auld Scots airs, such as *Gilderoy*, *I'll never leave thee*—*She rose and let me in*, and *The bridegroom grat*, which were a' played in as simple a style as when they were first uttered by their shepherd-authors on the mountain side. Miss Baillie of Jarviswood, afterwards Lady Murray of Stanhope—though her father was a Whig, I maun do her justice in this—she sung the plaintive sang o' Tweedside—not the new-fangled lad Crawford's version, but my Lord Yester's—in so sweet and touching a manner, that aye when she came to the last line o' the verse, 'I'll lay my banes far frae the Tweed,' the hale company shed tears; and indeed naebody could bear to hear her sing it, for they were sae sure of making fools of themselves before it was done. She was certainly a sweet creature, Lady Murray, and could write fine sangs herself; we were always on good terms, and used to criticise each other's verses with great good humour. She was ill-set wi' Sir Alexander, who was quite mad. She once told me, that the first of their unhappy quarrels took place three or four days after they were married—it was i' the year ten, and that makes me an auld woman. They came to live in the Parliament Square, which was not then altogether rebuilt after the great fire o' the year naething; and upon Lady Murray expressing some uneasiness at the disturbance occasioned by the sound o' the masons' hammers i' the morning before rising, Sir Alexander told her that it was a very pleasant sound, and that she must just endeavour to think it so, else there would be nae peace between them. Was na that fine treatment for a young wife i' the honeymoon? But I'm wanderin', as usual, frae the point. Ay, ay, I was describing the entertainments gien at balls in thae days. However, I see we're just disturbing this good woman, and it is time we were hame at Teviot Row, to prepare for the ladies I expect to-night to tea and cards."

She rose, and moved into the centre of the apartment, when, as she stood a few moments in conversation with the old woman of the house, I could not help contrasting in idea her tall, antique, faded figure,

half stooping over her black square-headed cane, and surrounded by the humble furniture of a poor dwelling, with the bewitching loveliness and stately graces which were ascribed to her person in youth, when she moved here, the centre of a whole system of animated beauties, now long forgotten in the dust; and giving additional charms to a scene of magnificent festivity.

She seem'd like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but she departed.

The old woman soon getting into the full tide of gossip with my venerable relation, we were detained a few minutes, during which it turned out, that this aged person had been head-servant to the noble family who formerly possessed this mansion, and now lived retired in one of its garrets, upon a small pension allowed to her by one of its members, who had survived with life and fortune the wrecking period of the *Forty-five*. She seemed a complete specimen of the old Scottish domestic—attached, garrulous, and polite. She had a formality in her manner, which went far beyond the utmost limits of modern good breeding, and, though miserably infirm, was not without a certain degree of stateliness in her personal appearance. She was dressed with remarkable neatness, and wore a necklace of *lammer beads*, to which a small crucifix of gold was attached. What rendered her at once interesting in my romantic eyes, she had been wounded, in the year 1745, by a shot from the castle, directed at the coach of her rebellious master, in which she was, when it entered the city, in broad day, by the West Port, then in possession of a Highland guard; and she could tell many anecdotes of that year, so remarkable for having heard the last faint trumpet-note of aspiring chivalry. She had entered the service of the—family when she was a girl; had lived many happy years with them in this then splendid house, previous to that unhappy occasion: after which, she accompanied them abroad, saw them all die out, one by one, with broken hearts and ruined fortunes, and then returned to end her own days amidst the ruins of their former abode. My great-grandmother asked many questions respecting the family, which the old woman could not answer, except at great length and with tears. There was only one anecdote of a ludicrous nature, and that respected the preservation of her present supporter, who was a nephew of the last lord, and now enjoyed part of his estates. Lady—was very averse to her husband's design of joining the rebels, and when his nephew came to Edinburgh to accompany him away, ordered her maid to put boiling water into his lordship's boots, so that, when he came to draw them on, he might incapacitate at least one foot for the expedition. By mistake, the maid bestowed the boiling water upon the nephew's boots, which stood in the kitchen beside her master's; and the consequence was, that, while his lordship went away laughing at his nephew's misfortune, the young gentleman remained at home, escaped the perils of the rebellion, and afterwards inherited some of the possessions which his brave uncle forfeited. Many other anecdotes we heard; but my great-grandmother at last took her leave, promising that I should call some future day, with a token of her regard, and in order that I might hear out the rest of her interesting stories.

SPENDING MONEY.

It is inconceivable what a deal of money is thrown away by young people in what are called "trifling sums"—in shillings, sixpences, threepences, and even pennies. A great deal more, indeed, is expended by them in this small way, than in sums of a larger amount; mostly, too, in a way that tends to no real good, generally on mere superfluities, things which might, by the least possible exertion of self-denial, be dispensed with, and never missed. This remark applies more especially to that class of youths familiarly recognised as "young men about town," who, with two or three spare hours per day on their hands, and two or three spare shillings at all times in their pockets, are in a manner beguiled into the practice of spending money by way of pastime. We do not here allude to those who have been born to a competency, although even these will not, we think, be the worse of attending to us for a few minutes. Our remarks are meant for the other, and by far the larger portion of the rising generation, who, by inheritance or otherwise, have just sufficient to give them a good education, and put them in a "respectable way of doing."

Spending money uselessly, is, in some, merely a bad habit; in others, it is a matter of *vanity*. In all, however, it originally proceeds chiefly from thoughtlessness and want of calculation as to the amount of all the little items spent when added together, and how deeply, though almost imperceptibly, they eat into the amount of their annual receipts. The sums, viewed separately, appear so very insignificant! And as to looking at them in the aggregate, that is never attempted; for who could have patience to keep an account of all the odd pence, threepences, sixpences, and shillings, expended from day to day, in all varie-

ties of ways, for a whole twelvemonth? The time thus employed would be a greater waste than the money spent! It is thus, however, that many a young man, who is in the habit of receiving his earnings in that pernicious and deceitful way of "just as he might need them," finds himself perfectly confounded on discovering, at the twelvemonth's end, that he had not only overdrawn his due, but had not a penny laid by to answer the obligations which then came to be liquidated. After the first pause of surprise, he begins to comfort himself with the suspicion that there must be an error somewhere in the accounts either *pro* or *con*. He examines every item individually with a nervous and irritable impatience; adds them together, first upwards and then downwards; but, alas! his skill in the science of notation avails him nothing; the quotient still comes out the same, with most unsympathising accuracy. How could this possibly happen? And then he proceeds to review his mode of living—possibly with some degree of self-approbation. His fare has been uniformly frugal, his lodgings cheap, and he is addicted to no dissipated or expensive habits. He may perhaps recollect of treating himself to various luxuries; but still every thing added together does not come within L.10 or L.12 of the deficit; and these L.10 or L.12 would just clear off his tailor's and shoemaker's bills, and make him a free man. How so much money could have slipped through his fingers, he is utterly at a loss to conceive; he entirely forgets all the odd threepences, sixpences, and shillings, thrown away in the manner we have alluded to; or, if a vague recollection of a few such things does come athwart him, he rejects the idea of their having occasioned so large a deficit as an utter impossibility. There, however, it stares him in the face, and must be made up. His heart sinks within him, and he experiences that (when felt for the first time) perhaps most intolerable and oppressive of all human sensations—the consciousness of being in debt. This is a perilous moment in his career. There is nothing so apt to crush the buoyant spirit of a young man of sensitive feelings to the very earth, or drive him into excess, as this first torturing feeling of being at the mercy of another—a debtor. The parents, guardians, or other wellwishers of a young man, who has thus, through folly, thoughtlessness, or even a temporary lapse into dissipation, placed himself in such a predicament, would do well to get him extricated from it as speedily as possible. Lay what restrictions they will on him afterwards—although, even in them, regard must be paid to the temper and disposition to be operated on, and that they be laid on less as a punishment for the past, than a precaution against future errors; but, as they wish him well, let them draw him back from the edge of the abyss in the meantime. He is far more likely to set about a reformation of any evil habit with resolution and effect, when unoppressed with the harassing consequences of his former indiscretion. Besides, his good resolves are quickened and kept alive by the glowing feeling of gratitude he cherishes towards his succourer, whose good opinion he will fear to lose by a second act of folly.

In the catalogue of human follies, there is none for which the instructors of youth ought to impress a greater abhorrence on the minds of their pupils, than—getting in debt. But if the mischief be already to a certain extent committed, the next object ought decidedly to be—how to remedy it. There are many young men, naturally of the best dispositions and moral habits, in a manner driven into the broad path by an ill-judged over-severity and illiberality being practised towards them. Let us not be supposed for a moment as trying to palliate the follies of youth; quite the reverse. But there never was a saying of more practical wisdom than that of the late Dr Gregory, that "it is impossible to place old heads on young shoulders;" and he who thinks, by means of sheer coercion and threats, to instil into sixteen the gravity and solidity of sixty, had needs beware that he does not either altogether extinguish the spirit he seeks, but to moderate or excite it into a fiercer blaze.

Your spender from *vanity*, again, is a less hopeful, and altogether less interesting character than the foregoing. His folly is more systematic, more selfish—for vanity and selfishness are always concomitant—and when once fairly into the stream, his besetting sin will deter him from making any effort to retrieve himself. He will suffer any private inconvenience, and resolutely shut his heart against the importunities of a *dun*, rather than abate one jot of the showiness of his exterior, or abridge any one of his habitual ostentatious indulgences. Thus do we daily see hundreds of "genteel young men," in the principal walks of our city, who, by their air, think themselves the very lords paramount of creation, and yet are shamefully and senselessly spending money they never gained, and never had the wit to gain—squandering upon momentary and dishonourable gratifications an endless succession of what they consider "small sums"—that is to say, sowing upon the winds, to be never again reaped, what, if husbanded with moderate economy, might in larger forms have added to their real dignity, and perhaps their prosperity in life. Thousands thus live without ever acquiring the reputation they perhaps aim at—that of being thought in high circumstances; while others, who spend seldom, but to better purpose, get a good character for a fifth of the money. There is no branch of domestic life where we see men so far behind in general, as in

the art of spending. For our own part, we have an absolute horror at calls for little sums, and can disburse pounds with unconcern, when we would hesitate very much about sixpences. We know very well that large sums cannot be often spent without speaking for themselves; but this insidious system of twopences—it is like making a man perspire to death, without his ever knowing what is the matter with him. Truly might Poor Richard say, Take care of your pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.

We have often thought, that, if the habitual small spenders had some mental ready reckoner, to show them, at a thought, and without putting them to the trouble of using "black and white" in the matter, the consequences of all these little spendings, and the amount they run up to in a twelvemonth, they would often replace the half-drawn-out coin in their pocket, and have the satisfaction of reflecting, after the moment of temptation is past, that they are so much the richer. For instance, if they had an Arithmetical Mentor, that would quietly hint to them, when about to throw away sixpences on some superfluity, that that sum per day is just L.9, 2s. 6d. a-year, if fourpence, L.6, 1s. 8d., or, say threepence-halfpenny, L.5, 6s. 5½d., the loose copper and sixpences which appeared so trifling would assume an importance they little dreamt of before. It is for the purpose of supplying such a desideratum that we began this article. The mental calculation by which it is done is novel and curious, and the very ingenuity of it sufficient to entice the mind to its exercise.

It is thus:—

Set down the pence spent per day—say			
sixpence—as pounds per year	L.6	0	0
To that add a half	3	0	0
These sums added together, show what 6d.			
per day comes to in 360 days, viz.	9	0	0
To which, of course, falls to be added five			
sixpences for the five remaining days to			
complete the year—or	0	2	6
So that sixpence spent per day is just per	L.9	2	6
year			
Or let us suppose 1s. per day:—			
Twelve pence is	L.12	0	0
A half is	6	0	0
And the shillings for the five odd days is,			
of course, just	0	5	0
Amount per year	L.18	5	0

The principle of this convenient rule is perfectly simple and intelligible. It proceeds thus—that as there are just 240 pence in a pound, a penny per day for 240 days must just amount to that sum. If to it be added a half, or the pennies for 120 days, it brings out the amount for 360 days, or within five days of a year. The number of pence for these odd five days are, of course, easily added.

We hope this is a sufficiently simple explanation of the principle of our "Arithmetical Mentor," which, it will be seen, may be found useful in more ways, and by many other descriptions of persons besides those for whose benefit we specially intend it—such as calculating the amount of limited pensions, half-pay, labourers' wages, &c. for a twelvemonth; which, although very well known, perhaps, to the individuals giving and receiving, may not, at first sight, be equally apparent to others. The principle, indeed, may be extended to any length; but we have, in the above, stated enough for our present purpose. By putting the foregoing rule religiously in requisition, whenever a fit of spending assails him, many a young man may not only keep clear of debt, but, by abridging only a few habitual frivolous indulgences, have a surplus for laying out in a rational way when required—to say nothing of the wholesome exercise of his mental faculties in the process of calculation.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA, IN 1819, 1820, 1821.*

WHILE Parry was exploring a passage across the Polar Sea towards the Pacific Ocean, in order to determine the character of the extreme northern coasts of the continent of America, Captain Franklin was appointed to ascertain the actual position of the mouth of the Copper-mine River, and the trending of the shores of the Polar Sea to the eastward of it. The Copper-mine River flows into the sea at a part of the shore west from the undiscovered tract; and it was, therefore, for the purpose of completing the knowledge of the sea line eastward to Hudson's Bay, or some other inlet of the Atlantic, that this expedition was undertaken. Franklin was accompanied by Dr Richardson, a naval surgeon well skilled in natural history, Mr Hood, and Mr Back, two Admiralty midshipmen, and by two steady English seamen. This little party embarked on the 23d of May 1819; and, after engaging four boatmen at Stromness to assist their progress up the rivers of America, they arrived at York Factory, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, on the 30th of August. On the 9th of September, the party proceeded on their journey from York Factory, sailing up a river leading to Lake Winnipeg, and from thence, by another river tributary to that lake, to Cum-

berland House. This place is situated in a central part of the North American continent. The object was now to proceed directly northward, on a long and perilous expedition towards Fort Chepeywan, which is another well-known point in this dreary waste. The part of the world through which the travellers were now proceeding, is, both in superficial character and population, nearly a wilderness, being one wide-extended waste of snows, thinly inhabited by straggling Indians, who live by serving the purposes of the Fur Companies. Hardly any thing but the noble desire of gaining fame, by adding to the stock of human knowledge, could have sustained a party of Europeans, travelling in so dismal a country, where the thermometer is frequently at 40° and even 50° below zero, and locomotion is only to be accomplished with the utmost pain and difficulty.

With the view of reaching Fort Chepeywan, Captain Franklin and Lieutenant Back set out on the 18th of January 1820, leaving Dr Richardson and Mr Hood to bring up their baggage in the spring. The object of this perilous winter journey was to prevent delay at Chepeywan, in the preparations necessary for their ulterior proceedings. Travelling at this season, and in this dreary territory, can only be performed on sledges by dogs, or by walking in snow shoes. The settlers attach to the former, a covering of leather to protect the lower part of the body, and when "baptized" with a little paint and a few trifling ornaments, the sledge assumes the name of *cariole*. Every traveller takes care to supply himself with a pair of snow-shoes, a blanket, hatchet, steel, flint, and tinder, and generally with fire-arms. In mounting his cariole, he puts on a *capot*, or large skin cloak with a hood, a fur cap, leathern trowsers and Indian stockings and moccasins. Three dogs will draw a weight, besides that of the sledge, of three hundred pounds, at the rate of two miles and a half an hour, or about fifteen miles a-day, when the snow is hard frozen. To the inexperienced, the suffering occasioned by walking in snow-shoes appears to be dreadful, and, as Captain Franklin says, "can be but faintly imagined by a person who thinks upon the inconvenience of marching with a weight of between two and three pounds constantly attached to galled feet and swelled ankles." This mode of travelling is feelingly described by Lieutenant Hood:—"The miseries endured during the first journey of this nature are so great, that nothing could induce the sufferer to undertake a second, while under the influence of present pain. He feels his frame crushed by unaccountable pressure, he drags a galling and stubborn weight at his feet, and his track is marked with blood. The dazzling scene around him affords no rest to his eye, no object to divert his attention from his own agonizing sensations. When he rises from sleep, half his body seems dead, till quickened into feeling by the irritation of his sores. But, fortunately for him, no evil makes an impression so evanescent as pain. It cannot be wholly banished, nor recalled with the force of reality, by any act of the mind, either to affect our determination, or to sympathize with another. The traveller soon forgets his sufferings, and at every future journey their recurrence is attended with diminished acuteness."

On halting for the night, the first operation, in the Canadian phrase, is that of "flooring the hut." It consists in clearing away the snow, and covering the ground with pine branches, upon which the travellers spread their blankets, skins, cloaks, and coats. The sleeping place being thus arranged, the next step is to send out parties to collect a sufficiency of wood to serve as fuel for the night; the fire is then allowed to be kindled, the sledges are unstowed, the dogs unharnessed, and the provisions hung upon the trees, out of the reach of these voracious animals. Supper is then cooked; the Canadian voyagers amuse themselves by singing and recounting their former adventures; they then coil round the fire in the centre with their feet towards it, the dogs creep in among them wherever they can find a vacancy, receiving and communicating heat, and thus the whole party "enjoy a sound and comfortable repose, without any other canopy than the heavens, even though the thermometer should be far below zero."

In journeys thus performed, the danger of the traveller is not so great from the severity of the cold as from the risk of perishing for want of food. The servants of the North-West Company are frequently obliged to set out in search of the hunting parties of Indians, to receive the furs which they may have collected. A snow-storm arises, they lose all traces of them, miss their way, and are very often driven to the last resource of killing their dogs for food. The Indians themselves are frequently reduced to the last extremity, and even to death, by famine.

Notwithstanding all dangers and distresses, Franklin and Back arrived safely at Fort Chepeywan on the 26th of March, and some weeks thereafter were joined by Richardson and Hood, who had experienced equal annoyances in the spring, from the flights of stinging insects which beset their path. The whole party, with their Indian hunters, set out on the 18th of July for the northward, in the hope that, before the season should expire, they might be enabled to fix their winter quarters at the mouth of the Copper-mine River, and to avail themselves of the earliest period of the following spring to explore the coast of the Polar Sea to the eastward. But so great and so numerous were the difficulties experienced from the

* This article is reduced from the abstract of Captain Franklin's work in the Quarterly Review.

scarcity of provisions, and from the impediments in the navigation of the numerous rivers and lakes, on account of the rapids of the one and the shallows of the other, together with the frequent portages, that their progress was exceedingly slow and tedious; and they did not arrive at the spot where it was found necessary to hute themselves for the winter, and which was distant from Chepeywan about 550 miles, before the 20th of August. With regard to the interruptions from the portages, or land-ferries, as they might be called, they became more frequent, and the dragging of the boats more fatiguing, in proportion as they advanced to the northward; and thus the sufferings of the people from want of sufficient sustenance were greatly aggravated. It not unfrequently happened that in one day they had to load and unload the canoes and to transport them and the baggage over five or six of these portages.

Captain Franklin, finding it now too late to proceed to the mouth of the Copper-mine River, was obliged to winter at this spot; and, in the meantime, Mr Back, with a small party, had to return all the way to Chepeywan for further provisions and necessities, which he did not return with till the 17th March next year. It was not till the 14th of June that the Indians considered the ice to have sufficiently broken up in the Copper-mine River, to admit of its being navigated by canoes. By this time their stock of provisions was pretty nearly exhausted, and it became evident that their future subsistence must depend on the success of the hunters, as they proceeded down the river; these hunters, however, as the time of departure approached, began to manifest a decided reluctance to proceed.

At length, all difficulties being surmounted, the whole party proceeded to the Copper-mine River, which, like all those which they had hitherto navigated, was full of rocks, rapids, and shoals, and in many places bridged with large masses of ice. The grassy plains on either side, however, abounded with game, particularly with that singular little animal known by the name of the musk ox, of which they killed a great number, but all of them lean, and the flesh by no means palatable.

About the middle of the ensuing month, the party reached the bottom of the river, and had a view of the Polar Sea, which, however, alarmed some of them a good deal, as it was now necessary to trust themselves to it, while they explored their way eastwards. The idea of launching upon an icy sea in slender bark canoes—the roughness of the water—the uncertainty of procuring provisions—the exposure to cold, where no fuel could be expected—produced despondency in all except John Hepburn, a sailor, to whom the sea was as an old friend, from whom he had been long estranged. In truth, when it is stated, that, at the advanced period of the 21st of July, twenty people, of whom fifteen had never seen salt water, launched upon the rough and chilly Hyperborean Ocean, in two miserable birch-bark canoes, with no more provision of all kinds than fifteen days' consumption, and with a voyage before them of not less than twelve hundred geographical miles (Fort Churchill being the very nearest spot at which they could hope to meet with a civilized human being), our readers may in some degree appreciate that a little alarm is not to be wondered at. Captain Franklin had, it is true, some faint hope of meeting with tribes of Esquimaux along the coast, with whom he might, if necessary, pass the winter; but not a human creature was seen, though the vestiges of habitations were occasionally visible.

By this voyage, Franklin added the coast of the Polar Sea, from longitude 115 to 107 W., to the stock of geographical knowledge, and increased the probability of a connection between the ocean in this direction and the branches of it already explored in connection with Hudson's and Baffin's Bays. The winter again approaching, it was found necessary to strike across the country towards Fort Enterprise, the nearest station of the North-West Fur Company, to which they had previously dispatched Mr Wentzel, to lay in provisions.

On the 5th of September, three days after commencing the land part of this journey, the party was surprised by the unusual and unexpected appearance of winter, in a heavy fall of snow. From this moment till the 26th of the month, three tedious weeks, they had to struggle against cold and boisterous weather; to walk through snow sometimes two feet deep, over a country which scarcely produced a shrub for fuel above six inches high; and to guess their way across an unknown land, unassisted by celestial observations (the sun being constantly hid except on two occasions): and, to add to their misery, they had before them the appalling sight of musk oxen, deer, and every other animal, and even the water fowl (alarmed at the snow), hurrying to the southward with the utmost speed. In this journey of twenty-one days, all the fresh meat which they could procure amounted only to five days' consumption; the sole resource for the rest of the time being the *tripe de roche*, a species of lichen which grows on the rocks: even this weed, unpalatable as it was, could not always be found, so that one scanty meal a-day was sometimes all that could be afforded, and several days were passed without eating at all.

The labours of the party, in dragging their burdens and themselves through the snow, did not end with the day. Though they had no food to prepare, it was absolutely necessary to have some little fire to thaw their frozen shoes at night; and it was no easy task to find

and dig from under the snow a sufficient quantity of stunted bushes for this purpose. The fatigue and want of food had a very sensible effect on the strength and spirits of the Canadian voyageurs, both of which were painfully noticed to be sinking very rapidly; yet, encouraged by the officers, they endured, for a time, their miseries with as much patience as could be expected. At length, however, on finding the line of their route interrupted by frequent lakes, which required them to make circuitous journeys, and seeing no hope of speedily reaching their destined point, they began to despair of their safety, and, becoming alike indifferent to promises or threats, seemed to consider themselves as liberated from all control. To add to the misery which stared them in the face, one of the canoes was rendered useless by an accident, and soon after, through the inattention and insubordination of some of the party, the other was also dashed in pieces, though those who carried it knew, from the course of the Copper-mine River, that it would be essentially necessary to enable them to cross it.

On the 26th September, the whole party arrived on the banks of this river, and having killed five small deer, began to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in having procured as much fresh meat as, with due care, would serve them till their arrival at Fort Enterprise. The weather, too, had become mild, and the Canadians considered their misfortunes at an end; but, alas! they had not yet begun. In the midst of their joy they forgot, that, in their madness, they had deprived themselves of the only means of crossing the river which lay between them and the place of their destination. The shores of Point Lake were searched in vain for pines to make a raft. The next expedient was to collect fagots of dried willows, and with those to frame a sort of float; but this was found an unmanageable machine in a stream without the assistance of oars or poles. In short, eight whole days, mostly of fine weather (and the only fine weather they had) were consumed in devising means for crossing the Copper-mine River.

In this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face, Dr Richardson, actuated by the noble desire of making a last effort for the safety of the party, undertook the hazardous enterprise of swimming across the stream (about 130 yards) with a line attached to his body, at a time when the mercury in the thermometer stood, in the air, below the freezing point, and in the water at 38°. He succeeded in reaching very nearly the opposite bank, when, benumbed with cold, he lost the power of moving his limbs, and was observed by his anxious companions to disappear beneath the surface. It may easily be imagined what their feelings were at this moment. They eagerly dragged him back by the line, and drew him out of the water with little or no hope of restoring animation. By wrapping the body in blankets, however, rubbing it, and laying it before a fire, he was at length restored to life, but, as might be supposed, remained for some time in a very enfeebled state.

No other person of the party could be found to repeat the experiment; but a kind of basket was at length constructed, which, when covered over with a few fragments of canvass they had luckily preserved, it was hoped might enable them to pass the river; but it was capable only of holding one person. In this basket, Percy St Germain, one of the interpreters, first volunteered to paddle over, carrying with him a line, and happily he succeeded; it was then drawn back, and a second crossed, and so on till the whole party had crossed over without any serious accident, though their frail vessel was filled with water at every traverse, and generally sunk before it reached the shore.

It was now the 4th of October, and they were within forty miles of Fort Enterprise; but the weather had again resumed its severity, the ground was covered with snow, the last morsel of their food was expended, and the whole party miserably reduced, by their recent scanty fare, and their exertions in crossing the river. Under these circumstances, Captain Franklin deemed it expedient to push forward Mr Back with three of the voyageurs in search of the Indians, who, it was hoped, would be found in the neighbourhood of Fort Enterprise. The following day the remainder moved forwards, and procured a meal of the tripe de roche, which produced, however, such distressing complaints on some of the party, and reduced them to such a state of weakness, as to oblige them to leave every thing except their personal baggage; and even with this, two of the people dropped behind, about the middle of the second day's march, utterly unable to proceed. Dr Richardson, weak as he was from his late exertion, went back in search of these two unfortunate men. He found one of them, at the distance of a mile and a half, lying exhausted in the snow, talking incoherently, and evidently in a dying state; but of the other he could discover no trace. On returning with this information, a halt was made, a fire kindled with a few stunted willows, and every argument used to induce the ablest of the party to endeavour to bring forward the poor man who had fallen, and renew the search for the other; but they all declared their utter inability; and, revolting as it was felt to humanity, both were of necessity abandoned to their fate.

As there was every reason to fear that others of the party would speedily sink under the combined pressure of famine, fatigue, and inclement weather, and as those who were strongest had renewed their threats

of throwing down their loads, and pushing with their utmost speed for Fort Enterprise, though they knew not a foot of the way, Dr Richardson and Mr Hood generously proposed to halt at the first place that offered a supply of fire-wood, and, with the weak and worn-down of the party, to remain there till assistance should be sent to them from the fort. To this arrangement Captain Franklin reluctantly consented; but as he had every reason to hope that he should find a depot of provisions at Fort Enterprise, and a band of Indians in the neighbourhood, according to the arrangement made with Mr Wentzel, he saw no other means of safety. The English seaman, John Hepburn, whose willing and attentive conduct on all occasions appears to be above all praise, volunteered to remain behind.

"The tent," says Captain Franklin, "being securely pitched, a few willows were collected, and the ammunition and all other articles deposited, except each man's clothing, one tent, a sufficiency of ammunition for the journey, and the officers' journals. I had only one blanket, which was carried for me, and two pairs of shoes. The offer was now made for any of the men who felt themselves too weak to proceed to remain with the officers, but none of them accepted it. Michel alone felt some inclination to do so. After we had united in thanksgiving and prayers to Almighty God, I separated from my companions, deeply afflicted that a train of melancholy circumstances should have demanded of me the severe trial of parting from friends in such a condition, who had become endeared to me by their constant kindness, and co-operation, and a participation of numerous sufferings. This trial I could not have been induced to undergo, but for the reasons they had so strongly urged the day before, to which my own judgment assented, and for the sanguine hope I felt of either finding a supply of provisions at Fort Enterprise, or meeting the Indians in the immediate vicinity of that place, according to my arrangements with Mr Wentzel and Akaitcho. Previously to our starting, Peltier and Benoit repeated their promises to return to them with provisions, if any should be found at the house, or to guide the Indians to them, if any were met."

The parting took place on the 7th October, at the distance of about twenty-four miles from Fort Enterprise; the party who proceeded with Captain Franklin consisted of eight persons besides himself, of whom two, feeling themselves unable to proceed, left him on the following day to return to Dr Richardson; the next day a third fainting; and a fourth, unable to go on, was sent back; but one of them only arrived (and arrived to add to their misery—it was Michel, the Iroquois); the other three were no more heard of. With the remaining four, Captain Franklin reached the fort on the evening of the 11th, in a state of complete exhaustion, having tasted no food for five days, excepting a single meal of tripe de roche. This was not the worst: to their utter sorrow and dismay, and as a fatal blow to every hope by which they had been animated, they found the place desolate—no provisions, no Mr Back, no Mr Wentzel, nor any letter from him to point out where the Indians were! not a trace of any living animal, and the ground covered with a greater depth of snow than it had been in the month of December the preceding year.

Recovered from the first shock of so dreadful a disappointment, a note was observed in the hand-writing of Mr Back, stating that he had reached the house on the 9th, and that he had gone on in search of the Indians. Four days after this, a messenger from him brought the exhausted party the woeful intelligence that his search had been unsuccessful. Solicitous for the fate which must inevitably await Dr Richardson and his party, unable to stir himself, from debility, and the only hunter he had with him falling sick, Captain Franklin's situation may more easily be conceived than expressed; he rallied his spirits, however, and after collecting some old shoes, scraps of leather, and skins with the hair singed off, their only food after reaching the house, he set out, with two of the Canadians, in quest of the Indians, but soon found himself utterly unable to proceed, and returned to the house of misery and desolation the following day. Hopeless, however, as in every way he appeared to be, this gallant officer never once uttered a murmur, nor gave himself up to despair. He dispatched two of the strongest to endeavour to find out the Indians, and inform them of their dreadful situation, and kept the other three, who were reduced to the last extremity, with himself.

Eighteen days were passed in this miserable condition, with no other food than the bones and skins of the deer which had been consumed the preceding winter, boiled down into a kind of soup; when, on the 29th October, Dr Richardson and John Hepburn made their appearance, but without the rest of the party.

"We were all shocked," says Captain Franklin, "on beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extreme debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided, we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful if possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key."

A history of the conclusion of this painful journey will be given in another number.

RANALD OF THE HENS.

EARLY in the sixteenth century, Macdonald of Clanranald married the daughter of Fraser Lord Lovat, and from this connection some very unfortunate consequences to both these powerful families followed. Soon after his marriage, Clanranald died, and left but one lawful son, who was bred and educated at Castle Donie, the seat of Lovat, under the care of his maternal grandfather. The name of the young chieftain was Ranald, and, unhappily for himself, he was distinguished by the appellation *Gaula*, or Lowland, because Lovat's country was considered as approaching towards the manners, customs, and appearance of the Lowlands, compared to his own native land of Moidart, one of the most barren and mountainous districts in the Highlands.

Ranald was an accomplished youth, and promised to be an ornament to his family and his country; his disposition was amiable, and his appearance was much in his favour. When yet but a stripling, he visited his estate; and his people being desirous to give him the best reception in their power, he found at every house great entertainments were provided, and much expense incurred by the slaughter of cattle and other acts of extravagance, which appeared to Ranald very superfluous. He was a stranger to the customs of the country, and it would seem that he had no friendly or judicious counsellor. In an evil hour, he remarked that he was extremely averse to this ruinous practice, which he was convinced the people could ill afford; and said that, for his own part, he would be perfectly satisfied to dine on a fowl. Ranald had an illegitimate brother (or as some now say, an uncle's son), who was born and bred on the estate. He was many years older than the young Clanranald, and was possessed of very superior abilities in his way. He was active, brave, and ambitious, to which were added much address and shrewdness. Having always resided in Moidart, where he associated with the people, and had rendered himself very popular, he had acquired the appellation of *Ian Muidartich*, or John of Moidart, a much more endearing distinction than *Gaula*.

The remark Ranald had made, as to the extravagance of his people, gave great offence; and the preference he gave to a fowl was conceived to indicate a mean sordid disposition unbecoming the representative of so great a family. John Muidartich and his friends encouraged these ideas, and Ranald was soon known by the yet more contemptuous appellation of Ranald of the Hens. He soon left Moidart, and again returned to his grandfather's house. His brother (and now his opponent) remained in that country, and he used all the means in his power to strengthen his interest. He married the daughter of Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, the head of a numerous and turbulent tribe, whose estate bordered on Moidart, and his intention to oppose Ranald became daily more evident. Several attempts were made by mutual friends to effect a compromise, but without any permanent effect. At length a conference between the brothers was appointed at Inverloch, where Ranald attended, accompanied by old Lovat and a considerable body of his clan; but especially a very large portion of the principal gentlemen of his name were present. John also appeared; and to prevent any suspicion of violence, the number of his attendants was but small, and his demeanour was pacific and unassuming.

Lovat made proposals on the part of his grandson, and with very little hesitation they were acceded to by John and his friends. All parties appeared to be highly pleased, and they separated—John with his small party directed their course homeward, whilst Ranald accompanied his aged relation to his own country, which was much more distant.

John of Moidart, however, was all along playing a deep game: he ordered a strong body of his father-in-law's people to lie in ambush in a certain spot near the path by which Lovat and his men must necessarily pass on their return home; and he took care to join them himself, by travelling all night across the mountains.

The Frasers and young Clanranald appeared, and they were attacked by their wily foe. The combat was fearfully bloody and fatal. It is said that no more than six of Lovat's party escaped, and not triple that number of their enemies. Ranald, unquestionably the lawful representative of the family, fell covered with wounds, after having given proof that he was possessed of the greatest bravery; and his memory is to this day respected even among the descendants of those who destroyed him. John of Moidart obtained possession of the whole estate, and led a very turbulent life. Tradition says that he compromised the claims of Macdonald of Morar for a third part of the lands, which he yielded up to him on relinquishing all further right.

The conflict is distinguished by the designation of *Blar leine*, or the Battle of the Shirts, the combatants having stripped themselves during the action. It was fought at the eastern end of Lochloch, near the line of the Caledonian Canal, in July 1554. This subject has recently become of considerable importance, being one of the principal points at issue between two chieftains of the Macdonalds. We do not pretend to interfere in any such questions; we merely relate the circumstances as they have been given to us by many persons in that country, some of them descendants of John of Moidart.*

LIFE ON THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

If I could be a summer monk, and change my vows, like my clothes, with the winter, I know no fraternity that offers stronger temptations than the Augustins of the Saint Bernard on the Alps. To escape the bustle of the world, yet be in the world; to have moving before our eyes an easy succession of society—a constant living phantasmagoria, often highly piquant, and always amusing; to indulge in literature, without the toils of authorship, the teasing of dilettanti, or the agonies of exulting criticism; to ramble over a sun-clad kingdom of mountains, with the kingship undisputed, among all the royal and heroic strugglers for a grave ten thousand feet below; to "sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell;" to turn painter, poet, pilgrim, and dreamer, at one's own discretion, and without having the fear of living man before our eyes; and to do all this with the saving and singular consciousness, that we are doing some good in our vocation, that humanity is the better for us, and that our place would be missed among mankind. Utopia might grow pale to the beatitudes of the little republic under the protection of St Augustin.

But summer is, unfortunately, a rare guest, and its visit one of the shortest possible duration. The sunshine that subdues the plain, with the fidelity of a wife, is, at the famous Hospice, capricious as a first love. I had entered its walls on a day made in the prodigality of the finest season of the year. The snowy scalps of the hills were interspersed with stripes of verdure, that had seen the light for the first time within memory; the bee, that, more than all creation beside, gives assurance of summer to my ear, was roaming and humming away among the thistle-down and mosses, that even the Alpine frost is not always able to kill. I could imagine, in the air that passed in slight gusts from time to time, the odours of the Italian flowers. I lingered long at the gate of the convent, enjoying the magnificent serenity of the sky, the air, and the hills, and felt no trivial reluctance at abandoning so alluring a contemplation for a corridor crowded with servants, and a chamber imbedded in a wall as thick as if it had to stand a siege. Even the indulgence of the convent table could not wean me from the conviction that I could have got through my travel pleasantly enough, though the Hospice had, like the Santa Casa, been transported to some new Loreto.

But I had not been two hours under its roof before a burst of wind, that reminded me of nothing but the roar of Niagara, shot down the side of Mont Velan, stripped away the gathered snow of half a century in an immense sheet, and hurled it full upon the convent. All was in instant commotion within. The table was deserted by the chief part of the brotherhood, who hurried to see that the casements and doors were made secure. The ground-floor of the building, which is occupied with stables, and storehouses for wood, and the other supplies of the convent, was a scene of immediate confusion, from the crowding in of the menials and peasantry. I ventured one glance from my window—summer was gone at once; and "the winter wild" was come in its stead. The sun was blotted out of the heavens; snow, in every shape that it could be flung into by the most furious wind, whirlpool-drift, and hail, flashed and swept along. Before evening, it was fourteen feet high in front of the Hospice. We could keep our fingers from being icicles only by thrusting them almost into the blazing wood fires; the bursts of wind shook the walls like cannon-shot; and I made a solemn recantation of all my raptures on the life of an Augustin of St Bernard.

As the night fell, the storm lulled at intervals, and I listened with anxiety to the cries and noises that announced the danger of travellers surprised in the storm. The fineness of the season had tempted many to cross the mountain without much precaution against the change; and the sounds of horns, bells, and the barking of the dogs, as the strangers arrived, kept me long awake. By morning the convent was full; the world was turned to universal snow; the monks came down girded for their winter excursions; the domestics were busy equipping the dogs; fires blazed; cauldrons smoked; every stranger was pelised and furred up to the chin; and the whole scene might have passed for a Lapland carnival. But the Hospice is provided for such casualties; and, after a little unavoidable tumult, all its new inhabitants were attended to with much more than the civility of a continental inn, and with infinitely less than its discomfort. The gentlemen adjourned to the reading-room, where they found books and papers which probably seldom passed the Italian frontier. The ladies turned over the portfolios or prints, many of which are the donations of strangers who had been indebted to the hospitality of the place; or amused themselves at the piano-forte in the drawing-room—for music is there above the flight of the lark; or pored over the shelves to plunge their souls in some "flattering tale" of hope and love, orange groves, and chevaliers plumed, capped, and girtured into irresistible captivity. The scientific manipulated the ingenious collection of the mountain minerals made by the brotherhood. Half a dozen herbals from the adjoining regions lay open for the botanist; a finely bound and decorated album, that owed obligations to every art but the art of poetry, lay open for the pleasantries, the memorials, and the wonderings of every body; and for those who loved sleep best, there were eighty beds.—*Tales of the Great St Bernard.*

JOSEPH BLACKET.

Among the numerous instances of genius triumphing over the disadvantages of birth and education, must be mentioned the name of Joseph Blacket, who was born in 1786, at Tunstall, a small village near Richmond in Yorkshire, at which place his father was a day labourer. At eleven years of age, young Blacket was sent up to London, and placed with his brother, who was a ladies' shoemaker. Thus, by a singular coincidence, he was destined to resemble Bloomfield in his introduction to the metropolis, and, like him, to bequeath to the fraternity of shoemakers another name to the instances of poetical talent which are recorded of the "gentle craft." When about twelve years old, he was taken by a juvenile companion to see Kemble perform Richard the Third, at Drury Lane Theatre. Previously to this, he had neither read nor seen a play, but henceforth Shakspeare became his idol; "he robbed," to use his own words, "the pillow of its due, and, in the summer season, would read till the sun had far retired, then wait with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master." In short, he became irrecoverably a poet, and aspired to shine as a dramatic writer; "his eagerness on this occasion (mental depression, and personal privation)" says his editor and biographer, "was pushed to such extremity, that something of the dramatic kind pervades the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, on the backs of letters, shoe patterns, slips of paper hangings, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volunteer corps of St Pancras, in which he served, and on various other scraps, on which his ink could scarcely be made to retain the impression of his thoughts: yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined." In 1810, a small volume, entitled, "Specimens of Mr Blacket's Poetical Talents," was printed and circulated amongst persons likely to patronize its interesting author. Amongst those who interested themselves most warmly in his behalf were the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbank, the Rev. F. Wrangham, and Mr Pratt, a name well known in literature. This gentleman zealously befriended him through life, and after his death published his "Remains" in two vols. 8vo., for the benefit of his orphan child. The list of respectable names attached to the work is honourable to all parties.

Mr Blacket died at Seaham, of a decline, August 23, 1810, at the early age of twenty-four. His grave in the churchyard is marked by a plain monument, with the following inscription from one of his own poems:—

"Shut from the light, 'mid awful gloom,
Lay clay-cold honour rest in state;
And, from the decorated tomb,
Receive the tributes of the great.
Let me, when bade with life to part,
And in my narrow mansion sleep,
Receive a tribute from the heart,
Nor bribe one sordid eye to weep."

This memorial was erected principally under the direction of his friend and patroness, Miss Milbank, the lady who became the wife of Lord Byron.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

MOXON'S SONNETS.

We have felt considerable pleasure in glancing over a small volume of poetry, entitled, "*Sonnets*, by EDWARD MOXON," published, or perhaps rather printed for private distribution, in London. These sonnets have more of the correct soothing spirit of poetry in them than any thing we have met with for a long while. The following are a specimen:—

HUMAN LIFE.

Ah, what is life! a dream within a dream!
A pilgrimage from peril rarely free;
A bark that sails upon a changing sea,
Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
Fret for a season fair to look upon.
Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
A time-worn ruin silted o'er with years.
Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won, the grave appears.

WOMAN'S HEART.

If I were asked what most my soul doth prize
Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,
Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,
My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies
Away from those who hold it in esteem,
Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give:
These with their donor changing die or live.
Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom.
Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
Leave me but this, like an unsullied name
Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom—
Ned I the secret of my soul impart?
Be witness ye that love, 'tis woman's heart.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. RIEKWOOD; and printed by BALANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

* Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the London Literary Gazette.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 68.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

IN London and other large commercial cities, I have always found myself remarkably impressed by one peculiar circumstance—the contrast between the bustling streets, full of living faces and *to-day* objects of all kinds, and the quiet and ancient churchyards which are generally found situated in the midst of them. But five yards, perhaps, off a thoroughfare which for centuries has borne the press of breathing men—where the luxuries and conveniences of life are presented in infinite variety, to attract and fix the attention of the passenger, and where men and women seem so much engaged in the affairs of this world as hardly to be conscious that there is any other—you find the silent and cloistered precinct of the old parish church, paved with the memorials of past generations, who once passed as gaily and thoughtlessly along the ways of the city as those you have just seen, but have long retreated to this narrow place, so near, yet so different from, all their former haunts. The transition, in your own case as a visitor, as well as in theirs who pass in this space from life unto death, is the most sudden and rapid that can be imagined—yet how different all the attributes of the two scenes! In the first, how neat, how fresh, how perfectly *of this world*, every thing looks!—in the other, how dismal, and, in general, how neglected! *Here* you have, at one moment, perhaps the most animated and cheering scene in the world; *there*, at the next instant, your gaze is turned upon the most torpid and gloomy. At one twinkle of the eye, you find life and all its affairs exchanged for death and all its circumstances, and pass, at a single step, from the lightest to the gravest of reflections.

I am not aware of any place where this contrast is presented in a more striking manner than it is from an eminence which rises above the north-east suburbs of the great mercantile city of Glasgow. After flitting for hours through the crowded streets, amidst numberless beings to whom death seems the remotest of all ideas, you are led perhaps to this ornamented hill, whence you command a view of the far-spread town, with its spires peering out here and there, to mark the extent of a waste of houses which would otherwise be hardly distinguishable, while close beneath your feet you see the dark and huge cathedral, surrounded by its extensive and extending cemetery—a city of the living and a city of the dead being thus brought into immediate comparison, and weaving out of their separate influences the most impressive of all lessons.* The place of the living is, as you can see and hear, one of the busiest scenes of men's labours. It contains hundreds of thousands of industrious human beings—all toiling on from morn to eve in their various pursuits, some for mere subsistence, others for loftier objects, but all animated by human motives, and, in general, thinking of nothing in the meantime beyond the bounded horizon of mortal life. How many hearts are there bending anxiously over accounts, in which their own welfare, and that of all who are dear to them, is concerned! What numberless modes are there assumed, of gaining that surplus of value called profit, on which so much of the comfort of individuals depends! How keenly are even

peace, in many cases, there aimed at and longed for—what emotions of the soul, what lightnings of the eye, what contentions between man and man, there arise from considerations of money, and of the almost infinite benefits which money can purchase! The whole vast space is covered to its uttermost nook with human creatures, whom the common doom has compelled, for the sake of bread and other sublunary enjoyments, to narrow their souls to the affairs of lucre, while they every moment tend onward to a fate more glorious or more terrific than imagination can picture, and are even now capable of thoughts and sentiments far above this world. And all this, too, is only a detachment of that trifling section of the human race, called the present generation. On or near the same ground have men toiled and moiled as anxiously as these for many centuries; and what *is* it all, and what *will* it all come to?—To the little fold which we see directly beneath—a space not large enough to contain the lodgings of a hundred living families, but which has received into its bosom thousands after thousands of the more easily accommodated dead, and will in time absorb multitudes as great, and yet never cry enough.

Yes, as the poet sings—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave." That small spot, of which so few are now thinking as they pace the streets of the busy city, is the real termination of all the journeys they are making. Go they east or west, north or south, be business or be pleasure their immediate object, to this dismal scene must they arrive at last. Not a step do they take which does not bring them nearer to this ultimate point, although it may seem for the time to lead them in a different direction. Every effort which they are making to exalt themselves in this world, only renders them the richer spoil for the daily hecatomb here offered up to death, and in which, sooner or later, they must bear a part. Every improvement which they can make in their circumstances, while they live, gives them but the chance of a more secluded spot in this gathering-place of the departed, or a monument which will longer continue to tell its unmeaning and unregarded tale. In a few short years, they and all their joys and sorrows, their greatness or their lowliness, will have shrunk into this cold and uncomely scene, while their various walks of business and labour are occupied by others, to whose pursuits a similar bourne will in time be assigned.

It is not perhaps to be desired that reflections of this solemn kind should often or permanently fall upon the minds of men; for, if we were to be perpetually brooding over the gloomy view which the end of life presents, we would embitter that life to a degree rendering us quite unfit for the proper management of either our temporal or spiritual concerns. In general, however, human beings, or at least that portion of them called men of the world, are in little danger of suffering from this cause. It is more frequently observed that a constant commerce with the world hardens the heart towards all *beyond* the world—if not also to much *in* the world, regarding which it is desirable that we should keep our feelings awake. It cannot but be salutary, then, for all who are in danger of falling into this insensibility, to turn their minds occasionally to the affairs of mortality, and, seeing the uselessness of all acquisitions after death, the vanity of all terrestrial glory, and the community of destiny which overhangs the various orders of the human race, open their hearts more freely to the claims of their fellow-creatures around them, and otherwise lay up those stores which will stand in good stead when they and the world have alike passed away.

EXCURSIONS OF THE LONDONERS.

THE Londoners are fond of country excursions. They delight in a holiday, which they devote to expeditions in omnibuses, chays, cabs, and all other kinds of vehicular conveyances; and if inclined to be a little stylish or so, and possessing more half-crowns than they well know what to do with, they indulge in the luxury and parade of that *ne plus ultra* of gentility—a glass coach. Many, however—perhaps the greater number—prefer jaunting by water, for which the Thames offers considerable facilities. A sail down the river to Margate, or up to Richmond, forms an excursion to be sighed after by old and young of nearly all classes of citizens. The more favoured place of resort is undoubtedly Richmond, for which two or three steam-boats depart from London every morning during the summer months, each with its band of music and deck covered with gaily-dressed persons, whose countenances proclaim a determination to be happy. There is great pleasure in witnessing the *ease-her*, the *stop-her*, and occasionally the *back-her*, on the smooth surface of the Thames, to take on board those who come in wherries to join their friends who had started with the steam-boat. The smiling faces and the salutations continue to spread a pleasure that produces one sentiment of hilarity.

There are many Londoners who prefer making this trip in boats of from two to eight oars, each capable of carrying from six to twenty persons; many boats are decorated with awnings, and colours flying at their sterns. When this mode is adopted, a pic-nic dinner is provided, by arrangements previously made; the desert, wine, and spirits, are not forgotten. Sometimes the gentlemen of the party undertake the management of the boat, although men, careful and obliging, may be hired for the purpose. The prospects, on a sunny morning, are exceedingly beautiful, and seem as if nature had put on her holiday dress to welcome her admirers. If the boat proceed from between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, on looking eastward, a fine view of St Paul's appears above the bridge, which Canova, the Italian sculptor, denominated the finest in Europe; beneath its arches may be seen Blackfriars' Bridge, the Temple Gardens, Somerset House, with numerous spires and steeples attached to places of worship in the city of London. Looking westward, the curve of Westminster Bridge is pleasing, as varying from the horizontal line of Waterloo Bridge. The Thames is here 1223 feet wide, and, particularly at high water, presents an appearance of striking grandeur. Proceeding up the river, various associations fill the mind. Countless beings crowd every opening, while along either shore are to be seen busy multitudes, like bees on thyme banks. Houses piled like Pelion upon Ossa, and the public buildings, furnish proofs of the greatness of the capital of England. On the right, the towers of Westminster Abbey; the Hall of Rufus, now the courts of law; the Houses of Lords and Commons, are most prominent. On the left, after passing Westminster Bridge, Lambeth Palace, with the parish church, appear in their ancient grandeur. Looking again on the right, the Penitentiary seems with solemn frown to awe the evil-doers. Immediately in front is Vauxhall Bridge, near which, on the left, are the celebrated gardens, to which every visitor to London resorts in its season to be "pleased with its rattle and tickled with its straw."

Onwards, on either side, are wind and water-mills, gas-works, distilleries, tall chimneys, and other evidences of manufacture not permitted within the precincts of the cities. The bustle, the hum, and smoke, are now behind, and objects may be considered more

* The eminence whence this view is obtained is crowned by a monument to John Knox, the Scottish reformer, and is now in the process of being converted into a cemetery *enfin*, like Pere la Chaise, at Paris, for which purpose it seems admirably fitted. In former times, it was covered with dark Scotch firs, which threw a shade of additional gloom over the cathedral burial-ground beneath, but are now succeeded by the shrubs customarily employed in landscape gardening.

in detail. On the left may be seen "the Red House," a place of resort as a tea-garden, and much frequented by pigeon-shooters, where there is an enclosed space for the sport. This spot is remarkable as the ford at which Cæsar crossed the Thames in pursuit of the Britons. On the right stands Chelsea Hospital, an asylum for sick and superannuated soldiers. Near it is the Botanical Garden, in which grow two large cedars of Lebanon. Here is the terrific Chelsea-reach, the Scylla and Charybdis of the Cockney navigators. It is a wide and exposed part of the river, and, therefore, the roughest when the wind is opposed to the tide; but the inexperienced only are cast away, and it rarely happens that the consequences are more than a ducking, and a conveyance home by land.

Immediately in front is Battersea Bridge. On the right is Chelsea Old Church, containing the remembrances of Sir Thomas More and Sir Hans Sloane. On the left is Battersea Church, containing Roubiliac's monument in honour of Lord Bellingbrooke. The shores now become less occupied with marks of commercial enterprise, and an occasional glance into the country may be obtained, where the high state of cultivation, and residences surrounded by their flower gardens, are remarkable. On the left, Wandsworth Church appears, and far round many villas of importance. On the right, the ground is low, but the pasturage is excellent, as proved by the fine cattle which gaze from the banks at the passengers on the river. On passing this reach, a beautiful scene opens on the eye. Putney Bridge appears in the front, its church on the left, and Fulham Church on the right. The shores on either side are enriched by lawns, dotted with shrubs and magnificent trees surrounding many elegant villas, producing an effect that excites the admiration of all beholders. Here it is usual to see the majestic swan, as if to add beauty to the scene: these birds, in pairs, take possession of portions of the Thames; they are familiar, from never being disturbed by the thousands that invade their element; they are protected by law, and encouraged by the Lord Mayor of London as an ornament to the river, and rewards are paid to such as yield security to them during the period of incubation. Putney is remarkable as the birthplace of Gibbon the historian, and Fulham for the residence of, or belonging to, the Bishops of London from the time of the Conquest. Here the infamous Bonnor practised his fanatical cruelties; and here Portius expired, who, by his amiability, might seem to obliterate from the thought his predecessor's iniquities.

At Putney, the towing-path on the bank commences, to assist the deeply-laden west-country barges, some of which are a hundred tons burthen, which, by their numbers and variety, contribute much to the picturesque scenery of the Thames. This towing-path, essential in a commercial view, is offensive to the lover of the beautiful. It prevents the lawn, or flower garden, from approaching the water's edge, and presents a line of road, with rushes and neglected trees, similar to what may be seen on the banks of a canal in Holland; yet, as a variety, perhaps it may be endured; for, on the right, the prospects are most delightful, and fraught with a thousand charms. Here is the tasteful structure of rustic elegance erected by the Margravine of Anspach, and several villas with diversified grounds, plantations and shrubberies, their blooms clustering on the water's edge. In this reach, the suspension bridge, connecting Hammersmith with Barnes, appears an object of great interest; it is also a costly work of art, completed within the given estimate. The village of Hammersmith skirts the Thames for a considerable distance; the houses generally face the river, and being enriched by shrubs and trees of various kinds, display the union of taste and comfort. The terrace is worthy of notice as having been the residence of Louthborough the artist, and Murphy the author. A little farther on the right, is the justly admired printing establishment of Whittingham. Chiswick Church next presents a very picturesque effect, from its being surrounded by clusters of antiquated brick dwellings and trees; but it is most remarkable as the burial-place of Hogarth, the moralist with his pencil. The stately grounds of Devonshire House next become prominent, by the lofty and variegated foliage which decorates its tasteful gardens. In this mansion, Charles James Fox and George Canning, the statesmen, breathed their last. After passing Chiswick, the shores on both sides seem shorn of every attraction—low marshy grounds on the right, and the dull towing-path on the left, may be considered as a repose, so pleasing in a work of art, where all should not be brilliant; perhaps, on some minds, a corresponding effect may be produced by this undecorated scene on the Thames. This dullness exists, in a great measure, from the flatness of the adjoining parts of Middlesex and Surrey, so that not a peep into the distance can be obtained: the terrace at Barnes gives a little relief to the monotony. The Thames winds considerably between just below Chiswick and Kew, forming the letter S. In the vicinity of Barnes, the bullrush and flag prevail on the right, and the towing-path on the left; and nothing worthy of notice is presented, save the exertions of the rowers to pass each other; and frequently it may be observed, that skill and trifling labour will surpass the utmost toil of powerful persons who are deficient in the just management of their oars.

After having passed Barnes, the left side begins

to display the appearance of comfort and wealth, in villas, cottages, malt-houses, and other buildings for business, having the towing-path in front of them. On reaching Mortlake, the scenery improves, and many touches of picturesque character are visible. In this village there remains a house, once inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. On passing the turn of the river, near Strand-on-the-green, Kew Bridge appears, and interesting objects again crowd the banks. Here the splendid barges are laid up when not required by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London for their excursions up the Thames. In Kew Church, Gainsborough the painter lies buried. Beyond the village are the Botanical Gardens, containing the finest collection of plants in the kingdom. A little farther on is Old Kew Palace, where Thomson the poet once had permission to reside. On the right, the town of Brentford spreads a long line of intermingled dwellings, trees, wharfs, timber-yards, and the *eloetera* of mercantile pursuits. On the opposite, or Surrey side, are the extensive gardens of Kew, with their richly variegated plantations and its lofty pagoda, an ornamental building of many stories, in the Chinese taste. On the right is Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. In these grounds are the first mulberry trees that were planted in England, and a conservatory, erected at the cost of £40,000, said to be the most splendid in the world. The gardens and park belonging to Sion House are very extensive, and finely diversified with trees of great luxuriance and stately growth, stretching along the banks of the Thames to Isleworth. This is a straggling village, the greater part of which is seen over a long island covered with osiers, reeds, and rushes; after passing which, the right bank appears decorated with villas and mansions of a superior order, being the residences of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune. About this point it is that the beautiful scenery of Richmond first strikes the eye. The level country through which the Thames has wound for miles, renders this burst of landscape splendour particularly striking. The bridge is an elegant structure of five stone arches, with a balustrade at top. From a point near the centre of the river, this view is most delightful. A small portion of the bridge is partly obscured by some trees that grow on an island on the right. On the left, some magnificent trees form a powerful mass, and are placed as if purposely to enrich the view of the town or village of Richmond, which is seen partially and in perspective, the residences rising in parterres one above the other, intermingled with trees, to the summit of the hill, on which appear ornamental portions of villas, and rich foliage of trees in various colours and characters, till they mix with the oaks that decorate the park. From this height the eye roves with delight over numerous villas, situated on the declivity down to the river's edge, as seen beneath the arches of the bridge, thence to the gay and bustling throngs before it, more particularly if it be that period when the tide has brought to the spot the variously decorated boats and barges. The white clouds glistening in the air, the dimpled water sparkling in the glorious sun, the well-dressed females, the music, the white awnings and coloured flags, altogether unite in presenting to the eye a scene of indescribable beauty. Here those who come provided make fast their boats to the bank, spread their table-cloths beneath their awnings, or on the grassy lawn, and take their welcome meal; to some these are moments of enthusiasm. The repast is most delicious, the wine possesses more than usual flavour, smiles sit on every face, while joy seizes on every heart—all is rapture. His heart must be made of impenetrable stuff, indeed, that does not feel it expand with gratitude while enjoying such a scene as this.

Richmond is about eighteen miles, by water, from London Bridge. The tide runs, on an average, about five hours up and seven down, at the rate of nearly three and a half miles per hour. It is therefore necessary some exertion should be made by the rowers, even if they start at the flow, to enable them to arrive with the tide at this delightful spot.

From their repast in their boats, some of the company repair to the hill, to view the distant scenery, take their tea, and return to London with the tide.

Others, on their arrival at Richmond Bridge, go immediately to the hill, where there is a splendid tavern—the Star and Garter—at which every attention is paid, and all that can be desired may be obtained at charges moderate as at ordinary taverns. Such parties enjoy the prospect from the gardens, the windows, or the terrace, which is kept in excellent state during the season. After their refreshment, the return to London may be regulated by stage-coach, or conveyances with which Richmond is well provided. The view from Richmond Hill has been noticed by many writers as enchanting. Foreigners are enthusiastic in their admiration. The Londoners, with some exceptions, consider it to possess surpassing beauty. If the scene be examined, by comparison with others of similar character, perhaps it may be preferred; but it has no portion of the picturesque, nor of the grand, to render it imposing: all is simple and chaste—in the language of artists, such as Claude would have felt pleasure in delineating. Considered attentively, the view from Richmond Hill must depend on some associations in the mind of the spectator, which assist in communicating the pleasure which seems to be felt so universally. Scenery viewed from an eminence is deprived of all the charm which power-

ful contrast of foreground might contribute, and we inspect but the middle plan and distance of the picture. Thus it is in this scene.

The grounds, however cultivated, the villas, however elegant, situated on the declivity, far as the meadows of Petersham, are as nothing to the prospect. If the eye be directed to the winding of the Thames, and the park-like scenery of the grounds beyond, the effect is at once delightful; the spectator feels it would be gratifying to indulge in a walk on such a spacious lawn—to repose and read beneath those luxuriant trees—to return and gaze on the transparent water, with its beautifully reflected objects—and readily acknowledge in this the features of lovely nature. If the eye be directed beyond the second plan of this picture, surprise is excited by the range over range of masses of foliage, marked by their atmospheric degrees of remoteness into thin air. A few gently rising grounds appear; even the flag on the tower of Windsor Castle may be distinguished, a distance of sixteen or eighteen miles; but not a hill to diversify the repetition of parallel lines, formed by the masses of trees before-mentioned, which stretch across the whole horizon of the prospect. Nature has been bountiful in scattering her enchantments over this scene, and art has been active in contributing her graces; for wherever the eye may be directed, some portion of mansion or elegant villa peeps from amid its leafy veil, or pours a whitening curl, in contrast to some umbrageous screen, and gives an animation to the whole. This widely-spread proof of wealth and enjoyment, in no small degree, contributes to the rapture which all experience who contemplate this prospect. Richmond has for ages been considered a spot of peculiar beauty. It was formerly called Sheen, in the Saxon language signifying resplendent. Here stood a palace, in which Edward the First and Second resided. Edward the Third died here of grief for his heroic son. Here also died Anne, Queen of Richard the Second. The palace was repaired by Henry the Fifth. It was burnt in 1497—rebuilt by Henry the Seventh, who gave it the name of Richmond, and died here. Queen Elizabeth was some time a prisoner here, during the reign of her sister Mary, after whose death, Elizabeth made it her favourite place of residence, and here she closed her illustrious career.

But we must hasten to return to the metropolis. The sun is sinking in the west, and casting his long shadows across the lawns and villa grounds. The boat again receives our party, and, dropping down the river, we, with little effort, reach the landing place near one of the upper bridges, just as twilight departs, and leaves the heavy masses of houses around us in the gloom of night.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

DEW.

AFTER the death-like repose in which all nature has been hushed by the bleak storms of winter, the return of spring may truly be hailed as a season of delight, inspiring, as it does, even the humblest being in the scale of organization with a new impetus of life, and clothing even inanimate objects with a beauty, which speaks not only to the eye, but audibly to the heart of man. It is a transition from all the torpor of utter inactivity to the joyous consciousness of rekindled existence, and is the very season which invites us the most urgently to contemplate and study the infinite variety of objects and phenomena which diversify, while they adorn, the path of our earthly pilgrimage. Such cannot be considered as a heavy or an irksome task, but as a recreation, more calculated than any other to wean away our thoughts from those cares and anxieties which the common business of life winds painfully around the heart; besides which, it enables us to appreciate more deeply and fervently the perfection which is every where observable throughout the universe.

We have already explained the causes of the formation, and the phenomena attending the fall, of hail, rain, snow, &c.; and now a gentler agency claims our consideration, for the purpose of entering on which we may suppose ourselves retired into an open country, where we can attentively observe the silent operations of nature. No sooner does the sun begin to decline towards the horizon, than its rays, while they reflect a glowing crimson light on tower and spire, and on the clouds afar off, fall more slantingly to the earth, whereby their intensity is diminished, and a change of temperature immediately induced; for the air soon feels chilly and damp, and the grass beneath our footsteps becomes moistened with a genial and refreshing dew. Let us not pass this over hastily, but rather pause to examine how it happens. It is no occult mystery, but may easily be explained; for it is by simple means that nature generally accomplishes her most beneficent designs. It has been elsewhere explained, that all bodies receive a certain quantity of heat, which, under particular circumstances, they again emit from them; in doing which, they necessarily be-

come colder than they previously were, unless they receive in exchange another quantity of heat sufficient to compensate for the loss they have sustained. In this case, their temperature will remain stationary; but if they part with more than returns to them, their temperature necessarily must fall. When, then, the object so cooled is encompassed by a warm and moist medium, it condenses, by its cold contact, vapour on its surface, and thereby becomes moistened. Hence the origin of dew; for no sooner does the sun sink towards the horizon, than the blades of grass which clothe the surface of the earth give out the heat which they have been receiving during the day; the consequence of which is, that their temperature falls so much below that of the surrounding air, that they condense on their surfaces part of the moisture which immediately surrounds them. The temperature of the body, as indicated by the thermometer, at which this deposition takes place, is called the "dew point," which, for the formation of dew, must always be below the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere: indeed, the quantity of dew formed will always be in proportion to the coldness of the grass, and to the quantity of moisture suspended in the air. Besides this, after the sun has set, the moisture which the earth has imbibed during the day, and which still rests below the grassy surface, rises up or evaporates, in doing which, it rises up through or between the blades of grass, the cold contact of which gradually condenses it. Dew, therefore, on calm and clear nights, is more abundant shortly after rain than during a long season of dry weather. During westerly or southerly winds, which are generally impregnated with moisture, it is also formed more copiously than during easterly and northerly winds. Besides the quantity of moisture existing in the air, the greater or lesser copiousness of the dew formed, depends, as we have premised, on the coldness of the objects on which it is about to be condensed. If the night be calm and clear, the grassy blades emit their heat freely, and it is dispersed through the atmosphere, without any equivalent return, whereby the temperature of the grass soon sinks sufficiently low to condense the surrounding vapour; but if, instead of this, the night be cloudy, then the clouds reflect, like mirrors, the rays of heat back again to the grassy blades, and prevent this diminution, so that less dew is then deposited. If, in addition to the sky being overcast with clouds, the weather be windy, no dew will be formed; for the temperature of the grass is then prevented sinking by the agitation of the air, by which a warmer current is continually brought to succeed the colder current by which it is surrounded. Hence, if, during the night, the weather, from having been calm and serene, become windy and cloudy, not only will dew cease to form, but that which has been already deposited will disappear, or diminish considerably. Every kind of covering or shelter which extends above any object, will interrupt the radiation or escape of its heat; for which reason gardeners, to prevent plants being chilled, cover them over, on the approach of evening, with a layer of straw or matting. Ice is formed in Bengal during the clearest and calmest nights, by placing water in shallow vessels a little below the earth's surface, in which situation it has been observed that bodies grow colder from radiation to the heavens at night than in any other; but this process becomes checked if the night turn cloudy and windy. The covering of snow which the earth enjoys during winter, protects in like manner its warmth, by preventing the radiation of its heat. For this reason, the grass which is situated beneath the boughs of large and spreading trees, becomes only sparingly moistened with dew; for the shelter above interrupts the progress of radiation from the substances underneath, and so preserves their temperature. Accordingly, it is an established axiom, that whatever diminishes the view of the sky, as seen from the exposed body, will occasion the quantity of dew to be less than would have been deposited if the exposure to the sky had been complete. Dew is formed, therefore, more sparingly and irregularly in cities than in the country, where the most open grassy plains are always the most abundantly bedewed. In this country it begins to appear in shady places as soon as the heat of the atmosphere has declined; but though the grass on clear still evenings often becomes moist several hours before sunset, dew is seldom present in such quantities as to exhibit visible drops until the sun reaches the horizon; nor does it become copious until some time after sunset. It continues to form also in shaded places some time after sunrise; and it is remarkable, that more dew forms a little before, and in shaded places a little after sunrise, than at any other period. It has also been observed, that more dew is formed between midnight and sunrise, than between sunset and midnight—a circumstance which is owing to the cold of the atmosphere being greater in the latter than in the former part of the night. As the quantity of dew deposited thus depends so much on the degree of coldness which the body about to be bedewed attains, its quantity must be materially modified by the greater or the lesser facility with which substances part with their heat. Grass, being a filamentous substance, parts more readily with its heat than garden mould or gravel; wherefore dew is more plentifully deposited on meadow grounds than on ploughed lands. Thus, cultivated soils are refreshed with abundance of dew, while barren rocks and sandy deserts do not receive this congenial moisture. Indeed, every shrub and herb, every leaf and blade of grass, possesses, according

to its kind, a different power of radiation, so that each condenses as much dew as is necessary for its own individual and peculiar exigencies. Thus, not even a single dew-drop seems to have been formed by the rude hand of chance, but is adjusted by the balance of infinite wisdom to accomplish a definite and benevolent end.

The water of dew, when collected, has been superstitiously considered to possess various remarkable, and almost supernatural qualities. Borelli asserts that, in some instances, dew-water is capable of dissolving gold. In the West Indies, and in other tropical climates, numerous diseases are attributed to its noxious qualities. But such notions are, for the most part, as fanciful as the popular virtues of May-dew, which, in this country, has been considered an excellent cosmetic capable of clearing and beautifying the complexion. It may, however, be observed, that some plants give out so much carbonic acid as to impregnate very agreeably the dew-water formed on them; and this, in the peninsula of India, is collected as a luxury, and used medicinally. By the Moor men, and rich Hindoos, it is much prized, and is obtained by spreading pieces of muslin cloth in the flowering sennaga, from which, when well saturated, the moisture is wrung out, and preserved for use. It is an old observation, that the presence of dew assists the putrefaction of animal substances; thus Pliny, in his Natural History, remarks—"Whenever you see, at any feast, the dishes and platters whereon your meat is served up to the board sweat or stand of a dew, terrible tempests may be prognosticated"—an ominous prediction, founded on this popular observation. It has also been remarked, nor need the reference excite the smile of credulity, that animal substances, exposed in the open air to the light of the moon, very quickly undergo putrefaction. Thus Plutarch observes, "the moon has some influence on flesh; meat corrupts sooner in the moonlight than in the sun." "Fish," says Montgomery, "hung up all night in the light of the moon, will occasion violent sickness and excruciating pains." So, too, Mr Madden, in his Travels in Turkey, informs us "that the Arabs attribute a morbid influence to the moon, and think it causes ophthalmia and catarrh." The solution of all which mysterious speculation is simply this:—that the presence of moisture promotes, and is indeed essential to, the decomposition of animal matter, and, on bright moonlight nights, the air being generally still, and the firmament unclouded, such substances radiate their heat very freely, and soon become covered with dew. It is neither the dew-water, therefore, nor the moonbeams, which are charged with any specific morbid influence. Thus, in the blindness of humanity, do we often mistake the very facts before us, and take erroneous data for the foundation of our most favourite theories; but the history of the world proves that truth is eternal and progressive, and, in the end, must triumph over error and superstition.

HONEY DEW.

There is a species of dew which is sweet and grateful to the taste, named honey dew, which often collects on the leaves of plants in very considerable quantities. It is now known to naturalists that it is occasioned by insects (of the genus *Aphis*) which inhabit the under side of the leaves, and shed this liquor on the surface of those below. This little creature seems to subsist by drawing the juices from the sapvessels, and, by some peculiarity of constitution, rejects the sweet or saccharine matter which falls on the leaves below, and afterwards affords nutriment to many other insects. Ants are so fond of it, that a whole colony may be found travelling to the highest branches of a tree in search of it; and they have been seen to seize the clear drop, while yet attached to the body of the *Aphis*, which, although defenceless, was not molested farther by these predaceous wanderers. "This clammy substance," says Gilbert White, "is very grateful to bees, who gather it with great assiduity; but it is injurious to the trees on which it happens to fall, by stopping the pores of the leaves. The greatest quantity falls (or, he should have said, is collected) in still close weather, because winds disperse it, and copious dews dilute it, and prevent its ill effects."

All observers of nature must have remarked, that the deposition of dew cools, refreshes, and invigorates the vegetable creation. "Without its presence," says Mr Savary, "Egypt would be uninhabitable; for so copiously does it gather during the summer night, that the earth in the morning is so deeply soaked, that one would imagine that rain had fallen during the night. So, too, on the coast of Africa, and in some other countries, the deposition of dew is so regular and abundant as to supply the want of rain. Its beneficial effects in warm countries was doubtless the reason why Scripture promised the Israelites, who inhabited a climate pretty similar to that of Egypt, the dew of heaven, as a signal favour. So, too, the blessings that arise from unity of love are in the Psalms likened to the dews of Hermon, and to the dew that descended on the mountains of Sion. When, indeed, we pause to contemplate the peculiar circumstances under which dew is formed, and observe that it gathers silently and gently upon the leaves of the most delicate flowers, and on every individual blade of grass, when all nature is about to sink into repose, it suggests to us many pleasing associations; nor can we avert the reflection, that, even beneath the shadow of night, the spirit of a beneficent being is abroad minis-

tering to the wants of the humblest object of creation. It was on such a calm and serene night as we have seen is necessary for the deposition of dew, that the noble poet probably penned these lines, with which we may appropriately conclude this brief sketch:—

"There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distil,
Weeping themselves away, 'till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues."

THE MISERIES OF SAVAGE LIFE.

SURROUNDED as we are by all the blessings of civilization, we seldom look back into the darkness and misery of those past ages, when mankind, unenlightened by knowledge, and unaided by experience, had to contend with the most appalling difficulties. Yet such a retrospect, however briefly taken, must be instructive, exhibiting, as it does, in the most vivid colours, the advantages and blessings which we have derived from the extension of those divine truths, which have alone ameliorated our moral and intellectual condition. The infancy of every nation may be wrapt in darkness; but the records of the most ancient history, and the structure of the globe itself, establish the fact, that a deluge, terrible in its nature, and destructive in its consequences, at one time swept over the tops of the highest mountains. Previous to this eventful epoch, many useful arts appear to have been acquired; but afterwards, mankind, dispersing in scattered groups through the world, sought only to satisfy their immediate physical wants, and degenerated into a state of ignorance and barbarism. Some lived in woods, others in caves; thus, want of sociability engendered ferocious and savage habits, and, amidst the moral anarchy that ensued, we can scarcely discover one redeeming ray of light. Thus the great continents of Africa and America, and the northern parts of Europe, had their forests peopled with wandering and scattered tribes of savages, scarcely able to supply themselves with the commonest necessities of life. Even the use of fire was by some forgotten—a fact still attested by many travellers. This was the case with the inhabitants of the Marian Islands, discovered in 1521. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it, on the descent of Magellan on one of the islands. At first they believed it to be a kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon the wood. Some of them who approached too near being burnt, the rest were terrified, and dared not look at it, even from a distance. They were afraid, they said, of being bit, or that the dreadful animal would wound them by his violent respiration. The Egyptians and Phœnicians, having forgotten the method of procuring fire, discovered it by observing that forests were set on fire by the collision of their trees. The Chinese say, that Sui-gin-chi, one of their first kings, taught them how to kindle fire, by rubbing two pieces of wood strongly against each other. Being so unacquainted with the use of fire, men could not then dress nor prepare their food in a proper manner. Hence historians speak of nations who had no other way of dressing their food, except by exposing it to the rays of the sun. But many had not recourse to this expedient, and devoured meat in a raw state—a custom at present retained by some uncivilized tribes. The fruits and herbs which grew wild in the woods and fields, constituted the principal food which mankind first sought, and which they ate without any artificial preparation. The Egyptians originally lived on the roots and herbs which grew in their fields and marshes, without any other way of distinguishing them but by taste. The Greeks in the first ages fed on roots and wild fruits, especially on acorns—whence the custom with them arose of presenting every new married pair, on the day of their nuptials, with a basket of acorns mixed with bread. Herodotus speaks of a nation in India that lived on herbage, and similar examples might be cited. But mankind did not, even in the primitive ages, confine themselves to this simple kind of diet. Incredible as it may appear, some savages have been found who eat rats, toads, serpents, and various reptiles and insects. But, more deplorable than this, is the well-attested fact, that some men have existed savage enough to make even human flesh their food. People have been known in Asia, Africa, and America, who hunted their fellow men as we do wild beasts. On these occasions, they endeavoured to take them alive; upon which they dragged them to their huts, and, after killing them, devoured them. It is even asserted by some authors, that formerly, in parts of these countries, there were public markets for human flesh. Such horrible practices as these can only, in reason, be ascribed to that savage state induced by the sufferings arising from extreme hunger, in which deplorable extremity mothers have been known to devour their own children. The Jews, so late as the days of Trajan, having overcome a considerable army, composed of Greeks and Romans, near Cyrene, ate those who fell in battle, anointed themselves with their blood, and made clothes of their skins. "The Padai, a nation of India," says Herodotus, "live upon raw flesh. When either males or females approach towards old age, they are slain, and devoured by their nearest relations or neighbours." The custom of eating the prisoners taken in war seems to have prevailed

among many nations. "Why do I speak," says an old historian, "of other nations, when I myself saw, while I was in Gaul, the Scots, who inhabit a considerable portion of the island of Britain, eat human flesh? And when they found in the woods shepherds and keepers of hogs, they cut off the hips of the men, and the breasts of the women, which they esteemed as the most delicious repast." Captain Cook describes the prevalence of this horrible practice among the New Zealanders. "According to their system of belief," says he, "the soul of the man whose flesh is devoured by the enemy is doomed to a perpetual fire, while the soul of the man whose body has been rescued, as well as the souls of all who die a natural death, ascend to the habitations of the gods." But we need not enlarge on this savage custom, which, doubtless, must excite a shudder in every bosom. Let us attend to other points illustrative of the degeneration of mankind into the savage state.

In the infancy of the world, even in the patriarchal age, attention was paid to dress, the magnificence of which then appears to have consisted in the fineness of the stuff, and the variety of colours it exhibited. Rebecca, the better to disguise Jacob, made him put on Esau's garments, which she kept with care, and which Moses speaks of as very beautiful. So likewise Jacob, who tenderly loved Joseph, gave him a conspicuous robe, which excited the envy of his brethren. After the dispersion of mankind, however, many of them allowed their offspring to give up the use of clothes, and savages are still found, who, to this day, have no idea of covering for their bodies. The Patagonians were accustomed to go naked, and suffered no inconvenience from the bitter coldness of their climate. Even in this country, the Picts continued naked until the time of Severus. The habits induced by the wants of uncivilized life necessarily became of the most humiliating description, for, uncontrolled by any moral law, every tribe was left to be influenced by their own selfish and corrupt passions. In such a condition, the human soul may be aptly compared to a dark lake, over whose accursed bosom no single redeeming ray of light is allowed to gleam. Even the intercourse between the sexes in such a state does not lead to humanity, but is often preluded by acts of brutal and atrocious violence. Among the savages of New South Wales, the savage selects his intended wife from men of a different tribe, generally at enmity with his own. He steals upon her in the absence of her protectors, strikes her a severe blow on the head with a club, and drags her away, stunned and bleeding, to his retreat. She is then completely subjected to his control; nor do any of her tribe think of avenging the cruelty. In this barbarous condition, even the parent has often no sympathy towards his offspring, and frequently leaves it to die exposed in the forests, or on the banks of a river—or, immediately upon birth, puts it to death. The Gias, a fierce and wandering people in the central parts of Africa, bury all their children the moment of their birth, choosing, in their stead, those children which have been taken in war. Among the savages in New South Wales, if the mother of a child, nourished by the breast, die, the helpless infant is buried alive in the same grave with the mother. The father himself places his living child on the body of his dead wife, and, having thrown a large stone upon it, the grave is instantly filled up. The Hindoos, and many other nations, in their early history, adopted, to a considerable extent, this unnatural and barbarous practice.

In this savage state, man desires at first only to satisfy his own immediate physical wants; then, when, by design or accident, he is led to intercourse with men similar in condition to himself, he gives way to the most inexorable passions. Often the passion of cruelty, and that to a most incredible extent, becomes the predominating feature of his character; and so hardened, indeed, does his heart become, that it seems even to pant with delight in witnessing spectacles from which every feeling of humanity and compassion would shrink back in confusion and dismay. "I have been present," says Hearne, describing a tribe of North American Indians, "when one of them would imitate the groans, distorted features, and contracted positions of a man who had died in most excruciating pain; and the exhibition put the whole company, except myself, into violent fits of laughter." Amidst the moral anarchy which in such a degenerate condition prevails, some of the passions incident to human nature scarcely manifest themselves, while others rise up in frightful and appalling violence. Jealousy among savages, in the lowest state of degradation, is seldom or never cherished; for the existence of this passion implies a degree of affection which never animates, or sheds a kindly influence over, the savage bosom. But revenge, no matter whether it exhausts its fury on inanimate objects, on beasts of the forest, or upon the offending fellow man, is an ever active principle which stimulates perpetually to every species of outrage. Among the Kookies, it is customary, if one of their number be killed by falling from a tree, for the rest to assemble and cut it down, and, whatever be its size, they convert it into chips, and scatter them to the wind. If one of them become the prey of a tiger, the whole tribe is up in arms, and the family of the deceased remains in disgrace, until, by destroying the animal, they can give a feast of its flesh. Among the black Circassians, when one man has been killed by another, the relatives of the deceased consider it ne-

cessary to avenge his death by the blood of the murderer, which, they conceive, can alone give his and their souls rest.

No picture can present in colours too deep and glowing the unmitigated horrors of savage life; yet, strange to say, some of our philosophers have pretended to maintain that this is the condition natural to man—this a state of primeval unclouded happiness! Happy savage! exclaim the disciples of Rousseau; if the boughs of the forest defend him from the storm, if the herbs of the field and fruits of the woods afford him but scanty nourishment, still his wants are satisfied; he is not insulted by the haughty frowns of his superiors; he is not forced to contrast his own narrow dwelling with turreted palaces that seem to mock his indigence; he is free as the wind, and may, from sunrise to sunset, bask in indolence, or exert himself with activity, exactly as his own innate desires may happen to prompt him. But this is vain and hollow sophistry. They forget that every tempest which howls about his forest dwelling, strikes him to the heart with superstitious fear and frightful alarm: they forget the cares and anxieties which prey upon him while he seeks the precariously found herbs or fruits, which scarcely satisfy the gnawing pains of hunger; they forget that his freedom, which is his birthright, is another name for idleness run wild, and is accompanied neither by peace, safety, nor happiness. And yet, notwithstanding all this, our best philosophers continually appealed to man in the savage state to illustrate what are the natural propensities and habits of the human race. Most assuredly this is a glaring error; for the savage state is to be regarded only as that state of degradation into which the human race gradually fell after their dispersion into distant countries, and from which they can progressively be liberated by the benignant agency of civilization. Were it the condition natural to man, surely it would be somewhat perpetuated; but instead of this, the moment one ray of Christian light penetrates into the gloom of his forest, the savage abandons his reedy hut, he gives up his depraved and ferocious habits, his passions soften down, and he becomes "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." It is not for us to determine what are the progressive stages to human happiness, nor wherefore a certain scale or gradation in the moral and mental condition of mankind should be observable throughout the world; yet doubtless this has been so designed in the great scheme of the creation, and therefore approaches to perfection in religion, morality, politics, and science, must be accomplished gradually—the first step of the progression leading us out of that night of darkness and ignorance, which, like the original chaos, seems to be the primary condition both of the intellectual and moral world.

EMIGRATION.*

By THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I KNOW of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine industrious independent peasantry taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think about nothing else. I saw the children all in high spirits, playing together and amusing themselves with trifles; and I wondered if those dear innocents, in after life, would remember any thing at all of the land of their nativity. They felt no regret, for they knew that they had no home but where their parents were, no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, and attending to all their little wants, and they were happy. How different the looks of the parents! They looked backward toward their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance. These looks never can be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always, that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought, without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends whose heads they had laid in an honoured grave, and that, after a few years of the toil and weariness collateral with old age, they were going to lay down their bones in a new world, a far distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Alas! the days are gone that I have seen! It is long since emigration from the Highlands commenced; for, when clanship was abolished as far as government edicts could abolish it, the poor Highlanders were obliged to emigrate. But never till now did the brave and intelligent Borderers rush from their native country, all with symptoms of reckless despair. It is most deplorable.

* We willingly give insertion to this communication from Mr Hogg—for, though the prejudice of place should never interfere to a great extent with the prospects which an individual may have of bettering himself by emigration, it cannot be denied that there is a sentiment of a sacred, and, in one point of view, most useful kind, in one's attachment to his native country; which sentiment appears to us to be developed in a very touching manner by our respected correspondent.

The whole of our most valuable peasantry and operative manufacturers are leaving us. All who have made a little money to freight them over the Atlantic, and procure them a settlement in America, Van Dieman's Land, or New South Wales, are hurrying from us as from a place infected with the plague. Every day the desire to emigrate increases, both in amount and intensity: in some parts of the country the movement is taking place on an immense extent. In the industrious village of Galashiels, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the town of Hawick, and its subordinate villages, are double that number. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away; and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest, that, though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not begun yet. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship, *Helen Douglas*, for the British settlements in America. Among the rest was Adam Haliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and, I think, nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two oldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Ainslie, was there distributing little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he and Mr Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself, and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place:—

"Now, Aidge, my man, ye're to behave yersel, and no be like a woman and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin' pappin' ower thae manly young cheeks; for though you an' Jamie wad hae been my riches, my strength, an' shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o' my power to take ye wi' me just now. Therefore, be good lads, an' mind the thing that's good. Read your Bibles, tell ye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother an' the bairns an' me, an' we'll a' work thegither to aane anither's hands."

"I dinna want to gang, father," said Adam, "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken weel how ye are circumstanced, an' how ye hae been screwed at hame. But if there's siller to be made in Scotland in an honest way, Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James's heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy, about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate, man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leaving ye is takin' the pith out o' my arm. But it's out o' my power to take ye just now; for, as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sincipence. But ye're young an' healthy an' stout, an' gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But since friends are partit, an' the half o' the globe atween them, there's but a sma' chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to hae gane wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, an' leev'd an' de'd wi' ye. It's an awfu' thing to be left in a country where ane has nae hame to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation, that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness; but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide to-morrow; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay-loft.

Having resolved to sail with the *Helen Douglas* as far as the Point of Cumberland, I attended the next day at the quay, where a great number of people were assembled to take farewell of their friends. There were four boats lying ready to take the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting, rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday; "why, the poor fellows hae na left themsels a boddle in helpin' to fit out their mother and me; how can they enter themselves as passengers?"

"They are entered, however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination; but if any more is required, I am authorised to advance that likewise."

"An' wha is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Haliday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms, and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independ-

ent man—at aince, tell me wha is the kind good man?—was it Mr Hogg?"

"The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you, Mr Haliday," said he; "let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as paid."

"I winna set my fit aff the coast o' Scotland, sir," said Haliday, "until I ken wha has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be nae the waur o' an auld man's prayers night and morning; no, I winna set a fit into the boat—I winna leave the shore o' auld Scotland till I ken wha my benefactor is. Can I gang awa without kenning wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born? Na, na! I canna, captain; sae ye may just as weel tell me at aince."

"Then, since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him!" fell, I think, from every tongue that was present. The mother of the young men was first at the old pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstasy, mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, "Now, honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win, or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this. There was never sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up. An' ye sall hae your money, good auld Christian—ye sall hae your siller."

"Ay, that he sall!" exclaimed both of the young lads.

"Na, na, Auld Haliday, say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar; "d'ye ken, man, I had sundry verri strong motives for this: in the first place, I saw that you *could* not do without the lads; and mair than that, I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eirry, to vend my wares for a year or twa, an' I wantit to hae ae house at ony rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters. I'll ca' for my siller, Auld, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't; an' if I dinna ca' for't, be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never ony siller reaches this frae America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the old pedlar's that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every eye turned on him with admiration.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

MODERN FOREIGN VERSIONS.

WE have seen, by the preceding articles on this subject, that, at some period prior to the promulgation of Christianity, there existed a valuable translation of the Scriptures into Greek, entitled the SEPTUAGINT, or the SEVENTY, from the number of individuals engaged in its arrangement. It has also been shown, that, at an early period in the history of the Christian church, a Latin translation of the Scriptures was found, called the VULGATE. These Greek and Latin versions of the Bible did not supersede the use of the original Hebrew Scriptures, such being ever preserved by the Jews with the most extraordinary care, and generally made use of by them in their synagogues, while the Septuagint and Vulgate, from being in more modern languages, were in more extensive use among churchmen and the people. The existence of these early versions is therefore an incontestible evidence that the Scriptures, as now found in the original tongues, have not been impaired, interpolated, or abused, during the lapse of at least two thousand years.

Almost all the modern nations of Europe, and part of Asia, have had versions of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, taken from other versions, or from the originals. Arabic having become the vulgar language of almost all the East, there are several versions of the Bible in Arabic, which, besides the Syriac version (which is understood by the learned alone), are not only used by the Maronites and other Christians in Asia, but also by the Jews and Samaritans. About the year 900, Rabbi Saadias Gaon, an Arabian Jew, translated the Old Testament, or, at least, the Pentateuch, into Arabic. Another Jew of Mauritania translated the Pentateuch, and Erpenius printed his work. Risius, a monk of Damascus, translated the New Testament. The greater part of these versions were from the Septuagint.

The Persians have some manuscript versions of the Bible. Rabbi Jacob Favos, a Jew, translated the Pentateuch into Persian, and the Jews printed it at Constantinople in 1546. This, with the Gospels translated by one Simon, a Christian, are inserted in the London Polyglott;* but these Gospels are far from being

correctly done. There have been several other Persian versions of the Psalms and the New Testament executed in modern times, particularly the New Testament by Henry Martyn, the celebrated English missionary, translated by him in the city of Shiraz in Persia, and printed at Petersburg in 1815.

The Turks have likewise some translations in manuscript of the Bible in their language. In 1666, a Turkish New Testament was printed at London, for the purpose of being dispersed in the East. It is mentioned, that, in 1721, the Grand Seigneur ordered an impression of Bibles to be produced at Constantinople, that they might be confronted with the Koran, or Bible of the Mahomedans. In the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for 1815, it is mentioned, that a Turkish translation in manuscript of the whole Bible had been discovered in the repositories of the University of Leyden, where it had remained for a century and a half. The author of this translation was by birth a Pole, of the name of Albertus Bobosky, and born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. While a youth, he was stolen by the Tartars, and, being sold to the Turks in Constantinople, he was by them educated in the Mahomedan faith. His name was changed to Hali Bey, and when he grew up, he was constituted chief dragoman or translator to Mahomed the Fourth. The learning of Hali Bey was considerable. He understood seventeen languages, and he is said to have spoken in French, German, and English, like a native. He was particularly fond of the English language, and, at the request of the Hon. R. Boyle, translated the Church of England Catechism into Turkish. He also composed different works himself, several of which have been published. His chief work, however, is his translation of the whole Bible into the Turkish language, which was undertaken at the instigation and under the direction of the famous Levin Warner, Dutch ambassador at the court of the sultan at that period; and the translation appears to have been completed about the year 1666, the same year in which Seaman's translation of the New Testament into Turkish was published at Oxford.

The Armenians have a translation of the Old Testament, done from the Septuagint, by Moses Grammaticus, and two others, about 1400 years ago. In 1666, under the direction of an Armenian bishop, it was printed at Amsterdam, corrected or corrupted from the Vulgate. Theodorus Patreus procured an impression of an Armenian New Testament at Antwerp in 1668, and of the whole Bible in 1690. In 1815, the Armenian Bible, in quarto, for the accommodation of the Armenian inhabitants of Russia, who subscribed liberally for the undertaking, was printed at St Petersburg. The Armenians are scattered all over Asia.

The Georgians have the Bible in their ancient language; but that being now almost obsolete, and themselves, in general, brutishly ignorant, few of them can either read or understand it. There has never been, till lately, but one edition of the Georgian Bible; it was printed at Moscow in 1743, in a large folio volume.

The modern Greeks have recently received the New Testament in their proper tongue, which is considerably different from that in which the sacred work was originally written. The edition is in the Hellenistic and Romain dialects, and was printed in England under the direction of a society. It has been approved of by the Patriarch of the Greek church.

The Russians have the Bible in their Slavonic tongue, done from the Greek by Cyril, their apostle. It was published in 1581, but being too obscure, Ernest Glück, a Swedish captive, above one hundred years ago, began to form another. He died before he finished it. Peter the Great ordered a number of his most learned clergy to complete the work; and it is supposed that the Bibles distributed by imperial authority about 1722 were of this translation. In the course of two hundred and sixty years, from the time when printing was first introduced into Russia, no more than twenty-two editions of the Slavonian Bible had appeared, prior to the year 1815, consisting of about fifty thousand copies only.

The most ancient German translation is that of Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, about A.D. 360; but he left out the Books of Kings, lest they should have excited his savage countrymen to war. Towards the end of the 16th century, Junius professed to publish an edition of it, from a manuscript found in the abbey of Verden, written in letters of silver. An anonymous version was printed at Nuremberg in 1477. Between 1521 and 1532, Luther composed his translation, but Michaelis, La Croze, and Bayer, think this was not from the Gothic version of Ulphilas, but one about 200 years later; he published it in seven parts, as it was ready. Some persons of quality, masters of the German language, revised it. Two Catholic versions, the one of Eckius on the Old, and Emzer on the New Testament, and another of Ulembergius, were published to depress the credit of Luther's; but the Protestants of Germany and Switzerland still use it, a little corrected. About 1604, Piscator turned the Latin translation of Junius and Tremellius into a kind of German, but too much Latinized. About 1680, Athias published a Hebrew-German translation of the Old Testament, for the sake of his Jewish brethren, and Jekuthiel another; but both, especially the latter, distorted several texts relative to the Messiah, &c.

The first Polish version of the Scriptures is ascribed to Hadewich, the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, who embraced Christianity A.D. 1390. In 1596, the Protestants published another, formed on Luther's translation. There were three other versions, one by James Wick, a Jesuit, and the other two by Socinians, published in the end of the 16th century.

About 1506, the Bohemian Taborites published a Bible in their language, done from the Vulgate. In the end of the 16th century, eight Bohemian divines, after a careful study of the original languages, at Wirttemberg and Basil, published a version from the original text.

In 1534, Olaus and Laurence published a Swedish Bible, done from Luther's German translation. About 1617, Gustavus Adolphus ordered some learned men to revise it; and it has been, since, almost universally followed in that kingdom. The translation into the language of Finland is thought to have been done from it. In 1550, Peter Palladius, and three others, published a Danish version, done from the German of Luther; and there are one or two others, as also a version in the Icelandic tongue.

The Flemish or Dutch Bibles, composed by Roman Catholics, are very numerous; but the names of the translators are scarcely known, except that of Nicolas Vink, in 1548. The Calvinists of the Low Countries long used a version done from Luther's; but the Synod of Dort appointed some learned men to form a new one from the originals. It was published in 1637, and is considered very exact.

Since the Reformation, a vast number of Latin versions of the Bible have been made by members of the Romish church. Pagnin the Dominican was the first after St Jerome who translated the Old Testament into Latin from the Hebrew. His version was printed at Lyons in 1528. It is very literal, and generally exact. Arias Montanus retouched it, and made it yet more literal. After Pagnin came a crowd of interpreters, since the Hebrew language has been more studied. Leo of Judah, who, though not a Jew, understood Hebrew extremely well, began one, which has since been printed at Zurich; but death having prevented him from finishing his work, Theodorus Bibliander completed it. This is the version which Robert Stephens printed with the Vulgate and Vatablus's Notes, without naming the authors of it. Of Protestants, Emmanuel Tremellius, who of a Jew became a Christian, and Francis Junius, have also given a Latin translation, as also Castalio and Beza. These are considered tolerably exact, and have been frequently reprinted. Sebastian Munster also published a literal but judicious translation.

In 1471, an Italian Bible, done from the Vulgate, by Nicolas Malerme, a Benedictine monk, was published at Venice. Anthony Brucioli published another in 1530, but the Council of Trent prohibited it. The Protestants have two Italian versions—the one, which is rather a paraphrase than a translation, by the celebrated Diodati, published in 1607, and with corrections in 1641—the other by Maximus Theophilus, and dedicated to the Duke of Tuscany, about 1551. By an order of King James of Arragon to burn them, we find there were a number of Bibles in Spanish, about the year 1270, probably the work of the Waldenses. About 1500, a Spanish version was published, but the translator's name is unknown. In 1543, Driander published his version of the New Testament, and dedicated it to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In 1553, the Jews published their Spanish version of the Old Testament, after having long used it in private. Cassiodore, a learned Calvinist, published his Bible in 1569, which Cyprian de Valera corrected and republished in 1602.

Peter de Vaux, chief of the Waldenses, published the first translation of the Bible in French, about A.D. 1160. Two others were published about the years 1290 and 1380; and in 1550, by order of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the doctors of Louvain published another. There are various other French versions, particularly of the New Testament; that of Mons, done from the Vulgate, and published in 1665, with the King of Spain and Archbishop of Cambray's licence, is in a most clear and agreeable style. In 1702, F. Simon published his New Testament, with some literal and critical notes, which the Bishops of Paris and Meaux quickly condemned.

There are many French versions of the Bible done by Protestants. Faber's translation of the New Testament was printed for those of Piedmont, in 1534. Next year, Peter Olivetan's Bible was published at Geneva, and, having been often reprinted with the corrections of Calvin and others, it is now a work of considerable exactness. After some struggling with the French Protestant clergy, Diodati published his in 1644; but, like his Italian and Latin versions, the translation is too free and paraphrastic. Le Clerc published his New Testament at Amsterdam in 1703, with notes mostly borrowed from Grotius and Hammond. The States-General prohibited it, as inclining to the Sabellian and Socinian heresies. La Cene published another, which shared much the same fate, on account of its fancies and errors.

The Bible, or at least portions of it, principally by the labours of the missionaries at Serampore, are now printed in nearly forty Indian languages, and are also to be found in Tartar, in Calmuc, and in Chinese. Upon the whole, out of the 3064 languages which are said to exist in the world, the Bible is now to be found in one hundred and thirty-nine.

* Polyglott is a Greek compound word, signifying many tongues, and is employed as a title for certain modern editions of the Scriptures, printed in divers languages.

GREECE.

THE new independent kingdom of Greece, as now established, will probably be the smallest in the world, both in territory and in population. It includes all the country lying south of a line drawn from the Gulf of Volo to that of Arta (anciently the Sinus Ambracius), together with several of the islands of the Archipelago. Its utmost length, from north to south, is about two hundred miles; its greatest breadth scarcely one hundred and sixty. The population is even more scanty than this unexampled exiguity of boundary would lead us to imagine. It has been stated by various writers at all amounts between five hundred thousand and two millions. The probability is, that it cannot exceed six hundred thousand at the present moment; though, as soon as the new government is firmly seated on the throne, and some tolerable prospect of stability and security held out, the immigration will be immense from all quarters, especially from Thessaly and Albania; and it may reasonably be expected that, in a very few years, regenerated Greece will double its population by this means alone.

The whole country presents, to a fanciful eye, the appearance of a troubled sea, which has been congealed by some magic touch at the moment of its wildest turbulence. The mountains follow on each other in such quick succession as to leave no room for flat land, except near the sea, and in a few valleys in the interior, which have been gradually formed into plains by the accumulated deposits which torrents have washed down from the surrounding hills. The only plains of any extent or fertility which I noticed throughout Greece, were those of Argos and Marathon, both of which border on the sea; and those of Mantinea and Megalopolis, in the centre of the ancient Arcadia. Many of the mountains, especially in the Morea, are very high and difficult of access, and their summits are covered with snow till a late period in the spring. But they are often enriched by extensive forests of oak and fir, and afford excellent pasture for the flocks of sheep and goats, which still furnish the chief wealth and occupation of a large proportion of the modern Greeks.

Throughout Greece, with the exception of two or three plains, the soil is generally light, poor, and stony, and better fitted for the growth of vines than any more requiring crop. This may be owing, in a great measure, to the extreme scarcity of water, which is one of the chief disadvantages with which Nature has compensated the loveliness of scenery and richness of climate she has bestowed on this delightful land. With the single exception of the Achelous, all the most celebrated rivers of Grecian mythology, such as the Alpheus, the Eurotas, the Inachus, are mere insignificant streamlets. Arcadia, however, and, to a certain extent, Laconia also, are exceptions; and in the former province, the numberless rivulets which water every dell, form one of the chief features which have contributed to render it the paradise of poetical imaginations.

"Were any one," says Heeren, "who is entirely unacquainted with the history of the Greeks, to examine the map with attention, he could hardly remain in doubt that their country is favoured by nature beyond any other in Europe." It lies in a southern latitude, and enjoys a rich, genial climate, the excessive heats of which are mitigated by the mountainous character of the land, and by the vicinity of all parts of it to the sea, which surrounds it on every side, and penetrates it in every direction. In Attica especially, and in many parts of Arcadia, the air is always clear, keen, and invigorating; and to this, in a great measure, we are to attribute the unrivalled preservation of the monuments of Grecian art. Further, the combination of high land with a southern latitude, enables Greece to produce almost every variety of vegetable life which is to be found in the temperate zone. The corn of the Morea has long been held in high estimation, and in better times was exported in considerable quantities to the adjoining islands. The oil of Attica, and other provinces, is notoriously plentiful and excellent, needing only the care and cultivation which a settled government will enable and encourage the people to bestow, in order to equal, and probably surpass, that of Italy and the Ionian Isles. The honey, both of Athens and the Morea, has long been an esteemed article of export; figs, oranges, and lemons, are cultivated with the greatest success; and the wines of the islands, and also of the continent, though generally ruined for European palates by the manner of their preparation, naturally possess a rich and delicate flavour, and will ultimately, I doubt not, become a most important article of commerce. Greece produces already considerable quantities of wool, and some kinds of it are said to rival those of Spain; while the cultivation of silk, cotton, and tobacco, might be almost indefinitely increased. Add to this, that the multitude of excellent sea-ports with which Greece abounds, and their proximity to every part of the country, give her natural commercial advantages possessed by no other nation; and that, the skill and enterprise of the Greeks have made them, under every disadvantage, unquestionably the best sailors in the Levant: and we see a reasonable prospect, that, as their resources are gradually developed, they will take rank among the most active and intelligent commercial people of Europe.

The beauty of Grecian scenery is beyond parallel and beyond description. In this only have poets not exaggerated. Many of the most beautiful scenes are

mentioned in the course of the work, and it would be superfluous to describe them here. But there is one which must not be passed over. It is remarked by Bartholdy, in his Travels in Greece, as a curious circumstance in the history of national character, that the Athenians, gay, elegant, and often effeminate, whose luxurious tastes and tendencies rivalled those of the Sybarites, inhabited a bleak province and a barren soil; while the stern and forbidding virtues of the Spartans were born and matured amidst scenery of unequalled luxuriance and softened beauty. It is scarcely possible to conceive a landscape of richer loveliness than the plain of Sparta presents. It is well cultivated, and covered with thick groves of olives, mulberry, and lemon-trees. When I visited it in the spring, these were in full blossom, and diffused a luscious sweetness, which invited to far different sentiments from those of Spartan self-denial. The ruins of the ancient city occupy one side of the plain, and on the other, the town and fort of Mistra rise along a steep acclivity, while Mount Taygetus towers abruptly and immediately behind. The scene cannot be rendered by any description; but it is well worthy of a visit to the Morea for its sake alone. Individual spots there may be in other countries which surpass any thing to be met with either in Greece or the Ægean Islands. But here every scene is beautiful, and its beauty is of the highest order. The traveller is constantly surrounded by the richest loveliness of unassisted nature, occasionally intermingled with the monumental traditions of an earlier day—he lives in a perpetual rapture; and when at length he is withdrawn from the witchery of this land of enchantment, and looks back upon its charms with a fancy somewhat calmed by time and distance, he almost wonders at his own enthusiasm.*

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

THERE are few things more curious than the fact, that the seeds of various plants and flowers which have lain dormant, at a depth under the surface of the earth, for a succession of ages, have germinated, either by being exposed to the air, or the action of some compost or manure.

White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," remarks on this subject—"The naked part of the hanger is now covered with thistles of various kinds. The seeds of these thistles may have lain probably under the thick shade of the beeches for many years, but could not vegetate till the sun and air were admitted. When old beech trees are cleared away, the naked ground, in a year or two, becomes covered with strawberry plants, the seeds of which must have lain in the ground for an age at least. One of the *slidders*, or trenches, down the middle of the hanger, close covered over with lofty beeches nearly a century old, is still called *strawberry slider*, though no strawberries have grown there in the memory of man. This sort of fruit did once, no doubt, abound there, and will again, when the obstruction is removed."

A striking instance occurred in trenching some ground for a plantation at Bushy Park, which had been undisturbed by the spade or plough since, and perhaps long before, the reign of Charles the First. The ground was turned up in the winter, and in the following summer it was covered with a profusion of the tree mignonette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, plants which are nowhere found in a wild state in the neighbourhood; and in a plantation recently made in Richmond Park, a number of foxgloves appeared, after the soil had been deeply trenched. Mr Jesse noticed an occurrence of the same kind, in a plantation in Devonshire, the surface of which was covered with the dark blue columbine, which is a common plant in the western counties in a wild state. A field, also, which had previously little or no Dutch clover upon it, was covered with that plant, after it had been trampled upon and fed down by horses.

It is well known that if a pine forest in America were to be cut down, and the ground cultivated, and afterwards allowed to return to a state of nature, it would produce plants quite different from those by which it had been previously occupied. So completely, indeed, is the soil impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface, from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it.

The plant called *Hypeocoum procumbens* was lost in the Upsal garden for forty years, but was accidentally resuscitated by digging the ground which it had formerly occupied. A species of *Lobelia*, which had been missing for twenty years in the Amsterdam garden, was unexpectedly recovered in the same manner. There is a very curious account in Monson's *Perludia Botanica*, of the appearance of a species of mustard, *Sisymbrium iris*, after the fire of London; and another species, *Sisymbrium panonicum*, made its appearance suddenly among the ruins, after the fire of Moscow, and continues abundant there ever since. In Glamorganshire, Wales, a crop of barley was produced, where oats had been sown, and the farmer to whom it belonged declared that the ground had not been stirred for thirty years before; so that

the seeds must have been all that time lying in a dormant state.

Several years ago, when some labourers were borin for water, near Kingston-on-Thames, earth was brought from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet. This earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it, yet, in a short time, plants began to germinate from it. If quick lime be put upon land, which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its stead.

There is an old castle, near Moffat, which belonged to the Regent Murray. Some of the lands which surround it are covered with peat, of about six or eight inches in thickness, under which there is a stratum of soil, supposed to have been cultivated as a garden in the time of Murray. Some years ago, the turf was removed and the soil turned up, from which sprang a variety of flowers and plants; several of them are but little known in Scotland even at the present time.

In the year 1817, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., made some curious and very interesting experiments on the germination of seeds. "A friend of mine," says he, "possesses an estate in this county, a great part of which, lying along the Moray Frith, was, at some period not very well ascertained, but certainly not less than sixty years ago, covered with sand, which had been blown from the westward, and overwhelmed the cultivated fields, so that the agriculturist was forced to abandon them altogether. My friend, soon after his purchase of the estate, began the arduous but judicious operation of trenching down the sand, and bringing to the surface the original black mould. These operations of improvement were so productive as to induce the intelligent and enterprising proprietors to undertake, lately, a still more laborious task, viz. to trench down the superincumbent sand, on a part of the property where it was no less than eight feet deep.

"Conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of trying some experiments relative to the length of time which seeds preserve their power of vegetation, even when immersed in the soil, I procured from my friend a quantity of the mould, taken fresh from under the sand, and carefully avoiding any mixture of the latter. This was instantly put into a jar, which was stopped up close, by means of a piece of bladder tied tightly over its mouth. Having prepared a couple of flower-pot flats, by drilling small holes in the bottom of them, so as to admit of the ascent of water, I filled the flats with some of the mould, and, placing them in a very wide and shallow tub, made on purpose, I covered each of them with a large glass receiver. Each receiver, however, was provided with a brass rim, having little brass knobs on it, so as to raise its edge from the bottom of the tub, and leave a small opening for the admission of air. The whole apparatus was placed in my library, of which the door and windows were kept constantly shut. This was done on the 17th of February last. It is now the 6th of May (1817); and on examining the flats, I find about forty-six plants in them, apparently of four different kinds; but as they are yet very young, I cannot determine their species with any degree of accuracy."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who is ever ready to communicate information to his fellow men, has kindly informed us that the following were the plants which germinated. They were all of a highly oleaginous nature, and consisted of the mouse-ear, the scorpion-grass, the red archangel, and the corn spurrey. The lands from which this earth was obtained were those of Inverurie.

It is a curious fact, in proof of what has been advanced, that more recent deposits of earth, such as peat, leaf-mould, &c. produce little or no vegetable substances, while, as has been shown, soil, from whatever depth it is brought, is impregnated with seeds, which grow freely on being exposed to the influence of light and air.

Besides the wonderful duration of the germinative power of the seeds of plants, when buried at a depth in the soil, they are found to have the power of reproduction when kept out of soil for a long series of years. Mrs Selby of Twizell, in the county of Northumberland, a lady distinguished for her zeal as a florist, and for her many domestic virtues, has experimented on the growth of flower seeds to a considerable extent. "She informed us, in 1822, that she had never failed in germinating flower seeds, however old they may have been. On one occasion, she begged of a friend a few duplicates of exotic seeds, which had for many years been kept in a bottle on a mantel-piece, along with some shells, and, in this situation, subjected to the drying heat of the fire, and great variety of change in temperature, yet, nevertheless, she succeeded in producing plants from all of them.

The Society for the Encouragement of Horticulture in Prussia, proposes, from time to time, certain questions, to which it directs the attention of horticulturists. The following was proposed in 1829:—"Is it true that seeds of the melon and cucumber, being preserved for some years, yield a greater abundance of fruit?" "Most observers have remarked, on this head, that plants obtained from the seeds of the preceding year produce many leaves, but few fruitful flowers, and, what is curious, almost entirely male ones; but that these same seeds, dried by the heat of the sun or of a stove, yield more fruitful plants, and

* From Sketches in Greece and Turkey. Ridgway, London, 1833—a work which we strongly recommend to attention.

that it is particularly at the end of some years they acquire this property. These experiments vary from three to twenty years. The heat of the human body may be useful, but it must be used with discretion, or the germinating power of the seeds will be destroyed.

M. Schmidt employed seeds of from five to twelve years old, which germinated, but he found that those twenty years old did not grow. Professor Sprengel, of Halle, says he obtained no fruit from seed a year old. On the other hand, M. d'Arenstorff, of Drebleau, obtained fruit most remarkable for flower and size from seed of twenty years old. The same results were obtained by Professor Treveranus, of Berlin.

M. Voss, head gardener at Sans Souci, sowed, on the 7th February 1827, twenty-four seeds of a Spanish melon of the year 1790, being, consequently, thirty-seven years old, and he obtained eight plants which produced good fruit. This experiment was the most remarkable of all. He obtained plants from eleven kinds of seeds of different species of a less age. Cucumber seeds of seventeen years old afforded the same results.

FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

To continue the narrative of Franklin's expedition: On the return of Dr Richardson and Hepburn to the party in October, the melancholy tale of what had befallen them was thus described by the Doctor:—It appears that, on the first two days, they had nothing whatever to eat, that on the evening of the third day, Michel, the only surviving man of the four whom Captain Franklin had sent back, arrived with a hare and a partridge, which enabled them to break their long fast. Another day passed without eating; Mr Hood very weak and unwell. On the 14th, Michel brought them part of what he called a wolf, which he said had been killed by the stroke of a deer's horn. "We implicitly believed this story then," says Dr Richardson, "but afterwards became convinced, from circumstances, the detail of which may be spared, that it must have been a portion of the body of Belanger, or Perrault," two of the unfortunate men whom Captain Franklin had sent back, and one or both of whom it was strongly suspected had fallen by the hands of the Iroquois. This man's bad conduct since his return grew daily worse; he absented himself from the party; refused either to hunt, or to fetch wood, and frequently threatened to leave them. Poor Hood was now sinking fast; he was unable to eat the tripe de roche (and they had nothing else), on account of the constant griping it produced.

"At this period we avoided as much as possible conversing upon the hopelessness of our situation, and generally endeavoured to lead the conversation towards our future prospects in life. The fact is, that, with the decay of our strength, our minds decayed, and we were no longer able to bear the contemplation of the horrors that surrounded us. Each of us, if I may be allowed to judge from my own case, excused himself from so doing by a desire of not shocking the feelings of the others, for we were sensible of one another's weakness of intellect, though blind to our own. Yet we were calm and resigned to our fate, not a murmur escaped us, and we were punctual and fervent in our addresses to the Supreme Being."

Five days more passed on without any food except a little tripe de roche collected by Hepburn, the Iroquois continuing sulky, and, though strongest of the party, refusing to contribute to its relief; but it was strongly suspected he had a hidden supply of meat for his own use. Seeing the determined obstinacy and refractory spirit of this man, Dr Richardson had told him, that if no relief came from Fort Enterprise before the 20th, Hepburn and himself should be dispatched thither with a compass, by the direction of which they might be enabled to find the house. On that very day, however, as Hepburn was cutting wood near the tent, and Dr Richardson was collecting tripe de roche, the miserable assassinated Mr Hood while sitting over the fire in the last stage of disease and debility. The ball entered the back part of his head, and set fire to his nightcap. Hepburn had heard them conversing together in an angry tone, and immediately after, the report of a gun; and on looking towards the spot, observed Michel rise from behind the spot where Mr Hood had been sitting, and dart into the tent. It was at once clear, from the great length of the gun which had been discharged, that such a wound could only have been inflicted by a second person; and if any doubt could have existed as to the murderer, Michel's own conduct would at once have removed it. From this time he would never suffer the two remaining of the party to be together for a moment; he was constantly asking if they suspected him of the murder; sometimes he made use of threatening language; at other times muttering to himself, and throwing out obscure hints of freeing himself from all restraint. In short, as they proceeded on their diabolical journey to join their companions at Fort Enterprise, his conduct became so violent and outrageous as to convince both the Doctor and Hepburn that he would attempt to destroy them the first opportunity that offered. His strength was superior to theirs united, and he had, besides his gun, two pistols, an Indian bayonet, and a knife. On coming to a rock, he for the first time left them together, saying he would stop to gather some tripe de roche, and desired them to go on. Hepburn now mentioned certain circumstances, which satisfied Dr Richardson that there was no safety for them

but in his death, and he offered to be the instrument of it. "I determined, however," says Dr Richardson, "as I was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of such a dreadful act, to take the whole responsibility upon myself; and immediately upon Michel's coming up, I put an end to his life by shooting him through the head with a pistol. Had my own life alone," he continues, "been threatened, I would not have purchased it by such a measure; but I considered myself as entrusted also with the protection of Hepburn's, a man who, by his humane attentions and devotedness, had so endeared himself to me, that I felt more anxiety for his safety than for my own." Michel had gathered no tripe de roche; and it was quite evident that he had halted for no other purpose than that of putting his gun in order, to destroy them that same evening while engaged in setting up the tent.

Dr Richardson seems to have no doubt that a very short time must have put an end to the sufferings of Mr Hood. On his zeal, ability, and goodness of heart, both he and Captain Franklin bestow unqualified praise. "The loss," says the former, "of a young officer of such distinguished and varied talents and application, may be felt and duly appreciated by the eminent characters under whose command he had served; but the calmness with which he contemplated the probable termination of a life of uncommon promise, and the patience and fortitude with which he sustained, I may say, unparalleled bodily sufferings, can only be known to the companions of his distresses."

After dragging along their famished bodies for six days, existing on lichens and pieces of the skin-cloak of poor Mr Hood, on the 29th they came in sight of the fort at dusk; "and," says Dr Richardson, "it is impossible to describe our sensations, when, on attaining the eminence that overlooks it, we beheld the smoke issuing from one of the chimneys. From not having met with any footsteps in the snow, as we drew nigh our once cheerful residence, we had been agitated by many melancholy forebodings. Upon entering the now desolate building, we had the satisfaction of embracing Captain Franklin, but no words can convey an idea of the filth and wretchedness that met our eyes on looking around. Our own misery had stolen upon us by degrees, and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures; but the ghastly countenances, dilated eye-balls, and sepulchral voices of Mr Franklin and those with him, were more than we could at first bear.

An idea may be formed of the dreadful state to which the captain's party were reduced, by the death of two of them, two days after the arrival of Dr Richardson and Hepburn. The only remaining man and Captain Franklin were so utterly unable to assist themselves, that eight-and-forty hours, and probably half that time, would have put an end to their misery. The whole labour, therefore, of procuring fire-wood, and scraping together the old pieces of skins, and fragments of bone, devolved on Dr Richardson and Hepburn, whose strength was now rapidly declining, and very nearly exhausted, when, providentially, on the 7th of November, the long-expected relief arrived, by the hands of three Indians sent by Mr Back. The condition to which the four survivors were reduced is thus described by Captain Franklin:—

"I may here remark, that, owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying, yet, to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but three or four days, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part, but not always, accompanied it, were usually (though not invariably) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the day time we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discussed with seriousness and earnestness topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking directly of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed that, in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness, that he exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings.'"

Nothing could be kinder and more humane than the conduct of the Indians. They cleaned out the room, cooked their victuals, had them washed and made comfortable, and, after leaving the fort, attended them to the spot where their tribe were engaged in hunting; giving up their own snow-shoes, keeping by their sides, lifting them up when they fell, and finally conducting them in safety to the nearest of the

Company's posts, where they met with their companion, Back, whose sufferings had scarcely been less than their own, and to whose exertions the survivors of the party unquestionably owed their safety. One of the two Canadians who had accompanied Mr Back fell a sacrifice to cold, hunger, and fatigue.

RURAL AFFAIRS.

IN the year 1806, I was one afternoon leaning over the grave of Burns, and reading the plain inscription on his tombstone erected in the churchyard of Dumfries. This town was the concluding scene of the Scottish bard, and here terminated the breathings of his muse and of his life. I was indulging in one of those moods, in which pain and pleasure are so equally blended, that the mind is thrown into a sort of delightful melancholy; for while I traced many gay and lively recollections, I was forced by present objects to check the rising emotions, and embitter them with grief. His enchanting and splendid verses were contrasted, in the eye of fancy, with the shades of his character; the bright and promising morning of his life with the ominous and black cloud which settled on the evening of his days. While indulging in these feelings, a slow and faltering step struck my ear, and, turning round, I discovered an emaciated but venerable figure approaching, in the last decrepitude of old age.

"Stranger," said he, "you are paying the tribute of respect to the memory of our poet, and I must beg pardon for this abrupt intrusion." There was such an air of good nature in the old man, heightened by the sense of his helplessness, that I addressed him frankly in reply, and showed no reluctance to engage in conversation.

"Come," said he, "along with me to the hillock which Burns used to visit." I accompanied him, and we ascended together the mound of earth, on the top of which is the seat, once the favourite haunt of this immortal and extraordinary genius. It is still shown to the curious, lies within the precincts of the town, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. We seated ourselves on the grassy turf; and, grown familiar by an interchange of sentiment, we conversed on the most intimate footing. From Burns we soon passed to other topics possessing novelty or interest.

"The country," said I, "in every direction around, and wherever I have travelled, is mostly arable, and highly cultivated. The red and white wheats prevail universally, and are sown seemingly by the farmers in equal quantities."

"Yes," replied the old man; "there is a wonderful change in this district since I was of your age; for I can recollect the time when there were neither enclosures nor wheat in all this country."

"Is it possible," I answered, "that all these improvements are of so recent a date as to be within the reach of your remembrance? I should like if you would relate to me the ancient state of the country, the condition of the tenants, and the progress of agriculture."

"That I shall do with all my heart," rejoined my acquaintance, his eyes brightening as he spoke, for, like myself, he seemed fond of the subject.

"I was born," continued he, "in 1719, in Lochmaben, and am now eighty-seven years of age. The oldest thing I recollect is the great riot which took place throughout the whole of this shire in 1724, in consequence of the landed proprietors beginning to enclose their estates, on purpose to stock them with black cattle. The small tenants were turned out to make way for this improvement, and the ground was fenced by a sunk ditch and wall, called then park-dykes. Great distress was felt in the country on account of this alteration; and the tenantry rose in a mob, and, with pitchforks, spades, and mattocks, proceeded to level all these enclosures, from the one end of the country to the other. My father was, unfortunately, concerned in that disturbance; and after it was quelled by the help of two troops of dragoons brought from Edinburgh, he was banished to the American plantations for his crime. I lived afterwards, and was brought up, with my uncle in Nithsdale, about twenty miles hence, who rented there a small farm of a hundred acres, and I assisted him in working it. The general produce of all this country was grey oats, although the gentlemen in their croft or best lands raised also a little beer or bigg, and some white oats; yet the soil was by all men believed incapable of producing wheat, and accordingly it was never tried. Our common food consisted of these grey oats parched, or burned out of the ear, and ground in a hollow stone by the hand; of milk; of kail; of groats; with never more than one ewe, killed at Martinmas for the family. The houses were generally built of mud, and covered with thatch; and the clothing was of plaiding—a coarse tweeled stuff, manufactured at home from the black and white wool mixed together. Hats and shoes were only worn by the gentry; and even they often appeared at church with a coat of their wives' making. Potatoes were not introduced till 1725, and at first were cultivated with much care, and in small patches. They were carried to the great towns on horses' backs, and retailed at a high price by pounds and ounces. It was about the year 1735, when they came into com-

mon use; and before that period there was often great scarcity of food, sometimes bordering on famine, in this fine country, which was then accounted incapable of raising bread for its scanty population. Dumfries at present contains more inhabitants than were then in the whole county: and twenty acres are now more productive than two hundred in those days. Such was the low state of husbandry, that the principal supply came from Cumberland, on the other side of the Esk; and I myself have witnessed on the Wednesdays, which from time immemorial have been our market days, sad scenes of real distress occasioned by the swelling of the river, which prevented the carriers from bringing forward the meal; as the want of bridges often interrupted all communication.

"I have seen," proceeded the old man with greater animation, and pointing with the staff in his hand, "all that country before us covered and overgrown with whins and broom, and not a single vestige of these hedges and stone walls which cross and intersect the whole landscape. A few sheep and black cattle picked the scanty herbage; and they were prevented from eating the growing corn, either by a herd-boy who tended them, or by a temporary fence erected every year. The common people very often collected nettles in the field, of which they made a kind of coarse soup thickened with oatmeal, and enriched, on great days, by a piece of butter as a luxury. The state of Scotland from my birth up to 1745 was miserable in the extreme: the lower classes were ill fed, ill clothed, and ill lodged, and there was no revival in their circumstances till the introduction of potatoes and lime."

"Of potatoes and lime!" repeated I; "I can perceive some reason why the first should improve their condition, but what connection had the last with it?" "Lime," continued my instructor, "operated with more success on the prosperity of the country than potatoes, and I look upon it as the best friend we ever saw."

"Explain yourself," said I; "for all this seems mysterious, and I cannot conceive how lime could have wrought such enchantment."

"To your satisfaction, then, I shall account for it; and my present views have not been altered for the last twenty years of my life. Seventy years ago, in 1738, there was no lime used for building in Dumfries, except a little made of cockle shells, burnt at Colvend, and brought on horses' backs a distance of twenty-two miles. All the houses were either composed of mud walls, strengthened by upright posts, and these bound and connected together by wattled twigs, or they were built of stone, laid, not in mortar, but in clay or moist loam. The whole town was a collection of dirty, mean, and frail hovels, never exceeding one story, because the materials had not strength or firmness to bear more. These buildings were so perishable, and stood in need of such constant propping, that people never thought of expending time, labour, and money on the comforts of a habitation which was to fall into ruins during the course of their lifetime. Old Provost Bell's house, which was founded in 1740, is the only one now remaining of the ancient town; and although the under story was built with clay, the two upper were laid in lime, which is the cause of its long standing."

"Between the years 1750 and 1760, the old mud walls gave place to those of stone laid in mortar, and from that period there has been a visible and rapid improvement. Houses acquired permanence, descended from father to son, and the labours of one generation were enjoyed by the next. To lime, then, we owe these stately edifices, with all the comforts and conveniences they confer; and it hence contributed, in a remarkable degree, to the refinement and polish of private life."

"If to this fossil," continued the old man, "we are indebted for the stability of our towns, we are under greater obligations for its unprecedented effects on the powers of the earth. Wheat and clover would not thrive in the county of Dumfries, or in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright, till lime was plentifully incorporated with the soil; and after its introduction, the farmers became rich, land advanced in value, the produce was multiplied tenfold, population increased, and these counties quickly rose to their present unexampled prosperity. In my younger days, it cost much toil to raise on my uncle's farm two bolls or two bolls and a half of grey oats per acre, and after taking one or two crops, the ground lay for four or five years in natural grass, which was coarse, and unpalatable to the cattle. The rent—only 2s. 6d. per acre—we found great difficulty in scraping together, and we fell on a thousand shifts to accomplish it. Now, the same farm is rented at L.3. 10s. per acre, is kept under constant cropping, rears excellent wheat, is wholly drained and enclosed, supports a genteel family in all the comforts of life, and one year's rent of it is double the sum which could have purchased it altogether sixty-five years ago. It is lime that has warmed and meliorated the soil, that has endowed it with productive powers, and that supports all the plenty and prosperity you have been admiring, as you travelled through the district." He paused; I rose and bowed; we came down together, and I retired to my apartment in the inn, to note down the particulars of this interesting conversation.*

* This simple and instructive sketch of the changes effected in the rural management of Scotland within the last eighty years, is extracted from a valuable work on agricultural subjects, printed at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, entitled "The Letters of Agricola," &c., by John Young, who, we believe, is a native of this country.

SLAVES IN ANCIENT STATES.

It is difficult for a modern to conceive the number of slaves that existed in the most populous Greek and Italian cities. The city of Corinth, the most commercial and most opulent of Greece, possessed within her walls forty-six myriads, or 460,000. When Demetrius Phalereus took a census of the population of Athens, free, servile, and foreigners, there were found 21,000 citizens, 10,000 domiciled foreigners, and no less than 400,000 slaves. Nicias had 1000 slaves, which he hired out to work in the silver mines of Thrace, at an abolus, or 1½d. a-day. The *Eginatæ*, a trading people, possessing many ships, but a very small territorial limit, possessed, according to Aristotle, 470,000. Some of the citizens of Dardanus possessed more than 1000 slaves. Many Roman families had 10,000 or 20,000, or even more, and these were kept and maintained by them not always for gain, but sometimes for mere show and attendance. Smin-dyridas, a native of Sybaris, a town celebrated for its voluptuousness and accomplished luxury, took along with him, when he went to his marriage, 1000 slaves, as ministrants to him, some of them cooks, some poulterers, some fishers, &c. An immense number of slaves was maintained by the free inhabitants of Sicily; they frequently mutinied against their masters, and threw the whole island into bloodshed and confusion; upwards of 100 myriads are calculated to have there perished in these dreadful conflicts for emancipation. The servile war in Italy was nearly equally destructive. At one time, 120,000 slaves were marching upon Rome, who were headed and directed by one Spartacus, a Thracian slave, who avenged the injured rights of nature upon his enslavers, and made the supremacy of Rome herself to totter under the force of his infuriated attacks. At the close of the servile war, no less than 6000 slaves were hanged up all the way from Rome to Capua. In Attica, the slaves wrought at the mines with their feet shackled. The ancient Greeks were not served in their houses by bought slaves; the younger served the elder. The city of Ephesus was founded by 1000 slaves, who ran away from Samos. It is said that Julius Cæsar crossed into Britain with but three slaves officiating as servants, and it is a strange coincidence that his body was carried home by three servants from the senate-house, where he was murdered. Cato was wont to ride from Rome to the country, in the most simple manner, with but one slave, sometimes no attendant at all—riding gently with his *walise* under him for a saddle, somewhat in the style of a modern decent Anti-burgher minister.

TO A WILD FLOWER.*

In what delightful land,
Sweet scented flower, dost thou attain thy birth;
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fann'd.

Pull off my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced,
(As if there planted by the hand of taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead, or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of Earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of Summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green
Smooth-running waters in the far off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild
'Mong sylvan shades, the music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude,
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

* We have taken the liberty of extracting this beautiful little poem from the second edition (lately published) of a volume entitled "Poetical Aspirations, by William Anderson." That a poet who can write such things should be so little known, is a strong signification of the difficulty which characterises the present age, with all its advantages, of attaining almost any degree of literary celebrity.

THE "CHEAP" PUBLICATIONS.

We have had much pleasure in observing a very respectful notice of the present work, along with the Penny and Saturday Magazines, in a late number of the Edinburgh Review. Not that there is any chance of our circulation being much extended by the recommendation of this distinguished periodical, but that the article in the Review may tend to open the eyes of many persons, chiefly those connected with literature, to better views of the nature and end of the cheap sheets than what have hitherto prevailed. It has all along been to us a matter of painful reflection, that, while the reading public was fully awake to the benefits to be derived from such a vast system of popular instruction, and while our own work in particular has been honoured with an appreciation that proclaims itself as almost without parallel in periodical literature, the *writing public* has either preserved an invidious silence regarding our labours and those of our followers, or employed themselves less honourably in conveying the falsest impressions respecting our legal and literary status, inasmuch that the *soi-disant* leaders of the public taste appear to be the only class in the country who remain ignorant or prejudiced upon the subject. While a moral phenomenon of the most uncommon kind was in the process of being developed—no less than the establishment of an universal national organ of literary instruction and refinement, and that by means the most simple and unpretending—men of letters seemed to have no better amusement than to sneer at so external a matter as the price of these works, to denounce them as infringing upon the newspaper laws, and to hold them up in every possible way to ridicule. One great magazine-writer—who, however, is certainly under great temptations to write nonsense, since the public seems to like nothing else of his composition—wished, in the spirit of the *Caliph Omar*, that the common people would content themselves, like their fathers, with the Bible. Other persons connected with the daily and weekly press endeavoured at once to prove that they were newspapers, and yet that their contents were worthless; an argument in which they certainly reflected no small credit upon their own labours. In short, the cheap publications, as they are comparatively but incorrectly termed, have been the subject of as much misrepresentation as if, instead of being obvious to every eye, they had held a more obscure course than the generality of other works. Regretting as we do that the accustomed dispensers of fame should in this case have been so obsolete and so blind, we cannot but rejoice that the Edinburgh Review has attempted to assign these publications their proper rank, seeing that the effort may be an example to others, or at least that it may avail with many who are inaccessible of all claims which do not bring with them a prestige of one kind or another.

There is one part of the article which we cannot allow to pass without special notice—the caution which the Reviewer thinks it necessary to give at the close, respecting the use which we and others may be tempted to make of larger works. To what extent the Penny and Saturday Magazines may facilitate their labours in this manner, we have never inquired; but we have to state, in our own behalf, that there is seldom any considerable portion of our voluminous, which in the country; and even where our matter is not new, it is generally derived from American works, or from British publications which have been sent to us by the authors or publishers, in order that we might aid in bringing them into notice, or from books of a past day, in which there is no publishing interest to be injured. The limits to which the system of extracting may be carried have never yet been properly fixed either by law or custom; but since we are held by industry to be liable to some blame on this account, we may mention, that we do not nearly so much as many works which have never yet been challenged. The Literary Gazette, for instance, and other popular works of which it has been the respectable model, live, it may be said, by nothing else than their custom of giving extracts from all the new books of the passing week. Even the monthly and quarterly periodicals copy more in proportion than we do. Nor is the system confined to publications of this class. The extent to which historical and miscellaneous writers avail themselves of the labours of their predecessors, is beyond all calculation. A work, for instance, has lately appeared under the designation of "Waverley Anecdotes," which has been praised in most of the newspapers and literary journals; its sole merit, in reality, lies in its being an artful compound of extracts from other works, and nothing more. It is by Mr R. Chambers, published in 1829, under the title of "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," has suffered to the amount of somewhere about a third of its whole contents—and this without the acknowledgment which we invariably make, as to the source of our quotations. Another work, now in the course of publication, respecting the Highlands, and which professes to be an improvement upon past history, has been shown to be, in one of its sections, borrowed word for word from Chalmers's *Calendar*—also without acknowledgment. Because these works do not offend by their cheapness, and are occasionally advertised in the newspapers, they are praised in many of those sheets, while we, who are most absurdly supposed to interfere with the interests of the political press, and with other literary concerns, are either directly or indirectly said to exist by a system of plunder. In truth, we would be very glad to give up the practice of giving extracts from the few sources which we employ, if it were not that our readers appear solicitous to have a few extracts along with our original matter, and that we are often entreated, by way of favour, to use our freedom with certain works put into our hands by the persons most interested in them. In a brief space of time, we hope to convince the public that extracts from books, if not in every case unique and complete in themselves (which they very rarely are), are less proper to our purpose than the systematized knowledge which we condense into our more elaborate articles; and when that end is gained, it is probable that we will altogether cease to insert any thing that has ever before been printed. In the mean time we may mention, as the best proof of our having never offended against copyright, that we have not yet received a single remonstrance upon the subject from any publisher—although it is said that some of the most considerable of these individuals have resolved to prosecute the cheap works in every case where it is at all likely that they may be successful. On the contrary, we have ourselves suffered more, perhaps, at the hands of these gentlemen, than they have done from us; and if any complaint were proper, it ought rather to arise from ourselves. We allude particularly to our biographical article on Sir Walter Scott, which has been pillaged by *four* publications of every class and calibre—very much to our satisfaction.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 69.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

WINDFALLS.

THERE are some medicines and intoxicating draughts which cannot, without extreme danger, be largely used at first. It is only by beginning with small doses, and by gradually increasing them, that the system becomes habituated to their qualities, and in a manner fitted for their reception, until at last the original quantity produces no perceptible effect or excitement, and copious drenchings are undergone with apparent impunity. In the same way that drugs of this kind act upon the body, the possession of wealth operates upon the mind. When money is amassed by slow degrees, by the regular profits of business, the use of it is learnt during the acquisition; but when it plumps upon a man suddenly, and he who yesterday was a hard-working tradesman, obliged to fare frugally, and to be content with coarse clothing, finds himself to-day the master of a fortune capable of supplying a luxurious table, splendid furniture, and rich attire, he is as it were taken by assault, reduced under subjection to a powerful invader, and frightened from his propriety, so as to be incapable of managing affairs discreetly for the future.

He who has formed a resolution to go cautiously and steadily forward in the pursuit he has chosen, accommodates his desires to the station in which it places him. There is no one, indeed, devoid of ambition; and he, like other men, hopes to better himself, and looks forward to enjoyments beyond his present circumstances: but it is by almost imperceptible steps that he advances to attain them. He does not see the full height of the mountain before him, nor pant with eagerness to reach its top; but terraced eminences present themselves successively, and with patient foot he climbs one after another, saving his breath most methodically, although his view does not extend to the next ascent. Far from losing his all upon a cast, he would not risk the merest trifle on the chances; and his is the heart that never fluttered responsive to the most flattering *perhaps*. His last pace is measured with the same steadiness and self-possession that characterised the whole of his progress; and, knowing every inch of ground over which he has passed, he is prepared to recede, if it should be necessary, with no less composure. Such is the character of the prudent man of business—unwearied industry being its strongest feature. All acknowledge him to be clear-headed, and many load him with the imputation of being also cold-hearted; but this is very frequently a mistake: He knows how he has got every penny he possesses, and he never parts with the smallest sum, without being assured of a good and sufficient cause for the outlay. He is not wanting in the common kindnesses and charities of life; on the contrary, he devotes the whole of his time and talents to the acquisition of means by which he may confer benefits on all who are connected with him—but they are every one sober unostentatious benefits, distributed considerably from a sense of duty, and not from any high-flown notions of generosity. By steady attention to the concerns of trade, he makes himself the stay of many industrious families, who in his service are sure of employment, and equally sure of their wages. He whose hand gives liberally to the poor is blessed; but doubly blessed is he who enables them to live without depending upon casual bounty.

The man who looks to lucky turns in trade, and makes bold ventures, is sometimes as successful as his neighbour who plods on in its regular routine; but he seldom employs his advantages so wisely for himself, and so beneficially for others. He is of a sanguine temperament, and has accustomed himself to think that money is only to be made by fortunate hits. Ex-

citement and stir present to him charms that are irresistible; so he takes care to devise and execute a number of schemes, sufficient to keep him constantly upon the tenter-hooks of expectation. They often fail; but he is not discouraged. Persuading himself that his plans were the best possible, and conducted in the most judicious manner, he attributes their discomfiture solely to casualties which nobody could have foreseen. "If it had not been that that fellow who bought my last consignment from — was a villain, I should at this moment have been in possession of a fortune of £30,000," says the disappointed speculator; and he speaks truly: but he overlooks the circumstance that he sold his goods so very advantageously, that it would have been apparent to any one, not blinded by an over-eagerness of gain, that the purchaser had little intention of paying the price. A person with better regulated notions would aim rather to dispose of a great number of commodities, at moderate returns, than of a few at a large profit; but for this sure and liberal system of dealing the daring commercial adventurer entertains a sovereign contempt; a small advantage he does not think worth accepting, and accordingly his transactions are all of a hazardous kind, either issuing in a dead loss or in enormous gains. By this hap-hazard species of traffic, an immense fortune is occasionally accumulated, and may be considered in the light of a windfall to its owner, as much as if it had presented itself in the shape of an unexpected legacy. It comes upon him as unprepared to use it in moderation, and is for the most part as injudiciously squandered. Indeed, in whatever way it comes, the result is nearly the same.

"What an unfortunate wretch I am!" exclaims he who finds himself the holder of an unsuccessful lottery-ticket, "to pitch upon No. 999, when, if I had taken the one above it, I should have got the £20,000 prize." Now, mark the bad logic of the man: he calls himself unfortunate in not selecting No. 1000, as if he were certain it would have turned out a prize if he had held it. But so willing is he to interpret chances in his own favour, that a doubt on this exceedingly problematical point never enters his head; and he considers himself to have been so very close upon gaining a large sum, that he is sure of it the next time he makes the trial. Well, perhaps he *does* succeed the next time, or the next, or the time after; and how does this vast influx of wealth find and affect him?—it finds him very much in need of it, and very eager to wallow in it, and, ten to one, he is soon in a worse condition than ever. This suddenly-acquired wealth does not seem to have the same blessing with it that generally accompanies the gains of patient industry, or of an honest ingenuity, exerted from day to day. Sudden wealth may be compared to a tornado, which produces nothing but havoc and desolation; the slow earnings of industry to the silent dews by whose influence the face of nature is beautified, and vegetation invigorated and refreshed.

The above arguments bear with full force upon the life of the gambler, who is simply a person given up to delusive hopes of acquiring wealth without working for it. In general, we find moral writers and dramatists, in their endeavours to check this vice, go no farther than to show the horrible results which are apt to spring from its indulgence. It might be advantageous also to explain the rational principles upon which gambling is a worse means of endeavouring to obtain money than an industrious course of life. To assume a language which will be intelligible to those who are addicted to it, it is attended with a *worse chance* of ending in the desired result. If twenty persons are engaged in one street, each in his own honest

business, it is certain that some profit will be made amongst them, so that most of them, at least, will be able to exist without coming upon their capital. But if twenty persons be engaged as industriously in gambling, it is certain that no profit will be made amongst them—on the contrary, money will be lost in paying for the rooms, and for the materials of the sport. Supposing the twenty persons were kept by themselves, and that they began with a considerable stock of money amongst them, they would by and bye find themselves reduced to penury, by reason of this constant drain upon their resources. Now, if money cannot be made by any community of gamblers amongst themselves, what hope is there, except in that vanity and self-love which speaks delusively to every bosom, that an individual will enrich himself? Evidently none whatever. Thus gambling, in every case where it does not suppose a simpleton to be pillaged, is proved a mere fallacy; while, in cases where that is supposed, it is the meanest, because the safest of robberies. In no point of view can there be any advantage in this course of life—for if wealth be lost, it produces all the usual evils of that contingency; if it be gained, it never thrives, and is apt to be again quickly lost, either by play, or by irregular and expensive living. Upon the whole, while some must be greater losers than others, there is no *general chance* in favour of the gambler, as there is in favour of the honest and industrious man—he is almost certain of being, in the long-run, worse than when he began. He may be compared, indeed, to a merchant who exposes his capital to an almost absolute certainty of being impaired, by assuming a line of speculations in which the chance of loss is invariably and palpably greater than the chance of gain. The only individual who can thrive by this unhappy vice is the person who keeps the gaming-house: the players, as a whole, *must* be losers.

Of all classes of society, the young are the most apt to give themselves up to a practice of longing for windfalls. The male human being, from six to sixteen, is constantly dreaming of pots of money found in the earth, or of large fortunes made in foreign adventure, after the manner of Whittington with his cat. From sixteen to four and twenty, he dreams of handsome fortunes made by the simple and rather agreeable process of taking a handsome woman to wife; and he is constantly on the outlook for such a chance of placing himself, as it is called, upon his feet. Others dream of legacies from rich and hitherto unheard-of uncles, who will be dying some of these days in India, fifty years after they had been given up by their relations for lost. All are *more or less* taken up by the idea of ready-made fortunes, which are to save them the trouble of making one for themselves; and, in this gasping and grasping hope of becoming suddenly enriched, they spend perhaps the time and energies which ought to be directed to better objects. We would warn our young readers against giving themselves up to these vain phantasies. The proportion of those who have been so *fortunate*, as it is called, as to fall into the possession of windfalls, is so very small, as compared with those who do not, that it ought never to be taken into account in our calculations as to the means of providing ourselves with a subsistence. If we would just reflect for a moment upon what the most of us are at our outset in life—bare, unlicked creatures, with merit all to be proved, if it really exists at all, but most probably it does not exist—merely individuals in the great herd of the beardless, none of whom seem any different from the rest—we would never flatter ourselves that there was any chance of fortune singling us out as her own peculiar favourites,

or of our gaining anything whatsoever, till we had somehow asserted our right to it. It is nothing but an overweening self-love, and a blindness to the degree of estimation in which, while as yet untried, we are likely to be held by the rest of mankind, that leads us into this error; and he, for certain, has the best chance of quickly investing himself with the good things of Fortune, who is soonest cured of so fatal and bewildering a delusion.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

HOMER—HERODOTUS.

It is the lot of only a limited number of persons to become acquainted with ancient literature, or to have even the slightest knowledge of the languages in which it is chiefly written. Yet, owing to the importance of Greek and Roman literature to literary men, allusions to it are found at almost every step in our perusal of modern books—to the great puzzlement of unlearned readers, and the diminution of the utility of the works in which such allusions occur. By way of obviating this evil as far as possible, we shall give a brief account of the principal ancient authors and books referred to in modern literature, calculating our language for the use of those who know *nothing* on the subject.

By ancient, or, as it is sometimes called, *classical* literature, is meant the productions, in particular, of two civilized nations, which existed, two thousand years ago and upwards, at various places on the shores of the Mediterranean. These were the Greeks and Romans, of whom some account has already been given in the present work. People are sometimes heard to express wonder how the writings of these nations should be so much relished now-a-days, disguised as they are under foreign tongues, when there are so many books of as great literary merit, and more information, written in our own language. To this it must be answered, that, when our own nation had not as yet formed a literature for itself, the works of the Greeks and Romans were the only works of merit which existed; and they were then studied with so much admiration in the seminaries where learned men were brought up, that a fixed prepossession in their favour has taken root among those classes, to the exclusion, in some measure, of a taste for even the best modern literature. Another cause of their keeping their ground so long in our schools, is the fact of our language containing a large proportion of Greek and Roman words, so that it cannot be properly studied without a previous acquaintance with those tongues. A third cause is that which has suggested the present chapter, namely, that so much of modern literature has a reference to the ancient, that there is no understanding the one without some knowledge of the other.

The first, and, as it happens, the greatest, of all the ancient writers, was Homer, the author of two long Greek poems, respectively styled the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. So little is known about this man, that he is by many supposed to have been altogether an ideal person, and his poems only a series of fugitive ballads which were gathered together from tradition, and arranged under his name, as Ossian's Poems are supposed by most people to have been with us. By those who believe him to have existed, he is represented as having been an old blind minstrel, who went about singing his poems for the purpose of procuring a wretched subsistence. He is said to have lived some time between the tenth and eighth century before Christ, and to have been a native of the western coast of Asia Minor, now called *Natolia*. Like many modern poets, he would appear to have been little regarded during his lifetime; but some ages afterwards, when the people, by greater refinement, were more able to enjoy his verses, seven cities contended for the honour of having given him birth; a ridiculous circumstance in more ways than one, seeing that the mere accident of a great man having been born at a certain place cannot possibly argue any merit in that particular spot of ground. He was, most probably, an Ionian, born in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, which country was then called *Ionia*, being possessed by a colony of Greeks of that denomination, and which is, indeed, one of the oldest names by which the Greeks are known in ancient history; and this accounts for his possessing so perfect a knowledge of the Ionic, a dialect of the Greek language, in which his poems are composed. His poems are of the class styled *epics*—that is, long narrative poems, of a certain regular structure. That called “the

Iliad” contains an account of certain incidents in the Trojan war, a transaction which happened one or two hundred years before Homer's supposed age, and about the same time with the building of Solomon's temple. The Trojan war was probably a very obscure and paltry affair, for it occurred at a time when the Greeks, who carried it on, were little better than barbarians—but it has been elevated by the fancy of Homer into something very magnificent, interesting even the immortal gods in its progress and issue. Troy is represented as a great Asiatic city, of such strength as to have held out for ten years against the whole strength of the Greeks, who were provoked into besieging it, in consequence of the abduction of Helena, the wife of one of their petty princes, by Paris, a son of the king of Troy. The immediate subject of the poem is the quarrel of two chiefs of the Greeks, Agamemnon and Achilles, during the progress of the siege. In one of the encounters between the Greeks and Trojans, the former became the victors, and obtained considerable spoil, among which were several female captives, one of whom, the daughter of Chryses, the priest of Apollo, remarkable for her beauty and attractive manners, falls to the lot of Agamemnon. Chryses beseeches Agamemnon to restore his daughter, which the chief refuses to do, saying he loved her better than his wife Clytemnestra. Under these circumstances, the priest prays to his god Apollo for assistance, and a severe plague is consequently sent upon the Grecian camp. The Greek council of war consults about what is to be done to avert this sad calamity, and is informed by an augur, or diviner, that the only method to obtain relief is to restore the daughter of Chryses. Agamemnon, whose affections had been won by the young priestess, is enraged at the augur, and hesitates to comply with the demand. But upon weighing the motives in his mind, and seeing the necessity of returning the captive, he swears that he will have Briseis, another beautiful captive, who had fallen to the lot of Achilles, in her stead. Upon his making this demand, Achilles declares himself grievously insulted, considering that he had shared the same perils and hardships as Agamemnon, and was, as well as he, an independent chief of Greece. To signify still more particularly the indignation which he felt, he withdrew his forces from the camp, and implored his mother, Thetis (a fabulous divinity), to exert her influence in his behalf. Thetis applies to Jupiter, the king of the gods, for his assistance, and, shortly after, the thunders of that mighty personage fall upon the Grecian army, and the deepest misery and distress is experienced. In process of time, however, Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, by their united efforts, Troy is ultimately taken, and the object of the expedition accomplished. This is the whole subject of the twenty-four books or sections of the *Iliad*, though many characters and incidents are introduced, which cannot be here specified. The mixture of divine and human agency in the poem gives it, upon the whole, a childish character; yet, if the reader get over this objection, he cannot fail to be charmed by the dignity, and even sublimity, which the work exhibits throughout. There is no diffuseness nor extravagance in the imagery of the *Iliad*: every thing is dignified and concise, and from beginning to end one elevated strain is kept up. In the language there is often a surprising felicity, inasmuch that one word will sometimes fill the mind of the reader with a delightful picture. But the great merit of the poem lies in the manly strength of thought, and the singular ardour of imagination, which it displays. No poet was ever more happy, says Dr Blair, in the choice of his subject, or more successful in painting his historical and descriptive pieces. There is a considerable resemblance in the style to that of some parts of the Bible—for instance, Isaiah—which must be accepted as a kind of testimony to the authenticity of the sacred writings, seeing that they are productions of nearly the same age, and of a part of the world not far from the alleged birth-place of Homer.

This illustrious bard composed another poem of about the same length, called the *Odyssey*, which looks like a production called forth by the success of a previous one, and inferior for want of the same interest in the subject. It relates the adventures of a distinguished Grecian chief, named Ulysses, on his way home from the Trojan war. Both poems have continued for much more than two thousand years to enjoy the admiration of mankind; and it is certainly surprising that no effort in the same style of poetry, though made under circumstances infinitely more advantageous than those of the blind old minstrel, has ever been in nearly the same degree successful. They are translated into almost all literary languages: in English, there are two excellent versified translations, one by Pope, and the other by Cowper, of which the former is considered the more pleasing, and the latter the more correct.

Another ancient Greek writer, of whom common readers must have heard a great deal, is Herodotus. As Homer is the first poet whose works have survived, so is Herodotus the first historian. He was born at Halicarnassus in Greece, now called *Budrun*, in the year 484 before Christ. In the part of Greece which gave birth to Herodotus, there was spoken a dialect called the *Doric*, which, like that of Scotland, as compared with English, was not considered a proper lan-

guage for ordinary composition. But Herodotus, from disgust at his native government, removed in manhood to Samos, where the prevailing dialect was that elegant Ionic in which Homer had composed his poems; and he accordingly became familiar with this tongue, inasmuch that his writings are said to exhibit it in a state of higher perfection than any other. Having formed a design of writing history, this ingenious man travelled for materials into Egypt and Italy, besides various parts of Asia, and in this manner acquired much valuable information respecting nations previously unknown, as well as of manners, customs, and habits, which have imparted great value to his pages. He is supposed to have profited much by intercourse with the Egyptian priests, who for many centuries before this period had been remarkable for a mysterious kind of traditional learning. After writing his work in nine books, and polishing it with much studious care, he read parts of it to his countrymen assembled at the Olympic games, and thus obtained a larger and more immediate measure of fame than what was generally acquired by the writers of those ages, when there was no printing press to multiply copies of any literary composition. But for Herodotus, we should have now been ignorant of a large and important part of profane history. It is curious that this writer was more disbelieved in his own age than in the present. Many of the things which he told of other countries were so wonderful, that they startled his contemporaries, and were for many subsequent ages looked upon as doubtful; but not a few of these things have been ascertained by modern inquiry to be true, as Herodotus related them. This shows that scepticism or disbelief may be the mark of ignorance, as well as it sometimes is of knowledge, of which another remarkable illustration is afforded by Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, which were scoffed at forty years ago, but have since been authenticated. At the same time, it must be mentioned that Herodotus communicates some fiction along with his facts, though apparently in no case where he was not himself deceived.

THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.*

HE who has been at Rotterdam will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair *Blanche*, unfortunately, that we have at present anything to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted, so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more commonplace and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skillful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his *studio*, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but in endeavouring to haste the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight *coupe* *pousière* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations), he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the

* This amusing tale, the production of Mr H. G. Bell, author of the *Life of Queen Mary* in Constable's Miscellany, has already been often printed. It is hoped, however, that, by re-appearing in the *Edinburgh Journal*, it will reach many thousand readers into whose hands it has never before fallen.

invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs" (Turningvort bowed yet lower), "provided it outdoes every thing you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic, and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas." The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artisan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage-portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Van Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint; all the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-splashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanoutern, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At

last the merchant reached the spot where Vanoutern stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it, which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanoutern, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden canal, and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant!—You have made me a leg with a vengeance!—It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him on along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for Heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, passed on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power!

LADY ISABEL,

A LEGEND.

THE Lady Isabel was a Scottish Baron's daughter, and far was she famed. Were others fair, she was fairer; were others rich, she was richer. In short, all perfections were said to be centred in the Lady Isabel, and yet that quality for which she ought to have been most prized seemed the one which made the least noise in the world; and this was her devoted duty to her father. She was his only child—the child of his old age, the idol of his heart, and the lamp of his life. But still was he a cruel father; for in return for her duteous affection he had determined to wed her to a man she had never seen, while he knew that her heart was another's.

The Lord of Ormsdale was the son of his ancient friend, and the possessor of broad lands in a distant part of Scotland. The two old men had sworn to each other that their children should be united, but ere this paction, the youth had been sent abroad to be initiated in the art of war—an art but too much practised in his native country at that time; for be it known, that our peerless beauty bloomed in the 15th century, when the feuds of the Scottish nobility were frequent and deadly. Much was bruited abroad of the goodly person and brave qualities of the young Earl, but of this Lady Isabel had no opportunity of judging, for never, as has been told, had she seen him. She had, however, but too often seen his cousin Roderick, and to him was her heart devoted. It was true he had neither title, landau, nor vassals; but he was a handsome, a noble, and a gallant youth, and he had knelt at her feet, and confessed his love, and swore eternal constancy: and though, when she thought of her father, she turned coldly away, it was but to treasure his image in her heart, and to weep most bitter tears for the hapless fate which doomed her to wed another. Roderick, by and bye, went away to a foreign land, distraught by his passion for the Lady Isabel; and the time was long, and he returned not, and none spoke of him, or seemed to think of him, save his disconsolate love. But it was not so; for the old Baron loved him for his worth and manly bearing; and when he saw his daughter drooping her head like a lily, he too was unhappy, and repented him of his rash vow, though he would rather have sacrificed his own life, and hers too, than have broke his oath. And so time passed on, and many were the suitors that sought the hand of the Lady Isabel. Some loved her for herself, some for her great possessions, and some for both; but all were sent hopeless away.

And now the time was at hand when the sun was to shine upon the nineteenth birthday of the Baron's daughter, and multitudes were invited to his castle to celebrate the festival with mirth and revelry. Many were the reasons on which he had thrown wide his castle gates and welcomed numerous guests, and ample the hospitable provision he had made for them; but never, during his life, or that of his forefathers, had there been such doings as now. Whole hecatombs of sheep and oxen bled on the occasion, with wain-loads of deer, wild and tame fowl, and other creatures. Every country seemed to have been taxed for fruit and other delicacies, while beer of the strongest, and wines of the richest, seemed, by the quantities provided, to be intended absolutely to flow in rivers. The birthday of the Lady Isabel had been celebrated, as it came round, ever since that on which she first drew her breath, but never had there been even imagined such preparations as this. The tongues of all the gossiping old dowagers in the kingdom were set a-going on the occasion: some assigned one reason for this extraordinary entertainment, and some another. Now, there were several whose eager curiosity caused them so much uneasiness, that they went so far as to ask an explanation of the old Baron himself. They were all, however, foiled in the attempt to penetrate the mystery, and therefore settled in their own minds that the old man had either lost his wits altogether, or was in his dotage.

Nor, to speak the truth, did the young lady, on whose account was all this turmoil, feel less surprised than other people at her father's unbounded extravagance, especially as there arrived from the capital chest after chest, packed with the richest vestments, cut in the most approved fashion of the day, and boxes filled with jewellery, which, added to the family gems she already possessed, might have furnished the dowry of a princess.

The day at length arrived for which all this extraordinary preparation had been made; and the Baron,

not content with charging his daughter to apparel herself in a suit which, by its exceeding splendour, seemed to have been particularly intended for the occasion, and to wear her most costly jewels, also commanded her maidens to tax their wits in ornamenting and setting off, to the best advantage, the charms of their young mistress.

And now, after having arranged all things, and being promised implicit obedience by his daughter, the mystery of all his magnificent proceedings was partly unravelled by his telling her that they were that night to expect the arrival of the Earl of Ormsdale. He moreover presented her with a mask, and informed her that he had taken order that each of his guests should put on a visor before they entered the ball-room, after they left the banquetting-hall, and that he had done this for her sake, that the eye of idle curiosity should not read in her features what was passing in her mind when she first met her betrothed. It was in vain that the afflicted Lady Isabel pled most movingly for a more private meeting, for her father was deaf to her entreaties, while he affirmed that his precaution of the visor would do away all objections, and was so peremptory in the matter, that, as usual, she acquiesced; and having thanked and kissed his dutiful daughter, he withdrew from her with renewed youth in his step, and joy in his eye. How different, however, were the feelings of his daughter on this momentous subject! and sore averse was she to meet the man she was sure that she could never love; and many were the tears she shed, and many the resolves she made to retract all her promises, and live and die in solitude. But then she bethought her of the despair of her poor old father—of his tender, though mistaken, love—of the few remaining years of his life embittered by disappointment—and his death probably hurried on through her means. All this was too much when laid in the balance with only her own happiness, and she still sustained the character of a dutiful daughter, by heroically determining to sacrifice all selfishness at the altar of filial duty and affection.

But though this was her ultimate resolve, we need not be surprised, that, when decked in her splendid attire, and presiding in the gorgeous banquetting-hall of her father, she looked and felt as if assisting at a funeral feast, and that she even then would have been the better of the visor to prevent many conjectures on what her saddened looks might mean. But the time for assuming the mask arrived, and the nobles of the land, with their haughty dames, and many a knight, and many a damsel fair, bedight in silk and cloth of gold, and blazing with jewels, graced the tapestried ball-room, on which a flood of brilliant light was poured from lamp and torch. And each in joyous mood, cheered by the merry minstrels, and by the sound of harp and viol, impatiently awaited the commencement of the dance, when they were informed that it was stayed for an expected and honourable guest. And now again curiosity was at its height. But presently there was a flourish of the music, and a cry of the ushers to make way for the noble Earl of Ormsdale, and the large doors at the foot of the hall were flung wide open, and the gallant young Earl, masked, and attended by a train of young gentlemen, all his kinsmen, or picked and chosen friends, advanced amid murmurs of admiration to the middle of the hall. Here they were met and welcomed by the Baron, who led the Earl to his lovely daughter, and having presented him to her, the guests were presently gratified by seeing the gallant young nobleman take the hand of the Lady Isabel, and lead her out to dance. Nor were there any present whose eyes did not follow them with admiration, though the measure chosen by the high-born damsel savoured more that night of grace and dignity, than lightness of either heart or heel. Meantime, the old Baron was so full of joy and delight, that it was remarked by all, as he was still seen near his daughter and her partner. But their hearts were both quaking—the unhappy Lady Isabel with thinking of her promise to her father, and that of her betrothed with a fear known only to himself, for he had heard that she had loved, and now observed her narrowly. And, not content with this, he asked her, as he sat beside her, many a wily question, till at last he spoke his fears in plain guise, and she, with many sighs and tears shed within her mask, confessed the truth; still saying, that for her father's sake she would be his wife, if he accepted of her on such terms. But now her father told her in her ear, that she must presently prepare to keep her word, as this must be her bridal-night, for to that purpose alone was this high vassel kept. Her lover too, now so wary daunted by his knowledge of her heart, pressed on his suit to have it so. And now was the despairing damsel almost beside herself, when her father, announcing aloud his purpose to the astonished guests, called for the priest, and caused all to unmask. But in what words shall we paint the surprise, the delight, the flood of joy that came upon the heart of the Lady Isabel, when the Earl's mask was removed, and she beheld in him her much loved Roderick, who, his cousin being dead, was now the Earl of Ormsdale!

And now was each corner of the castle, from basement stone to turret height, filled with joyous greetings, and the health and happiness of the noble Earl Roderick, and of his bride, the dutiful Lady Isabel, deeply drank in many a wassel bowl.

The stately castle and its revels, the proud Baron

and his pomp, the beauteous bride and her children's children; have now all passed away into oblivion, save this slight record, which has only been preserved in remembrance of the daughter's virtue, who preferred her father's happiness to her own.

THE ENGLISH AND THE SCOTCH.

No nation can judge exactly of its own character. It requires another nation to do so, as it is necessary, in order to see a house thoroughly, to go forth a little way from the door. Whether the Scotsman is a properly qualified person to judge of the Englishman, may perhaps be doubted, as he is hardly foreign enough. Yet, as he is still in some measure a person of different manners and habits of thought, there may be some truth in his observations—or at least it may be curious for the English people to know exactly what is the commonly received impression in Scotland respecting them.

What always strikes the Scotch most forcibly respecting the English, is the comparatively great attention which the latter pay to personal comforts, and particularly to the comfort of the inner man. "The English pockpuddings" is a ridiculous phrase of obloquy which the Scotch used to apply to them in the days of barbarism and national hostility in reference to this peculiarity of character; and, even yet, nine out of ten Scotchmen entertain the notion that their southern neighbours are over much devoted to good living. To speak with perfect candour, we never yet knew a Scotchman who did not live as well as he could, and, if provided with the means, indulged his appetites just as much as we believe the English are inclined to do. Yet that the nation in general do live in a more sparing manner, is a fact, we conceive, as undeniable as that they live on a different side of the Tweed. The whole matter seems to be one of circumstances. The English have for centuries cultivated a country which freely yielded the best and amplest fruits: the Scotch, on the other hand, have struggled as long with a soil which, never till lately, produced more than a very stinted harvest. The English have never till perhaps a very late period known want: the Scotch have never, till a period equally late, known what *enough* was. The one nation has been brought up (so to speak) in the enjoyment of what we seriously believe to be no more than a competency—but still a competency; the other has been reared in penury, or at least the most careful economy; and, having got into a habit of spare living, is disposed, perhaps, to look upon even a simple sufficiency as a kind of extravagance.

Thus the Scotch, without any disposition to find fault with their neighbours—for there is now happily no ill feeling between these kindred nations—often express wonder at the enjoyments of the English. That a farm-labourer or waggoner in England should have regular rations of bacon—that artizans should generally have roast meat on Sundays—produces astonishment in all classes of Scotchmen, who know very well that the same orders in their own country very rarely taste animal food or wheat bread, and yet, notwithstanding all that Mr Cobbett may say to the contrary, are content. Some years ago, when an English regiment lay in a small town in the south of Scotland, a private soldier, who was servant to an officer, was observed with surprise, when breakfasting in his own lodging with his wife, not only to have his bread toasted, which, in this self-denying country, is itself looked upon as a kind of luxury, but to have it buttered on both sides, and to eat it with a knife and fork. Simple as this incident was, it would be difficult to describe adequately the impression which it made upon the people who observed, or were informed of it. It was considered as an almost impious use of the bounties of Providence. More recently, a Scotchman, travelling in England, observed a ewe which had been slightly injured by accident, and while natural death might have been easily anticipated by the knife (if even its natural death, occurring under such circumstances, had been deemed unfit it for human food), given by the drivers to the hogs, as proper only for them; an act which the Caledonian observer considered as nothing else, to use one of the favourite expressions of his country, than *downright wastry*, seeing that, in Scotland, the animal would have become food for human beings, even although the case had been one of a far more desperate nature. Such observations as these have given, to the Scottish people generally, an impression that the English are too nice about their food—make it too much a matter of deliberate consideration—and value it more for the gratification it gives to a very humble appetite or taste, than for the conviction which it should give of the goodness of the Deity towards his creatures. From the rigour of their early circumstances, the Scotch have a high reverence for food. They feel at once a moral and religious pain on seeing it abused or wasted, and even, we may almost say, when they observe it delighted in for the sake of its relish on the palate. They have been accustomed to such difficulty in getting the bare sufficiency for sustenance, that they can hardly yet allow their feelings, in eating, to go beyond a mere gratitude for it in that point of view. If it chance to have the reverse of a relish—if, for instance, the bishop has put his foot in it—they totally forget their

inherent antipathy to episcopacy, and, under a feeling that food is in no circumstances to be despised, force themselves to think and speak of it as "very good," and rebuke every wry face amongst the youngsters at table as in some measure a religious offence. Though these remarks apply more expressly to the humbler and less Anglicised part of the community, they also characterise in a greater or less degree almost all the people of Scotland, and we would suppose that they will hardly be perused by the English without elevating the former people in the estimation of the latter, testifying, as they do, that the Scotch have made a good and pious use of their less fortunate position on the globe, and that national poverty, so far from being a proper subject for ridicule, may produce virtues of the most respectable character.

Since the gains of the Scotch labourers and operatives are now fully up to the English standard, it may be asked, what do the former do in general with the superfluous money, if they have not yet acquired the same taste for food? The question may be thus answered—They partly spend it on clothes, and partly on intoxicating liquors; two modes of expenditure, which, however different in moral propriety, are equally characteristic, we fear, of the people. The Scotch, be it remarked, taking rank against rank, give greater play to their minds, and are far more addicted to abstract speculation, than the English. Hence, if they are well-disposed, they adorn the exterior of their persons with their spare money, in order that they may have an appearance superior to their actual station, or at least make their station look as respectable as possible; an indulgence certainly mental, and which supports and cherishes the national habits of economy in the department of eating and drinking. If ill-disposed, or liable to vicious example, they fall into habits of drinking, which still is more a mental than a bodily indulgence, though calculated in its every degree to injure, and in its last excess to destroy, both mind and body. The habit of drinking has unfortunately gone to a lamentable height among our working people; but yet it bears no proportion to the laudable desire which prevails in the same class to dress themselves respectably in their periods of relaxation. This was testified in a most remarkable manner in August 1832, when about ten thousand working people (and there could hardly be any more in the city) appeared in a procession at Edinburgh, all of them attired in good, and many of them in superfine clothes, and the whole preserving a decorum in the highest degree praiseworthy: a spectacle which, it is not too much to say, hardly any other city in the empire could have exhibited. Such are the blessed effects of the law, now nearly three centuries old, which renders every adult native of the country able to read and write.

Taken in contrast with Scotland, the English do not only seem to live better, as it is called, as individuals, but the nation have a generous and anti-economical system in various other things, which excites similar astonishment among their northern neighbours. They seem to take a pride, for instance, in having large and well-fed horses, and a greater number of them in every plough and waggon, than what the practice of other countries shows to be at all necessary. We have seen eleven huge horses in one English waggon, the contents of which, we are satisfied, could have been carried in five Scottish one-horse carts, smaller as the horses are in Scotland. There is, in fact, in this branch of rural economy in England, a wanton prodigality of food and horse-power, which nothing but inveterate and unreflecting custom could so long keep up against mathematical reason and plain sense. It seems as if the Scotch, men and horses, could live well among the very feet of the English; and we verily believe, that, if a miracle could at once convert the customs and the people of England into an exact resemblance to those of Scotland, so much would be saved as would go a great way to pay the taxes of the country, both for church and state, grievous as these are allowed to be.

If we might, without exciting invidious feelings, pursue any further this detail of the impressions of the Scotch respecting the English, we would mention, with all respect to the latter people, that their brethren on this side of the Tweed never fail to remark, as something singular, the exclusive devotion of every Englishman to his own line of life, and the little interest which he seems to take in all knowledge not exactly necessary to his profession, or to his personal comfort. The English appear to the Scotch as a people who make it too exclusively their object "to get on in the world," and who, in their blind pursuit of mere business, forget some of the other ends of man's creation. The truth is, business has arrived at such a high pitch of perfection in England, that it engrosses more attention than is perhaps reasonably due to it, and each man has got so thoroughly hacked in his own subdivision of it, that he runs the risk of losing sight of every thing else. Now, in Scotland, business is only here and there upon a first-rate scale. The most of the people, instead of taking minute subdivisions, have to slump several large departments, in order to make a livelihood. This, with the naturally speculative disposition of the race, enables almost all of them to keep a great deal of their minds awake to general ideas; and he would, in Scotland, be considered a very poor Scotsman indeed, who had not a smattering of almost every kind of knowledge. In England, the vulgar wealth of lucky and idealess men

is so common, as to be a standing subject of ridicule in plays and novels. But in Scotland there is little of this to be seen. A stranger is far more likely to be struck by the encyclopedic information and good manners of men who seem to follow but a humble line of business, and are not at all "getting on in the world." This is plainly the cause of so many Scotsmen getting into the best situations connected with the English press. The Scotch do not nearly so often as the English fall, early and little instructed, into the same line of life with their fathers. They linger long, and look well about them, and few but what endeavour to mount at least one step higher. Thus so many of them, in early life, are loose and disengaged, that, considering the excellent school education they generally get, it is not to be wondered at that they become adventurers in foreign lands, and drop into all the irregular and unclassified employments (such as the press), which the English never would think of breeding their children to.

Again, there is a similar difference between the wives of England and Scotland. In consequence, apparently, of the importance attached by men to domestic comforts in the former country, their spouses are under the necessity of paying an almost unremitting attention to the concerns of their households. Few married women in England, of the middle rank, go much abroad: we have observed numerous specimens, who hardly ever went out from one end of the week to the other, except, perhaps, to church, seeming to consider it necessary that they should superintend, if not actually assist in, every minute transaction of their maids—as if they had been afraid that either their children, or their servants, or their chairs and tables, or the house itself, would have been in danger of running away, during even the most momentary absence. In fact, the English married woman of the middle rank, appears, to a Scottish observer, as far too much of a housekeeper—she appears to be the very slave of domestic necessities. How far this may be advantageous in one respect, or disadvantageous in another, is a different matter: we presume not to judge, but only wish to show the contrast between the two nations. In Scotland, the married women are not nearly to such an extent absorbed in household duties. They devote, in general, such a degree of time and attention to these matters, as appears to their husbands sufficient for domestic happiness—at least we never hear any complaint against them, as a class, on the score of negligence. The thorough-paced scourer and cleaner, who, in the words of Esop, "rises at five to scold the maids," is a rare character in Scotland, and generally excites remark on that account among her friends. She is looked upon as an unhappy being, her neighbours pity her for her insatiable rage after slopery and white-washing, and wonder how any rational person can every day endure perhaps eleven hours of confusion and nastiness, that she may sit for the twelfth in a scene a little better arranged, or a little cleaner than usual. The Scottish married ladies, in general, like their husbands, keep a part of their minds and of their time salient for general purposes—certainly a much greater portion than the English wives in general—and are not only able, perhaps, when their husbands come home to dinner, to inform him as to the condition of his children, and satisfy his hunger with a well-prepared meal, but can converse with him, as it may happen, of some of the great movements of the world out of doors, or of the contents of some valuable new publication which she has been reading. It will thus be observed, that the female part of the two nations partake of the character of the male part, or are correspondingly useful and agreeable in regard thereto; and perhaps, after all, each system is alike meritorious and beautiful in its way, for if the one be agreeable to the ideas of the English people, and the other to the Scotch, it is obvious that the great ends of Providence are in both cases fulfilled.

Such are a few of the observations which the Scotch generally make upon the English: they are reported here in the most candid and philanthropic spirit, by a Scotsman who loves truth a great deal better than Scotland, and, if mistaken in any material point, we hope they will be so far excused. If any good can be derived from thus seeing themselves mirrored in the mind of another nation, we leave it to the sagacity of the English themselves to apply it.

ANCIENT ECONOMY.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled as much as kept half a dozen men. He had walks for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when we went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles a-piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this he did off the said farm; where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and he is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.—*Bishop Latimer's Sermons.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MUNGO PARK.

THIS celebrated man, whose enthusiastic ardour, important achievements, and unhappy fate in the cause of discovery, have invested his name with a deathless fame, and redounded with so much honour to the country that gave him birth, was the son of a respectable farmer at Fowlshiels, in the county of Selkirk, on the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and was born at his father's house on the 10th September 1771. He was the seventh of a family of thirteen children; yet, notwithstanding that his father was by no means in easy or independent circumstances, he, with the rest, enjoyed the benefit of an excellent education, by means of a private tutor engaged to reside in the family. Mungo was afterwards sent to the grammar school of Selkirk, where he made astonishing progress, not so much by his ready talents, as by his remarkable perseverance and application; and, despite of many disadvantages, uniformly kept the place of *dus*, or head of his class. This early devotion to study and aptitude of acquirement, together with his thoughtful and reserved disposition, seemed to his father to point out the church as his future profession, but upon his son's expressing a decided preference for that of medicine, he at once agreed, and bound him apprentice for three years to Mr Thomas Anderson, surgeon in Selkirk. At the expiry of his indenture in 1789, being then eighteen years of age, he went to Edinburgh, and attended the classes for three successive sessions, continuing to exhibit the same thirst of knowledge, and unwearied application to all the studies connected with his profession, particularly botany. In the latter, he is said to have been greatly assisted and encouraged by a brother-in-law, Mr James Dickson, who, from an origin even more humble and obscure than that of Park himself, subsequently raised himself to fame and fortune, and became celebrated as one of the first botanists in the kingdom. He had gone to London in search of employment as a journeyman gardener, and procured an engagement, in that humble capacity, with a nurseryman at Hammersmith, where he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Sir Joseph Banks, through whose kind friendship and patronage he was mainly indebted for his future success and celebrity.

After qualifying himself in his profession at Edinburgh, young Park went to London in search of employment, and was very speedily appointed assistant-surgeon on board the Worcester, East Indiaman, through the interest of Sir Joseph Banks, to whom Mr Dickson had introduced him. Mr Park showed himself every way worthy of this appointment, and made an adequate return to his distinguished patron, by the valuable observations and discoveries he made in botany, and other branches of natural history, in a voyage to Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra. On his return in 1794, being then only twenty-three years old, he had the honour of reading a paper before the Linnean Society in London, giving a description of eight new species of fishes he had observed in Sumatra, which was afterwards published in the Transactions of the Society.

After leaving the Worcester, Mr Park appears to have had no certain or fixed views as to his future career, but his talents and genius had already distinguished him too much to allow him to remain long unemployed. The wealthy and scientific Association for the Promotion of Discovery through the Interior of Africa, were at that time preparing to send out an expedition, with the view of endeavouring to trace the course of the Niger, and procuring every information relative to the great central city of Tombuctoo, of which little more than the name was then known. Sir Joseph Banks, one of the leading men of the Association, immediately pointed out Park as one peculiarly eligible for taking the management of the expedition, and the offer being accordingly made to him, was eagerly accepted. He immediately prepared himself, therefore, for the task, being liberally supplied, according to his own statement, with the means of furnishing himself with every thing he reckoned necessary, and sailed from Portsmouth on the 22d of May 1795, in the brig Endeavour. His instructions were, to proceed to the Niger by the nearest and most convenient route, and endeavour to trace its course, from its rise to its termination; as also to visit, if possible, all the principal towns and cities on its banks, particularly Tombuctoo and Houssa, and afterwards return to Europe by the river Gambia, or any other way he thought most advisable. He arrived at Jiliffika, in the kingdom of Barra, and lying on the northern bank of the Gambia, on the 21st of June; and after proceeding up the river as far as Jonkakonda, he quitted the Endeavour, and proceeded by land to a small British factory, which had been established at Pisanía, in the king of Yam's territories, where he took up his residence for a short

time with Dr Laidley. He immediately applied himself to the study of the Mandingo tongue, and to collect all the information possible, relative to the various people and countries in the interior, preparatory to his journey. In consequence, however, of exposure to the night dew, while observing an eclipse of the moon, in the month of July, he was seized with fever, attended with delirium, which brought him almost to the grave; nor was he sufficiently recovered to commence his journey till December. On the 2d of that month he set out, having for his escort a negro servant, named Johnson, who had resided many years in Great Britain, and understood both the English and Mandingo languages, as a guide and interpreter; a negro boy belonging to Dr Laidley, and whom that gentleman promised to set free on his return, in the event of his good conduct; with four others, not immediately under his control, but who were made to understand that their own safety depended upon their fidelity to him. It may be interesting also to notice the nature and value of his equipments for a journey of such length, peril, and importance. These consisted of a horse for himself, two asses for his servants, provisions for two days, a small assortment of beads, amber, and tobacco, a few changes of linen and other apparel, an umbrella, a pocket sextant, a magnetic compass, a thermometer, two fowling-pieces, two pairs of pistols, and a few other trifling articles. Such were all the means of sustenance, comfort, and safety, with which this intrepid man was provided for an expedition, the duration of which it was out of his power to calculate, but whose route, he well knew, lay, in some places, through pathless deserts, where neither tree grew, nor water ran, and beset with beasts of prey—in others, through the territories of barbarous tribes, from whose inhospitality or savage dispositions he had scarcely less to fear.

At the very outset, an event occurred which seemed to bode ill for the result of his journey. Dr Laidley, and a few other of the Europeans at Pisanía, having escorted him during the first two days, bade him adieu, convinced that they would never see him more; and scarcely were they out of sight, when he was surrounded by a horde of native banditti, from whom he only got free by surrendering the greater part of his small store of tobacco. Park, however, was not a man to be depressed by evil auguries, and he accordingly pushed on to Medina, the capital of Woolli, where the king, a benevolent old man, received him with much kindness, and furnished him with a trusty guide to the frontiers of his dominions. Our traveller then engaged three elephant hunters, as guides and water-bearers, through the sandy desert which lay before him, where water was frequently not to be found for several days together. He performed the journey in safety, but after much fatigue, and reached Fatteconda, the residence of the king of Bondon, situated upon the very frontiers of his dominions, adjoining the kingdom of Kajaaga. It was at Fatteconda, and at the hands of the same chief, that Park's predecessor in enterprise, Major Houghton, had received such ill usage, and was plundered of almost every thing he possessed; but the only article he exacted from Park, and that not by force, but by such warm and animated expressions of admiration as left our traveller no alternative to choose, was his new blue coat, with gilt buttons, in return for which he presented him with five drachms of gold. From Fatteconda he proceeded to Joag, the frontier town of Kajaaga, travelling in the night-time for fear of robbers, and through thickets abounding with wolves and hyenas, which glided across their silent path in the clear moonshine, and hung round the small party with yells and howlings, as if watching an opportunity to spring upon them. At Joag, and whilst preparing to proceed on his journey, he was honoured by a visit from the king's son, who plundered him of the half of his little stores, on pretence of his having forfeited all his property by entering the kingdom without leave. As a sort of consolation for this disaster, and whilst appeasing his hunger with a few ground nuts which a poor negro slave had given him in charity, he was waited upon by the nephew of the king of Kasson, who had been at Kajaaga on an embassy, and who, taking pity on him, offered to escort him to his uncle's capital, to which he was now returning, and which lay in the line of our traveller's route. After crossing the river Senegal, however, which was the boundary of Kasson, his royal guide left him, having first taken from him the half of the little property he had left. A few days after this, Park, for the first time, had an opportunity of observing the manners of the barbarous and untutored natives of Africa in all their primitive simplicity and unchecked ardour. They came to a village which was the birth-place of one of his faithful escort, a blacksmith, that had accompanied him from Pisanía, and who was now about to leave him, having amassed a considerable deal of money in his profession on the coast, and resolving to spend the rest of his days in ease and independence amongst his family and friends. The meeting which ensued was characterised by the most extravagant demonstrations of joy and triumph, and Park was convinced, that "whatever difference there is between the negro and European, in the conformation of the nose, and the colour of the skin, there is none in the genuine sympathies and characteristic feelings of our common nature." With these warm-hearted villagers, our traveller rested for a day or two, and then proceeded to Koo-

niakary, where the king, a fine old man, who was greatly beloved by his subjects, received him with much kindness. From this point new perils beset Mr Park's further progress, in consequence of war breaking out between the people of Bambarra, to which kingdom his course was directed, and other tribes, through whose territories he had to pass on his way thither. He nevertheless persevered, although even his faithful negro Johnson, who was aware of the dangers he was running into, refused to accompany him farther. They parted accordingly at Jarra, in the kingdom of Ludimar (the people of which, as well as of the neighbouring nations, were found to be Mahomedans), and Mr Park, having entrusted Johnson with a copy of his journal to carry back with him to Pisanía, set out for the camp of Ali at Benowm, accompanied only by Dr Laidley's slave-boy, and a messenger who had arrived from Ali to conduct him thither. On the way he suffered great privations, and was repeatedly beaten and robbed by the fanatical Moors, to whom he was an object of peculiar detestation as a Christian. All the sufferings and insults which he had yet undergone, however, were nothing to what he was doomed to endure while in the power of the tyrant Ali. His appearance at Benowm excited the greatest astonishment and consternation amongst the inhabitants, scarcely one of whom had ever seen a white man before. When taken before Ali, the latter was engaged in the dignified occupation of clipping his beard with a pair of scissors, and paid little regard to him; but the ladies of the court fully maintained the character of their sex for inquisitiveness, searched his pockets, opened his waistcoat to examine his white skin, and even counted his toes and fingers to make sure of his being human. It would occupy far more space than the whole limits of this sheet, to detail the innumerable and unremitting sufferings of our unfortunate countryman during his detention at this place. The unfeeling tyrant would neither permit him to depart, nor grant him any protection from the persecution of the fanatical rabble. He was beat, reviled, compelled to perform the meanest offices, frequently on the point of starvation, and was often necessitated to sleep in the open air. All his baggage was taken from him to deter him from running away, with the exception of a pocket compass, which was supposed to be the work of magic, from the needle always pointing in the same direction, and was therefore returned to him. At last it began to be debated how he was to be disposed of—some advising that he should be put to death, others, that his right hand should be cut off, and another party, that his eyes should be put out. Park's health at length gave way under the accumulated horrors of his situation, and he was seized with a fever and delirium, which brought him to the brink of the grave. Yet even in this extremity, his persecutors never desisted from their cruelties, and tormented him like some obnoxious animal, for their amusement. Perhaps the strongest proof that can be given of the extent of his sufferings at this time, and of the deep and lasting impression they made on his mind, is the fact, that years afterwards, subsequent to his return to Scotland, and while residing with his family on the peaceful banks of the Tweed, he frequently started up in horror from his sleep, imagining himself still in the camp of Ali at Benowm. But perhaps nothing gave our traveller so much permanent grief as the fate of his faithful slave-boy Demba, whom Ali impressed into his service as a soldier, and who had conceived a great affection for Mr Park, who describes their parting as very affecting. After a month's residence at Benowm, Ali removed to Jarra, back to which place, of course, Mr Park was obliged to accompany him. Here all was alarm and terror, from the approach and apprehended attack of the king of Kaarta; and amid the bustle and confusion of the inhabitants flying from their homes, the preparations for war, &c., Mr Park at last, after great difficulty, and amid many perils, found an opportunity of escaping, and struck into the woods back towards Bambarra. Being under the necessity of avoiding all intercourse with the natives, in order to avoid being re-captured by the emissaries of Ali, who were in pursuit of him, he was at one time nearly famished in the wilderness, and we will take his own account of his sensations at this awful crisis. Thirst, intense and burning thirst, was the first and direst of his sufferings; his mouth and throat became parched and inflamed, and a sudden dimness frequently came over his eyes, accompanied with symptoms of fainting. The leaves of the few shrubs that grew around were all too bitter for chewing. After climbing up a tree in the hopes of discovering some signs of a human habitation, but without success, he again descended in despair. "As I was now," says he, "too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle, and let him shift for himself; in doing which, I was affected with sickness and giddiness, and, falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here then (thought I), after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end. I cast, as I believed, a last look on the surrounding scene; and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world and its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length resumed her functions; and, on recovering my

senses, I found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence; and as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering place. With this view, I put the bridle upon my horse, and, driving him before me, went slowly along for about an hour, when I perceived some lightning from the north-east; a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly, and, in less than an hour, I heard the wind roaring behind the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected, but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind, as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms; and I was obliged to mount my horse, and stop under a bush, to avoid being suffocated. The sand continued to fly for nearly an hour in amazing quantities, after which I again set forwards, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. At this time, I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. I alighted, and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes." Park at length entered the kingdom of Bambarra, where he found the people hospitable, and was astonished at the opulence and extent of cultivation he every where found. The country, he says, was beautiful, intersected on all sides by rivulets, which, after a rain-storm, were swelled into rapid streams. He was, however, such an object of amusement and ridicule to the inhabitants, from his own tattered condition, together with the appearance of his horse, which was a perfect skeleton, and which he drove before him, that the very slaves, he says, were ashamed to be seen in his company. Notwithstanding all this, however, he held on his way, and at last, on the 21st of July (1796), had the inexpressible gratification of coming in sight of Segó, the capital of Bambarra, situated on the Niger, which the natives denominated *Joliba*, or the "Great Water." "As we approached the town," says Park, "I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans, and we rode together through some marshy ground, where, as I anxiously looked around for the river, one of them called out *Geo affili* (see the water). Looking forwards, I saw, with infinite pleasure, the great object of my mission—the long sought for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success." Segó consisted of four distinct towns, two on the northern, and two on the southern bank of the Niger; "and the view of this extensive capital," says our traveller, "the numerous canoes on the river, the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilization and magnificence which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa." The king, Mansong, however, refused to see Mr Park, for fear of exciting the envy and jealousy of the Moorish inhabitants, and ordered him to remove to a village in the vicinity. He had no alternative but to comply; and it was here that one of those fine traits of female compassion, and of the kind interposition of Providence in his favour when at the last extremity, which he has frequently borne testimony to with thankfulness and gratitude, occurred; and this truly affecting incident we cannot avoid giving in his own simple language. On arriving at the village, he was inhospitably driven from every door, with marks of fear and astonishment. He passed the day without victuals, and was preparing to spend the night under a tree, exposed to the rain and the fury of the wild beasts, which there greatly abounded, "when a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving me weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat; she accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which having caused to be broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension), called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour with songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it: it was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary,

came and sat under our tree—he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.' Chorus.—'Let us pity the white man; no mother has he!' &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was so oppressed by such unexpected kindness, that sleep fled before my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons that remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense I could make her." Mansong, the king, having ordered Park to leave the neighbourhood (sending him, however, a guide, and a present of 5000 cowries,* as some recompense for his involuntary inhospitality), our traveller proceeded down the Niger, along the northern bank. On one occasion, while passing through the woods, he narrowly escaped being devoured by a large red lion, which he suddenly came upon, crouching in a bush, but which did not attack him. He proceeded first to Sansanding, thence to Moodibbo, Moorzan, and finally to Silla. Here, worn out by fatigue and suffering of mind and body, destitute of all means either of subsistence or of prosecuting his journey—for even his horse had dropped down by the way—his resolution and energy, of which no man ever possessed a greater share, began to fail him. The rainy season had set in, and he could only travel in a canoe, which he had no money to hire; and he was advancing farther and farther into the territories of the fanatical Moors, who looked upon him with loathing and detestation, and whose compassion he had no gifts to propitiate. It was with great anguish of mind that he was at last brought to the conviction of the necessity of returning; but no one who has read his own simple and manly statement of his actual situation, and of the prospect before him, together with his poignant sensations at his disappointment, can for a moment blame him for turning back. Preparatory to doing so, he collected all the information in his power respecting the future course of the Niger, and the various kingdoms through which it flowed; but subsequent discoveries have since proved how little credit could be attached to the accounts of the natives, either from their positive ignorance or their suspicious jealousy of strangers. Later, and more fortunate travellers, have solved the great problem, the honour of explaining which was denied to Park; and we now know that this great river, after flowing to a considerable distance eastward of Tombuctoo, makes a bend or elbow, like the Burampooter, and, after pursuing a south-westerly course, falls into the Atlantic Ocean, on the coast of Benin. The narrative of Mr Park's return from the interior of Africa would be little else than a repetition of the various sufferings, adventures, and dangers he experienced on his way there, but only in a more aggravated form, in consequence both of his utterly destitute condition, and from the inundation of the level country, which compelled him to seek his way over chasms and precipices, without a guide, or any other means of shaping his course. He frequently waded for miles breast-deep in water. Once he was beset by banditti, who stripped him of every thing but two shirts, his hat, and a pair of trousers; and on arriving at Sibidooloo, he was attacked by fever, which stretched him on his back for many weeks. Here, however, he was fortunate enough to meet with a slave-merchant, named Karfa Taura, who treated him with great kindness and humanity—took him into his own house—nursed him until he was well—kept him as his guest for seven months, without asking the smallest recompense—and finally conducted him in safety to Pisanía, with a cargo of his living merchandise. Our traveller immediately took his passage in an American vessel, bound for the West Indies, whence he had no difficulty in getting to Britain, and landed at Falmouth on the 22d of December 1797, after an absence of two years and seven months. He instantly hastened to London, and the manner of his first interview with his kind kinsman Mr Dickson, who had long mourned for him as one lost, was perhaps as curious as any meeting of a similar nature that ever occurred. Mr Park arrived before day-break on Christmas morning, and thinking it rather an unreasonable hour to call up his relative, he strolled for some time about the streets, until, finding one of the entrances to the gardens of the British Museum accidentally open, he stepped in. Here the very first person he encountered was Mr Dickson himself, under whose management the gardens then were, and who happened, by mere chance, to have gone there that morning. The astonishment of both, but more particularly of the latter, at this rencontre, may be well imagined. Mr Park was received with distinguished honour by the African Association, and almost all the other scientific bodies and eminent literary characters of the metropolis, and was for some time, what is familiarly termed, the *lion* of the town. Having made arrangements in London for the publication of his travels, he proceeded to Scotland in June (1798), and spent the succeeding summer and autumn at his native place, Fowlshiels, amongst his relations and friends, his mother being the only parent then alive. His time, however, was far from being passed in idleness, or merely in social meetings with old friends and acquaintances, much as his company, as may readily be imagined, was sought after. He applied himself

* A cowrie is a small and rare shell, used as a species of currency in many of the eastern countries.

indefatigably to the compilation and composition of his travels, which he finished and carried back with him to London in the end of the year. In the following spring they were published, and it is needless to say how universally, or with what avidity, not to mention incredulity by many, they were read. For the latter contingency, Mr Park himself was prepared, and with a judicious caution, which few of his rivals in discovery, either before or since, have had the prudence or self-denial, as it may aptly be termed, to adopt, omitted the relation of many real incidents and adventures, which he feared might shake the probability of his narrative in the public estimation. This fact has been proved beyond doubt by the testimony of many of his intimate friends and relatives, to whom, although by no means of a communicative disposition, he freely mentioned many singular anecdotes and particulars, which he scrupled to submit to the jealous eye of the critical public. Amongst those friends to whom Mr Park frequently communicated in a colloquial way many most interesting and remarkable circumstances which did not appear in his printed travels, was the late Author of *Waverley*, between whom and Mr Park a strong intimacy was contracted subsequent to the return of the latter from Africa, and who tells us, that having once noticed to his friend the omissions in question (which appeared to one of his romantic temperament and ardent imagination to be unaccountable), and asked an explanation, Mr Park replied, "that in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their credulity, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances, which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes." If this scrupulousness on the part of the traveller is to be regretted in one sense, as consigning to oblivion many curious and interesting facts, it certainly raises him as a man and an author incalculably in our estimation, and bespeaks the most implicit belief and confidence in what he has promulgated to the world.

After the publication of his travels, he returned to Scotland, and in August the same year married Miss Anderson, the eldest daughter of his old master at Selkirk.

An account of his second journey, and melancholy death, will form the subject of another article.

HORSES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THERE is pretty good evidence for supposing, that, even at the time of the Trojan war, horses were but rare animals in Greece, and were possessed only by princes or great men, who employed them, not for the purposes of husbandry or draught, but for the ornamental displays of war and chariot-drawing, as the proud and distinctive accompaniment of royalty alone. In Judea, horses were, till the days of Solomon, very rare. Egypt is always described in the Old Testament as the land of horses. The earliest notice of the horse is in the Book of Genesis (chap. xlvii. 17), where Joseph is said to have given the Egyptians "bread in exchange for their horses." In the very minute enumeration of the cattle-stores of Abraham, Isaac, Esau, Laban, Job, &c., in the Book of Genesis, though there is a superabundance of other quadruped property, no mention whatever is made of horses. Neither, in the fourth or tenth commandments are horses noticed with the other working animals. In the enumeration, however, of the Egyptian cattle-property affected by the murrain, horses are mentioned in precedence of the rest. "Behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle which is in the field, upon the horses, upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the sheep."—Exod. ix. 3. In like manner, in the excellent and very particular description given by Theocritus of the quadruped stock of Angias, the child of the Sun, who lived in the Peloponnesus, horses find no place. Even during the Trojan war, these animals were only in the retinue of princes, and were always associated with cattle, or with the glorious forthcoming of kings. Accordingly, we find that in all the first descriptions of that animal, and particularly in that sublime and all-surpassing one in the Book of Job, he is depicted, with beauty and majesty, as the war-steed alone. Homer speaks of him always with dignity and admiration; and it is apparent, that, in his conceptions, an additional respectability is conferred upon his princes and his war-grooms by the title which he bestows upon them of "horse-tamers" and "horse-whippers"—a contemptible commendation, according to our ideas; associating, as we inevitably do, these epithets with the persons and mean employments of grooms of the stable and horse-jockeys. The ancient poets and ancient people must have connected, however, beauty, majesty, and sublimity, with their ideas of that animal, not only from his noble shape and gallant appearance, but from his singularity, and, consequently, high price—his being the friend, as it were, and attendant, of princes—his being the terrible, yet graceful, accompaniment of war—and his being never seen, as in our modern times, degraded to the familiar yet far more beneficial purposes of draught in our streets, and husbandry in our fields. A modern reader, therefore, must enter somewhat into the sentiments and feelings of antiquity, in order to per-

ceive the beauty or propriety of Theocritus's comparison of Helen to a horse, or of Solomon's likening his love "to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots." The light in which the horse is thus considered as an ornament of royalty, or an appendage of war, not only ornamental, but efficient, is explanatory of many passages not only in the Old Testament, but in the Greek and Latin classics. In the Psalms of David,

An horse for preservation is
But a deceitful thing.—Ps. xxxiii. 17.

And in Eccles. x. 7, "I have seen servants on horses." In Deuteronomy, chap. xvii. 16, Moses forbids the Israelites, in the event of their electing from among themselves a king, to allow him "to multiply to himself horses," and thereby foster a lust of dominion and belligerent propensities, at the same time also creating, what the lawgiver wished much to prevent, too frequent a communication with Egypt. Egypt was undoubtedly, in the most early times, the great breeder of horses: the Old Testament proves it by many references. At Jacob's funeral, in Judea, there came forth from Egypt "chariots and horsemen a very great company." The Hebrews were pursued into the Red Sea by Egyptian horsemen; horse and rider were there overwhelmed. Solomon, several centuries afterwards, obtained all his horses from Egypt. With this testimony concurs the account given by the Greek writers: according to them, Sesostris [or Sesonchosis, as others write his name] was the first who taught men to tame horses and to ride them. In Solomon's days the price of a single horse from Egypt was 150 shekels, which, according to Bishop Cumberland's calculation of the shekel,* is about £1.17. 10s. of our money—a great sum in those times. In the days of Xenophon, 600 years later than Solomon, the price of a good horse was about 50 danks, or £2.7. 10s.—at least such was the price paid by Sentes the Thracian to Xenophon for the steed whereon he rode during his retreat from Babylon. Next after the Egyptians, the Assyrians became the celebrated cavaliers of the ancient world. These people are repeatedly alluded to by the Jewish prophets, not only as excelling in the beauty of their horses and skill of their horsemen, but also in all the showy apparatus of equestrian garniture. Their proficiency, however, in this branch of the military art, took place long after the Egyptians had invented and brought it to some degree of perfection, which the Medes, Assyrians, and Persians, possessing more gold and silver, from their more enlarged empires, decked and bespangled more with blue, with purple, and with gold, "clothing their horsemen most gorgeously." Persia became latterly most renowned for its horse-riding. Xenophon declares, that, before the age of Cyrus, Persia had, from its want of wealth, or the mountainous character of its soil, no horses; but that, after his time, from the personal example, and encouragements, and recommendations of their king, every man in Persia rode on horseback; so much so, indeed, that it is understood that the very name of Persia, by which ever afterwards their country became known, was taken from PERESH, a word in Chaldee and Hebrew signifying a horseman. Immense numbers of these animals were reared in the plains of Assyria and Persia. We read in some author of no less than 150,000 feeding on one vast plain near the Caspian Gates. The Nysean horses, which the kings of Persia used in their expeditions, were celebrated as the finest in the world. In Greece, the art of riding horses, and most probably the arrival of the horse himself, did not long precede the Trojan war. The story of the Centaurs, semi-human horses and semi-equine men, as Ovid calls them, warrants the inference that horses then first made their appearance in Thessaly, if not in Greece. These people lived about a century before the Trojan war; for Chiron, who was their chief, was the preceptor of Achilles. As the poor Mexicans at the first appearance of the Spanish cavalry ran off in a fright, conceiving that man and horse were but one animal, so the people of Thessaly fled, panic struck, at the sight of the double-shaped incomprehensible monster that charged them. It is almost certain that these Centaurs were a tribe of Pelasgi, or emigrants from Phrygia, and the southern shores of the Euxine Sea, which were occupied at an early period by a colony of Egyptians, planted there by Sesostris in his Phrygian and Scythian expedition. Confirmatory of this derivation, is the Grecian tradition, as recorded by her antiquaries, that Philyre, the mother of the Centaurs, cohabited with Saturn in Philyreis, an island near the southern shore of the Euxine; and that from that island she emigrated to Thessaly and the mountains of the Pelasgi. In this way, one might amuse himself by attempting to trace, even from the few data afforded by history, the circuit by which horses, with the consequent art of equestrian exercise, passed from Egypt, the original and central riding-school of the world, into Greece and into Europe. From Egypt they passed into Assyria and Persia; from Assyria to Cappadocia, Amazonia, and Pontus, countries where horses were most reared, most admired, and, as the most admirable objects in animated nature, offered up as sacrifices to the sun; from Pontus they passed, with the streams of westward-rushing population, to Phrygia and the southern banks of the Propontis; and from thence, with "horse-taming"

Pelasgi and the Pelasgi, they migrated into Thessaly, and confounded with their novel and terrifying appearance the simple and aboriginal inhabitants, to whom "the horse and his rider" seemed a monster outlandish and inscrutable! It was not customary in these ancient times to shoe horses with iron, according to our modern practice; so that a strong hoof, "hard as brass" and solid "as the flint," was reckoned one of the good qualities of a steed. In oriental countries, the dryness of the roads rendered this fortification of the hoof less necessary; the muddy ways and fineness of the ground's surface in the north of Europe, I suppose, first caused and confirmed the practice. Hannibal's cavalry, which were principally Numidian, lost all their hoofs in the miry and embarrassing march through the marshy ground between Trebia and Fesula. The horses of the ancients had no saddles,* no stirrups, and the Numidian horses had even no bridles; but their armour and their trappings must have compensated for these deficiencies by its extraordinary splendour.†

THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

Meanwhile, King Robert of Scotland became sore oppressed with age and weakness, being grievously afflicted with the great sickness, so that there remained no way with him but death. And when he felt that his end drew near, he sent for those barons and lords of his realm, in whose loyalty he had the greatest confidence, and affectionately enjoined them, on their fealty, that they should faithfully keep his kingdom for David, his son, promising to obey him, and place the crown upon his head when he attained the full age: after which, he beckoned that brave and gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, to come near, and thus addressed him in presence of the rest of his courtiers:—"Sir James, my dear friend, few know better than yourself the great toil and suffering which, in my day, I have undergone for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom; and when all went hardest against me, I made a vow, which it now deeply grieves me not to have accomplished: I then vowed to God, that if it were his sovereign pleasure to permit me to see an end of my wars, and to establish me in peace and security in the government of this realm, I would then proceed in person to the Holy Land, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best and utmost of my power. Never hath my heart ceased to bend earnestly to this purpose, but it hath pleased our Lord to deny me my wishes, for I have had my hands full in my days, and, at the last, you see me taken with this grievous sickness, so that I have nothing to do but to die. Since, therefore, this poor frail body cannot go thither, and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there, in place of my body, to fulfil my vow; and because, in my whole kingdom, I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all those knightly qualities requisite for the accomplishment of this vow, it is my earliest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that, for the love you bear me, you will, instead of myself, undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for, believe me, I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you once undertake, you will not rest till you successfully accomplish; and thus shall I die in peace, if you will do all that I shall enjoin you. It is my desire, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body, and cause it to be embalmed, and spare not to take as much of my treasure as appears sufficient to defray the expenses of your journey, both for yourself and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And I do moreover command, that in the course of your journey you keep up that royal state and maintenance, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know you have in charge to bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert of Scotland." At these words, all who stood by began to weep; and when Sir James himself was able to reply, he said, "Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to be the keeper and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most willingly, and, to the best of my power, most faithfully, shall I obey your commands, although I do truly think myself little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise." "My dear friend," said the king, "I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding on the word of a true and loyal knight." "Undoubtedly, my liege, I do promise so," replied Douglas, "by the faith which I owe to God, and to the order to which I belong." "Now praise be to God," said the king, "I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my kingdom hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish;" and not long after, this noble monarch departed this life.—From *Froissart's Chronicles*.

* Yet I find saddles mentioned in our translation of the Bible, Leviticus xv. 9; and in Num. xxii. 21, Balaam saddled his ass.

† From "Shreds of Antiquity," an unpublished work of Mr Tenant, author of "Anster Fair."

* If we take Xenophon's valuation of the shekel, as containing 7½ oboli, as stated in Lib. I. of his Expedition of Cyrus, it makes the price much less, about £6.5s.

BEAR-HUNTING.

The following incident at bear-hunting is recorded by Mr Lloyd, in his *Field Sports in the North of Europe*. The scene took place in Scandinavia, where the sport is performed by a great number of people assembling, and, forming a large circle, gradually close it, and force the animals from their retreat. This species of amusement is called a *skall* in the country.

"The skull to which this anecdote relates," says Mr Lloyd, "and at which Captain Eurenus himself was present, took place about the year 1790, in the parish of Yestram, province of Wernersborg. It was conducted in the usual manner, every person having his proper position assigned to him. One man, however, an old soldier, who was attached to the hallet, or stationary division of the skull, thought proper to place himself in advance of the rest, in a narrow defile, through which, from his knowledge of the country, he thought it probable the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture; for the animal soon afterwards made his appearance, and faced directly towards him. On this he levelled, and attempted to discharge his piece, but owing to the morning being wet, the priming had got damp, and the gun missed fire. The bear was now close upon him, though it was probable that, if he had stepped to the one side, he might still have escaped; but instead of adopting this prudent course, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun, to which, however, no bayonet was attached, down the throat of the enraged brute. This attack the bear parried with the skill of a fencing-master; when, after wresting the gun out of the hands of the man, he quickly laid him prostrate.

"All might have ended well; for the bear, after smelling at his antagonist, who was lying motionless and holding his breath, as if he had been dead, left him almost unhurt. The animal then went to the gun, which was only at two or three feet distance, and began to overhaul it with his paws. The poor soldier, however, who had brought his musket to the skull contrary to the orders of his officers, and knowing that if it was injured, he should be severely punished, on seeing the apparent jeopardy in which it was placed, quietly stretched out his hand, and laid hold of one end of it, the bear having it fast by the other. On observing this movement, and that the man in consequence was alive, the bear again attacked him; when, seizing him with his teeth by the back of the head, as he was lying with his face on the ground, he tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upwards, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. The poor fellow, who knew that his safety depended upon his remaining motionless, kept as quiet as he was able; and the bear, without doing him much farther injury, laid himself along his body.

"Whilst this was going forward, many of the people, and Captain Eurenus among the rest, suspecting what had happened, hastened towards the spot, and advanced within twelve or fifteen paces of the scene of action. Here they found the bear still lying upon the body of the unfortunate man. Sometimes the animal was occupying himself in licking the blood from his bare skull, and at others in eyeing the people. All, however, were afraid to fire, thinking either that they might hit the man, or that, even if they killed the bear, he might, in his last agonies, still farther mutilate the poor sufferer. In this position the soldier and the bear remained a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim, and slowly began to retreat, when a tremendous fire opened upon him, and he instantly fell dead.

"On hearing the shots, the poor soldier jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face, so as completely to blind him; when, throwing it back with his hands, he ran towards his comrades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, 'The bear! the bear!' The mischief, however, was done, and was irreparable. The only assistance he could receive was rendered to him by a surgeon who happened to be present, and who severed the little skin which connected the scalp with the forehead, and then dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. The scalp, when separated from the head, Captain Eurenus described as exactly resembling a *peruke*.

"In one sense, the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier. At the time, every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, which was extremely troublesome to dress and keep in order during the day; and he, in consequence, being now without any, immediately got his discharge.

"Bears are not unfrequently domesticated in Wermeland. I heard of one that was so tame that his master, a peasant, used occasionally to cause him to stand at the back of his sledge when on a journey; but the fellow kept so good a balance that it was next to impossible to upset him. When the vehicle went on one side, Bruin threw his weight the other way, and *vice versa*. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing him off his equilibrium, by which, at last, the animal got so irritated, that he fetched his master, who was in advance of him, a tremendous thwack on his shoulders with his paw. This frightened the man so much, that he caused the bear to be killed immediately."

THE ORIGIN OF THE PORTEOUS MOB.

The origin of the Porteous mob continued long to exercise the curiosity of those by whom the event was remembered, and from the extraordinary mixture of prudence and audacity with which the purpose of the multitude had been conceived and executed, as well as the impenetrable secrecy with which the enterprise was carried through, the public were much inclined to suspect that there had been among its actors men of rank and character, far superior to that belonging to the multitude who were the ostensible agents. Broken and imperfect stories were told of men in the disguise of women, and of common artisans, whose manner betrayed a sex and manners different from what their garb announced. Others laughed at these unauthorized exaggerations, and contended that no class were so likely to frame or execute the plan for the murder of the police-officer, as the populace to whom his official proceedings had rendered him obnoxious, and that the secrecy so wonderfully preserved on the occasion arose out of the constancy and fidelity which the Scottish people observe towards each other when engaged in a common cause. Nothing is, or probably ever will be, known with certainty on the subject; but it is understood that several young men left Scotland in apprehension of the strict scrutiny which was made into that night's proceedings; and in your grandfather's younger days, the voice of fame pointed out individuals, who, long absent from that country, had returned from the East and West Indies in improved circumstances, as persons who had fled abroad on account of the Porteous mob. One story of the origin of the conspiracy was stated to me with so much authority, and seemed in itself so simple and satisfactory, that although the degree of proof, upon investigation, fell far short of what was necessary as full evidence, I cannot help considering it as the most probable account of the mysterious affair. A man, who long bore an excellent character, and filled a place of some trust as forester and carpenter to a gentleman of fortune in Fife, was affirmed to have made a confession on his death-bed, that he had been not only one of the actors in the hanging of Porteous, but one of the secret few by whom the deed was schemed and set on foot. Twelve persons of the village of Pathhead—so this man's narrative was said to proceed—resolved that Porteous should die, to atone for the life of Wilson, with whom many of them had been connected by the ties of friendship and joint adventure in illicit trade, and for the death of those shot at the execution. This vengeful band crossed the Forth by different ferries, and met together at a solitary place near the city, where they distributed the party which were to act in the business which they had in hand; and giving a beginning to the enterprise, soon saw it undertaken by the populace of the city, whose minds were precisely in that state of irritability which disposed them to follow the example of a few desperate men. According to this account, most of the original devisers of the scheme fled to foreign parts, the surprise of the usual authorities having occasioned some days to pass over ere the investigations of the affair were commenced. On making inquiry of the surviving family of this old man, they were found disposed to treat the rumoured confession as a fiction, and to allege, that although he was of an age which seemed to support the story, and had gone abroad shortly after the Porteous mob, yet he had never acknowledged any accession to it, but, on the contrary, maintained his innocence, when taxed, as he sometimes was, with having a concern in the affair. The report, however, though probably untrue in many of its circumstances, yet seems to give a very probable account of the origin of the riot, in the vindictive purpose of a few resolute men, whose example was quickly followed by the multitude, already in a state of mind to catch fire from the slightest spark.—*Tales of a Grandfather, Third Series.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON STEAM CARRIAGES.

In the progress of their inquiry, the Committee extended their examination to the principal objections which had been urged to the application of steam on common roads. These were, the danger of explosion, the annoyance to travellers, the fright occasioned to horses by the noise of the machinery, and the smoke and steam which escape at the chimney. The Committee state, that they are led to believe, by the result of their inquiries, that the substitution of inanimate for animal power on common roads, is one of the most important improvements in internal communication ever introduced; that its practicability has been fully established; that tolls to an amount which would utterly prohibit the introduction of steam carriages have been imposed on some roads; that on others the trustees have adopted measures which place such carriages in an unfair position compared with ordinary coaches; and that the causes of these measures are two-fold—1st, A determination on the part of the trustees to obstruct as much as possible the use of steam as a propelling power; and, 2d, The misapprehension of its effects on roads. The Committee consider that legislative protection should be extended to steam carriages with the least possible delay. Their Report goes on to say—"Without increase of cost, we shall obtain a power which will insure a rapidity of internal communication far beyond the utmost speed of horses in draught. Nor are the advantages of steam power confined to the greater velocity attained, or to its greater cheapness than horse draught. In the latter, danger is

increased, in as large a proportion as expense, by greater speed. In steam power, on the contrary, there is no danger of being run away with, and that of being overturned is greatly diminished. It is difficult to control four such horses as can draw a heavy carriage ten miles per hour, in case they are frightened or choose to run away; and, for quick travelling, they must be kept in that state of courage that they are always inclined for running away, particularly down hills and at sharp turns of the road. In steam, however, there is little corresponding danger, being perfectly controllable, and capable of exerting its power in reverse in going down hills." Steam has been applied as a power in draught in two ways: in the one, both passengers and engine are placed on the same carriage; in the other, the engine carriage is merely used to draw the carriage in which the load is conveyed. In either case, the probability of danger from explosion has been rendered infinitely small, from the judicious construction of boiler which has been adopted. The danger arising to passengers from the breaking of the machinery need scarcely be taken into consideration. It is a mere question of delay, and can scarcely exceed in frequency the casualties which may occur with horses. It has been frequently urged against these carriages, that, wherever they shall be introduced, they must effectually prevent all other travelling on the road, as no horse will bear quietly the noise and smoke of the engine. The Committee believe that these statements are unfounded. Whatever noise may be complained of, arises from the present defective construction of the machinery, and will be corrected as the makers of such carriages gain greater experience. Admitting even that the present engines do work with some noise, the effect on horses has been greatly exaggerated. All the witnesses accustomed to travel in these carriages, even on the crowded roads adjacent to the metropolis, have stated that horses are very seldom frightened in passing.—*Edinburgh Review.*

AN AULD WIFE'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

You are rising, O Moon, through the thicket of trees,
Like a house gane afire, or a stack in a breeze;
But soon through the lift wilt thou glitter and speel,
Like a round pewter plate, or the rim of my wheel.
Many years have passed over my haffits and thine,
Since Johnny and I used to court in thy shine;
But you are as bright, and as plump as of yore,
While I'm an auld woman, three years and three score;
And John, though I've kept him baith tenty and snug,
Has ringlets as grey as the cloud at thy lug;
But you are still sparkling, and still in thy light
Dat hemple, as I was, and the rim of my wheel.
I have gazed at you oft as you shoon at your post,
In nights when the starnies were brooding wi' frost;
And oft when the hurricane whunnered away,
And whoomeled our stacks like a cole on the brae,
I have wondered full oft, as it tookit and blew,
If ever its suging was cerie to you.
As neight it uprooted the auld clachan-tree,
And I thought that the roof of our sic-house would flee;
But you laughed at its blawing, and kept thee as still,
As over the mist stands the peak of a hill.
—One question to ask thee, my wonderment begs—
How, Moon, have you skill in the cleecking of eggs?
If I set my brood hen when thy waxing I see,
I am sure that the lauchter will never misgie:
The chickens are strong, and their number is full,
And the tod and the coobie get never a pull;
But if I should set them when pale is thy horn,
Waxing thinner and dimmer at rising of morn,
Then shilpit and cowering the chickens will be,
Tho' hatched in a bush mid the whins of the lea.
And tell me, how is it that thou hast the skill,
To manage the time when our pork-we maun kill?
About Martinmas day thy first glimpse in the sky,
Is a sign for fat pigs to grow fatter, and die;
Thy waxing foretells that the hams of the gryce,
Will swell in the pot, and be tender and nice;
But if till thy waning, he grunt in his crib,
Nae kail will be lyth'd by the fat of his rib.
What gives thee such skill? Once a sailor I saw
Who said that your word to the sea is a law,
That it rises or falls as you come or retreat;
But I cannot believe you can do such a feat:
'Tis wonder enough if on chickens and pork
Your waxing and waning such wonders can work.
But the evening is growing—my lamp must be got,
And Johnny's bit supper prepared for the pot.
My lamp, Lady Moon, should be steady and bright,
For its rush-wick was cut with the moon at its height;
I gathered the thrashings when you were on high,
And your image shone bright in the burnie hard by:
Such wicks have a glamour they borrow from you,
And their light in the evening is constant and true.
While Johnny works stockings and hosts by the fire,
And I'm at my wheel, and whiles in to the byre,
I'm wearied wi' spinning; my finger and thumb
I smokit wi' reek frae a nueveu' o' broom,
Till the skin was like leather; but soon wi' a nick
The lang weary thread cutt in to the quick.
O Moon, there's a cloud comin' black on thy face,
Wi' sleet or wi' snaw it is brewin' apace!
You're a skeelly auld witch!—you had kent it yestreen,
When you dreyd you white brough round your haffits at e'en;
I thought you were bodin' some mischief at hand—
And now comes the hurricane over the land.
I wis my poor Johnny were hame frae his war,.
The snaw will be on, and the night will be dark.
O there is our Johnny! how clever he looks!
He deems look auld yet! See, darker it glooms.
Ah, Johnny, you're welcome! the door let us steek—
Now snaw, wind, and moonlight, may fight as they like.—D. M.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agents for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 70.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TOM BRIMS.

It appears to be a prevailing impression, in consequence of the strain of our fictitious literature, that there is no pathos any where, except in either very refined society, or among a rural population. No one seems to think that there can ever be any sentiment in the situation of a shopkeeper, or that feeling, any more than friendship, is to be found in trade. This notion, I am persuaded, has arisen solely from the circumstance, that poets and story-writers, finding some difficulty in managing the current of a pathetic tale amidst the common-place details of business, have invariably looked elsewhere for characters and scenery: it is entirely a matter of literary convenience. Thus, though we see every day the most striking turns of fortune in mercantile life, accompanied by distresses of the most touching kind, such is nevertheless the habit into which our reading has thrown us, that we would be apt to think it very odd if a tragedy, or even the simplest sentimental tale, were attempted to be woven from such a tissue.

Though not insensible to the danger of going right against the stream of popular taste, I am induced to do so on the present occasion, in order to commemorate an individual whose fate made a deep impression upon me in my earlier years, and in whose story, referring though it does to mere trade, I cannot help believing that the public will, like myself, feel somewhat interested. No tale could be simpler in its pathos, or less involved in its parts; and yet I never can think of it without a degree of sympathising sadness, which might now-a-days be refused to the most lordly and the most complicated sorrows of the stage.

Thomas Brims had been reared, I believe, as a traveller for a house in Yorkshire, which dealt largely in leather caps and braces. When I first knew him, he was a handsome middle-aged and middle-sized man, always dressed in the very extreme of the prevailing fashion, yet with an easiness of manner which is not often found in carefully dressed men. It was alleged of Brims that he had been such an exquisite in his earlier years as to sleep in doe-skin gloves for the purpose of whitening his hands. But this was perhaps a fiction. No man ever took the head of the table in a *travellers' room* with less exceptional pretensions to the honour than he. Clever, well-bred, good-humoured, and an admirable teller of stories, he seemed to possess every qualification for that important post; and it was accordingly acceded to him on all occasions, even though there might be present an individual who had been longer upon the road. When a little elevated after dinner, Brims became so delightful a companion, that gentlemen who had intended to call upon a few customers in the evening totally forgot their purpose—forgot time, business, and every thing—and sat still, enchained, it might be said, by the social spirit of their preses. Brims was reputed to be one of the cleverest salesmen in England; and it is more than probable, that, if the same abilities had been devoted to a learned profession, or to some species of state-service, he would have risen to considerable honours.

Such was Brims when I first knew him. He was then in the habit of annually visiting the country town in which I resided; and as my father was one of the traders with whom he did business, I had ample opportunities of observing the character of the man. He was, however, an object of interest to many besides those with whom he was any way connected in business. His neat gig and spirited horse were recognised as they entered the town, even before his own person was distinguished; and when he was

alighting at the door of the inn, the equipage was surrounded by a far greater crowd of boys than what was usually gathered at the advent of any other stranger. "Brims is come! Brims is come!" was echoed from mouth to mouth; and in ten minutes the fact was known to the whole population. Happy was the boy who, from his acquaintance with the waiter, was permitted to carry any of Brims's bags or boxes into the house; and delighted above all measure was he, who, from his being highest in the good graces of the hostler, was entrusted with the mighty honour of taking Brims's horse to the water. The style in which Brims moved, and the success with which he pursued his trade, altogether gave him, at this period, the appearance of a happy and prosperous man.

Some years of adverse fortune ensued, both with my own family and with Brims. With the causes of our own misfortunes I am but too well acquainted; but I never could learn, nor even guess, how so expert a man as Brims should have sunk, in the meridian of life, from a line of employment for which he seemed so admirably qualified. After having lost sight of him for several years, we met him in another country town—one very near the Scottish capital—to which we had been induced to remove in the hope of bettering our circumstances. Brims, to our surprise, was also resident there. He lived with his wife and his boys (so he termed three grown-up lads) in a small and rather mean-looking house, at no great distance from our own. Eight years had wrought a change in the prompt and sprightly traveller; yet, while his countenance wanted its former sparkle, his clothes were still almost as good and as neat as ever, and even, amidst the details of a very humble household, he carried as much of the air of a gentleman as in his better days. He was also engaged in the same business as formerly; but, alas, upon what a different scale! Instead of selling his wares in large quantities, and over the country at large, he now employed himself and his boys in manufacturing them with their own hands, and sought no more extensive market than what was supplied by some of the inferior retail dealers in Edinburgh. Once or twice a-week he dressed himself in his trim, though rather over-brushed suit of black, and, with a neat leather-covered parcel under his arm, walked to the city—even the stage-coach being above his resources—where he busied himself for the day in making sales; and I have been given to understand, that, on such occasions, he displayed exactly the same persuasiveness of manner, and the same eloquence in describing his goods, as he had ever done in his better days, when selling leather caps by the thousand instead of the dozen. The contrast, however, was that of a blood hunter reduced to the cart, which, though it may carry a somewhat higher head than the common work-horse, yet is every whit as stayed in its demeanour, and as thoroughly reconciled to its situation.

In the course of time, some changes took place in Brims's little household. His wife—a genteel, quiet Englishwoman—died; and his two elder sons, fretting at the hopeless drudgery to which they were bound by their father, left him to seek their own fortune in the wide world. He suffered alike severely from these calamities, yet hardly permitted a complaint to escape him. He was now left alone with his youngest son Alfred, a tiny and delicate youth, whose very beauty showed that he was not long for this world. His little manufactory was now still smaller than ever; but it was enough for the demand. Leather caps about this time began to be disused, on account of the popularity which Highland bonnets acquired from the glory of

the Scottish regiments at Waterloo. Even braces, as Brims used to remark pathetically, appeared to be less used than formerly, insomuch that it was a kind of wonder to him how the inexpressibles of mankind were kept up at all. He now seldom went to Edinburgh oftener than once in the ten days; and I used to remark, with much regret, that his neat leather parcel was sometimes at his return not altogether discharged of its contents. Still Alfred was sure to have his tea (his favourite and only indulgence) warm for him when he arrived, and, even amidst something approaching to penury, he appeared to be content.

There was something beyond measure affecting in the attachment of these two lonely beings to each other. Poor Brims, after the loss of his wife and the departure of his elder sons (of whom he never afterwards heard), appeared to cling only the more fondly to Alfred, who was now, it might be said, the sole stay and hope of his old age. He felt also those fond terrors which so readily possess a parent's heart respecting a delicate child; and fear gave a convulsive energy to that embrace in which love disposed him to hold this fragile plant. On the other hand, Alfred, with a degree of sense and feeling beyond his years, deplored the unfortunate circumstances of his father, and seemed eagerly anxious, by every kind of personal attention, as well as by taking a full share of his labours, to compensate the desolation of his age. Neither had any other object on earth to care for; each, of course, gave his heart entirely to the other; and if even opposite natures are forced sometimes to coalesce for defence against a common danger, it may be imagined how these kindred souls blent together, for mutual support against solitude and sorrow.

Time wore on, and Brims's trade always got worse and worse, till at length he declared it to be hardly possible for him and his son to earn as much as could support them in even the most parsimonious manner. In the increased necessity of labour, he endeavoured to take as much upon himself as possible, in order to save the slender frame of Alfred; while, with the view of continuing certain comforts which the health of that individual rendered more necessary than ever, he pinched so much from his own daily necessities as almost left him in the feigned condition of the camelion. But for the self-denial of his son, who adopted every means in his power to lessen the toils and improve the comforts of his father, he must have speedily destroyed his own health. There was now a generous rivalry between the two, which to labour most, and which to require least personal indulgence; each endeavouring, as it were, to arrest the busy hand of the other, and to force into the mouth of his companion the hard-earned morsel which was fairly due to himself. At length, the gentle Alfred sunk fairly beneath the premature hardships to which he was condemned, and his father *knew* the appalling fact, that, while there was still some chance of life, if relaxation, exercise, change of air, and an improved regimen, could be afforded to the patient, there was none otherwise, and, of course, as matters stood, none at all.

As the only individuals in the place whom Brims had known in his better days, he selected us at this time to receive the recital of his sorrows. What gave, he said, the most poignant wound to his mind, was the unfeeling coldness with which a wealthy brother-in-law had lately treated an application he had made for relief. This individual was not only wealthy, but had no one dependent on him; and yet, such was his reluctance to part with any part of his hoards, that even the small sum necessary to try an experiment for the health of his nephew had been refused.

Whether the case might stand exactly upon the grounds described by Brims, we could not tell: if so, it was certainly among the hardest we had ever known; but probably there was some cause of wrath against our unfortunate friend, with which his self-love would not permit him to make us acquainted.

As might have been expected, the young man declined slowly, but surely, towards the grave, notwithstanding all that we, and other persons interested in him, could do to stay his progress. I was present on the evening when he died, and never shall forget the picture of human woe which the surviving parent exhibited on that occasion. The dying youth was stretched on a little bed, in a meanly furnished room, with no other attendant besides his father than a poor old woman who lived in another part of the same house, and had come in to inquire if she could be of any use. Close over his pale and death-like countenance hung his father, whose disordered dress and exhausted look showed but too plainly the extremity to which watchfulness and anxiety had reduced him. For hours the young man had not showed the least sign of consciousness; and the doctor, when called away, some time before, to attend a more hopeful patient, had pronounced that he could not live two hours longer. The father, however, was still unsatisfied—what parent, in such circumstances, can ever be so?—and was every now and then bringing forward a spoonful of medicine to pour upon the parched lips of his son, in doing which he generally asked the unavailing question, "Alfred, my dear boy, do you not know your father?"

Just before the last fatal moment, the sun came round and shone into the apartment, and, in obedience to a motion from Mr Brims, I went to the window to close a part of the shutter. How strange, I thought, to see this cheerful light gilding the objects of a death-chamber with as much brilliancy as if they belonged to some splendid and festive scene! Before I could accomplish what I was about, the increase of light seemed to break up for a moment the slumber of the dying youth, and he cast a hesitating and languid look towards the window. "Oh, leave the shutter as it is," said the father eagerly, as if afraid to deprive his child of any thing that could be supposed, even at this last darkening hour, to give him any pleasure. It was only for a moment, however, that the eye remained open to this new impression. It closed immediately; and, in a minute after, one convulsive movement in the youth, and a burst of overpowering grief from the father, informed me that death had done his work.

Other females from the neighbourhood now came crowding in, and were permitted by Brims to perform the last offices to his son. That night he was pressed, by my father, in the most earnest and friendly manner, to take up his abode with us; but nothing could prevail upon him to quit his own desolate house, and we were accordingly obliged to leave him, though not till we had seen another room arranged properly for his reception, and provisions laid in for his use. Our attention, alas! was unnecessary. Brims was found next morning stretched lifeless beside the body of his son—his own bed unpressed—his meat untasted. Upon the table which had been spread for him lay a scrap of paper, on which were inscribed the words, "It is too late." Nothing else was to be learned, except that a spirit, deserted by all the objects of its affection, and oppressed with misfortunes too heavy to be endured, had sunk beneath its griefs, and fled to rejoin all it held dear in another and better world.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE POLAR BEAR.—This immense animal differs in many particulars from the rest of its congeners. Captain Lyon, when on the northern expedition, killed one which measured eight feet seven inches and a half in length, and was sixteen hundred pounds weight.

This species inhabits the confines of the arctic circle, and has been found about the latitude of the 80th degree, and even as far northwards as navigators have yet penetrated into those inhospitable seas, which seem to accord well with the sullen and ferocious nature of this terrible animal. In the words of the poet,

"there the shapeless bear,
With dangle-ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow pad'd, and sower as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift;
And, with stern patience, scorning meek complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want."

This animal has never been found farther south than Newfoundland, and his chief residences are the shores of Hudson's Bay, Spitzbergen, and Greenland, on the one side of the arctic circle, and Nova Zembla on the other. Insulated instances have occurred of the polar bear having been carried on floating icebergs to the coasts of Iceland and Norway.

The polar bear feeds entirely on animal matter, but his habits are not decidedly predatory, for he prefers dead animals to those in a living state, subsisting chiefly on the floating carcasses of whales, after they have been stript of their blubber by those employed in the whale fisheries. He sometimes, however, preys

upon seals, which he catches when they ascend to the surface to breathe. As this bear swims with much ease, he is very capable of capturing his prey, and not unfrequently takes fish when they enter gulfs or shoals.

The polar bear is greatly attached to its offspring, and will die in their defence. This is finely illustrated by an incident which was witnessed by Captain Phipps, of the *Carcass*, when on his voyage of discovery to the north pole. While locked in the ice, it was intimated by the man at the mast-head that three bears were approaching towards the vessel. They had been directed to the spot by the smell of some blubber of a walrus, which had been killed by the sailors a few days before, and which they had set fire to, and were burning it on the ice at the time they were advancing. When they reached the vessel, they turned out to be a female and two cubs, the latter of which were, however, nearly as large as their mother. They appeared to be very hungry, for they ran towards the fire, and drew from the flames the parts of the walrus which were yet unconsumed, and devoured them with great voracity. The sailors threw from the side of the vessel large pieces of the flesh that were still left, which the dam carried away, and dividing them, laid them before the young ones, and only reserved a small portion for herself. When the old one was carrying away the last piece, the crew levelled their muskets at the cubs, and killed them both on the spot; and also firing at the dam, wounded her, although not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any one possessed of feeling, to have marked the affectionate concern evinced by the poor animal while her young were in the agonies of death. She was so severely wounded, that she could but crawl to the spot where her cubs lay, carrying with her the piece of flesh which she had last taken away, after having torn it asunder, as she had done with the others, and placed it before them. When she perceived that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first on the one, and then on the other, endeavouring to raise them up, while she at the same time uttered the most pitiable moans. When she found her efforts to raise them were unavailing, she retreated; and, having got to some distance, she looked back, and uttered deep moans; and seeing that had no effect in making them follow her, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick the blood from their wounds. She retired a second time, and having with difficulty crawled a few paces off, again looked behind her, and stood for some time uttering heart-rending moans. But still finding that her cubs did not follow her, she returned to them again, and, with marks of the utmost tenderness, went round each successively, pawing them. Finding at length that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, growled a curse upon the destroyers of her offspring, which they returned with a volley of musket balls, when she fell prostrate between her cubs, and died in the act of licking their wounds.

Brentz, in his voyage in search of the north-east passage to China, witnessed various striking instances of the ferocity of polar bears in Nova Zembla, where they attacked his seamen and actually carried them off in their mouths, with the greatest apparent ease, and devoured them in the presence of their companions.

About twenty-two years ago, the crew of one of the whale fishery boats fired at and wounded a polar bear, which was at some little distance from them. He set up a dreadful howl, and ran, with all his speed, along the ice towards the boat; and attempting to board it, placed one of his fore-paws on the gunwale, and would have speedily entered the boat, had not one of the sailors seized a hatchet and cut off his paw. But this severe injury did not damp his courage; for he pursued the boat till it reached the vessel, from whence many shots were fired at him without inflicting a mortal wound. He reached the vessel, and contrived to ascend the deck, where he ranged about with the greatest possible fury, and spread such consternation among the crew, that they all fled into the shrouds for safety, where he next prepared to pursue them; but was luckily hit by a ball, which terminated his existence.

The master of a Greenland whaler wishing to procure a bear without injuring the skin, endeavoured to entrap one by laying the noose of a rope in the snow, and placing a piece of beef within it; and afterwards fire was put to it. A bear was soon attracted by the smell; he perceived the meat, and, approaching, seized it, and was sneaking off, but found his feet entangled by the noose; he, however, soon perceived his situation, pushed it off with his paw, and deliberately retired and devoured the piece of meat at his leisure: after which he returned. The noose was again baited with another piece of meat; he walked quietly up to it, and pushing the noose aside, seized the meat, and made good his retreat. The noose was a third time baited; but the seamen ob-

serving the caution of the bear, buried the rope beneath the snow, to elude his observation, and laid the meat in a deep hole which they dug in the centre. The bear once more advanced, and the sailors here now conceived themselves certain of success. But the animal, more sagacious than they expected, after smelling about the place for some seconds, scraped the snow away with his paw, and pushing the rope aside, again seized the meat and made off in safety.

The **RACCOON** is a native of the warmer regions of South America, where they commit great havoc among the plantations of sugar-canes, as they make descents in large flocks.

This animal is less than the badger, and somewhat resembles the fox in the form of its head: its ears are, however, much rounder, shorter, and less pointed; its eyes are large, full, and surrounded by two broad patches of black; its body is thick, short, and covered with long hair, which is grey underneath, and black at the tips. The tail is long, bushy, and marked with alternate rings of black and white.

In a state of domestication the racoon is very sportive and good-tempered, and of a disposition not less inquisitive than the monkey. It examines every object with its paws, which it uses in the manner of hands, to see every thing which is given to it. It is as sly and cunning as a fox, and, like it, is very destructive of poultry. It is said to feed on insects, and opens oysters with astonishing dexterity: it separates the shells, and does not leave a single vestige of the animal within them.

In Brickell's History of North Carolina, we find a record of the wonderful sagacity of this animal. He says it is fond of crabs, and when in search of them takes its station by the side of a swamp, and hanging its tail over into the water, the crabs mistake it for food, and laying hold of it, the racoon soon perceives it pinching, pulls up its tail with a sudden jerk, and lands the crab on the soil, where it suddenly seizes it in its mouth and quickly devours it. He is careful, from experience, which way he seizes the crab, which he does transversely, to prevent the animal from inflicting wounds on his face by his nipper.

The **COATI** is another inhabitant of South America. It is an obstinate and capricious animal. Linnæus had one which he found very troublesome; it killed the poultry, tore off their heads, and sucked their blood. It defended itself with great force, whenever any person attempted to lay hold of it contrary to its inclination; and it stuck fast to the legs of those with whom it was familiar, when it wanted to ransack their pockets, and carry off any thing it found in them. It had an extreme aversion to hog's bristles, and consequently the smallest brush made it desist. Its mode of life was very singular: it slept from midnight to noon, kept awake the rest of the day, and uniformly walked about from six in the evening till midnight, without the least regard to the sort of weather. This is probably the time assigned by nature for procuring its food, which consists chiefly of young birds, eggs, and small animals.

The **BADGER**.—This animal is furnished by nature with powerful means of defence; it is, however, nevertheless, of a most harmless and inoffensive disposition, and uses these means only when acting on the defensive, as it never attacks any other animal. Its food consists chiefly of roots, fruits, grass, insects, and frogs. It seldom appears abroad during day, but confines itself to its burrow, which it digs to a considerable depth under the ground, and for which purpose it is provided with strong nails.

There is no animal over whom man exercises more savage tyranny than the badger, for whenever one of these poor animals falls into his hands, it is subjected to a life of the most iniquitous torment, being baited by bulldogs and terriers, day after day, until its miserable existence is terminated by being literally torn to pieces. We can only wonder that there still exist men so totally devoid of reflection and humanity as to practise so cruel an amusement; and we are still more astonished that the laws should tolerate it in these enlightened days. Although the Almighty gave man dominion over the beasts of the field, it could never be expected he would exercise such unrelenting cruelty to one of the most harmless of creatures.

The following instance of faithful attachment in the badger was related by a gentleman who resided at the Chateau de Vernours, in France:—

Two persons on a journey, having occasion to pass through a hollow way, accompanied by a dog, he started a badger, and pursued it till it took shelter in a burrow under a tree, and from which it was at length hunted and killed. As they were only a few miles from the village of Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag the badger thither, so that they might receive the reward offered by the commune for every one which was killed, and, besides, to sell its skin to the manufacturer of badger-hair brushes. Having no rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew the animal along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far on their way when they heard the cry of an animal apparently in distress. They stopped to listen from whence it proceeded, when another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, but this did not deter it from approaching its dead companion, which it no sooner reached than it began to lick, and made a mournful cry. The men observing this, desisted from offering it any farther offence, and continued to draw the dead body along as before. The faithful animal continued to follow the dead one, and

lying down on it, took it gently by the ear, and in this manner was actually dragged into the village; and even amid the crowd of boys and dogs which were soon collected around, it could not be induced to quit its situation; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill this affectionate creature, and afterwards burn it, declaring that it could be no other than a witch.

The badger is an inhabitant of Britain, and the whole European continent; and Dr Richardson has identified various new species in his account of animals of the arctic regions.

THE WOLVERENE OR GLUTTON.—This quadruped is a native of Europe, and inhabits the northern parts of the Continent, as well as the colder regions of America. It resembles the wolf in size; the upper parts and the belly are of a reddish brown, and the sides are yellow and brown, with a band of the same colour crossing the back of the tail; the face is black, and the legs very strong and thick, short and black; the soles of the feet covered with hair.

The wolverene is a slow-paced animal, but possessed of a very great degree of sagacity, strength, and cunning. It burrows in the ground, and is said to be of a very fierce and savage disposition; but in this respect travellers and naturalists have wonderfully overrated it. Buffon, who quotes Alaus Magnus, one of the earliest writers who notice this animal, and who collected the popular notices of its habits, says, "The glutton, or wolverene, is the most noted of all the animals which inhabit the north of Sweden for its insatiable appetite, whence it has obtained the appellation of *jorff*, in the language of that country, of *wilfras* in German, and *rosomaka* in Scavonian. It is wont, when it has found the carcass of some large beast, to eat until its belly is distended like a drum, when it rids itself of its load, by squeezing its body betwixt two trees growing close together, and, again returning to its repast, soon requires to have recourse to the same means of relief." Gmelin, however, treats this trait of its character as a fiction, as he had frequent means of ascertaining its true history, while travelling through Siberia, from information which he received from hunters. Departing from all these fictions, we turn to the account of Dr Richardson, whose authority is undoubted.

"The wolverene," says he, "is a carnivorous animal, which feeds chiefly upon the carcasses of beasts that have been killed by accident. It has great strength, and annoys the natives by destroying their herds of provisions, and demolishing their marten traps. It is so suspicious, that it will rarely enter a trap itself, but beginning behind, pulls it to pieces, scatters the logs of which it is built, and then carries off the bait. It feeds also on meadow mice, marmots, and other *rodentia*, and occasionally on disabled quadrupeds of a larger size. I have seen one chasing an American hare, which was at the time harassed by a snowy owl. It resembles the bear in its gait, and is not fleet; but it is very industrious, and no doubt feeds well, as it is generally fat. It is much abroad in the winter, and the track of its journey in a single night may be often traced for many miles. From the shortness of its legs, it makes its way through the loose snow with difficulty; but when it falls upon the beaten track of a marten-trapper, it will pursue it for a long way." Mr Graham says, "The wolverenes are extremely mischievous, and do more damage to the small fur trade than all the other rapacious animals conjointly. They will follow the marten-hunter's path round a line of traps extending forty, fifty, or sixty miles, and render the whole unserviceable, merely to come at the baits, which are generally the head of a partridge, or a bit of dried venison. They are not fond of the martens themselves, but never fail of tearing them to pieces, or of burying them in the snow by the side of the path, at a considerable distance from the trap. Drifts of snow often conceal the repositories thus made by the martens from the hunter, in which case they furnish a regale to the hungry fox, whose sagacious nostril guides him unerringly to the spot. Two or three foxes are often seen following the wolverene for this purpose."

Bingley mentions a surprising proof of the strength of this quadruped, which occurred at Churchill, on Hudson's Bay. One of these overset the greatest part of a pile of wood, which measured upwards of seventy yards round, and contained a whole winter's firing, to get at some provisions that had been hidden there by some of the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, when going to the factory to spend the holidays. This animal had for many weeks been lurking about the neighbourhood of their tent, and had committed numerous depredations on the game caught in their traps and snares, as well as eaten many of the foxes that were killed by guns for the purpose. The people thought they had adopted the most effectual method to secure their provisions, by tying them up in bundles, and placing them on the top of the wood pile. They could not suppose the wolverene would ever have found out where they were, and much less that he could get at them if he did discover them. To their astonishment, however, when they returned they found the greater part of the pile thrown down, notwithstanding some of the trees with which it was constructed were as much as two men could carry. The wood was very much scattered about; and it was imagined, that, in the animal's attempting to carry off his booty, some of the small parcels of provisions had fallen down into the

heart of the pile, and sooner than lose half his prize, he was at the trouble of doing this. The bags of flour, oatmeal, and peas, though of no use to him, he tore all to pieces, and scattered the contents about on the snow; but every bit of animal food, consisting of beef, pork, bacon, venison, salted geese, and partridges, in considerable quantities, he carried away.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE ENGLISH VERSIONS.

It is probable that the inhabitants of Britain, who were first converted to Christianity by Saint Augustine, about the beginning of the seventh century, had some of the Scripture in their own language. About A.D. 709, Adelm translated the Psalms into English Saxon, and other parts of Scripture were translated by Eadfrid, a Saxon, about the same time. Bede, the first ecclesiastical English historian, who was born at Jarrow, on the banks of the Tyne, in 673, commonly denominated the Venerable Bede, made a translation of the Gospels, if not the whole Bible, into his native tongue. The whole Bible was translated into the Anglo-Saxon by order of King Alfred; and he himself, about A.D. 890, undertook a version of the Psalms, but died before it was completed. The next complete translation of the whole Bible, including the Apocryphal Books, was made by John Wickliffe into English from the Latin, and appeared between 1360 and 1380. This translation was written, but not printed; and great objections were made to it by the clergy; so that, in consequence of a decree of Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, many persons were committed to the flames for reading Wickliffe's translation of the Old and New Testament. The only portion of Wickliffe's version of the Scriptures which has ever appeared in print is the New Testament, published in 1731, by the Rev. John Lewis, minister of Margate, in Kent. This was reprinted several years ago, with a life of this earliest of English reformers, by the Rev. H. Baber, A.M., assistant librarian at the British Museum. For the gratification of our young readers, we shall transcribe the Lord's Prayer in Wickliffe's language, as a curious specimen of the orthography of the times in which this great reformer lived:—"Our Fadir that art in hevenys; halewid be thi name. Thi kyngdom come to, be thi wil done in erthe as in hevene. Give to us this day our breede ouir other substance. And forgiue to us our dettis as we forgiue to our dettouris. And lede us not into temptacioun, but delyvere us from yvel. Amen."

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, William Tyndale made one of the best English translations of the New Testament. It appeared in 1526, being the first that ever was printed in the English language. It was published at Hamburg or Antwerp, and was dispersed at London and Oxford. Tonsal, Bishop of London, and Sir Thomas More, bought up almost the whole impression, and burnt it at St Paul's Cross. The venders were condemned by the Star Chamber to ride with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their heads, and with the copies they had dispersed tied about them, to the standard at Cheapside, where they were compelled to throw them in the fire. The price, however, enabled Tyndale to proceed, and, undismayed, he began to translate the Old Testament; for which he was at length seized in Flanders, and, having been strangled by the common hangman, his body was consumed to ashes.

Previous to the Reformation, in the time of Henry the Eighth, people were so little acquainted with the Scriptures, and so ignorant even in regard to the languages in which they were originally written, that the strangest assertions were made. Upon the appearance of the Scriptures in the Hebrew and Greek originals, some individuals exclaimed that "there was now a new language discovered called GREEK, of which people should beware, since it was that which produced all heresies; that in this language was come forth a book called the *New Testament*, which was now in every body's hands, and was full of briars and thorns. And there had also another language now started up, which they called HEBREW, and that they who learnt it were termed HEBREWS!"

When the Reformation in England first took place, efforts were made to promote the reading of the Scriptures among the common people. Among other devices for the purpose, the following curious one was adopted. Bonner, Bishop of London, caused six Bibles to be chained to certain convenient places in St Paul's Church, for all that were so well inclined to resort thither, together with a certain admonition to the readers, fastened upon the pillars to which the Bibles were chained, to this tenor:—"That whosoever came there to read should prepare himself to be edified, and made the better thereby; that he should bring with him discretion, honest intent, charity, reverence, and quiet behaviour; that there should no number meet together there as to make a multitude; that no such exposition be made thereupon but what is declared in the book itself; that it be not read with noise in time of divine service, or that any disputation or contention be used about it; that in case they continued their former misbehaviour, and refuse to comply with these directions, the king would be forced,

against his will, to remove the occasion, and take the Bibles out of the church."

Soon after the death of Tyndale, John Rogers, afterwards martyr, finished the correction of Tyndale's translation of the Old Testament, and printed it at Hamburg, under the name of Thomas Mathews. Archbishop Cranmer and Miles Coverdale further corrected it. Cranmer got it printed by public authority in England, and King Henry ordered a copy of it to be set up in every church, to be read by every one that pleased; but, by advice of the Romish bishops, he soon after revoked this order, and prohibited the Bible. When Coverdale, Knox, Samson, Goodman, Gilby, Cole, and Whittingham, were exiles during the persecution in the reign of Mary, they framed another translation, with short notes, and got it printed at Geneva. It was much valued by the Puritans, and in about thirty years had as many editions. The bishops being displeased with it, made a new one of their own, which was read in the churches, while the Geneva translation was generally read in families. About 1583, Laurence Thomson published an English version of the New Testament, from the Latin translation, and annotations of the learned Genevan divine, Theodore Beza. In the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, the English Catholics at Rheims published a version of the whole Bible, crowded with barbarous terms, and accompanied with notes calculated to support the doctrines of their church.

Of those who translated the Geneva Bible, as it is called, in the reign of Mary, besides Coverdale, we have their own and contemporary testimony, that they well understood the grace and propriety both of the Hebrew and Greek tongue. Amongst the good Hebrew scholars of this period, also, must be reckoned Bishop Alley, afterwards one of the translators of the Bishops' Bible, who was the author of a Hebrew grammar, and a person universally learned, especially in divinity and languages; as well as his fellow-labourer, Bishop Bentham, who, about the beginning of the reign of Edward the Sixth, is said to have addicted his mind entirely to the study of theology and the learning of the Hebrew language. To these may be added Bishop Davies, another of the translators of the Bishops' Bible, who, in the time of Mary, fled from this country, and, after his return in the following reign, served Wales, as well as England, with his assistance in translations of the Bible from the original into the languages of both countries.

The knowledge of Hebrew seems sometimes to have formed in those days a part even of female education for ladies of superior rank; and, accordingly, Paschali, in his translation of the Psalms from the Hebrew into Italian verse, dedicated it to Queen Elizabeth, as one who was well acquainted with the eastern tongues.

"Having entered upon the reign of Elizabeth, we soon behold," says Todd, in his Memoirs of Bryan Walton, "with grateful admiration, the goodly company of those who made the present version of our Bible in the reign of her successor. Of these, several, if they have been equalled, have not yet been excelled by any of their countrymen in oriental learning. With men of similar studies the kingdom then abounded. Nor could it well be otherwise, attention having been paid to the cultivation of such learning in public schools (particularly Merchant-Tailors' School), founded soon after the accession of Elizabeth, and the pursuit being greatly encouraged at both universities."

At the conference, which was held at Hampton Court, soon after the accession of James, for the settling of an ecclesiastical uniformity between the two countries of England and Scotland, the Puritans suggested unanswerable objections to the Bishops' Bible; and the king similarly objected to the Genevan translation. He therefore appointed fifty-four learned persons to translate the Scriptures anew into English, or, at least, compose a better translation, out of many. Seven of the fifty-four either died or declined the assigned task. Forty-seven, who remained, were ranged into six divisions, every individual of each division translating the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collated together; and when each company had determined on the construction of their part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version: when they observed any objectionable passage, the reader paused till they considered and agreed on it. They met at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, beginning the work in 1607, and after the expiration of three years it was finished, and published in 1611. This Bible, which is now in use, must be pronounced an excellent work, remarkable for the general fidelity of its construction, as well as for the simplicity of its language. Dr Adam Clarke remarks, that "those who have compared most of the European translations with the original, have not scrupled to say, that the *English translation of the Bible*, made under the direction of King James the First, is the most accurate and faithful of the whole. Nor is this its only praise: the translators have seized the very spirit and soul of the original, and have expressed this almost every where with pathos and energy." It is still of public authority in the British dominions; and, next to the Dutch, is perhaps the best translation of the Bible extant.

It has been asserted by Mr Bellamy and some others, that the authors of our authorised translation confined themselves to the *Septuagint* and the *Vulgate*,

and did not translate from the Hebrew. This assertion, however, can be at once overthrown by bringing forward the authority of the fifty-four, or rather, as seven of them died before the translation was finished, of the forty-seven learned men, as may be seen by their no less modest than dignified preface, or address to the reader, inserted in the edition of the Bible, published in the year 1630, which has this satisfactory passage, among many others:—*If you ask what they had before them, truly it was the Hebrew text of the Old Testament—the Greek of the New.*"

Amongst these translators, two of the most noted for Hebrew erudition were Dr Adrian Saravia and Dr Richard Clerke. Dr Saravia, well known as a Hebrew critic, "was educated," says Mr Todd in his *Life of Bryan Walton*, "in all kinds of literature in his younger days, especially in several languages. He was the master of the celebrated oriental scholar, Nicholas Fuller, who gratefully mentions him in the preface to his *Miscellanea Theologica*; and he was one of those who had successfully answered an objection of the Puritans, which they revived in the Conference at Hampton Court, in regard to a verse in the old English version of the Psalms. Next to him in rank is Dr Richard Clerke, who thoroughly understood three languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Christ College, in Cambridge, of which he was a fellow, "had a testimony of his learning in his Hebrew lectures; so had the university, in his disputations and sermons; so had the church, when his Majesty (James the First) called many to the work of the last translation of the English Bible; in which number he was, like one of the chief of David's worthies, not amongst the thirty, but amongst the first three." To him and to Dr Saravia, it appears that the portion assigned was from the Pentateuch to the Book of Chronicles."

One of the best Hebrew scholars of that time was the celebrated English divine and theological writer, Hugh Broughton, who corresponded with a learned Rabbi at Constantinople, and used great exertions for the conversion of the Jews there to Christianity. Mr Broughton was in continual and most bitter controversy with the bishops, and was not employed, as he thought he should have been, in the translation of the Bible. At the time when our present version was made, he communicated many interpretations to the translators, which, as he afterwards complains, they "thrust into the margin;" and whoever compares the text of our version with the marginal readings, will be led to regret that our translators did not associate him with them; though, it must be confessed, he would not have proved a very agreeable fellow-labourer.

It must be observed, that in rendering the original text into English, there are certain words necessarily supplied by the translators, in order to make out the meaning. These supplementary words are printed in our Bibles in *italic* letters, to show that they are not in the original. The greatest of these supplements occurs in the 23d verse of the second chapter of the First Epistle of John, where the translators have supplied no fewer than *ten* words, in order to make out what they thought to be the proper meaning.

"From the mutability of language," says Evans, "the variation of customs, and the progress of knowledge, several passages in the Bible require to be newly translated, or to be materially corrected. Hence, in the present age, when Biblical literature has been assiduously cultivated, different parts of the sacred volume have been translated by able hands. The substituting a new translation of the Bible in the room of the one now in common use, has been much debated. Dr Knox, in his ingenious essays, together with others, argues against it; whilst Dr Newcome, the late Lord Primate of Ireland, the late Dr Geddes, of the Catholic persuasion, and the late Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, contended strenuously for it. Bishop Lowth and Professor Marsh have pointedly shown the necessity of bringing the text of the Scriptures, by the aid of ancient manuscripts and versions, as near as may be to perfection."

Ainsworth, Doddridge, Macknight, Lowth, Blayney, and others, have published new translations of parts of the sacred books in English; and there is no doubt that many improvements might be made upon the present authorised version, particularly in the Old Testament. Dr Alexander Geddes, above mentioned, at his decease had proceeded as far as the *Psalms* in the translation of the Old Testament; but many of his variations from the common version are extremely injudicious. Archbishop Newcome and Mr Wakefield published entire translations of the New Testament; and an *improved version* of the New Testament, founded on Newcome, has been published by the Unitarians, accompanied with notes and an excellent introduction.

With the professed object of defeating the attacks on Christianity, a new translation of the Bible was given to the world, some years ago, by Mr J. Bellamy, of Gray's Inn Lane, London. This version is in many places so very literal in its translation as to be unintelligible, and, therefore, unfit for any good purpose. The writer's forced and erroneous interpretations, as well as his unjustifiable attacks upon other versions and translators, were so far from tending to the accomplishment of his professed object, that they seemed rather calculated to produce the opposite effect; and, consequently, his new translation, which made some

noise in its day, was soon judiciously consigned to oblivion. And, upon the whole, it may be observed, that, although it is generally acknowledged, that, after the lapse of two hundred and twenty years, the improvements in critical learning, and the discoveries in the pursuits of knowledge, together with hundreds of manuscripts that have since emerged into the light, call for a revision of the present authorised version; yet such an attempt should not be rashly entered upon, and it should not take place until the necessity of it becomes much more apparent to common apprehensions than it is at present.

TRIP TO MARGATE.

THE people of London and Westminster, in consequence of close application to business during great part of the year, require some recreation, by which the jaded mind may recover its elasticity. When the town gets thin of company, and their concerns may be confided to deputies, the Londoners believe nothing can be more refreshing than a trip to Margate, nothing more delightful than the entertainments there provided; and, accordingly, preparations are made for the excursion. What an agitation among the ladies! What a bustle among the gentlemen on the morning of departure! Steam-boats elegantly fitted up, and excellent in their accommodations, await the company at London Bridge, and at St Katherine's Dock. Down come coaches full of persons—porters laden with trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, bags, and all the visiting paraphernalia. Then come the joyous and solemn, the boisterous and the meek, young and old, with all the graduated appearances between sickness and health, from the fallow-faced youth who has just quitted the high stool in the back counting-house lighted by a gas lamp, to the smiling rosy-cheeked girl fresh from Hampstead Hill, and full of vivacity. All are handed along a temporary bridge, and over other vessels, to the Margate steam-boat, by the civilised seamen that ever trod a deck. Here is a man, with the daily papers, bustling among the passengers for purchasers; the men stowing away the luggage; and others getting the tackle ready to cast off. It is nine o'clock, and the bell is ringing to announce the departure of the vessel. There are a few more to come on board. What anxiety! What unnecessary exertion! What fear lest the boat should start without them! She swings out; there are more passengers expressing desire to come on board; a plank is laid, and they step safely on deck; the paddles move, the hawsers are let go, and off she swings.

The captain now takes his station on the paddle-box, directs the helmsman and the engineer through the Pool, or that part of the Thames most crowded with coiliers. At some periods of the tide, this scene is deeply interesting—the forest of masts, small craft on their way deeply laden, others alongside ships receiving cargoes, ships of all descriptions, their topsails loosened, and colours flying, making their passage through the narrow channel to which the thick clusters of ships have contracted the river; the moving objects, the warehouses, the docks, the steeples of churches, and vessels decorated with the flags of their respective countries, form an assemblage surprising as magnificent. Those accustomed to the trip enjoy the astonishment betrayed by a novice. Every moment offers fresh scenery, and objects deserving to be seen. He stares and wonders, as if inquiring, can what he sees be real? The eyes of Argus would not suffice to take a glance at half that he would see, as he glides along. Among the curious objects near Rotherhithe church, is a raft with a shed erected on it, as a caution for ships not to anchor near. It is the spot beneath which has advanced the intended tunnel to connect the counties of Kent and Essex. Just beyond on the right is Deptford, remarkable for its extensive dock-yards. It was here Peter the Great of Russia worked as a shipwright, and displayed a truly noble desire to obtain useful knowledge. Farther on is the celebrated and magnificent Greenwich Hospital, once the residence of kings, now the retreat of seamen who have been wounded in the service of their country. This superb edifice extends its terrace 875 feet along the banks of the Thames. No one who contributes his mite can pass this building without feeling a national pride; indeed, there is a general expression of satisfaction on board. The band, as the steam-boat glides past, strikes up the air "Rule Britannia," and officers of the navy and others touch their hats in unaffected respect. A little farther, winding round the Isle of Dogs, on the opposite shore, is Blackwall, where is the chief entrance to the West India Docks, and just beyond are the East India Docks.

The river here becomes clearer of impediments, and steam-boats put on their force equal to fourteen or sixteen miles an hour. On the right, Woolwich and its arsenal, its dock-yards and lofty buildings, under which ships of the line are constructed—anchors, cannon, pyramids of balls, and other marine stores, are crowded along the shore. There are the hulks, or old ships of war, converted into prisons for convicts, who, during the term of their punishment, clear the river of sand-banks, and raise ballast; many parties may be seen at their laborious employ. Views into the county of Kent now open, and many villas, delightfully placed on rising grounds, now meet the eye, surrounded by wooded hills and cultivated vales. On the left, the shores of Essex present a series of low pasture grounds and herds of cattle, with here and there a glance at a distant cultivated upland. The wonder-exciting objects being behind, and elbow-room obtained, many having gone below to breakfast, the politician cons over the morning paper. Old codgers remark on the state of the funds and the leading features of commercial policy, while the younger persons contemplate the enjoyments which Margate has in store, giving occasional glances at the picturesque scenery on the Kentish coast—the lawn and foliage surrounding Belvidere House; the ivy-covered tower of Erith Church, near which is the spot where the dispute between King John and his barons was appointed to be settled, afterwards concluded at Runnymede. On the opposite side is the village of Purfleet, near which is a depot for gunpowder; it covers a great extent in many detached buildings. The cliffs at this spot are strikingly picturesque and beautiful, presenting the most irregular surfaces of chalk in various elevations, and in a summer's sun a great variety of hues. This part of the Thames is called Long Reach. Here large ships may anchor in six or seven fathoms water. The village of Greenhithe is seen on the right; it was once of ecclesiastical importance. Near it is a beautiful villa called Ingress, with its lawns and stately trees approaching to the water's edge; it formerly belonged to the nuns of Dartford. A little farther is the village of Northfleet, with its numerous limekilns. Just beyond this, on the opposite or Essex shore, is the spot where Queen Elizabeth encamped her forces during the threatened invasion by the Spanish Armada, with its consecrated banner, in 1588; the defeat of which occasioned the printing of the first newspaper in Britain; it was called "The English Mercury," dated July 23, 1588; a copy is preserved in the British Museum. In 1293, the charge by passage-boat from this place to London was one halfpenny each person. It is now, by steam-boat, two shillings; by sailing-boats, one shilling.

Here the scenery on either side is as remarkable for ancient circumstances as for modern improvements—Tilbury Fort on the left, and the town of Gravesend on the right. This is the entrance to the port of London. Although thirty miles distant, here all the arrivals and departures of shipping are noticed. To this there are many steam-boats and sailing vessels daily. Gravesend is an admired spot during the summer months. It has its bathing establishments, and all the amusements of a watering-place on a diminutive scale. Tilbury Fort presents a formidable range of 106 pieces of cannon commanding the Thames, which is here a mile in width. The fort was built by Henry the Eighth, in consequence of the Dutch fleet having sailed up the Medway, and burnt several ships at Chatham. It is near Gravesend that the Emperor Claudius is supposed to have crossed the Thames when pursuing the Britons; and a little north of Tilbury Fort, four Roman pro-consular ways crossed each other. In 630, it was the see of Bishop Ceadda or St Chad, who converted the East Saxons. It is now a deserted spot. Further on is Canvey Island, containing nearly three thousand acres of marshy land; its shores are covered for a considerable distance with empty cockle-shells, and have been so from time immemorial. Near this point is the little town of Leigh, near which is an erection called the Crow Stone; it marks the eastern termination of the conservatorial jurisdiction of the city of London, the western being at Stains, in Middlesex, an extent of about sixty miles.

The Thames widens here considerably, and appearances of getting out to sea appal the fresh-water gentry. The ailing and the robust look about with an increasing desire to learn some particulars concerning the weather. Although contrary to directions, they will inquire of the steersman. He tells them the wind is freshening; that it is squally, and likely to come on to blow, at which faces lengthen considerably. Hereabout the captain collects the passage-money; he is attended by a seaman with a box for the voluntary contributions of the company. It is usual to drop sixpence in acknowledgment of the great attention of the crew. The band also pay their respects to the passengers, and are satisfied with a trifle. Many persons retreat to the cabin and amuse themselves with chess or draughts. Several of the fair sex who will keep the deck, begin to feel uneasy, and look as if they were becoming more fair. Sips of weak brandy and water are recommended, without any good result. They are advised not to look on the rolling foam; to keep near the middle of the boat, as

the action there is felt less. Oh! it is all in vain; it is disagreeable any where. What shall they do? it is so strange that others should feel no such symptoms. Indeed, they are very poor. They get worse—are pitied; but getting shockingly bad, they are carried below to the ladies' cabin.

God bless me, some of the old gentlemen will say, what an uncertain climate ours is! The morning was most beautiful, and see how the noon has turned out. I see we shall have a rough passage. Well, we must make the best of it. I never like to see the gulls thus making up the river; 'tis a sign of blowing weather. The younger and the timid gentlemen whisper to each other. They inquire of the seamen, who are busy stowing all tight, if the wind is likely to blow very hard. They are told, very likely it will be freshish about the Nore, for they will have a head-sea. Can't set any canvass to keep her steady. Is there any danger? they inquire; and, without waiting for an answer, anticipate a storm, perhaps a wreck, and silently wish themselves on shore: yet, with a screwed-up mouth and melancholy visage, they endeavour to put the best face possible on the affair. The steam-boat begins to feel an increasing resistance, and plunges over or through the waves, which dash up the bows, and scatter the spray into the steersman's face. The gents cannot stand this; they go, or are assisted down the companion. Those who are tough, keep the deck in their rough-weather cloaks, giving an occasional gaze to windward. Among these are some, whose desire to be thought knowing has hoodwinked their judgment. There—it is gone! exclaims one of these gentry. What a phiz does he exhibit! It may be depicted thus: Make a circle; put a dot in the centre for the nose, put two dots above for the eyes, and a large blot before for the mouth, and it will give the expression of a Cockney who has lost his hat at sea. Yonder it dances in the wake of the steam-boat. He ties a silk handkerchief round his head, and crawls below to brood over his misfortune. Those who keep the deck converse on the various objects as they pass—of the increasing attractions of Southend, a beautiful watering-place on the Essex coast—of the Isle of Grain, on the coast of Kent—of the Nore, or estuary of the Thames and Medway, on which spot a vessel is constantly moored, hoisting nightly a powerful light for the guidance of mariners. The current is said to run stronger here than at any other place on the coast. Off the mouth of the Medway, ships of war are often riding at anchor, and in fine weather the steam-boats from the Continent along the Kentish coast, steam-boats and colliers from the northward, with all sail set, pleasure-boats, fishing-boats, and barges, with their tan-coloured sails, present to the voyager the most delightful marine scenery imaginable. Sheerness may be seen up the Medway, and the impregnable lines at Chatham. The Isle of Sheppey next appears, on which the sea has at times made sad havoc, carrying away acres of soil, with dwellings upon them. Here, a few years since, a vessel of large dimensions was found imbedded in the sand. From its antique construction and agreement with historical account, it was one of those in which the Danes visited our shores. On rounding the Isle of Sheppey, Whitstable appears on the adjacent coast; pyrites is picked up, from which copperas is manufactured. There is also at this place a fishery for oysters, of good quality, and in request at the London markets. Onwards is Herne Bay, where is a watering-place with a newly-constructed pier. This spot is rising in public estimation, from the good accommodation afforded to its visitors. Farther on may be seen the Reculvers, two steeples used as a sea-mark. Off this place are several dangerous sandbanks, called the Flats, but not in any way connected with those who pass near them on the trip to Margate. Reculvers was the Regubium of the Romans and the Racluf of the Saxons. The original spires were erected by an abbe of Faversham in the dark ages.

The coast of Kent exhibits many highlands, on which the Britons lighted fires to give notice of the coming of the predatory Danes. It is supposed Reculvers occupies the site of a Roman fort, as coins of Caesar, Honorius, and Tiberius, have been found there. The Romans gave to this province, which included the Isle of Thanet, the name of Cantium, and its people were called Cantii. Reculvers afterwards became a palace in which the Saxon monarchs resided. Ethelbert kept his court here after his conversion to Christianity by St Augustine. The heroism of the people, in past times, is yet held in remembrance by the inhabitants of this part of the coast. They are "men of Kent," to distinguish them from the inhabitants of the inland parts of the county, who are "Kentish men." The Cockney's heart cheers up on learning he is off the Reculvers, as the high buildings of Margate may be seen. He has taken his early dinner, or his lunch, if he could eat; he certainly has had some brandy and water, and can venture to take a peep. Ay! there is Birchington, only four miles more. The shirt-collar is pulled up, the wristbands are pulled down, the fingers passed through the cultivated tufts, the hat is cocked a little on one side, and he is prepared to enact his part. The ladies, who have been long invisible, now begin to peep out like stars in a summer evening, one after another, till the deck presents a galaxy of brightness. All prepare to deliver the payment check, and look after their luggage. Some are particularly anxious that a certain bandbox should not be crushed.

It is low water. "Ease her, stop her," are the

cries. The steam-boat is at the jetty, on which, during the periods of embarking and disembarking, no persons are allowed to come except the porters. They are ticketed, and so attentive to the orders given them, that an act of dishonesty or of neglect is unknown. Although no one may appear on the jetty from the town, the passengers have to pass between assembled thousands of quizzers on either side. If the miserable passer can look up and discover a friend among the crowd, they nod or shake hands. "Ha! how do? What a rough passage you have had! We have been looking out for you. How well you look!" winking at a companion; "I declare you are quite a sailor." This, and more, will be left off at a being whose appearance is that of a corpse. Still, a good face is put on all that occurs, and the air of one wholly unaffected by sea-sickness is assumed, while the mind and the stomach are in a state of the utmost confusion. Yet all is, or soon will be right. The smile and gaiety of heart will be resumed, and to-morrow be ready to play off the same badinage on their friends who may come by the next day's steam-boat.

It is but justice to state, that the accommodations on board these steam-boats are good, the attention to passengers every thing that could be wished, and the charges are moderate. In fine weather, the passage from London to Margate has been made in five hours and a quarter.

SCOTTISH WATERING PLACES.

INNERLEITHEN.

INNERLEITHEN has for some years been one of the best-frequented watering places in the southern part of Scotland, and, though still a small village, is rising in population. It is pleasantly situated in the vale of Tweed, in Peeblesshire, at the distance of twenty-eight miles south from Edinburgh, and six east from Peebles, by which the road from Edinburgh proceeds. It stands on a flat piece of ground within a quarter of a mile of the left bank of the Tweed, environed on the east and west by high and partly wooded hills. The Leithen water proceeding out of the vale on the north, passes through the village to the Tweed, and is crossed by a stone bridge carrying along the road from Peebles to Selkirk. By far the greater part of the houses stand on the right bank of the Leithen, on the property of the Earl of Traquair, who has feued the ground on advantageous terms. The lands east from the Leithen form part of the estate of Pirn. For many ages the village, or rather hamlet, of Innerleithen, was among the smallest and most primitive of this pastoral and thinly peopled district, consisting of little else than a few thatched houses near the Leithen, and a mill, with the church of the parish, situated a short way up the vale. Placed in a secluded part of Scotland, and out of the way of general traffic, it seemed to have every chance of remaining for a long time in obscurity. While in this condition, during the last century it was pitched upon as being well suited for being a seat of woollen manufactures, chiefly in consideration of its site in the midst of an extensive pastoral county, and upon the brink of a rapid running brook, which offered a powerful fall of water. That which may have been observed by different individuals was seen with greater clearness by a native of the district, who had risen to great wealth by a course of successful industry in London. This patriotic person was a Mr Alexander Brodie, who was by profession a blacksmith, and had originally gone to the British metropolis in search of employment, having at the time only a few shillings in his pocket. In the course of a number of years, by great skill in his business, this person realized a very large fortune. Many years before his death, about the year 1790, he bethought himself of raising the consequence of Innerleithen, by the establishment of a woollen factory, which was forthwith erected at a considerable expense, £3000 being expended on the works and machinery. This manufactory, which is a house of five storeys, attracted a number of settlers to the village, and scattered a good deal of money in the vicinity, but till this day its success has been very limited, and various lessees have lost capital by carrying it on. The cloth produced is mostly blue, and of a homely quality.

While the village acquired a more comfortable aspect under the influence of its cloth factory, it gradually became known for the possession of a salubrious mineral spring, held to be of great virtue in scorbutic and other affections. We understand that it was not till about the beginning of the present century that this spring attracted particular notice. After it did acquire its character as a spa, it continued to be only administered from a simple pump to those country people who trusted in its healing properties. Little more than ten years ago, if not less, "Innerleithen well," in a strangely sudden and unaccountable manner, acquired a very high degree of reputation among real or imaginary valetudinarians, all over the south of Scotland, and especially in Edinburgh. The old primitive pump was disused, and an elegant structure being reared over the spring, by the late Earl of Traquair, the place was made to vie with some of the long established watering places in England. Its celebrity was farther enhanced in 1824, by the publication of the novel, by the Author of Waverley, entitled

St Ronan's Well, of which place it was fondly imagined to be the prototype. This part of the vale of Tweed being simultaneously or previously opened up by the running of stage-coaches from Edinburgh to Peebles, and of conveyances from thence to Innerleithen, there was now no hindrance to visitors, and the consequence has been, that every year since, the number of lodgers in the summer and autumn months has been on the increase. Much of this popularity has been owing to the proximity of the village to Edinburgh, and the ease with which it can be reached, in which peculiarities it is superior to Pitcaithley, Moffat, Dumblane, and other watering places. There are also various advantages connected with its locality which will not be overlooked. It is a fit place of temporary residence for those fond of angling, as, besides the Tweed and the Leithen, it is near the Quair, and at no great distance from St Mary's Loch, in Yarrow, as well as other trouting waters. The climate is allowed to be dry and healthy, and the country is here so primitive, that there is no disagreeable interruption in making extensive promenades.

To accommodate the numerous transient residents, a number of substantial houses have been built, forming a neat small street along the public road, with a variety of houses behind, which are let as private furnished lodgings. The village has now two public inns, one of which is provided with a ball-room or large dining apartment, some good shops, and a circulating library. Newspapers are taken in at the pump-room. At one of the shops, fishing-tackle is sold and lent to anglers on moderate terms. During the season, the enjoyments of the visitor are promoted by concerts, balls, public readings, parties to St Mary's Loch, shooting parties to Elibank and Horsburgh Wood, as well as by the exhibitions of a party of strolling players, &c. The trustees of the roads in this quarter of Tweeddale have been very assiduous in improving the thoroughfares near Innerleithen. A new road has been formed towards the head of the vale of Heriot, by which, as soon as the Mid-Lothian pier is finished, a ready communication will be had with Mid and East Lothian, and the districts producing coal and lime. Fully as beneficial, and a much more beautiful improvement has been instituted in the erection of a handsome wooden bridge across the Tweed to Traquair, by which strangers have now an opportunity of visiting the classic shades of the "bushy aboon Traquair," and the scenery on the right bank of the Tweed. The bridge is erected on strong piers in the water, and permits the passage of horses and carriages, a convenience of great moment as regards intercourse by carts to the head of the Yarrow, the fords being often impassable for days at a time.

The visitors who take an interest in the prosperity of the village, along with the regular inhabitants, have recently instituted an association, styled the *St Ronan's Border Club*, which is composed of a great number of gentlemen connected with all parts of the country, under whose auspices is held an annual festival, for the exhibition of Olympic games or gymnastic exercises. Under the patronage of this body, there is also a competition in trout-fishing for one day in the year; the person who catches, by the rod, the greatest aggregate weight of fish, being rewarded with a medal. The day of competition is usually the Edinburgh fast-day in May. The competitors in and patrons of these pastimes always dine together, and close the day in convivialities, which are frequently enlivened by the presence of men eminent in different walks of literature.

The parochial district of Innerleithen is chiefly the basin of the Leithen Water and the small burns poured into it. This mountain-stream originates in the north-western corner of the parish, and, after a course of about twelve miles, falls into the Tweed nearly opposite Traquair house, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. The word *Leithen* is significant of a water which overflows its banks. Improvements on a great scale have been made in the district exposed to the Tweed, especially on the estate of Glenormiston, which now shows some fine plantations. Westward from thence, near the road to Peebles, and on a rising ground overhanging the Tweed, stands Horsburgh Castle, now entirely in ruins. It was anciently the seat of the Horsburghs, and was used as one of the numerous peel-houses on the Tweed. From it a pleasing view is obtained of the town of Peebles further up the Tweed, and Nidpath Castle beyond. It is mentioned that a natural son of Malcolm the Fourth was drowned in a pool near the foot of the Leithen, and that the first night after his decease his body was deposited in the parish church. Hence King Malcolm, in granting the church to the monks of Kelso, "*in qua*," says he, "*prima nocte, corpus filii mei post obitum suum quievit*," ordained that it should have the power of giving a sanctuary to those fleeing from justice, "*quantum habet Wedale aut Tynningham*." In 1232, the church was confirmed to the monks, by their diocesan, William, the bishop of Glasgow. While the church, with its vicarage and rectorial property, continued with these churchmen the village of Innerleithen, with the circumjacent district, continued a part of the royal demesne; during the reign of Alexander the Second.

The small hamlet and mill of Traquair stand op-

* Wedale is the ancient name of the vale of Gala; the church above alluded to was at Stow.

posite Innerleithen, at the opening of the vale of the Quair, upon the plain of the Tweed. At a short distance south-west from thence, at the base of a hill, with an eastern exposure, is seen all that remains of the famed "Bush aboon Traquair," consisting of a few meagre birch trees, the melancholy remnant of a considerable thicket, once the seat of pastoral love, and as such consecrated in the strains of one of our best national melodies. It is likely that in a short time even these memorials will be entirely gone. At the head of a lawn fronting the Tweed, and surrounded by some trees and ornamented grounds, stands the ancient house of Traquair, the seat of the earls of that title. It consists of a tower of remote antiquity, to which considerable additions were made in the reign of Charles the First, by John Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland under that monarch. The interior is partly in an old fashioned, and partly in a refined modern taste, with a small chapel (the family being Roman Catholic), in the upper flat. At the back, or south front, there is an old avenue leading to the house, exhibiting at its outer extremity a gateway ornamented with figures in stone of the bear, the cognisance of the family. The first of the house of Traquair was James Stewart, the illegitimate son of James Earl of Buchan, who obtained a legitimization under the great seal, and, in 1491, a grant of the lands of Traquair from his father. The fifth in the line of descent from this James was Sir John Stewart, the above renovator of Traquair house, who was made treasurer by Charles the First, and raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Traquair in 1628. In the year 1631, his lordship was elevated to the title of Earl of Traquair, Lord Linton and Caberstoun. This nobleman, who was a distinguished statesman in his time, died in extreme poverty in 1659, having suffered greatly by his adherence to the cause of fallen royalty. Luckily his lordship was not attainted, and he bequeathed the earldom and estates to his descendants, who still enjoy them.

ORIGINAL OF MEG DODS.

The above account of Innerleithen is chiefly the same as that given by the editors of this journal in their joint work, the *Gazetteer of Scotland*. It may be proper to take this opportunity of adding some information respecting the original of Meg Dods—the leading grotesque character in the novel of *St Ronan's Well*—who will naturally be inquired after, both in a visit to Innerleithen and in reading an account of it. Meg Dods was unquestionably a somewhat exaggerated delineation of Miss Ritchie, who for many years kept the head inn at Peebles, in which, like Mrs Margaret, she had succeeded her father. The inn was an old building, situated in the Northgate of that town, and entered through an old-fashioned courtyard, like some of the auberges of the Continent. It had originally been the town-house of the family of Williamson of Cardrona—the last of whom, by the way, was one of the best specimens in his day of the old kind of Scotch lairds, and furnished Mr Hogg, of Ettrick, with the notion of his droll song, the *Drunken Laird o' Lamington*. The characteristic features of Miss Ritchie were so nearly the same as those described in Meg Dods, that it is not easy, without a repetition of these, to say any thing respecting her. She was more of a gentlewoman than Meg, being very well-connected, considering her position in life. Her abilities were also of no mean order. The great leading point of resemblance between the fiction and the reality was that tone of independence, approaching even to rudeness, which is ascribed to Meg even in her days of greatest adversity. Miss Ritchie, though invariably civil when treated with due respect, had that *out-spoken* way with her, that she could never conceal her real sentiments when either provoked, or, as she thought, injured. She was not at all the sort of person to resent an insult only by an overcharge, and patiently put the broken leg of a waiter into the bill. She rather appeared as the obliging than as the obliged party in all her transactions, and if any indulgence or comfort was expected in her house, it was necessary, in the first place, to use all soothing terms of speech. No doubt, much of this arose from natural character; yet it was also fostered, in a great measure, by the circumstances in which she was placed. Previous to 1808, when a good hotel, of the modern fashion, was erected in Peebles by the gentlemen of the county, she reigned without a rival; and as there was no tolerable house within perhaps twenty miles of her in all directions, it is easy to conceive that travellers must have felt some little deference to their hostess to be quite indispensable. When the hotel was set up, she growled like a lioness deprived of her whelps. Yet she would not give in. She was too old to learn new tricks of civility, and too independent in her circumstances to require to put them in practice. Accordingly, when any one came to her house who, she learned, was in the habit of going to the hotel, she never hesitated to break out upon him in a tide of indignation and sarcasm, which was not always very easily borne. Sometimes she would absolutely refuse, at first, to send to such individuals the liquors or refreshments which were wanted. In short, the setting up of the hotel was, to her, exactly what the erection of the new well and its inn was to the acrid mistress of the Cleikum.

One instance of the *manner* of mine hostess of the Northgate may be acceptable. In the year 1810, a detachment of French officers came to reside at Peebles

as prisoners on parole; and a party of about twenty called, immediately on their arrival, to take dinner at Miss Ritchie's. They were speedily set down to a large preparation of ordinary barley-broth, which, on tasting, they declared to be "*bon bon*." Miss Ritchie, overhearing this expression, immediately burst out with—"Banes! d'ye say there's banes in my kail? Get out o' my house, ye hallanshaker-looking scoundrels! Gae wa back wi' ye to Pennycuik, and see what ye'll get there. They're over gude for you, or only like you. Banes in my kail! My certy!" And it was not without some difficulty that the hostess and her guests were brought to a right understanding, and the unfortunate gentlemen permitted to proceed with their dinner.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ALEXANDER RITCHIE, Sculptor.

[Much interest having been excited by the rise of this meritorious young artist amongst us, we have exerted ourselves to procure an account of him for publication, both that we may aid a little in his professional advancement, and that our readers may be gratified with so amiable a picture of talent exerted under disadvantageous circumstances, and finally triumphing over its principal difficulties.]

ALEXANDER RITCHIE was born at Musselburgh, 15th April 1804, and he received his education at the grammar school there, which has always been an academy of by no means limited reputation. He had for his school-fellows many who distinguished themselves in the different walks of life they afterwards pursued. Amongst those we may mention the names of Lieut. Drummond, now private secretary to Lord Althorp; David Mylne, M.A. and F.R.S.E., author of the *Essay on Comets*, which gained Dr Fellowes's prize in the University of Edinburgh; David M. Moir, author of *Mansie Waugh*, and of many admired poems; Henry Carmichael, A.M., who gained the principal prize in the University of St Andrews for the year 1816. While at school, Mr Ritchie made little progress in languages, his taste, as afterwards evinced, taking quite a different turn. His schoolbooks, from the earliest period at which he was enabled to handle a pencil, showed the particular bent of his mind in attempts to delineate the objects around him. His brother, Walter, having been sent to receive instructions in drawing from one Beaumont, a painter, who had taken up his residence in the town, our young artist—at that time only eight years of age—at his own earnest entreaty, was allowed to accompany his brother to receive a few lessons, for an hour every alternate day. This opportunity, however favourable it might have proved to his future prospects in life, was destined very soon to be lost. He was only allowed to remain six weeks, during which time, however, he contrived to surpass his elder brother, who had the benefit of former study and longer instruction.

One forenoon, his father, who follows the trade of an ornamental house plasterer, having gone on business to the country, his son Walter, at that time an apprentice, had contrived to get Alexander, then about nine years of age, into the workshop, and there challenged him to model a leaf, both agreeing that their father should be umpire of their respective merits. His uncle, happening to call in as the work was finished, immediately gave his judgment in favour of our artist; and to an eager inquiry of the boy, if he really thought so, replied, "Gang to your father, and see if he can mak' a better."

Straggling remarks and cursory hints, from individuals who saw and appreciated his taste for drawing, were all the instructions he afterwards received in that branch of study, except what he derived from his own application. But perseverance overcomes all obstacles. While the rest of the family were in bed, our young artist was enthusiastically pursuing his studies; and when paper was not to be had, the walls of his sleeping room were resorted to for the prosecution of his favourite art. At the age of fourteen, having finished the ordinary branches of education, he was employed occasionally in assisting his father in the more ornamental branches of his profession; and chance with him, as with many other sons of genius, was the means of laying the foundation of his future advancement. His father happening to call at the house of a friend in Edinburgh—Mr Black, now architectural inspector to Heriot's Hospital—saw a copy of Bell's *Anatomy of Expression* lying on his table, and mentioning his son's predilection for drawing, begged the loan of it for his use for a few days. On returning it, Mr Ritchie, at Mr Black's request, brought one or two of his son's drawings along with it. These Mr Black admired so much for the skill and taste displayed in them, that he took the opportunity of submitting them to the inspection of Mr Leonard Horner, afterwards President of the London University, mentioning at the time that he pointed out their beauties, the self-taught powers of the artist.

Mr Ritchie then came to town at the desire of Mr Horner, and brought with him a few drawings, models in basso relievo of a laughing child, a Jew's head, and a dog. Mr Horner expressed his high satisfaction at the progress of the boy-artist, and asked him whether he preferred painting or sculpture, as he seemed fully competent to prosecute either. This was an easy matter for young Ritchie, who immediately decided in favour of the latter; and his warm-hearted patron entered on his plans for his future advancement.

Mr Joseph, the distinguished sculptor, who was then prosecuting the art in Edinburgh, was applied to by Mr Horner in behalf of his young protégé, and at that gentleman's request Mr Ritchie was sent for, his drawings and models were examined, and arrangements made for two years' study under his immediate eye. In 1823, Mr Joseph, having occasion to go to London to forward the modelling of busts of some of our distinguished public characters, carried Mr Ritchie along with him, on account of the proficiency he had already made, and the assistance he might be able to render him. On his return to Edinburgh, his term of apprenticeship being then finished, at the earnest suggestion of Mr Horner he commenced modelling on his own account, and to encourage him in this the most trying period of his life, procured for him several orders for busts.

Through the interest of his patron, he then entered the Trustees' Academy to finish his studies in drawing, and, during the vacation, was advised by him to go to London to study the Elgin marbles. On his return in the autumn of 1826, business thickened on him, and he got orders for busts of the present Solicitor-General, Lord Hermand, Professor Bell, Sir John Hope, and others.

The Earl of Minto, Count Flahault, and some other gentlemen, about this time visited the studio of Mr Ritchie, in company with Mr Horner, and after an examination of his models and busts, being much struck with them, and interested in the artist, they determined to advance his future views in life, by enabling him to proceed to Italy, where he might study the works of the most celebrated masters.

In June 1826, Mr Ritchie accordingly left Edinburgh for London, and having visited Paris, where he remained a few weeks, passed on to Carrara, where he stopped for four months. Here he commenced his first essay in marble chiselling, which was a copy of the bust of the Apollo Belvidere.* Some English residents there, having heard of the arrival of a young Scotch artist, paid him a visit, and, on seeing what he was engaged in, they good humouredly ridiculed the idea of one so uninitiated in the art of sculpture making such a bold attempt. He explained his reasons, however, and begged them to withhold their opinion for a season, until the work was farther advanced. His future success plainly evinced that the confidence he placed in his own powers was far from being ill-judged.

About Christmas 1826, he passed on to Rome, according to arrangements made before leaving Edinburgh. By the Earl of Minto he was introduced to the Duke of Hamilton, then residing in that city, and was engaged by his Grace to execute a bust in marble of his daughter, Lady Susan Hamilton, and through his Grace's interest, in concert with Lord Minto, he was entered a pupil of the illustrious Thorwaldsen. His statue of the Apollo Belvidere, brought up from Carrara (which as yet was but roughly sketched), was then shown to his great preceptor, who expressed his entire satisfaction with his progress. When finished, many tempting offers were made to him for its disposal; but his gratitude to his first patron overcame them all, and it was forwarded to Scotland, as the best evidence that Mr Horner's kind interest in his fortunes had not been misplaced.

Mr Hallam, the learned author of the *History of the Middle Ages of Europe*, having visited the studio of Thorwaldsen, enthusiastically admired the Ganimede of that celebrated artist, and asked his permission for Mr Ritchie to make a copy of that work. This, his third attempt, was finished to the entire satisfaction of his employer, no mean criterion of the powers of our artist, considering the critical acumen of that learned individual. It also met with the warm approbation of Thorwaldsen, who perceived beauties in it which, during the seven times it had been previously copied, had been entirely overlooked.

He then made a copy of the Mercury of Thorwaldsen, for Sir John Hope, Bart., which was forwarded to Scotland.

Having finished a model for a marble bust of Joseph Hume, M.P., whilst on his visit to Edinburgh in 1826, he got orders to execute the same; as also a bust of Lady McDonald Lockhart, by orders of that lady, then residing in Rome.

On finishing these, the time of his probation in Italy drawing near to a close, he set off for the purpose of visiting Leghorn, and returned by Florence, where he employed his time in visiting the celebrated works of art in that city. He then set out for Paris, to examine the Louvre, and returned by London to Edinburgh, which he reached in the autumn of 1830.

Immediately on reaching home, Mr Ritchie commenced modelling some of the designs which he had sketched out in his mind as fit subjects for classical grouping. In 1831, he began his great work, *Olindo and Sophronia at the Stake*, which, on finishing, he offered to the Scottish Academy for their exhibition of that season; but not being able to come to satisfactory arrangements about a central place for it in their large room, the only point where it could be seen to advantage, he determined on retaining it for the Glasgow exhibition of that year, where it accordingly appeared, along with *Telemachus*, and some others, and called forth the warm admiration of the Dilettanti So-

* It is necessary to inform our young readers that this is deemed one of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture in existence.

ciety of that city. While in Glasgow, he executed several busts of private individuals.

In 1832, he sent in to the Royal Institution his Mercury, and the busts of Lady Susan Hamilton, Lady Hope, D. M. Moir, and others, and to the Scottish Academy, of the same year, his statue of a Shepherd Boy, and his Sleeping Child, now the property of Sir Archd. Campbell of Succoth. In the early part of this year, he had commenced his colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, on which he expended much of his time and labour; and the accuracy with which the several parts are formed, the exquisite anatomical modelling of the arms, and the mechanism of the knee-joints, are proofs of the great care and attention bestowed on the minutiae of this great work. His Kneeling Cupid, and most of his designs in terra cotta, were finished this year; and several persons of taste, more especially his unwearied adviser Mr Moir, who had early taken a deep interest in the fortunes of the sculptor, now earnestly recommended an exhibition of his works. This has been done; and the great interest which it has excited among the lovers of the fine arts in Edinburgh, is the best proof that the advice given him was founded upon a just estimate of his merits.

Scotland has been blamed, and perhaps not unjustly, for her neglect of native genius; but better things are now to be hoped from her, and we trust that in this instance she will prove the fallacy of such a charge. Sculpture, from its rare excellence, and the undeniable circumstance of a classical taste being absolutely requisite to appreciate its beauties, necessarily limits the numbers of its admirers far within those of its twin-sister Painting; but we hope so many are yet left to us, sufficiently qualified to appreciate its higher excellencies, as may enable us to retain at home an artist of so much promise, and, we may add, performance, as Mr Ritchie.

TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.*

THE first morning after a young officer has joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough-rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word "march" is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best-regulated riding-academies; and, in the army, sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be down-hearted because you are floored."

"Well, serjeant, but I am very seriously hurt."

"Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the serjeant roaring out at intervals—"Well done, sir! Head a little higher—toes in, sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue at Charing-Cross. Bravo, sir—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand, —trot."

"Well done, indeed, sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—*faster, faster*."

"Oh dear! oh dear; oh dear! Serjeant, halt; I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!"

"Bravo, sir, that's better—*faster*."

"Serjeant! I am sick, serjeant!"

"Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—*Change from one to two*."

"Halt, sir; halt! that won't do: what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way; I told you from one to two: turn your horse about from one to two."

"I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, serjeant."

"Well, sir, we'll dispense with this for the present: but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, sir: *March—trot—faster—faster*; very well, indeed. Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt*, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side: If you don't keep your body

upright, the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place. *Faster—a little faster—halt*. There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!"

"Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!"

"Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gentleman. You had better dismount, sir."

"Dismount, serjeant? How am I to get off this great beast?"

"Why, jump, sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount!"

"Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane," cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, "and you will soon be off." The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day's drill.

The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall. He enters the school with his—"Good morning, serjeant;" for it is always good policy to keep friends with both riding-masters and rough-riders. "Good morning, sir," says the serjeant; "I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday."

"Oh, no—oh, no! Mere scratch—mere scratch—not worth mentioning."

"Glad to hear it, sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope."

"Much obliged to you, indeed," says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

"Oh, don't mention the obligation, sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with as few accidents as could reasonably have been expected; though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen, in a large academy like this. To be sure," continues the serjeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, "there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by the bye, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was no fault of the poor animal's. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army."

"Good for the army! How do you make that out?"

"Why, sir, it is as plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning."

"My good serjeant, what are you talking about?"

"I am only supposing, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you that you would make room for another. But come, sir, we must proceed to business! Prepare to mount—*mount*—steady there—not an eye or muscle to move—*prayer*, sir, keep your horse steady—put your left leg to him, and put him straight—don't touch him in the flank, sir, or he will soon have you off—that will do—*mount*—sit still, I beg, sir; you are all on one side, like the lug-sail of a boat—that's better; now, sir, *trot—faster—halt*. Pray, sir, do be attentive."

"My stirrups are too long."

"Rough-rider, take them off; the gentleman will ride better without them. Now, sir, off with you again—*mount—faster—halt*. Why, sir, you roll about like a ship in distress; pray keep your seat—*mount*."

"I am off, I am off!"

"Not yet, sir."

"Yes I am, yes I am."

"Well, I believe you are now, sir; at least I never saw any thing more like it in my life. I hope you are not hurt, sir."

"No, not much; but this horse is worse than the other."

"Why, of course, I know that, sir; you must have a worse horse every day. Come, sir, mount again."

"I can't; you have taken the stirrups off."

"Oh, never mind that, sir; jump up."

"I can't."

"Well, sir; there is no remedy. Yonder I see the riding-master coming this way."

The riding-master now comes up, and inquires into the progress of all his pupils.

"Well, serjeant, how gets on Cornet Waddle?"

"Very well, indeed, sir; he has only had two falls in two days."

"I am glad to hear it. What horse is that he is on?"

"Kicking Billy, sir."

"Ah! a good horse to learn on. Heads up, Cornet Waddle—six inches from hand to hand—four inches from holster-pipes—that will do—*trot*. Bless me, Cornet White, how your elbows go; one would imagine you had been either a tailor or a fiddler. Do keep them close to your sides, sir. We'll now try a little canter—*canter*. Very well indeed—change from three to four. Cornet Shanks, pray keep those stretching legs of your's quiet, and feel the horse's mouth lightly. Not with that hand, sir, but with the bridle. Keep down your knees—*faster—halt*. What, three of you off! Come, mount again, gentlemen; when I was a recruit, I fell fifty times a day, and laughed at the fun. Now, hold on—*mount*—

trot—gallop. Cornet Waddle, let go the horse's mane; let go, sir."

"I can't sir; if I do, I shall be off."

"You must go faster, then, till you do—*faster—faster*; well done, indeed—*halt*. What, off again!"

Thus concludes the second day's drill; after which the pupil, having surmounted the minor difficulties of horsemanship, is put into a squad of about a dozen recruits, to act in a body.

AN EASTERN STORY.

MANY of our readers will remember the story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, in which a good Mahomedan who went upon a journey lost his money by having deposited it in a pot of olives, which he placed in the custody of a merchant till he should return. A story, somewhat similar, though a little more humorous, is told by Fuller in his amusing "Narrative of a Tour through some parts of the Turkish Empire,"* and which he mentions he heard from a friend in Aleppo: he entitles it

THE JEW OF HAMAH.

Once upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goat's hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goat's hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the Desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation, he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbours, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold, and filled them up again with butter so carefully, that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbour had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering, if possible, his property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy.

After long consideration a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighbouring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goat's hair to the manufacturers of the mashlaks, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and, conveying it privately to his house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazaar, and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck, and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room.

About this time, as he was walking along the streets one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and, having enticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street and from the other houses in the town that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days' search, not being able to obtain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town, and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair: till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognised in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the Cadi, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into

* This most amusing and cleverly-written sketch is from "Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in the 87th Regiment. Written by Himself." Three vols. 1829.

his house, and when the Cadi was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive, he exclaimed, "There is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true," continued he, addressing himself to the Cadi, "that I saw the Jew Mousa's son passing by my house; and, for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet; but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him; and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognise his father."

At this instant a servant, who was waiting on the outside, let loose the ape into the divan, who, seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha's story: "A miracle, a real miracle!" they cried out; "great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey, and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and, accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk, having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but, in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father with his whole family should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

Captain Crow, in his Memoirs, relates the following perilous adventure:—"One afternoon, when we were ten to twelve hundred miles from any land, and were sailing at the rate of seven or eight knots, the alarm was given that the ship was on fire in the after-hold. I was in the cabin at the time, and springing upon deck, the first persons I saw were two young men with their flannel shirts blazing on their backs; at the same time I perceived a dense cloud of smoke issuing from below; and looking round me, I found the people in the act of cutting away the stern and quarter boats, that they might abandon the vessel. At this critical juncture I had the presence of mind to exclaim, in an animated tone, "Is it possible, my lads, that you can desert me at a moment when it is your bounden duty, as men, to assist me?" And, observing them hesitate, I added, "Follow me, my brave fellows! and we shall soon save the ship." These few words had the desired effect, for they immediately rallied, and came forward to assist me. To show them a proper example, I was the first man to venture below, for I thought of the poor blacks entrusted to my care, and who could not be saved in the boats, and I was determined, rather than desert them, to extinguish the fire, or to perish in the attempt. When we got below, we found the fire blazing with great fury on the starboard side, and as it was known to the crew that there were forty-five barrels of gunpowder in the magazine, within about three feet only of the fire, it required every possible encouragement on my part to lead them on to extinguish the rapidly increasing flames. When I first saw the extent of the conflagration, and thought of its proximity to the powder, a thrill of despair ran through my whole frame; but by a strong mental effort I suppressed my disheartening feelings, and only thought of active exertion, unconnected with the thought of imminent danger. We paused for a moment, struggling, as it were, to determine how to proceed. Very fortunately for us our spare sails were stowed close at hand. These were dragged out, and, by extraordinary activity, we succeeded in throwing them over the flames, which they so far checked, that we gained time to throw a good supply of water down the hatchway, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, we extinguished the flames. Had I hesitated only a few minutes on deck, or had I not spoken encouragingly to the people, no exertions whatever could have saved the ship from being blown up, and as the catastrophe would most probably have taken place before the hands could have left the side in the boats, perhaps not a soul would have survived to tell the tale. I hope, therefore, I shall be excused in assuming to myself more credit (if indeed credit be due) for the presence of mind by which I was actuated on this occasion, than for anything I ever did in the course of my life. The accident I found was occasioned by the ignorance and carelessness of the two young men whose clothes I had seen burning on their backs; through the want of regular officers, they had been entrusted to draw off some rum from a store cask, and who, not knowing the danger to which they exposed themselves and the ship, had taken down a lighted candle, a spark from which had ignited the spirit.

A GLIMPSE OF CALEDONIA FROM THE EQUATOR.

"Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam."—BYRON.

Adieu! ye southern climes, adieu!
My heart is full, but not of you;
My heart o'erflows—I've cross'd the line
That sever'd me from all that's mine;
I've reach'd the long-wish'd mountain brow,
And, looking down on all below,
Methinks afar, in fancy's eye,
My fatherland I can descry.

Methinks the gay green isle I view,
Like emerald set in ocean blue;
Its chalky cliffs, and heath-clad hills,
Romantic lakes, and rambling rills,
Its sunny slopes, and woody dells,
Where love with peace and virtue dwells;
Where nought is heard the hills among,
Save shepherd's pipe and milkmaid's song.

Methinks I catch a distant view
Of that sweet spot, where first I drew
The breath of life—that long-lov'd scene,
The village school, the village green,
My father's grave, my mother's cot,
The pastimes of my early lot,
My playday haunts, my playmates too—
Alas! now scatter'd far, and few!

Ah, little then 'twas dreamt that I
Should e'er to foreign regions hie;
That I should e'er be doom'd to greet
The men that dwell beneath our feet—
Th' Antipodes, said not to fall,
Though standing 'neath earth's rolling ball—
A prodigy then strange to me,
Confounding young philosophy.

But, lo! a brighter scene I view,
Majestically breaking through
The murky clouds, that vainly try
To shroud its glories from the eye.
It is Edina's cloud-capt head—
It is the sheen of beauty shed
Around her sacred seat—it is
The city of proud palaces.

Yonder's the castle-crested rock,
That oft hath brav'd the battle's shock;
And yonder's Arthur's lofty seat,
Uprais'd amidst his wild retreat;
And there the crag romantic stands,
But rescu'd now from Gothic hands;
And there's the Caltos placid brow,
Adorn'd with classic beauty now.

And there's the royal Holyrood,
Still weeping in her widowhood—
Her royal lord and princes dead,
And all her highborn neighbours fled—
Her spacious parks and mountain rocks,
Now brows'd by vulgar herds and flocks,
Though erst the scenes of noble glee,
And games of gallant chivalry.

But still Edina rears her head,
Though all those stirring times have
Her monumental columns mud,
Her sacred domes and spires, that crowd
On fancy's vision, rising high,
Devoutly pointing to the sky,
As if to show mankind the road
That leads to glory and to God.

And brighter far than e'er she shone
Before her prince and peers were gone,
I see her spreading far and wide,
Moving in more than princely pride;
Advancing south, with comely grace,
She'll soon the blithesome Braid embrace;
And, walking gaily to the north,
She soon will kiss the gallant Forth.

"The gallant Forth!"—Oh tell me why
Thou hast so late met Fancy's eye?
But, gallant Forth! though I no more
May stroll along thy gay green shore,
Nor climb the rock thy waters lave,
Nor skip across thy crystal wave,
Yet thou art dearer now to me
Than e'en the scenes of infancy.

For there, upon thy happy strand,
Before I left my fatherland,
I bask'd in life's meridian sun,
And there those sacred friendships won,
For which my longing bosom sighs—
Those silken cords, those tender ties,
That link the soul where'er we roam,
And draw the weary wanderer home.

And still the village church I see,
With many a face well known to me,
Where oft I sat in days of old,
And heard the man of God unfold,
With fervid tone and reverend look,
The mysteries of the Holy Book,
And proffer to a needy race
The riches of redeeming grace.

And still the modest manse I view—
Another little temple too—
Where God is worshipp'd, loved, and known,
And hath on every heart a throne,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
An emblem of the life above,
To mortal lent, as if to show
A specimen of heaven below.

Is this a thing of life I spy,
Or is it but a phantom of the sea,
Alas, the dark blue sea, the play
Of dolphins dashing through the spray,
The southern cross, the clouds,† the sky,
And all that meets the ranging eye,
In bitter accents, seem to say,
"Thy home is yet far, far away!"

Then blow, ye gentle trade-winds, blow,
And waft me swiftly o'er the flow
Of wide Atlantic's swelling wave,
Whose perils now I gladly brave
That I may see, in vision true,
What but appears to fancy's view;
That I my home and friends may see,
In all their dear reality.

Once more, ye southern climes, adieu!
My heart is full, but not of you;
My heart o'erflows—I've pass'd the line
That sever'd me from all that's mine;
My heart is pining to renew
The long-lost joys of friendship true;
My heart is beating for the sea,
To reach the home that's dear to me.

Mediterranean Packet, lat. 0° 56' N. long. 33° W.

* We used to say, at the commencement of our voyage, that when we reached the equator, we should feel as if we had reached the top of the hill, and we should then go down the north side of the mountain again.

† The Magellan clouds, two whitish spots near the milky way in the southern hemisphere.

JUNE.

SPRING may now be considered as employed in completing her toilet, and, for the first weeks of this month, putting on those last-finish touches which an accomplished beauty never trusts to any hand but her own. In the woods and groves, also, she is still clothing some of her noblest and proudest attendants with their new annual attire. The oak until now has been nearly bare, and, of whatever age, has been looking old all the winter and spring, on account of its crumpled branches and wrinkled rind. Now, of whatever age, it looks young, in virtue of its new green, lighter than all the rest of the grove. Now, also, the stately walnut (standing singly or in pairs in the forecourt of ancient manor-houses, or in the home corner of the pretty parklike paddock at the back of some modern Italian villa, whose white dome it saw rise beneath it the other day) puts forth its smooth leaves slowly.

Stepping forth into the open fields, what a bright pageant of summer beauty is spread out before us! Everywhere about our feet flocks of wild-flowers

"Do paint the meadow with delight."

We must not stay to pluck and particularize them; for most of them have already had their greeting—let us pass along beside this flourishing hedge-row. The first novelty of the season that greets us here is perhaps the sweetest, the freshest, and the fairest of all, and the only one that could supply an adequate substitute for the hawthorn bloom which it has superseded. Need the eglantine be named? the "sweet-leaved eglantine;" the "rain-scented eglantine;" eglantine—to which the sun himself pays homage, by "counting his dewy rosary" on it every morning.

The woodbine deserves to be held next in favour during this month, though more on account of its intellectual than its personal beauty. All the air is faint with its rich sweetness, and the delicate breath of its lovely rival is lost in the luscious odours which it exhales.

These are the only scented wild-flowers that we shall now meet with in any profusion; for though the violet may still be found by looking for, its breath has lost much of its spring power. But, if we are content with mere beauty, this month is perhaps more profuse of it than any other, even in that department of nature which we are now examining—namely, the fields and woods.

The patches of purple or of white clover that intervene here and there, and are now in flower, offer striking exceptions to the above, and at the same time load the air with their sweetness. Nothing can be more rich and beautiful in its effect on a distant prospect at this season, than a great patch of purple clover lying apparently motionless on a sunny upland, encompassed by a whole sea of green corn, waving and shifting about it at every breath that blows.—*Mirror of the Months.*

The readers of the Journal are respectfully informed that a fortnightly sheet, similar in appearance and price to that work, is published under the title of "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," of which the following seven numbers have already appeared:—

1. EMIGRATION TO CANADA, being a complete body of information on that country for the use of Emigrants, and precluding, in a great measure, the necessity of consulting other works.
2. HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN, down to the commencement of the Civil War—to be continued. The object of this sheet is to afford such a view of British History as may be suitable to the tastes and opportunities of the people at large.
3. HISTORY OF MANKIND—a view of the progress of the Human Race, and of the peculiarities of the various divisions of Mankind.
4. EMIGRATION TO NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, CAPE BRETON, &c.
5. EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.
6. ACCOUNT OF THE GLOBE—a complete view of the internal and external Structure of the Globe, comprising all the discoveries of modern geologists.
7. THE COTTON, WOOLLEN, SILK, AND LINEN MANUFACTURES—a condensed account of the progress and present state of those essential branches of our national industry.

Articles are also in preparation on a variety of subjects generally interesting to the people, and will in due course appear. The design of the work approximates to that of Constable's Miscellany, and the several series which have been started upon the same plan, but, from the extreme lowness of the price, proposes to be much more extensively useful. Every article is a careful original composition, generally the production of the Editors themselves, or of some other literary gentlemen of established character in the departments respectively assigned to them. In Edinburgh, as in the case of the Journal, it is regularly left every alternate Wednesday at the houses of subscribers, and it may be had of every bookseller and newsman throughout the United Kingdom.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In London, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In Dublin, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 71.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MEN ABOUT TOWN.

IN every large city, there are a few single gentlemen who move about among what is called the best society, and are every where received as men of proper style and character, who, nevertheless, have no real pretensions to the honours they receive, and are in fact mere adventurers. If a young man have only such an income as will supply him with a little pocket-money, and be possessed of agreeable manners and a prepossessing exterior, let him but get into a single coterie in a fashionable city, and he immediately makes his way through the whole, and may live for years afterwards as a guest at the tables of the great. The grand essential for this kind of life, is to have nothing known about one. Just be a well-dressed and well-bred stranger; and if you are seen at one place, you are asked to another, whence you are asked to a third, and so on to a fourth, no one ever thinking further about you than simply that you are the young man whom we saw at such a place, and who took out Miss Young to dance. Fortunately for those who choose to live in this manner, there are always multitudes of silly women, the wives of men of good income, who, in their anxiety to show off and advance themselves in society, are perpetually giving parties, to which no one is invited on the sacred principles of friendship and hospitality, but multitudes are drawn in to eat and drink for considerations altogether different—chiefly that they may be impressed with a respectful notion of the giver of the entertainment. Such shows might almost be considered as given for the especial benefit of the individuals alluded to, who can always manage to get invitations to them, and are the only individuals to whom such exhibitions of viands and liquor do any real good.

The individual who writes the present paper was once "so far left to himself" as to spend several months amidst the heartless frivolities which characterise a winter of fashionable life in the Scottish, as in all other capitals. In the course of the season, he had opportunities of observing the tactics of many young men about town, as they are called, some of whom were occasionally put to serious difficulties in the purchase of a single pair of white kid gloves, though they appeared, in company, as perfectly accustomed to the luxury of a full purse as if they had never known the reverse. There was one in particular in whom I had much reason to be interested, as will be observed from the adventure I am about to relate. This was a Mr Hopper, an Englishman of between thirty and forty, who had been fluttering about town for nearly a dozen years, as I was informed, and yet no one knew any more about him than just that he was Mr Hopper. Hopper was a polished and most agreeable man, and, having seen much of the world, possessed really considerable powers of entertainment, inasmuch that, at the dulllest and worst-assorted parties, a relief was experienced from his conversation. He was supposed to be out four times a-week at an average, throughout the season; and though no instance of his giving a treat in return was upon record, many of these invitations were to the same house. There was even a worse peculiarity in Hopper, which, in many persons, would have had a very unfavourable effect, but, in his case, seemed to be pardoned for the sake of his better properties. This was his coarse and uncultivated-looking appetite. While all others were eating with the deliberation proper to good society, and talking as much as possible between every bite, Hopper devoured his victuals with a rapidity and a silence alike odious, and never brought out a remark worth listening to till his mouth was quite disengaged from what he seemed to think a more serious business. In fact,

Hopper was universally cried out upon as a gormandiser.

The adventure just alluded to was a dinner which Hopper once gave to me—he who had never given a dinner or any thing else before, and who was supposed by all who knew him to be incapable of giving dinners. An entertainment that took place under such remarkable circumstances, may well be expected to excite some curiosity in the reader, and I shall therefore describe it in the most minute and faithful manner possible.

What it was that inspired Hopper with the desire of having me to dine with him, I never could exactly make out. Perhaps it was a vague report, to which I gave no credit myself, that I was about to be married to a great heiress then in vogue:—possibly he might reckon upon an invitation, at no distant date, to — Hall, in return for his own. Whatever was the motive, one thing is certain:—it could only be from some hope of turning the affair to his own advantage. At first, I must confess, I was rather startled by the event. I saw that he was a mere man about town, and wished to have as little to do with him as possible. On second thoughts, however, I resolved to go just to see what kind of dinner such a man would give.

During the interval between the invitation and the appointed day, I found myself completely possessed by speculations on this latter point. What kind of dinner, thought I, is to be expected from a man who never gave a dinner before? Will it be good, or bad, or simply indifferent? I tried it all the ways, but at last fairly made up my mind to this:—that, when the man was making a plunge, as it is called, he would do it to some purpose. The dinner would be splendid, even although there should be nobody there but myself.

Accordingly, on the evening of the great day, I moved towards the lodgings of Mr Hopper, in the full hope, like the dog invited by his friend to sup, of regaling myself at one of the most exquisite banquets that the world had ever produced. I had that day refused lunch at three places, that my appetite might be in proper order for so rich a treat; and, having walked a good deal without any refectation since breakfast, it may be guessed that I was considerably disposed to do justice to whatever should be set before me. On arriving at my friend's lodgings, which were, for the time, in a rather shabby cottage near Newhaven, I was informed by him, that, from some misunderstanding with his landlady, dinner would not yet be ready for half an hour, and he proposed that we should while away the time by a walk on the beach. To this I agreed, and, by so doing, gave the last fine edge to an appetite already almost as keen as a razor. However, thought I, there can be no doing too much justice to such an entertainment. In the course of our walk, the conversation somehow turned upon desserts. He was a great critic, I found, in this branch of gastronomical knowledge. He had eaten all kinds of desserts, in all quarters of the world, and, said he in conclusion, "I have got into such a habit of devouring these fine things, that I never dine, even by myself, without something of the kind." Well, thought I, this is better promise still—the dinner, to be sure, is something long a-coming; but when it does come, what will it not be?

At length, in a perfect agony of appetite, I was led back to his lodgings, where we found, in the first place, a very neatly spread table, but as yet no viands. Neither was there any wine as yet visible above the horizon. After a little farther conversation, Hopper went to a cupboard, and brought out a black bottle,

which he placed very carefully near his own plate. By and bye, the honest woman of the house brought in a small covered dish, which proved to be of curried mutton-chops, with another containing boiled rice. This gave, of course, a revolution to my expectations, and informed me, that, after all, it was to be only a bachelor's, or, to describe it more emphatically, a lodging-house dinner. However, I still thought there might be a rough sufficiency in the affair. In this, alas, how much was I deceived! The cover being removed from the chops, disclosed three small pieces about as many inches square, piled above each other, and a small quantity of sauce floating at the bottom. "Now," said Mr Hopper, "here are curried chops to begin with—the best dish in the world: will you be helped to any?" Though I thought the question rather superfluous, I answered in the affirmative, and was served with the least of the three pieces, scrupulously selected by my entertainer—without any sauce—after which I observed him, to my infinite consternation, turn over all that remained, sauce included, into his own plate, along with a large proportion of the rice. He then helped me to one spoonful of the latter dish, and desiring me to make a hearty dinner, fell to in his usual *absorbed* manner, never taking his eye off his plate till it was empty. The two bites which I found upon my piece of chop were of course soon dispatched, and I was then left to survey the proceedings of my entertainer, who, to do him justice, did not keep me long waiting. Having finished his own part of the first course; he pulled a bottle of common beer, and having helped himself to a full tumbler, which he immediately drunk off, poured out half a tumbler for me, and then emptied the remainder into his own glass, to stand as a stock for himself. The landlady now brought in a dish of fricasseeed chops, consisting, like the former, of three small pieces; and having, in like manner, ascertained that I was disposed to eat of this meat also, handed me the *least* of the trio; after which, as before, he turned over the whole into his own plate, and soon became as abstracted as ever in the great business of devouring. He awoke at last, some time after I had finished my second pair of bites, to ask me to take a glass of wine. I held out my glass, and received it back about two-thirds full of port, which he poured from the black bottle above alluded to. He then filled his own, and drank it off; then filled one more, and drank that off; and once more again, and drank that off too; and then—and then—it was evident the bottle was empty. The landlady now appeared, to ask if any more chops were required, to which he answered in a direct negative, without seeming to think it in the least necessary that I should be consulted in the matter. Of course, I had to abandon myself to my fate. Dinner was over.

My entertainer now talked of liquors. "What kind of wines do you like?" said he, naming Champagne, Burgundy, Hochheimer, and many others, with as much confidence as if he had had specimens of them all in his cellar. I spared the man—though he did not deserve it—if, indeed, it could be supposed that such a person would have been at a loss to parry whatever request had been made to him. I said, that, when dining in this quiet kind of way, I generally preferred a little spirits and water to any kind of wine. "Oh, very well," said he, catching me like wildfire, "I can give you the best whisky in the world—a most particular article—the king never knew of it, I believe—got it sent me last August from the Highlands by my friend — member, by the bye, for —shire, which is rather too bad"—here he put his finger on the side of his nose; "but

all the better for that, you know." A solitary bottle of whisky was accordingly brought out from the cupboard (I could swear it had no companion), and we began to liquidate part of it into punch. By way of giving him a fright, I made a large and strong tumbler, the effect of which was seen within the first quarter of an hour, in his beginning to talk of his inordinate propensity to tea and coffee. "Do you know," said he, "I am a most extravagant dog in tea and coffee. I keep all kinds of tea, and, indeed, chiefly live upon it when I am alone. Sometimes in summer I can take no dinner at all, but just have a cup of tea and a biscuit. I am fond of green—oh, I do doat upon green. It is the best tea in the world. For common use, however, bohea is a respectable tea. I like bohea very well, I must say. It is less of a drug, and cheers fully as much. Oh; you cannot think what a tea-drinker I am!" By and bye, observing that I was less severe upon the whisky than he expected, he dropped the conversation about tea and coffee; and, on a servant coming in and laying down a cup on a side-table, motioned it away, as if he had felt it to be a mal-apropos idea. I soon after relieved him from all farther anxiety about either tea or toddy, by taking my leave, alleging that the illness of a friend who lived with me made it necessary that I should be soon home. I could see, from his suddenly warmed manner, that he had never till now truly enjoyed my company. His parting expressions were the most cordial of the whole evening.

As I afterwards crawled to a tavern, to satisfy my hunger by a real dinner, I could not help deploring that a man of Hopper's talents and accomplishments should prefer living such a life, when, by sinking a little, and applying himself to honest industry, he might render himself much more truly respectable, and, I should suppose, much more truly happy. The life of this man, thought I, is a perpetual insincerity: it is a visionary show from first to last. And what is gained by such a departure from reality?—only an equivocal kind of countenance from persons almost as hollow and deceptions as himself, and a somewhat larger share of certain indulgences, which, however, are the most paltry and the most transient on earth.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Now see the various wonders as they pass,
The Cowpox, Tractors, Galvanism, and Gas.—BYRON.

It happens that Byron has here sneered at four scientific discoveries in their first blush, which afterwards have been established (at least three of them) as among the most valuable that ever were developed for the service of mankind. In the word "tractors" he refers to what is called animal magnetism, a scientific wonder, which, though practised on the Continent for upwards of fifty years, and hinted at by many medical writers during the last three centuries, is almost entirely unknown in this country. Within the last few weeks, a book of great research and reflection has been published on this subject, under the title which is noted below;* and as it seems, notwithstanding its exceeding great interest, to be exciting little attention, we shall endeavour, as far as is in our power, to obtain, both for the volume and its subject, the notice which they so eminently deserve.

Animal magnetism—an incorrect but convenient phrase—refers to a power which a stronger is supposed to be able to exert over a weaker person, or a healthy over a diseased, whereby, through a mere exertion of the will in some cases, but more generally by this means accompanied by stroking with the hands, the former throws the latter into a state of sleep, during which there are experienced certain peculiar sensations, arising from nervous excitement, and which may have the best effects upon the health of the patient. The operations and results of animal magnetism altogether resemble what we conceive of magic; and they are still a subject of general doubt and suspicion, but rather from want of knowledge than from any other cause, seeing that the French Academy, the most respected body of scientific men in the world, have satisfied themselves, by experiments, that, startling as the discovery is, it is quite true and free from imposture, and have here testified that such is their belief to the whole world.

The process of animal magnetising is generally performed in the following manner:—The patient is placed in a sitting posture, in a convenient elbow-chair, or on a couch—sometimes even in a common chair. The magnetiser, seated on a chair a little more elevated, and at the distance of about a foot from the patient, collects himself for some moments, during which he takes the thumbs of the patient between

his two fingers, so that the interior parts of the thumbs are in contact with each other. He fixes his eyes upon the patient, and remains in this position till he feels that an equal degree of heat is established between the thumbs of both parties. He then withdraws his hands, turning them outward, places them on the shoulders, where he allows them to remain about a minute, and then conducts them slowly, with a very slight friction, along the arms to the extremity of the fingers. This operation he performs five or six times, which the magnetisers call a *pass*; he then places his hands above the head, holds them there a moment, draws them downwards in front of the face at the distance of one or two inches to the pit of the stomach, resting his fingers upon this part of the body; and, lastly, descends slowly along the body to the feet. These *passes* are repeated during the greater part of the sitting; and when he wishes to terminate it, he prolongs them beyond the extremity of the hands and feet, shaking his fingers each time. Finally, he makes transverse *passes* before the face and breast, at the distance of from three to four inches, presenting his hands approximated to each other, and separating them abruptly.

There are variations upon this process, but it is unnecessary to notice them here. The result, where there is no obstacle or deranging cause, is, that the patient falls involuntarily into a kind of trance, the progressive sensations of which are thus classified by a German philosopher, named Kluge:—

"The first degree presents no remarkable phenomena. The intellect and the senses still retain their usual powers and susceptibilities. For this reason, this first degree has been denominated the degree of *waking*.

"In the second degree, most of the senses still remain in a state of activity. That of vision only is impaired; the eye withdrawing itself gradually from the power of the will. This second degree, in which the sensibility is partially disturbed, is by some magnetisers called the *half-sleep*, or the *imperfect crisis*.

"In the third degree, the whole of the organs through the medium of which our correspondence with the external world is carried on (the senses) refuse to perform their respective functions, and the patient is placed in that unconscious state of existence which is called the *magnetic sleep*.

"In the fourth degree, the patient awakes, as it were, within himself, and his consciousness returns. He is in a state which can neither be properly called sleeping nor waking, but which appears to be something between the two. When in this state, he is again placed in a very peculiar connection with the external world. This fourth degree has been distinguished in the writings of the animal magnetisers, by the name of the *perfect crisis*, or *simple somnambulism*.

"In the fifth degree, the patient is placed in what is called the state of *self-intuition*. When in this situation he is said to obtain a clear knowledge of his own internal mental and bodily state, is enabled to calculate, with accuracy, the phenomena of disease which will naturally and inevitably occur, and to determine what are their most appropriate and effectual remedies. He is also said to possess the same power of internal inspection with regard to other persons who have been placed in magnetic connection with him. From this fifth degree all the subsequent magnetic states are comprehended under the denomination of *lucidity*, or *lucid vision* (Fr. *Clairvoyance*; Germ. *Hellssehen*.)

"In the sixth degree, the *lucid vision*, which the patient possessed in the former degree, extends to all objects, near and at a distance, in space and time; hence it has been called the degree of *universal lucidity*."

The source of the phenomenon is by some supposed to be in a circulating fluid, analogous to the blood, but imperceptible, and residing in the nerves, and which has a power of expanding beyond the sphere of the body, and affecting near or distant objects. This fluid, if it be the seat of the magnetic power, is probably obedient to the volition or will, for persons more than usually susceptible of the magnetic influence have been operated upon involuntarily, and unexpectedly to themselves, by a magnetiser who took his position in another room, and only exerted an energetic and intense desire to produce the effect. This is no doubt mysterious, and very like superstition; but is there any better explanation at the present day for *mineral magnetism*—for the cause and nature of disease—for the simple phenomenon of mortal life? Animal magnetism, in fact, appears to us as not more unintelligible than any of these things, and it would certainly have been long ago received, like them, into the sphere of acknowledged truths, if it had not been so very wonderful as to excite suspicion even where the senses were satisfied of its existence.

It is obvious from the experiments reported by the French Academy, that there is an intimate connection between ordinary somnambulism or sleep-walking, and the intuitive power, independent of the senses, which is developed during the fits produced by the magnetic influence. Sleepwalkers perform amazing feats, and execute the most intricate and delicate operations, without the natural sight which would be necessary, in a waking person, even to attempt such hazardous and difficult processes. Some persons, on the other hand, who have been artificially thrown into this state, or something like it, by magnetism, have shown themselves to possess senses and powers of action dis-

tinct from those which we use in our waking moments. The French Academy report upon four individuals who exerted greater strength and agility while magnetised than in their usual state; upon two who, with their eyes closed, distinguished and described objects placed before them; upon other two who foresaw, several months previously, the day, the hour, and the minute of the access and return of epileptic fits, and one who announced the period of his cure; and upon one, who, when thrown into magnetic somnambulism, and placed in contact with an individual in unsound health, pronounced, in three several instances, the exact internal state of these persons, one of which descriptions was confessed by the gentleman so inspected to be correct so far as he knew, and another was found equally so, upon dissection after death.

Perception without the use of the senses is well known to have frequently taken place in diseased persons; and it is a familiar fact, that, where one sense is extinguished, another sometimes takes up its operations, and, at least in part, supplies its place. Instances of persons who could see with the stomach are frequent, and perfectly well authenticated. The physician Van Helmont, by tasting a particular poisonous root, ceased for several hours to hear, think, know, or imagine any thing by means of his head or brain, and found that all the functions of that organ were transferred to the pit of the stomach, where, it is supposed, the capital of the nervous system is situated. M. Petetin, an eminent physician at Lyons, had a cataleptic patient—a lady—who seemed for a long time to be in a state of complete torpor and insensibility. He discovered, however, by accident, that she heard him perfectly when he spoke upon her stomach. Having satisfied himself of this fact by repeated trials, he afterwards perceived that the case was the same in regard to the senses of sight and smell. His patient read with the stomach, even through an intervening dark body. At last he found that it was not necessary for him to speak immediately upon the stomach; but it was quite sufficient to speak at the extremity of a conductor, of which the other extremity rested upon that part of the patient's body. Petetin published an account of these facts above forty years ago. He subsequently found other cataleptic patients, who exhibited precisely the same phenomena, with this difference, that, in some cases, the faculties were found to be transferred, not only to the epigastrium, or pit of the stomach, but also to the extremities of the fingers and toes. In others, where these phenomena took place, there was a prodigious development of the intellectual powers, and a foresight of their future diseased symptoms. An account of some of his experiments is thus given from his posthumous volume by Mr Colquhoun:—

"M. Petetin secretly placed pieces of cake, biscuit, tarts, &c. upon the stomach of one of these patients, which was immediately followed by the taste* of the particular article in the mouth. When the substance was enveloped in silk stuff, no sensation was felt by the patient; but the taste was immediately perceived on removing the covering. An egg was covered over with varnish, and the patient felt no taste until the varnish was removed. One of the patients distinguished a letter addressed to her, which was folded four times, inclosed in a semi-transparent box, and held in M. Petetin's hand upon her stomach."

"A letter was placed upon the fingers of one of the patients, who immediately said, 'If I were not discreet, I could tell you the contents; but to prove that I have read it, there are just two lines and a half.' The same patient enumerated exactly the most remarkable articles which were in the pockets of a whole company."

"These phenomena are sufficiently wonderful; but the following experiments afforded still more surprising results. Another patient, Madame de St Paul, was in a state of as perfect somnambulism as the preceding, only that, during the crisis, she was incapable of speaking. She carried on a conversation, however, by means of signs, with the Chevalier Dolomieu, brother to the celebrated naturalist, who interrogated her mentally. 'After placing the chain,' says M. Petetin, 'upon the *epigastrium* of the patient, I gave the ring to M. Dolomieu. No sooner had this gentleman touched his lips, than the features of Madame de St Paul expressed attention. Every question addressed to her mentally gave a new expression to her countenance, and produced a great change upon that of the interrogator. She ended by smiling, and making two approving signs with her head. M. Dolomieu declared that this lady had answered categorically to his thoughts."

"M. Dolomieu then requested the patient to answer, by affirmative or negative signs, to the questions which he was about to put to her aloud. He succeeded in making her express that what he had in his pocket was a silver seal with three sides, and the name of the animal engraved on his arms."

"Finally, it was found, in the course of these experiments, that if several persons form a chain, the

* Plutarch relates that a certain governor of Cilicia wished to try whether the oracle of Mopsus could read, without opening it, a sealed note containing the following words: 'Shall I sacrifice to thee a white or a black ox?' The oracle returned the note unopened, with the answer, 'black.'—PLUTARCH, *On the cessation of Oracles*.

† In our next number will be presented a variety of instances in which perception was exerted without the use of the senses;—also some of the cases in which animal magnetism has been of service in medicine.

* Report of the Experiments on Animal Magnetism, made by a Committee of the Medical Section of the French Royal Academy of Sciences, 1831, translated, and now, for the first time, published, with an Historical and Explanatory Introduction. By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. Edinburgh: R. Cadell. 1833.

last having his hand upon the stomach of the patient, and the first, who is at the greatest distance, speaks in the hollow of his hand, the patient will hear perfectly well, but will cease to hear even the loudest voice, if the communication between the chain be interrupted by a stick of sealing-wax."

Such facts as these—for that they are facts, is not to be disputed—testify that there are powers and susceptibilities in our frames with which we are yet imperfectly acquainted, but which may be developed hereafter to such a degree as to be eminently serviceable to mankind. That there is a connection between the magnetic phenomena and those described immediately above, seems beyond a doubt; and that electricity enters into the latter, is evident from the fact of a non-conducting substance deranging the effect. Little else is yet known on this curious subject; but when more facts shall have been amassed, it will both be more easily reduced to a system, and more generally and readily believed. Animal magnetism will yet, in all probability, explain many things which we now look upon as the superstitions of a former and less enlightened age—the magical powers of remote antiquity, the oracular system of Greece, the *evil eye* among the Mussulmans, the false miracles of the early opponents of Christianity, the *glamour* of the modern gypsies, witchcraft, the royal touching for scrofula, and second-sight. Let no one be unduly sceptical on this subject: the most philosophical minds in Europe have acknowledged that it is, to the extent above described, free from imposture; and if such have so pronounced from observation and experiment, it would be hard, indeed, if common minds, without those means of judgment, were to be allowed to deny the theory, merely because it does not tally with the preconceived ideas of their imperfect understandings.

HARRIET BRUCE.

"To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love I love indeed."—COLERIDGE.

My friend Harriet Bruce was a healthy, tall, bold-looking girl; somewhat too large and vigorous for genuine beauty, yet gifted with a speaking expression, and a rich, perpetual colouring, that would have made any other face stylish and attractive. She was no favourite with the gentlemen; but there was an indescribable something about her appearance and manners which always compelled them to inquire who she was. No person ever talked with her without remembering what she said; and every one criticised what they could not forget. Yet it was not intellect that made her unpopular—had she chosen to affect reckless misanthropy, maudlin sensibility, or any other foppish wherewith to distinguish herself, she would have found plenty of admirers and imitators; but, in her mind, genius was checked by manly philosophy; and she could ill conceal her contempt of those who knew talent only by its most common diseases. The consciousness of mental power, that lighted up her eye with such a burning spark of pride, and the expression of scorn for ever dancing on her lip corners, ready to embody itself in sarcasm, was unquestionably the true reason why this splendid creature became the Paria of the ball-room. She was a strange sort of *Die Vernon*—no, she was not a *Die Vernon* either—and as I now remember her, I cannot think of a single character, living or imaginary, whom she did resemble. She fascinated her enemies, but never pleased her friends. Power! power! and, above all, intellectual power! was the constant dream of her wild ambition. To have been sure of Madame de Staël's reputation, she would have renounced human sympathy, and lived unloving and unbeloved in this wide world of social happiness—there was such magnificence in the idea of sending one's genius abroad, like a spark of electricity, to be active and eternal—defying education in its form, duration, and power! Sometimes I talked of love, and reminded her how Madame de Staël herself had become its reluctant victim. On this subject she often philosophised, and always laughed. "Who," said she, scornfully, "who that has felt the gush and the thrill attendant upon fame, would be foolish enough to exchange dominion over many for the despotism of one?" Thus Harriet Bruce reasoned, and thus she actually thought; but I knew her better than she knew herself. Her affections were as rich and overflowing as her mental energies; and her craving for human sympathy was in direct proportion to that intense love of beauty, which, in her, amounted to an intellectual passion. That she would love exclusively and extravagantly, I had no doubt; and my penetration soon singled out an object. At a large party, I first saw her with George Macdonough, the son of a rich southerner, first in his class, and in the full flush of manly beauty. I knew by the carriage of his neck that he was a Virginian; and the hauteur with which he received adulation attracted my attention, as the pawing of a high-mettled horse would have done. His conversation with Harriet seemed at first to be of a sober and learned cast, but on her part it soon became petulant. Now and then I heard some remark which seemed to relate to a transmigration of souls, and a continual rise in intellectual existence. "Oh," exclaimed Harriet, "how that idea savours of New England house-keeping!—how can a Virginian patronise a theory so economical?" At that moment, a very lovely girl entered the room; and the young man did not answer Miss Bruce's question. "Ah, there is the beautiful Baltimorean," said he, "she

whom I told you reminded me of that fine engraving of yours, 'La belle Suisse.'" "She is beautiful," said Harriet, with unaffected warmth. "Her full dark eyes are magnificent—what a pity it is they are not lighted from *within*; that expression alone is wanting to fill the measure of her glory!" The remark was made to an inattentive listener, for Macdonough's whole interest was absorbed by the new comer. A slight shade passed over Harriet's face—but it was too transient to define the emotion in which it originated, and she smiled, as she said, "You had best go and talk with your powerful beauty—the body should be where the spirit is." "That reproach is too severe," replied the Virginian. "I meant no reproach," she answered; "I have observed that beauty is your idol, and I wish you to worship it." "I did not think Miss Bruce had observed my character sufficiently to form any conclusion with regard to my taste." The pride of the proudest girl in Christendom was roused—and there was something indescribably provoking in her manner, as she answered, "I assure you I think you quite a specimen in your way. 'Society is such a bag of polished marbles,' that any thing odd is as valuable a study as the specimens of quartz Mr Symmes may bring us. Your modesty has led you into a mistake; I have really taken the trouble to observe you." "Truly, Miss Bruce, you are the most singular girl I ever met," said the offended southerner; "you never did, said, nor thought any thing like another person."

"When a compliment is doubtful, Chesterfield says, one should always take it; therefore, I am obliged to you, Mr Macdonough," replied Harriet. And so saying, she turned abruptly from him, and directed her attention to me.

During the remainder of the evening, I saw no indications of a reconciliation. Harriet danced but once—Macdonough and La belle Suisse were near her in the set; and they met frequently. The *extreme* nonchalance with which she now and then exchanged some casual remark, led me to suspect that he had obtained more power over her extraordinary mind than any other individual had ever possessed; but Harriet was no trifler, and I did not venture to prophesy.

Time passed on, and with it nearly passed the remembrance of this skirmish of words, and the thoughts thereby suggested. My unmanageable friend seldom alluded to the fascinating acquaintance she had formed; and when she did, it was done naturally and briefly. Soon after this, I was obliged to be absent for several months. I did not return until two days before commencement at college; and Harriet's first exclamation was, "You *must* go to Mr Macdonough's room—he is to have the first part, and his friends expect every thing from him!" "But I thought you considered commencement days very stupid things," said I. "So I do; you know I always said life itself was a very stupid thing. There is no originality above ground: every thing that is true is dull, and every thing new is false and superficial. But there is no use in quarrelling with the world—it is a pretty good world, after all. You must go to hear Mr Macdonough's opinion of it: I am sure he will express it eloquently." "Then you are on good terms now?" said I. She blushed painfully—excessively—but soon recovered self-command enough to reply, "I always thought highly of him." I do not know whether my looks expressed the warning voice my heart was yearning to utter; but I am sure the tone of my assent was reluctant and melancholy.

George Macdonough appeared most brilliantly on that memorable day. Graceful and dignified, handsome and talented, he sent a thrill to all hearts alive to the grandeur of thought or the beauty of language. During this scene of triumph, I watched the countenance of Harriet Bruce with the keenest interest; and never before did I see a human face through which the soul beamed with such intensity. Genius, and pride, and joy, and love, were there! I then thought she was intellectually beautiful, beyond any thing I had ever seen. Poor Harriet! It was the brightest spot in her life, and I love to remember it.

Macdonough's room was crowded, and the compliments he received were intoxicating; but in the midst of it all, I imagined I could see the sparkle of his eyes melt into softness, when he met a glance from Harriet. Her looks betrayed nothing to my anxious observation; but once I took notice she called him "George," and suddenly corrected herself with an air of extraordinary confusion. Had my friend indulged in habits of girlish trifling, I should no doubt have playfully alluded to this circumstance; but there was something in her character and manners which forbade such officiousness. I watched her with the anxiety of sincere friendship. I knew when she once selected an object of pursuit, her whole soul was concentrated; and I could not believe that the proud Virginian, with all his high hopes, and his love of dazzling beauty, would ever marry her. I knew he was a very constant visitor, and I frequently observed lights later than had been usual in Mr Bruce's quiet habitation; and when he called to bid me farewell, a few weeks after commencement, the deep gloom on his countenance led me to think that the pride and apparent indifference of my intellectual friend might have surprised him into love.

Weeks and months passed on, and I seldom heard an allusion to the absent Macdonough. Harriet's

character and manners seemed changing for the better. The perpetual effervescence of her spirit in some measure subsided, and the vagaries of her fancy became less various and startling; yet there was ever a chastened cheerfulness of manner, and an unflinching flow of thought. By degrees her seriousness deepened, and at last she could not conceal from me that she was unhappy. I attributed it to the illness of her aged father, for Harriet was motherless, and she cherished her only parent with a double share of love. But when the old man was evidently recovering, and her melancholy still increased, I knew there must be another, and a deeper cause. One day, as I stood by her, watching her progress in a crayon drawing, around which she had thrown much of her early spirit and freedom, I placed my hand affectionately on her shoulder, and, touching her forehead with my lips, said, "You have always told me your thoughts, Harriet—why not tell me what troubles you *now*?" She continued her task with a quick and nervous movement, and I saw that her eyes were filling with tears. I gently whispered, "Is George Macdonough the cause?" She gave one shriek, which sounded as if it made a rent in her very soul, and then the torrent of her tears poured forth.

It was long before I ventured to say to her, "Then it is as I feared? You do love George Macdonough?" She looked in my face with a strange and fixed expression, as she replied, "I ought to love, and honour, and obey him; for he is my husband!" I started! "Your husband! how—when—where were you married?"

"At Providence. Do you remember when I asked you to go with me to Mr Macdonough's room, and you said, 'So, then you are on good terms now?'—I had been three weeks a wife!"

"And your father—does he know of it?" "Certainly," she said; "you know I would not deceive him." "Then why was so much secrecy necessary?" "I now think it was not really necessary; at all events, that which needs to be concealed is wrong. But George's parents wished him to marry wealth, and he feared to displease them. He has a moderate fortune of his own, of which he will soon come in possession; when he told my father this circumstance, and added that he feared he should be urged to marry against his inclination, my father, in the blindness of his dotage, consented to our immediate union." "Then why are you so unhappy?" I inquired; "you have no doubt that your husband will come and claim you?" "Oh, no! The certificate is in my father's hands; and if it were not, a sense of honour would lead him here. But, oh! to have him come coldly and reluctantly! my heart will break! my heart will break!" said she, pressing her hand hard against her forehead, and weeping bitterly. "How could I forget that they who listen to passion, rather than to reason, must always have a precarious influence on each other?" I tried to console her—she said nothing, but took a package of letters from her desk, and handed them to me. Their contents proved the mournful prediction of her fears too true. At first, George Macdonough wrote with impatient ardour; then his letters were filled with amusing accounts of the parties given to La belle Suisse, whose father had come to reside in their neighbourhood; then he filled his pages with excellent reasons for not visiting her as soon as he intended; and, finally, when Harriet bowed down her pride, and entreated him, if he valued her reputation, to come soon, he sent a cold laconic answer, merely stating the time at which he might be expected. Poor Harriet! It was too evident she had thrown away all that made existence joyful. However, I tried to soothe her by the idea that gentleness, patience, and untiring love, might regain the affection on which her happiness *must* now depend. She loved to listen to such words—they were a balm to her heart.

Mr Macdonough came at the time he had appointed, and publicly announced his marriage. I did not see their meeting; but during the few months he remained at her father's, I observed his manner was uniformly kind, though frequently absent and constrained. An infant daughter formed a new bond of union, and seemed to be the herald of happier days. The young man watched over the little object with the most intense delight, and Harriet's half-subdued character seemed entirely softened, in the doating fondness of a mother, and the meek resignation of a wife, loved, "but not enough beloved;" none would have recognised the proud, ambitious, and sarcastic Harriet Bruce.

I must not dwell minutely on particulars, which I observed closely at the time, and which afterward sunk deeply into my memory. Young Macdonough departed once more to take possession of his estate, and prepare it for the reception of his wife and child.

His farewell was affectionate, and his frequent letters seemed to restore my imprudent friend to something of her former buoyancy of soul. The idea of separation from her father was now her principal source of unhappiness; but that trial was spared her; the imbecility of the affectionate old man daily increased, and, a few days before his daughter's departure, death relieved him from the expected loneliness.

The young husband came, as he had promised; but his manner was colder, and his looks more stern than formerly, though none could say he failed in the fulfilment of his duty. Harriet never spoke of any change; her manner toward him was obedient and

affectionate, but never fond. Her romantic visions of human perfection, her proud confidence in her own strength, were gone, and, no doubt, she wept bitterly over their mutual rashness. Knowing, as she did, that she was a burthen, taken up merely from a sense of honour, it is not wonderful her very smile had a look of humility and resignation. Their regrets were, however, kept carefully concealed; whatever might have been their feelings, both seemed resolved on a system of silent endurance. There was something in this course a thousand times more affecting than the most pathetic complaints. I shall never forget the anguish I felt when I saw Harriet bid farewell to the home of her childhood—that home where she had ever been an idol and an oracle. The lingering preparation of departure—the heart-broken expression—the reluctant step—the drooping head—and the desperate resolution with which she at last seized the arm of a husband who loved her not, and who was about to convey her among strangers—they are all present to me now!

Harriet's letter soon spoke of declining health; and before three years had elapsed, she implored me to come to her, if I ever wished to look upon her again in this world of shadows.

I immediately obeyed the summons. Things were worse than I had expected. She was evidently very weak; and though she had every thing which wealth could supply, or politeness dictate, the balm of kindness never refreshed her weary and sinking spirit. Mr Macdonough never spoke harshly—indeed he seldom spoke at all; but the attentions he paid were so obviously from a sense of duty, that they fell like ice-drops on the heart of his suffering wife. I heard no reproaches on either side; but a day seldom passed without some occurrence more or less painful to my friend. Once, when little Louisa jumped into her father's arms, as he entered, and eagerly exclaimed, "Do you love me, papa?" he kissed her with much fondness, and replied, "Yes I do, my child." "And mamma too?" inquired the little creature, with a sort of half entreating tone, so graceful in childhood; he put her away from him, and answered coldly "Certainly, my daughter." I saw a slight convulsion in Harriet's face, and in the motion of her hands; but it soon passed. At another time, when we were searching in his private library for the latest number of the *Edinburgh*, we discovered on a small open desk the engraving of *La belle Suisse*, and near it a newspaper giving an account of the marriage of that young Baltimorean whom George had thought so strongly resembled the picture. The surprise was so sudden, that Harriet lost the balance of feelings she had hitherto so well preserved. She rushed out of the room—and it was several hours before I was admitted to her bedside.

Fortunately for my sensitive friend, this mental struggle was too fierce to be of long continuance. The closing scene of her life drew near; and to her it seemed welcome as sleep to the weary. Sometimes the movements of reluctant nature were visible in the intense look of love she cast upon her child, and the convulsive energy with which she would clasp the little one to her bosom; but otherwise all was stillness and hope.

One day, when she had been unusually ill, and we all supposed she was about to die, she pressed my hand feebly, and whispered, "Will you ask George to see me once more?" I immediately repaired to the library, and told Mr Macdonough the dying request of his wife. At first, he made a motion toward the door, then, suddenly checking himself, he said, in a determined tone, "I had better not. It will be painful to both. I will wait the event here." I returned to Harriet, but I had not courage to say her request was refused. She listened eagerly to every sound for a while; then looking in my face mournfully, she said, "He will not come!" My tears answered her. She looked upward for a moment, with an expression of extreme agony; but never spoke again.†

PRACTICES OF LITERARY MEN.

How different are the times and modes of study practised by literary men in all nations and ages! Demosthenes studied always during the night, utterly secluded, and quaffing at cold water. Demades, his rival in the forum, hardly studied at all, but dissipated away his time amid wine and licentiousness. *Æschylus* was said to be always drunk when he wrote; whence *Sophocles* remarked of him, with some of the bitterness of jealousy, that, "if he wrote well, he did so perchance and unwittingly." I should infer from *Homer's* simple style, that he was a drinker of cold water. Not only *Æschylus*, but *Alcæus* and *Aristophanes*, composed their poetry in a state of excitation from liquor; yet *Anacreon*, *Bacchanalian* as he was, wrote, it is said, always sober—he only feigned inebriety. Among modern writers I have only heard of *Tasso* and *Schiller* who composed in a state of semi-inebriation. *Schiller* used to study till long after midnight, with deep potatoes of *Rhenish*. *Tasso* was wont to say, that malmsey was that alone which enabled him to compose good verses.—*Mr Tennant of Dollar, MS.*

To this it may be added, that *Sir William Blackstone* is said to have always had a bottle of good port beside him, from which he occasionally regaled him-

self, while composing his great work, "*Commentaries on the Laws of England*." We are inclined, however, to believe that liquor does more harm than good in all intellectual exertions. There may be some whom certain drinks have a tendency to exhilarate, and who cannot write unless so excited. But the most common result of all indulgences of this kind is to stupefy, not to brighten; and, accordingly, as literary exertion requires all the mind that can be brought to it, it appears to us as only an idea fit for *Bacchanalian* poetry to say that an author, whether of prose or verse, is the more fit for his task that he has previously imbibed a certain quantity of spirituous liquor.

LITHOGRAPHY.

By SAMUEL LEITH, ESQ.*

LITHOGRAPHY is the art of printing from stone. It is only of recent invention, and differs very considerably in principle from the art of printing from moveable types, wooden blocks, or copper or other plates. The process consists in writing on a particular kind of stone, and from thence working off, by a press, any number of copies, the writing thus standing in relief on the stone like raised letters. The peculiar value of this ingenious art is in the cheapness and ease with which it accomplishes impressions of pictorial delineations or manuscript. The discovery of the lithographic art was made, upwards of thirty years since, by *Senefelder*, a native of Germany—a country to which the human race is also indebted for the more noble art of printing from types; but since that period very great improvements have been made upon it in Britain.

The history of the origin of lithography is instructive, and affords to the young an additional instance of the triumph of genius over poverty and its attendant disadvantages. Like every new invention, when first attempted to be brought into notice, it met with all the obstacles which ignorance and prejudice could throw in its way; and it was not till after years of laborious perseverance, accompanied with all the evils attendant on very limited means, that the inventor succeeded in establishing his reputation, and gaining for the new art its due degree of admiration.

Senefelder relates, with the greatest candour, that having become an author, and at the same time being so poor that he could not raise the necessary funds for the printing of his work with a view to publication, he endeavoured to devise some method by which his object might be attained; and, after much anxious consideration, he resolved on attempting to accomplish it with his own hands. With this view, his attention was first directed to several original and curious modes of stereotype, some of which he considerably matured; and had his circumstances at this period been such as to admit of his devoting a sufficient time to the perfecting of this first part of his undertaking, it is questionable whether his talents would have ever been forced into that particular line of study, which, in the end, acquired for him name so great a celebrity. The same remark is applicable to some of the other ingenious attempts which preceded his great discovery. For a time, however, plan succeeded plan, each being abandoned in turn, as new and more plausible theories struck his fancy, and in this way did he persevere, for many months, with various degrees of success, but without the necessary results; and he at last relinquished this course of experiments altogether, as presenting too many obstacles to be overcome by an individual in his circumstances.

Disappointed, but not disheartened, in not having been so successful in his operations as he had anticipated, we next find him attempting to realize his hopes by substituting plates of copper and tin for his metal and composition blocks; but this second course of experiments was attended with little better success than the former; for, after much labour, and numerous trials with the etching needle, and by writing on the copper with different chemical inks of his own composition, this medium was found to be liable to all the objections which had deterred him from prosecuting the stereotype plan. Being, however, still of opinion that his object was to be accomplished by art alone, and having laid aside his copper plates for a time as too expensive, he began to look around for a substitute which would supply their place for all the purposes of practice, and at a much less cost. He was not long in determining this point; for, being aware that certain kinds of stone had often been used for similar purposes, he converted the slab on which he ground his colours into a plate for exercising in writing, and found it answered his expectations completely. Experiments now followed each other in rapid succession, all tending to encourage him in the prosecution of his design; and when at length these

stone plates were rendered fit for undergoing the operations of the printing press, he was greatly pleased to find that numerous impressions might be taken on paper, without materially injuring the original.

We shall now at once advert to the time when circumstances conspired to force upon his attention those properties of the art which, on their first unfolding themselves, so astonished and delighted him. "I had (says he) just succeeded in my little laboratory in polishing a stone plate which I intended to cover with etching ground, in order to continue my exercises in writing backwards, when my mother entered the room, and desired me to write her a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the linen. I happened not to have even the smallest slip of paper at hand, as my little stock of paper had been entirely exhausted by taking proof-impressions from the stones; nor was there even a drop of ink in the inkstand. As the matter would not admit of delay, and we had nobody in the house to send for a supply of the deficient materials, I resolved to write the list with my chemical ink, on the stone which I had just polished, and from which I could copy it at leisure."

When about to remove this writing from the stone some time afterwards, the idea struck him, that, by submitting its surface to the action of aquafortis, such an elevation might be given to the writing as would render it suitable, in the same way as wood-engravings, for receiving printing ink. The experiment exceeded his most sanguine hopes, and he lost no time in following up his success with others, all tending to convince him that he had discovered a new and important art.

Thus it will be seen, that, to a very simple occurrence in itself, *Senefelder* was indebted for the hint on which hinged all his succeeding improvements.

Having now briefly adverted to some of the leading incidents which ultimately led to the discovery of chemical lithography, we shall next proceed to the notice of such particulars concerning the progress of the new art under the fostering care of its author, as may be thought generally interesting.

Let it not be imagined that *Senefelder's* difficulties ceased with his discovery: the fact is otherwise; for, in addition to the many obstacles which he had to combat from lacking the necessary funds for the prosecution of his labours, others were not wanting of a nature equally serious, and which were to him the source of long and painful anxiety. Among the rest, it was not a little annoying to know that others were beginning to lay claim to the merit of the new discovery. But these, and other particulars connected with this part of our subject, must form matter for a future article.

THE ENGLISH VILLAGE.*

THERE is something very pleasing in rural sounds and rural objects. The noise of village boys playing at cricket, the cawing of the rooks in a still evening, the distant tread of a horse, the sheep-bells, even the village clock, are all pleasant. I like to see cows going to be milked, and inhale with satisfaction the fresh and fragrant perfume which one perceives as they pass by. Those that have calves are always in advance, and show their impatience to reach their young by an occasional bellow and a short run, and then a sudden stop, to listen whether they can hear the call of their calves. If they do, how eagerly they advance to the gate of the farm-yard, and show the utmost anxiety to have admittance! The clean well-scoured milk-pails and churns are no unsightly objects; and while the process of milking is going on in a well-littered farm-yard, the cows quietly chew the cud, and appear contented and happy. Those, however, which have been recently deprived of their young ones, show a reluctance to give down their milk, and many retain some of it, from a maternal feeling that their offspring may require it.

In the spring, one hears the wild whirl of a number of sparrows as they rapidly pass by, and then settle in some neighbouring bush or hedge, chirping and scolding one another, till some culprit who has been pursued again takes flight, and is again followed with the same clamorous noise. This is succeeded by the song of the thrush on the top of some high elm tree, and late in the evening the nightingale makes himself heard.

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night!

On a fine summer's day, we hear the tinkling of pans and shovels, to persuade a hive of bees to settle in some cottage garden, and are pleased even with the whetting of scythes in a neighbouring field. The gabbling of a turkey-cock, the peevish call of a guinea fowl, and the cry of pigs for their evening food, are far from being unpleasant sounds to those who delight, as I do, in the country.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.—*ROBERTS.*

I like also a village church. The peasant enters in his clean smockfrock, smooths down his hair, says, or appears to say, a word in his hat, which he carefully and deliberately hangs up, and then leans with crossed arms over the door of the pew till the service begins. Both before and after church, he may be seen

* We have to express our thanks to Mr Leith for this article upon a subject which he is so well qualified to illustrate. To such of our readers as may not be acquainted with the name and productions of this gentleman, it may be necessary to mention, that he is a lithographic artist, residing at the remote town of Banff, in the north of Scotland, who has produced specimens, in music, in chalk drawing, and other branches of the art, of unparalleled beauty and finish, and which have excited surprise and admiration wherever they have been seen. Mr Leith has lately achieved a signal triumph in the production of several specimens imitating what is called the *line* manner of engraving, a style of much delicacy and difficulty, but which he has, nevertheless, represented on stone with such felicity, that the prints, at a very little distance, could hardly be distinguished from copper engravings.

† From "the Western Coronal," by Mrs CHILDE.

* This unsophisticated sketch, from "*Gleanings in Natural History*," is written by Edward Jesse, Esq. deputy-surveyor of his Majesty's parks, and is an excellent picture of an English village, and ought to be read with attention.

standing with his back against the low wall of the churchyard, with perhaps the hand of a favourite child in his, talking over some village news. As the squire or the clergyman pass by, he touches his hat to them with respect and affection; and in the evening he may be seen with his cottage-door open, drinking tea with his wife and children, and then sauntering about with them either in his garden or some village lane.

The good old squire hobbles out of church, leaning on the arm of his daughter, and kindly inquires after the welfare of all about him. He sends food and money to the sick and needy, makes up quarrels as a magistrate, maintains a well-ordered Sunday-school, and promotes the happiness of the villagers by every means in his power. If, on returning from church, he meets a smoking dinner going to a cottage from the village bake-house, he generally slips a shilling into the hand of the bearer, for the purpose, as he says, of washing the dinner down with a little good ale. I must, however, add, that the old gentleman sometimes slyly takes a good-looking potato out of the dish, which he eats with evident satisfaction.

But how shall I describe our curate? His sunny good-humoured face is never seen without delight, by young and old, rich and poor. He joins in the village sports, and is a famous hand at cricket, and even condescends sometimes to play at trap-ball with the boys, who hail his arrival with great glee. He visits and assists all who want relief, and is never wearied in doing good. He always considers it a bad sign if one of his poor parishioners passes him without touching his hat, or seems to avoid meeting him. He then, with great tact and kindness, takes him to task. I have heard him say that he is sure to find that the man has been either foolishly spending his money in the alehouse, or his mind has been tainted by some sophisticated arguments. In either case he mildly endeavours to convince the culprit of the folly of his conduct, and generally succeeds in setting him right.

To all this good feeling, our curate has a mind stored with learning, and with a taste for the fine arts. He moreover dabbles a little in antiquities, and takes great delight in a naturalist's calendar, in which he makes observations equally agreeable and instructive.

Such was our village a few years ago; but, alas! alas! how it has been changed since! The greater part of our poor labourers are now discontented, and, consequently, idle. All the influence of the good curate has not been able to stem the torrent, and he is about to quit the village in despair of doing any farther good. The poor old squire has already left it, after having lowered his rents so much, that he could no longer afford to live with his usual kindness and hospitality. He has therefore abandoned his estates, his tenants, and his labourers, to the care of a mercenary bailiff, and is gone to reside in an overgrown town on the sea-coast, upon the residue of a once ample income.

I consider the aspect of the town as one of the most melancholy features of the present time. It is now resorted to by many under the same circumstances with our squire, by those who ought to have made every sacrifice to stem the torrent of disaffection, who should have given up their horses, their carriages, their hospitalities, sooner than quit their villages and country houses, and sever the tie which connected them with their tenants and labourers. They may hope to return in better times, and to replace things on their former footing; but that tie, once broken, cannot be restored, and it is melancholy to reflect on the consequences.

O, favour'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talents, and for female charms!

Where shall we find a country like thee! Giving, as you have done, a tone to the morals, the energies, and public faith of all other countries, whom shame alone has forced to endeavour to imitate your bright examples, how dangerous is the position in which you are now placed! Those whose example should influence the morals and conduct of the peasantry are congregating in the metropolis, and destroying their time, and health, and fortune, in folly and dissipation. The peasantry are badly employed and badly paid,* and the appropriation of the poor's rates is generally left to mercenary farmers and interested shopkeepers. While the poor are thus neglected, they become careless of consequences, hardened, and disaffected. They marry, because they find that a married man receives more parish relief than they do, though perhaps the single man is the best workman; and the parish is burdened with the maintenance of their children.

I have lived all my lifetime in the country, and am well acquainted with the character of the English peasantry. Instances of profligacy and ingratitude may no doubt sometimes occur amongst them; but treat them as they ought to be treated, give them employment, and pay them properly for the work they do—

Let labour have its due! my cot shall be
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free.
Let labour have its due! then peace is mine,
And never, never, shall my heart repine.

And give them that moral and religious instruction and example which they have a right to expect, from those whom Providence has placed in a situation superior to themselves, and I will venture to assert, that

a more orderly, grateful, and better-conditioned peasantry, would not be found on the surface of the earth.

I am unwilling to lose this last opportunity of stating my conviction of what is likely to take place, should the poor be abandoned to their own resources, while the rich and powerful are either forgetful of their wants and miseries, or are absenting themselves from the homes of their forefathers, and seeking for pleasures in the metropolis or watering-places. If they do neither of these, they are imbibing foreign habits and manners in foreign lands, and disqualifying themselves for undertaking the duties and enjoyments of an English country life.

Do not, however, let me be misunderstood. In speaking of the neglect experienced by the poor in many places, I am aware that amongst the rich and powerful of the land there are to be found numerous examples of disinterested charity and boundless benevolence. Where time and talents are employed, as they often are, in administering to the wants, and in bettering the condition of the poor, the beneficial results are always to be seen in the well-being, orderly conduct, and gratitude of the peasantry. Disaffection and riots were to be found only in those places where the fostering hand of kindness had been withdrawn.

GIANTS, DWARFS, AND PIGMIES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difference of opinion and controversy concerning giants and pigmies, it is sufficiently proved by travellers, whose veracity cannot be doubted, that there is not any country on the earth inhabited either by men who may strictly be called giants, or by pigmies. It is equally certain that in various parts of the earth the natives are taller and better formed than in other parts; but this observation also holds true in every district of our own country. Mr Pennant, to whose zeal and abilities as a naturalist the world is so much indebted, added another obligation in the testimony he has procured respecting the overcharged gigantic stature of the Patagonians. A Father Falkener, a Jesuite missionary in South America, but a native of England, whom Mr Pennant visited for the express purpose of gaining certain information concerning that people, as he had been sent on a mission into their country about 1742, says, the various tribes who roam over the mountains and barrens of Patagonia are all tall people; but, after making every reasonable allowance for the exaggerations of navigators, who made them eight and nine, to eleven and twelve feet high, it does appear that many, if not the most of them, are considerably above the ordinary stature of human beings. Falkener measured a cacique or prince of the Tehulis, and found him to be seven feet eight inches high. Their stature, measured with great accuracy by the Spanish officers of Cordova's expedition in 1785 and 1786, was found to be at the utmost seven feet one inch and a quarter, and the common height from six and a half to seven feet. It is to be remembered, however, as the translator of Cordova's narrative has remarked, that the *vara*, or yard of Burgos, the standard of Spain, contains 33.06132 inches, or two feet nine inches and one sixteenth of English; the tallest Patagonians, therefore, did not exceed six feet six inches and one-third English, and those of the common size were from five feet eleven inches and two-thirds to six feet five inches and one-seventh English. It is also to be remembered that Spaniards are not in general tall men, and that a seaman is seldom so among his countrymen; to them, therefore, the Patagonians might appear giants. "But even this height," says Cordova, "is not so striking as their corpulence, or rather bulkiness, some of them measuring four feet and four feet four inches round the breast; but their feet and hands are not in due proportion to their other parts. They all give evident signs of strength of body. They are all exceedingly muscular, but cannot properly be called fat. The size and tension of their muscles evince their strength; and their figure, on the whole, is not disagreeable, although the head is large even in proportion to the body, the face broad and flattish, the eyes lively, and the teeth extremely white, but too long. Their complexions, like that of other Americans, are pale yellow, or rather verging on a copper colour; they wear their black straight hair tied on the top of the head with a piece of thong or ribbon, brought round their forehead, having the head entirely uncovered. We observed some with beards, but which were neither thick nor long. Their dress adds much to the effect of their size, being composed of a kind of cloak made of the skins of llamas or zorillos, arranged with some skill."

The inhabitants of Patagonia seem to be an exception to all the other races of mankind, for we have no authentic information of any other nation growing to

so large a size. Individuals of a gigantic stature have existed in almost all countries, and in all ages of the world; these cases, however, have been comparatively few and isolated. La Pierre, a Danish female, was seven feet in height. John Frederick Duke of Brunswick was eight feet six inches; and one of the King of Prussia's grenadier guards measured the same height. Reishart, a native of Frielberg, near Frankfort, in Germany, was eight feet three inches. There is the skeleton of an Irishman in the museum of the London College which measures eight feet four inches. Gilby, a native of Sweden, who was exhibited as a show, was eight feet in height.

There have been a number of instances of children attaining great preternatural growth at a very early age; among these we may mention one of the most extraordinary instances—a boy of the hamlet of Bouzanquet, in the diocese of Alais, now the department of Gard, in France. Though this child was of a strong constitution, he appeared to be knit and stiff in his joints till he was about four years and a half old. During this time, nothing farther was remarkable in him than an extraordinary appetite, which was satisfied only by giving him plenty of the common food used in the country, consisting of rye-bread, chestnuts, bacon, and water; but soon after this his limbs became supple and pliable, and his body beginning to expand itself, he grew up in so extraordinary a manner, that, at the age of five years, he measured four feet three inches; some months after he was four feet eleven inches; and at six he was five feet high, and bulky in proportion. Such was the rapidity of his growth that we might fancy we saw him grow. Every month his clothes were required to be made longer and wider; and, what was still very extraordinary in his growth, it was not preceded by any sickness, nor accompanied, as usual, with any pain. At the age of five years his voice changed, and at six he had all the appearance of a man of thirty.

Though his sensibility was greater than is commonly observable at the age of five or six years, yet his progress was by no means in proportion to that of his body; his air and manner still remained childish, though, by his thickness and stature, he resembled a complete man, which at first sight produced a singular contrast. His voice was strong and manly, and his great strength rendered him fit for the labours of the country. At the age of five, he could carry to a great distance three measures, weighing eighty-four pounds. When just turned of six years, he could lift up easily on his shoulders and carry loads of 150 pounds weight to a considerable distance; and these exercises were exhibited by him as often as the curious instigated him by any present. Such beginnings made people think that he would soon shoot up into a giant. A mountebank was already soliciting his parents to allow him to be exhibited, flattering them with hopes of putting him in the way of making a great fortune. But all these fond ideas soon vanished; his legs became crooked, his body shrank, his strength diminished, his voice grew insensibly broken, and he at last sunk into a state of total imbecility.

A similar instance of a girl is recorded in the French Memoirs. This girl, at three years of age, resembled the generality of females of fourteen. When four years old, she was four feet six inches in height, and her limbs straight, and in all respects had the appearance of a well-grown girl of eighteen. These remarkable instances are the more to be wondered at, as taking place in northern climates, where mankind are later of arriving at maturity than in the southern countries.

The existence of a pigmy race has not recently been supported by any testimony worthy of credit, and all the accounts which have been detailed are now believed to be founded either in fable or error; but that dwarfs are and have been common in all countries and times, is so well known as to preclude the necessity of discussing the point.

Dwarfs, as well as men of great stature, formerly constituted a part of the equipage of a court. The dwarf, the fool or jester, and the giant, were marks of distinction attendant on the great. Geoffrey Hudson, who was born at Buckingham, in 1619, was a favourite at the court of James the First. This celebrated dwarf was the son of a labourer, and was born at Oakham, in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1619. At seven years of age he entered into the service of the Duke of Buckingham, being then only eighteen inches high. On the queen being entertained at Burleigh-house, the seat of the duke, little Geoffrey was brought on the table in a cold pie, the crust of which being broken, he was taken out and presented by the duchess to her Majesty, queen of Charles the First, who took him into her service, and afterwards sent him to France to fetch over her midwife. In a masque at court, the king's gigantic porter drew him out of his pocket, as if going to eat him, to the great surprise and diversion of all the spectators. In his passage to France he was taken by a pirate and carried to Dunkirk. His captivity and engagement with a turkey cock in that port were celebrated by Mr William Davenant, in his poem on—

* There can be no doubt of the poor labourers in this country being inadequately paid. A kind-hearted landlord, a clergyman, lowers his rent or tithes, and the farmer pockets the amount, without rendering a proportionate assistance to his workmen.

titled Geoffreidos. It is said that after he was thirty years of age, he again commenced growing, and reached the height of three feet nine inches. His diminutive size did not prevent his acting in a military character; for, during the civil war, he was elevated, and served as a captain of cavalry. He followed his fortunes in France, in 1644, where he unfortunately engaged in a quarrel with Mr Crofts, who, on a duel being agreed on, came into the field armed only with a syringe. A second meeting was appointed on horseback, in which Geoffrey killed his antagonist at the first shot. For this he was expelled the court, which induced him to go to sea, where he was again taken by a Turkish corsair, carried to Barbary, and sold as a slave. He found means, however, to obtain his release, and on his return was made a captain in the royal navy, and, on the final retreat of Queen Henrietta, attended her to France, and remained there till the Restoration. In 1682, he was committed to the Gate-House on suspicion of his being concerned in the Popish plot, where he ended his life at the age of sixty-three.

In the reign of Charles the First, a dwarf, named Richard Gibson, who was a page of the back-stairs, and a favourite at court, was married to Miss Ann Shepherd, another dwarf. His Majesty honoured this singular wedding with his presence, and gave away the bride; on which occasion Waller the poet composed the following verses:—

Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care,
Over whose head those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high esteem
As if the world had none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme*
Does to his Galatea† seem:
Ah, Chloris,‡ that kind nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As love made me for only you.

The bridegroom and bride measured each three feet ten inches. Mr Gibson's genius led him to painting; his performances in water colours were esteemed in his days, but the copies he made of Sir Peter Lely's portraits gained him the greatest reputation. He had the honour to be employed in teaching Queen Anne the art of drawing, and was sent into Holland to instruct her sister, the Princess of Orange. He lived to the advanced age of seventy-five; his wife survived him nearly twenty years, and died in 1709, at the great age of eighty-nine.

A dwarf of the name of Coan was exhibited in most parts of England for some years. He was likewise brought on the stage of one of the London theatres, where he was contrasted with a giant, each of whom sung for the entertainment of the company. He was only three feet high.

In the year 1623, there was exhibited in a caravan a dwarf of the diminutive size of two feet two inches. He was remarkably well proportioned, but of a very delicate constitution. He was so light, that we easily held him on the palm of our hand with outstretched arm.

In the year 1710, Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, celebrated a marriage of dwarfs at St Petersburg, which was attended with great parade. Although this monarch was possessed of genius of the first order, yet he was far from being refined in his intellectual enjoyments. The scenes in which he took delight were of a vulgar cast, and however they might have amused people in a humble rank, yet they were ill befitting a great prince. Upon a certain day, which was announced by royal proclamation some months previously, he invited the whole body of his courtiers, and all the foreign ambassadors, to be present at the nuptials of a pigmy man and woman. The preparations for this marriage were not only magnificent, but executed in a style of barbarous ridicule. He ordered all the dwarfs, both male and female, who resided within two hundred miles of St Petersburg, to repair to the capital, and be present at the ceremony. Proper vehicles were supplied for transporting them; but he so contrived it, that one horse was seen dragging a dozen of them into a city at once, while the mob followed, shouting and laughing, from behind. At first, some of these little people were unwilling to appear at a ceremony which they were well aware was calculated to turn them into ridicule, and consequently failed to obey the summons of the emperor. He, however, soon compelled them to bend to his sovereign will, and, as a punishment, enjoined that they should wait upon the rest at dinner. The whole assemblage of dwarfs amounted to seventy, exclusive of the bride and bridegroom, who were richly adorned, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion.

Every article to be used by this diminutive company was in miniature—a low table, small plates, lit-

tle-glasses, and, in short, every thing corresponding to the size of the guests. It afforded the emperor great amusement to watch the gravity and pride manifested by these dwarfs, and the contention of the females for superiority over the men. This point he attempted to adjust, by ordering that the most diminutive should take the lead; but this did not answer the purpose, and bred disputes, for none would then consent to sit foremost. All this, however, being at last settled, dancing followed the dinner, and the ball was opened with a minuet by the bridegroom, who measured exactly three feet two inches high. In the end, matters were so adjusted that this diminutive company, who met together in gloomy pride, and seemed unwilling to be pleased with an entertainment which they attended through compulsion, being at last familiarized to laughter, joined the diversion, and became extremely sprightly and entertaining.

The following interesting history of a dwarf is taken from the *Histoire Naturelle* of Daubenton:—“This dwarf, whose name was Baby, was well known, having spent the greater part of his life at Louisville, in the palace of Stanislaus, the titular king of Poland. He was born near the village of Plaine, in France, in the year 1741. His father and mother were peasants, both of good constitutions, and inured to a life of husbandry and labour. Baby, when born, weighed about a pound and a quarter. We are not informed of the dimensions of his body at that time; but we may conjecture they were very small, as he was presented on a plate to be baptised, and for a long time lay in a slipper. His mouth being very small, he was obliged to be suckled by a she goat that was in the house, and that served as a nurse, attending to his cries with a kind of maternal solicitude. He began to articulate some words when eighteen months old, and at two years he was able to walk alone. He was then fitted with shoes that were about an inch and a half long. He was attacked with several acute disorders; but the small-pox was the only one which left any marks behind it. Until he was six years old, he ate no other food but pulse, potatoes, and bacon. His father and mother were, from their poverty, incapable of affording him any better nourishment; and his education was little better than his food, being bred up among the rustics of the place. At six years old he was about fifteen inches high, and his whole body weighed but thirteen pounds. Notwithstanding this, he was well-proportioned and handsome; his health was good; but his understanding scarcely passed the bounds of instinct. It was at this time that the king of Poland, having heard of such a curiosity, had him conveyed to Lunenburg, gave him the name of *Baby*, and kept him in his palace.

Baby having thus quitted the hard condition of a peasant, to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life, seemed to receive no alteration from his new way of living, either in mind or person. He preserved the goodness of his constitution till about the age of sixteen; but his body seemed to increase very slowly during the whole time, and his stupidity was such, that all instructions were lost in improving his understanding. He could never be brought to have any sense of religion, nor even to show the least signs of a reasoning faculty. They attempted to teach him dancing and music, but in vain; he never could make any thing of music; and as for dancing, although he beat time tolerably exact, yet he could never remember the figure, but while his dancing-master stood by to direct his motions. Nevertheless, a mind thus destitute of understanding was not without its passions.

At the age of sixteen, Baby was twenty-nine inches high; at this he rested; but having thus arrived at his acme, the alterations of old age came fast upon him. From being very beautiful, the poor little creature now became quite deformed; his strength entirely forsook him; his back-bone began to bend; his head hung forward; his limbs grew weak; one of his shoulders turned awry; and his nose grew disproportionately large. With his strength his natural spirits also departed; and by the time he was twenty, he was grown feeble and decrepit, and marked with the strongest impressions of old age. It had been before remarked by some, that he would die of old age before he arrived at thirty; and in fact, by the time he was twenty-two, he could scarcely walk a hundred paces, being worn out with the multiplicity of his years, and bent under the burden of a protracted life. In this year he died. A cold, attended with a slight fever, threw him into a kind of lethargy, which had a few momentary intervals; but he could scarcely be brought to speak. However, it is asserted, that in the five last years of his life he showed a clearer understanding than in his times of best health; but at last he died, after enduring great agonies, in the twenty-second year of his age.”

A learned physician presented, in 1809, a paper to the Royal Society, describing the preserved body of a pigmy which he had examined in the West Indies, the property of a Frenchman, who pretended that he brought the man living from Madagascar, where a whole nation existed of men and women varying from thirty-two to forty inches high. Their manners and customs were also described; but the whole depended on the veracity of the Frenchman, who appeared in a questionable character. In short, since the above period no trace whatever has been discovered of this wonderful race of people.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MUNGO PARK.

Second Article.

For some time after his marriage, and before he set out on his expedition, Mr Park appears to have been quite undecided as to his future prospects in life; and perhaps the comparative independence of his circumstances, from the profits of his publication, and the remuneration he obtained from the African Association, rendered him somewhat indifferent to any immediate permanent settlement. But it was likewise strongly suspected by his intimate friends, that he entertained hopes of being soon called upon to undertake another mission to the Niger, although he kept perfectly silent on the subject. Amongst those who suspected him of this design was his friend Mr Walter Scott, who states that he drew this inference from the following seemingly trifling incident:—Happening to call one day on his friend, at Fowlshiels, he was told that he had walked out, and Mr Scott accordingly proceeded on foot up the banks of the Yarrow, Park's native stream, in hopes of meeting with him. The channel of the river is here very rocky and uneven, occasioning many deep pools and eddies in its course; and, in rounding a corner of the bank, Mr Scott suddenly came upon him, standing on the brink of one of these pools, engaged in throwing large stones into it, and earnestly watching the bubbles that rose to the surface of the water. After observing him for some time, Mr Scott joined him, and asked the reason of his pursuing this singular amusement; upon which Park replied, that this was the plan he adopted for determining the depth of the rivers in Africa—judging of their shallowness or profundity by the time which the bubbles took to ascend, after the immersion of the stone. “From this moment,” says the narrator, “I had no doubt of his having a second exploratory expedition in contemplation.” As time, however, continued to elapse, without any such proposition from the expected quarter being made, Mr Park perceived the imprudence of any longer remaining in idleness, and, in 1801, removed to Peebles, where he commenced practice as a surgeon. But it would appear he was not very successful in this speculation; and this fact, together with the natural restlessness of his disposition, seems to have rendered his situation peculiarly irksome to him. In answer to a friend, who suspected his design of again proceeding abroad, and earnestly remonstrated with him against it, he writes, “that a few inglorious winters of practice at Peebles was a risk as great, and would tend as effectually to shorten life, as the journey he was about to undertake.” In the meantime, his *ennui*, or impatience, was much relieved by the enjoyment of the best society in the neighbourhood, and by being honoured with the friendship of many of the most distinguished literary characters in Scotland at that time. Amongst these were the venerable Dr Adam Ferguson, then resident at Hallyards, near Peebles; Colonel Murray of Cringletie, father of the present Lord Cringletie; and Professor Dugald Stewart. As before mentioned, too, a strong intimacy sprung up between our traveller and the celebrated Author of *Waverley*, then but little known in the literary world, and who resided with his family at Ashiestiel, on the banks of the Tweed. This friendship commenced in 1804, after Mr Park had removed from Peebles to Fowlshiels, and was, as suspected, actually preparing for his second expedition to Africa, of which he had then privately got intimation. It is pleasing to know the cordiality and affectionate familiarity which subsisted between these celebrated men, and also that it arose from a marked congeniality in their tastes and habits.* Park was an enthusiastic lover of poetry, especially the minstrelsy with which his native district was rife; and although he made no pretensions to the laurel crown himself, he occasionally gave expression to his feelings and thoughts in verse, even from his earliest years. It was little wonder, then, that he should own a particular predilection for the society of one whose heart and memory was so richly stored with the ancient ballad lore of his country, although his reserve towards strangers in general, which was carried even to a repulsive degree, was notorious. In particular, Sir Walter has noticed the strong aversion of his friend to being questioned in a promiscuous company on the subject of his adventures, of which grievance, as may be imagined, he had frequent cause to complain. Their last parting has been described by the former in strong and affecting terms. Mr Park paid him a farewell visit at Ashiestiel, where he remained during the night; and, next morning, Sir Walter conveyed him (according to the vernacular phrase) part of the way back to Fowlshiels, over the wild chain of pastoral hills that divide the Tweed from the Yarrow. Park talked much of his intended expedition, and stated his determination of going straight to Edinburgh, to avoid the pain of a formal parting from his wife and family. The two friends were then on the top of William-hope ridge, and the autumnal mist, which floated slowly and heavily down the valley,

* It chanced that they were born within a month of each other.

* Polyphemus, the son of Neptune, a huge and cruel monster, with only one eye in the middle of his forehead, which Ulysses destroyed with a firebrand.

† Galatea, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, passionately loved by Polyphemus.

‡ The poet's mistress.

presented to the poet's imagination a striking emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect of his friend's undertaking. As it was contemplated that Park should be accompanied, in his expedition through the interior of Africa, by a small military force, Scott strongly remonstrated against this plan, as impolitic and dangerous—inefficient to protect him from attack, yet large enough to excite ill-will and suspicion. Mr Park combated these objections, by describing the divided and disorganised condition of the numerous petty kingdoms of Africa, which rendered a combined movement against him unlikely; as also the custom of travellers and caravans of all nations being allowed to travel through their territories on paying a small duty. This interesting conversation occupied the friends till they came to a point of the moor where they had previously agreed to separate, and where a small ditch divided the moor from the road. In going over this ditch, Mr Park's horse stumbled, and nearly fell. "I am afraid, Mungo," said Scott, "that is a bad omen;" to which Park replied, smiling, "*Fretis* (i. e. omens) follow them that frets follow;" and with this proverbial expression, implying that a superstitious anticipation is apt to bring on its own catastrophe, he put spurs to his horse, as if afraid of a formal leave-taking, and was speedily out of sight.

The new mission to Africa, which was now sanctioned and promoted by government, had been projected so far back as 1801; but owing to changes in the ministry, and other causes of delay, the preparations for it were not completed till 1805. Mr Park parted from his family in the way he had fixed on, and proceeded to London with his brother-in-law Mr James Anderson, who, as well as Mr Scott, an artist, had resolved to accompany him in his expedition. On this occasion, Mr Park received the brevet commission of captain in Africa, and a similar commission of lieutenant to his relative Mr Anderson. Mr Scott also was employed by government to accompany the expedition as draughtsman. Mr Park was, at the same time, empowered to enlist soldiers from the garrison of the island of Goree, to the number of forty-five, to accompany him in his journey; and the sum of £5000 was placed at his disposal, together with directions as to his route, &c. The expedition sailed from Portsmouth on the 30th January 1806, and arrived at Pisanía on the 28th of April, where preparations were immediately made for the inland journey. The party consisted of forty men, two lieutenants, a draughtsman (Mr Scott), and Park himself; they had horses for themselves, and asses for carrying the provisions and merchandise. Mr Park wrote to several friends at home, previous to setting out, in the highest spirits, and seemingly perfectly confident of success. In his letter to Mr Dickson, he says, "this day six weeks, I expect to drink all your healths in the Niger;" and again, "I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass through the country to the Niger; and if once we are fairly afloat, the day is won." Alas! how sadly these sanguine expressions contrast with the melancholy issue of the expedition. Park's chance of reaching the Niger in safety depended mainly upon his doing so previous to the commencement of the rainy season, which is always most fatal to Europeans; and scarcely had they got half way when the rain set in, and the effect on the health of the men was as speedy as disastrous. They were seized with vomiting, sickness, dysentery, and delirium; some died on the road, others were drowned in the rivers, and several were left in the precarious charge of the natives in the villages. Some, still more unfortunate, were lost in the woods, where they would inevitably be devoured by wild beasts; while the native banditti, who imagined the caravan to contain immense wealth, hung upon their march, and plundered them at every opportunity. In crossing the Wonda, they nearly lost their guide Isaac, by a large crocodile, which pulled him below the water several times, but from which he at last got free, much lacerated. At another time they were encountered by three large lions, but which took to flight at the sound of Mr Park's musket. At last the miserable remnant of the party—only nine out of forty-four, and these nine all sick, and some in a state of mental derangement—reached Bambakoo, on the Niger. Here Mr Scott was left behind on account of sickness, where he shortly died; while the rest proceeded to Sego, the capital of Bambarra, which they reached on the 19th of September. Mansong was still king, and was so highly gratified with the presents brought to him, that he gave them permission to build a boat, and promised to protect them as far as lay in his power. Mr Park forthwith opened a shop for the sale of his European goods, which immediately obtained such demand, that his shop was crowded with customers from morning till night, and one day he turned over no less than 25,756 cowries. Here, however, he lost his brother-in-law Mr Anderson, a circumstance which afflicted him greatly, and made him feel, as he himself expressed it, "as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa." But not all the sufferings he had undergone, the loss of his companions, or the dismal condition of the remainder, and the perilousness of his situation—nothing could damp the native ardour of his mind. Having got a sort of schooner constructed and rigged out, he prepared for setting out on his formidable journey, previous to which, however, he took care to bring his journal up to the latest hour, and wrote several letters to his friends and relatives in Britain. These were

entrusted to his faithful guide Isaac, to carry back to the Gambia, whence they were transmitted to England. His letter to Mrs Park, excepting that part of it which mentions the death of her brother and Mr Scott, was written in a cheering and hopeful strain; speaks with confidence of his reaching the ocean in safety, and of the probability of his being in England before the letter itself! His companions were now reduced to four, viz., Lieutenant Martyn and three soldiers, one of whom was deranged in his mind; and with this miserable remnant, and a guide named Amadi Fatouma, he set sail, as near as could be ascertained, on the 19th of November 1806. The progress of the unfortunate travellers after this period, and their ultimate fate, so long a mystery, must now be familiar to all our readers, although there are many circumstances attending the unhappy closing scene which are yet shrouded in doubt and uncertainty.

Vague rumours of the death of Park and his companions were brought by some of the natives to the British settlements on the coast, even so early as the end of 1806; but no information could be got for several years of a nature to be at all relied on, during which time the suspense of his friends and of the public at large, but more particularly of his afflicted family, was the most painful nature. At length, in 1810, Colonel Maxwell, governor of Senegal, dispatched Isaac, Park's former guide, into the interior, in order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the reports which prevailed. After an absence of a year and eight months, this individual returned, and the main facts of the narrative, which he gave as the result of his labours, are not only too probable in themselves, but seem to have been thoroughly confirmed by the investigations of subsequent travellers. Isaac stated, that he had fallen in with Mr Park's guide, Amadi Fatouma, at Medina, near Sansanding, who, on seeing Isaac, and hearing the name of Park, began to weep, saying, "they are all dead;" and was with great difficulty induced to detail the melancholy circumstances of the catastrophe. The account which he gave is too long to be introduced entire here, but the substance of it was as follows:—After leaving Sansanding, Mr Park navigated his way down the Niger, as far as Boosa, in the kingdom of Yaour, which was more than two-thirds of the distance towards the ocean, or Gulf of Guinea, and where the river is termed by the natives *Quorra*. They had frequent skirmishes with the natives, particularly in passing Tombuctoo, where several of the natives were killed. On reaching Yaour, Mr Park sent Amadi Fatouma ashore with various presents, some of which were to the chief or governor of the place, but the most valuable portion for the king, to whom the chief was requested to send them. A short while after, the latter sent to inquire if Mr Park intended to come back; and on being answered that he could return no more, the treacherous chief appropriated the presents intended for the king to his own use. This piece of knavery proved fatal to the unfortunate travellers. The king, indignant at the supposed slight cast on him, assembled a large army at the above-mentioned village of Boosa, where a large high rock stretches across the whole breadth of the river, the only passage for the river being through an opening in the rock in the form of a door. The army posted themselves on the top of the rock, and, on Mr Park's attempting to pass, assailed him with lances, pikes, arrows, stones, and missiles of every description. The beleaguered travellers defended themselves for a long time, until all were either killed or severely wounded; when, seeing the uselessness of further resistance, Mr Park, Lieutenant Martyn, and one or two more, jumped out of the boat, and were drowned in attempting to get ashore. Only one slave was left alive. Such was the narrative of Amadi Fatouma, who had left Mr Park at Yaour, where his engagement with him terminated, and where he was for many months afterwards confined in irons on suspicion of having purloined the presents intended for the king, which had been made away with by the treacherous chief. Amadi had obtained the accounts of the fatal scene from those who had taken a part in it. The natives afterwards endeavoured to account for the disappearance of Park, to the inquiries of subsequent travellers, by saying that his vessel had foundered against the rock, and that he and his companions were drowned by accident. But there is now not the shadow of a doubt that the above narrative of Amadi is substantially true.

So perished Mungo Park, in the thirty-fifth year of his age—a man whose natural enthusiasm, scientific acquirements, undaunted intrepidity, patience of suffering, and inflexible perseverance, in short, every quality requisite for a traveller in the path he adopted, have never been surpassed, and who, had he survived, would no doubt have reaped those laurels which more fortunate successors in the same career have won. To these qualities in his public character, it is pleasing to be able to add those of amiable simplicity of manners, constancy of affection, and sterling integrity in private life.

Mr Park's papers were, with the exception of a few scraps,* unfortunately all lost with him, and this is

* These were, an old nautical publication (of which the title-page was missing, and its contents chiefly tables of logarithms), with a few loose memoranda of no importance between the leaves. One of these papers, however, was curious enough, from the situation and circumstances in which it was found. It was a card of invitation to dinner, and was in the following terms:—

"Mr and Mrs Watson would be happy to have the pleasure of

much to be regretted, as, notwithstanding the late important discoveries of the Landers, who have traced the course of the Quorra or Niger from Boussa, where Park fell, down to the Gulf of Guinea, they were unable to explore a great part of that immense portion of it which flows between Boussa and Tombuctoo, and which Park must of necessity have navigated. Their united labours have, however, solved the grand problem which has engaged the attention of all civilized nations from the earliest ages to which history leads us back; and there seems little cause for doubt, that, in a short time, the still broken links in the great chain of communication with the centre of Africa will be united. What prospects to commerce, science, and, above all, to the cause of Christianity, does not the attainment of this object open up!

THE MODERN JEWS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE Jewish nation, as well as the Jewish books, may be considered, both in their nature and in their history, as perfectly unique, presenting a wonderful phenomenon in the annals of the human race. Their origin in a single family—their residence in Egypt, and going forth from thence—their wandering forty years in the wilderness—their wars in Canaan, and settlement there—as well as their miseries at different times—are all circumstances worthy of admiration, and such as are recorded of no other nation under heaven. Nor is the history of the modern Jews much less surprising than that of their ancestors. Their rejection of the Messiah—the destruction of their chief city and temple by the Romans—and their subsequent dispersion among different nations—together with the dreadful persecutions and calamities which have there befallen them at different times—form a very important and interesting chapter. This branch of history we do not mean to enter fully upon at present, but shall merely bring forward a few observations regarding the customs, opinions, and religious observances of the Jews in their present state.

"The famous Benjamin of Tudel," says the author of the *Philosophy of History*, "a very learned Rabbín, who travelled in Europe and Asia in the twelfth century, computed that there were 380,000 Jews of the ancient tribes assembled under one sovereign. The Jews never had any country to themselves since the time of Vespasian, except some hamlets of Arabia Felix towards the Red Sea. Mahomet was at first obliged to keep terms with them; but he at length destroyed the little dominion which they had established in the north of Mecca. It is from the time of Mahomet that they have ceased to compose a body of people."

The fertility of Palestine in ancient times, as well as the crowded population which it is said to have supported when possessed by the Jewish people, are circumstances which have caused a good deal of wonder to travellers who have visited those regions in modern times. The country was called Palestine, from the Philistines, who inhabited a great part of it. It got also the name of the Land of Promise, from its having been long promised to the children of Abraham before they obtained actual possession of it. The name of Judea is derived from the tribe of Judah, who inhabited the most pleasant and fertile portion, and because the royal authority was placed in that tribe. It was also denominated the Holy Land, because it was selected by Jehovah for a habitation to his favoured people—for a place where to record his name, and establish his church.

The veneration of the Jews for this celebrated region led them to consider it as the centre of the globe, and situated in the heart of all nations. They call it, in Hebrew, the centre of the world, and the beauty of all lands. A ridge of high hills separated it from Edom, or Idumea, upon the south. The river Jordan, the lake Asphaltites, or sea of Sodom, and the sea of Tiberias, formed the eastern boundary. Upon the north, it was separated from Phœnicia by the mountain Anti-Libanus; and the western coast was washed by the gentle waves of the Mediterranean. It extended about two hundred miles in length, and eighty in breadth.

Moses describes this inheritance of Abraham's sons as "a land that flowed with milk and honey; as a

Mr Park's company at dinner on Tuesday next, at half past five o'clock. An answer is requested.

"Strand, 9th Nov. 1804."

These were the only written documents belonging to Park which the Messrs Landers, after the most anxious inquiries and investigations, were able to discover. They succeeded, however, in recovering his double-barrelled gun, and the robe, or short cloak, which he wore when he was drowned.

country of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of vallies and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive and honey; a land where there is no lack of any thing; whose rocks are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." The modern traveller, who has formed his conceptions of the Holy Land from such a description, is quite disappointed on entering this celebrated country. He beholds the general surface irregular and rugged, presenting to his view, in some places, naked rocks and steep precipices, intersected every where by ridges of mountains, abounding in woods and marked with deserts. From its general appearance and contracted limits, he is apt to question the accuracy of the account of its ancient fertility and population. It will readily be granted that the appearance of this country since the destruction of Jerusalem—the extirpation of the Jews—the devastations of the Turks—and the continual depredations of the Arabs—bears no resemblance to its ancient splendour. But, on the same principles, we would reject the accounts of ancient history concerning the prosperity and splendour of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Tyre, Greece, Carthage, Syracuse, and the islands of Asia Minor, all of which are situated in the same part of the world, and have experienced a similar declension.

The celebrated traveller Maundrell, speaking on this subject, remarks as follows:—"It is obvious for any one to observe that these rocks and hills (of Palestine) must have been anciently covered with earth, and cultivated, and made to contribute to the maintenance of the inhabitants no less than if the country had been all plain. Nay, perhaps much more; forasmuch as such a mountainous and uneven surface affords a larger space of ground for cultivation than this country would amount to if it were all reduced to a perfect level. For the husbanding of these mountains, their manner was to gather up the stones, and place them in several lines along the sides of the hills, in form of a wall. By such borders they supported the mould from tumbling or being washed down, and formed many beds of excellent soil, rising gradually one above another, from the bottom to the top of the mountains. Of this form of culture you see evident vestiges wherever you go in all the mountains of Palestine. Thus the very rocks were made fruitful. And, perhaps, there is no spot of ground in this whole land that was not formerly improved, to the production of something or other ministering to the sustenance of human life."*

In different parts of the mountains of Palestine, a very different temperature prevails. Hence the expression of the Arabian poets, that "the mountain Sennir bears winter on his head, spring upon his shoulders, and autumn in his bosom, while summer lies sleeping at his feet."

In addition to what has been remarked by Maundrell, and other modern travellers, it ought to be remembered that the history of mankind affords numerous instances in which natural obstacles have been removed, and an enlightened and vigorous policy, seconded by fortunate circumstances and national industry, have diffused fertility among barren wilds, and crowded the desert with population. Besides, the soil of Palestine was naturally fertile, required little or no manure, and could be cultivated by means of a small plough and a single yoke of oxen; each inhabitant was lord of his own little possession, endeared to him as the family inheritance—which circumstances all united to stimulate his industry, and contributed to augment the riches of nature, as well as to multiply the enjoyments of man.

The want of good government, and the consequent depression of industry, must, therefore, be looked upon as the chief, if not the only causes of the deplorable state of Palestine in modern times. "A very affecting idea of the state of society in this country," says Mr Cook, who travelled there in 1824, "may be formed from the fact, that the husbandmen and others carry fire-arms with them wherever they go. Our mulcteer had a musket, and the Greek pedlar a cutlass and pistols. Every man you meet would serve a painter as the model for an assassin."—"The town of Acre," says the same traveller, "has a beautiful appearance when seen from a short distance. The palm-trees, which are more numerous here than in either of the towns I had hitherto seen, give it quite an oriental appearance. One of the mosques has a lofty minaret. There is a Turkish burial-ground on the side of the road, near the town. Flowers were planted on most of the graves. I was detained at Acre, waiting for my letter of protection, till eight o'clock. We continued our road over the sands about three hours, when we crossed some hills, which may be considered as a part of Mount Carmel, and entered upon a country which, though wild and uncultivated, is possessed of great richness and beauty. We passed a considerable encampment of herdsmen, with very large flocks of sheep and herds of kine.

"In the impression produced on me by the great beauty of the country through which we were travelling, I could not help saying to the Jew, 'What a beautiful country God has reserved for your nation.' 'Yes,' said he, 'when we shall become good enough to merit it.'"

The population of Palestine in ancient times corresponded to its fertility. In the days of David, when

he commanded Joab to number the people, there were of the Israelites 800,000 fighting men, and of the single tribe of Judah 500,000; and, upon the supposition that this was a third part of the inhabitants, their number would amount to nearly four millions, or 550 inhabitants to a square mile, as Major Rennel has computed the extent of Palestine to be 7250 square miles. The population seems to have reached its maximum during the peaceful and prosperous days of Solomon, when it is said, "Judah and Israel were many, as the sand which is by the sea, in multitude, eating and drinking, and making merry. And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon."* Now, if they amounted to four millions in the time of David, as is calculated, we shall certainly be justified in estimating them at five millions during their maximum, in the days of Solomon; and this is nearly the number of the Jews in the world at present, according to the most accurate estimate that can be made. This circumstance wonderfully illustrates what is said by the Prophet Amos, in regard to the dispersion of this people over the world—"Behold, the eyes of the Lord Jehovah are upon the sinful kingdom, and I will destroy it from off the face of the land; saying that I will not utterly destroy the house of Jacob, saith Jehovah. For lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."†

There is a particular circumstance in the history of the Jews, and very worthy of notice, viz. their great proneness to idolatry before the Babylonish captivity, and their entire abandoning of it ever after that time. The true reason why the Jews were so prone to idolatry before the Babylonish captivity, and so cautious, nay, superstitiously fixed against it ever after, according to Prideaux, appears plainly to be this, that they had the law and the prophets read to them every week, in their synagogues, after the captivity, which they had not before: for they had no synagogues till after that period. That this was the case, Prideaux considers as certain, from the circumstance of there being but few copies of the law extant in Judea before the time of the captivity, which could not have happened if synagogues had then existed. "And it is most probable," says he, "that Ezra's reading to them the law, and the necessity which thereon they perceived there was of having it oftener read among them, for their instruction in it, gave them the occasion of erecting synagogues after the captivity."‡ Some are of opinion, however, that it must have been during the captivity that the Jews, having no temple, began to build these places of assembly, for that is what the Greek word *synagogue* signifies, for prayer and instruction in the law.

The synagogues, therefore, are sacred places, set apart for prayer and instruction. With relation to the former of these purposes, they were sometimes called *oratories*: and the Greek word by which these are designated in the New Testament, signifies both *prayer* and the *place of prayer*. The synagogues have no certain form; but they have each of them an altar, or rather table, upon which the Book of the Law is spread. At the east side there is a cupboard or chest, called *Aron*, i. e. the *ark*, in which the holy book, or Roll of the Law, called the *Torah*, is kept; and there are generally a great many lamps hung to the ceiling. The seats of the synagogues are so placed that the people always sit with their faces towards the elders, and the place where the law is kept; and the elders sit with their backs to this chest or ark, and their faces to the people. These places are the *chief seats in the synagogues*, which the Pharisees sought after, and for which our Lord condemns them. The women are separated from the men, in a chamber, which joining to the synagogue, they can from thence hear and see what is done.

There were several of these places of assembly in every city of the Holy Land, and they reckoned up to the number of 480 of them in Jerusalem; which number was necessary for that prodigious multitude of Jews, who were obliged to come thither three times a-year, to worship God in the Temple. Of these synagogues, some were peculiar to the Jews of every country, and of every condition. Thus we find mention is made, in the Acts of the Apostles, of the synagogue of the *Freedmen* and of the *Alexandrians*.§

CURIOUS EXAMINATION OF A SCOTCH WITNESS BEFORE A JURY.

The following examination, which took place in a question tried in 1817, in the Jury Court, between the Trustees on the Kinghorn Passage and the town of Kirkcaldy, affords a striking proof of that caution which is held to be a prominent feature in the character of a Scotchman.

The witness was called on the part of the trustees, and apparently full of their interest. The counsel having heard that the man had got a present of a coat from the clerk to the trustees before coming to attend the trial, thought proper to interrogate him on that point; as, by proving this, it would have the effect of completely setting aside his testimony. The examination is as follows:—

* 1st Kings iv. 20, 25. † Amos ix. 8, 9.
‡ Prideaux's Connection of the Old and New Testament, vol. ii. p. 124.
§ Acts vii. 9.

Q. Pray, where did you get that coat?—The witness (looking obliquely down on the sleeve of his coat, and from thence to the counsel), with a mixture of effrontery and confusion, exclaimed—A. Coat, coat, Sir! Where gat I that coat?

Q. I wish to know where you got that coat?—A. May be ye ken where I got it.

Q. No; but we wish to know from whom you got it?—A. Did ye gi'e me that coat?

Q. Tell the jury where you got that coat?—A. What's your business wi' that?

Q. It is material that you tell the court where you got the coat?—A. 'Am no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. Do you not recollect whether you bought that coat, or whether it was given to you?—A. I canna recollect every thing about ma coats—whan I get them, or whare I get them.

Q. You said you remembered perfectly well about the boats 42 years ago, and the people that lived at Kirkcaldy then, and John More's boat; and can you not recollect where you got that coat you have on at present?—A. 'Am no gaun to say any thing about coats.

Q. Did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?—A. How do you ken any thing about that?

Q. I ask you, did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?—A. 'Am no bound to answer that question, but merely to tell the truth.

Q. So you wont tell where you got that coat?—A. I didna get the coat to do ony thing wrang for't; I didna engage to say ony thing that was na true.

The Lord Chief Commissioner, when the witness was going out of the box, called him back, and observed, "the court wish to know from you something farther about this coat. It is not believed or suspected that you got it improperly or dishonestly, or that there is any reason for your concealing it. You may have been disinclined to speak about it, thinking that there was something of insult or reproach in the question put from the bar. You must be sensible that the bench can have no such intention; and it is for your credit, and the sake of your testimony, to disclose fairly where you got it. There may be discredit in concealing, but none in telling where you got it."

Q. Where did you get the coat?—A. 'Am no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. True, you are not obliged to tell where you got it, but it is for your own credit to tell.—A. I didna come here to tell about coats, but to tell about boats and pinnaces.

Q. If you do not tell, I must throw aside your evidence altogether.—A. 'Am no gaun to say ony thing about ma coat; 'am no obliged to say ony thing about it.

Witness went away, and was called back by Lord Gillies.

Q. How long have you had that coat?—A. I dinna ken how lang I hae had ma coat. I hae plenty o' coats. I dinna mind about this coat or that coat.

Q. Do you remember any thing near the time: have you had it a year, a month, or a week? Have you had it a week?—A. Hoot, ay, I dare say I may.

Q. Have you had it a month?—A. I dinna ken: I cam' here to speak about boats, and no about coats.

Q. Did you buy the coat?—A. I dinna mind what coat I bought, or what coat I got.

The consequence was, that their lordships were forced to reject the evidence of this witness.—*Scots Magazine*, 1817.

BEER.

Beer was first brewed in England about the year 1492; in Scotland it had been known ten years earlier. By a statute of James the First, one full quart of the best beer or ale was to be sold for one penny, and two quarts of small beer (better than some ale now-a-days) for a penny.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

[The Editors of the Journal beg to direct particular attention this week to their Popular Information on Science. The article under that head is of an uncommonly interesting nature, and is intended to be followed up in the ensuing number.]

The present number of the Journal completes a quarter, for which payment was generally received from subscribers in town the Publishers respectfully notify, that, in the course of the ensuing week, receipts for the next quarterly payment will be sent to the houses of the subscribers, and that it would be conferring a particular favour, and save much trouble, if payment were made when called for. It would, perhaps, be most convenient for both parties, in order to prevent the possible necessity of a second application, that the subscribers (if they wish to continue the Journal) should leave the small sum required with their servants.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS. EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 72.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE WATCHMAKER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

DAVID DRYBURGH was the head watchmaker in the old burgh of Caverton, and a very good watchmaker he was; at least I never knew one who could better make a charge, and draw out a neat and specious bill. Every watch that went to him to clean required a new mainspring at least, and often new jewels for pivots to the fly-wheel, or a new chain or hairspring; or, if the owner had a very simple look, his watch needed all these together.

But experience teacheth fools wisdom. David, for all his good workmanship and handsome charges, never had one sixpence to polish another; so, after due consideration, he said to himself one day, "This will never do! I must have a wife! There is no respectability to be obtained in this world without a wife! No riches, no comfort, without a wife! I'll have one, if there is one to be had in this town for love or money. Money! God bless the mark! I'll not have a lady. No, no; I'll not have a lady; I never could find out what these creatures called ladies were made for. It could not be for mothers of families, for not one of them can nurse a child; and it is a queer thing if our Maker made so many handsome elegant creatures just to strut upon a piano, eat fine meat, and wear braw claes. No, no! Before I married a lady, I would rather marry a tinkler. I'll marry Peg Ketchen. She can put a hand to every thing; and if any body can lay by something for a sore foot or a rainy day, I think Peg's that woman. I'll ask Peg. If she refuse, I have no less than I have."

David went that very evening, and opened his mind to Peg Ketchen. "Peg, I have taken it into my head to have a wife to keep me decent, sober, and respectable, and I'm going to make you the first offer."

"Thank you, sir; I'm singularly obliged to you. Only you may save yourself the trouble of making such an offer to me; for of all characters, a confirmed drunkard is the one that I dread most. You are a Sabbath-breaker; I know that. You are a profane swearer; I know that also. From these I think I could wean you; but a habitual drunkard it is out of the power of woman or man to reclaim. Oh, I would not be buckled to such a man for the world! As lang as Will Dunlop, or Jamie Inglis, or John Cheap, needed a dram, your last penny would go for it."

"It is ower true you say, Peg, my bonny woman. But ye ken I can work weel, an' charge fully as weel; an' gin ye were to take the management o' the proceeds, as the writers ca't, I think things wad do better. Therefore, take a walk into the country with me on Sunday."

"Did ever ony leevin' hear the like o' that! preserve us a' to do weel an' right; the man's a heathen, an', I declare, just rinnin' to the deil wi' his e'en open. Wad ye hae me to profane the Sabbath-day, gaun rakin' athwart the country wi' a chap like you? Heigh-wow! I wad be come to a low mite then! What wad the auld wives be sayin' to the lads an' I were to do that? I can tell you what they wad be sayin', 'What think ye o' your bonny Peg Ketchen now? When she should hae been at the kirk, like a decent lass, serving her Maker, she has been awa' flirtin' the hale Sunday wi' a drunken profligate, wha bilkit his auld uncle, an' sang hisel' hame frae London wi' a tied-up leg, like a broken sailor.' Ha, ha, Davie! I ken ye, lad."

"Now, you are rather too hard on me, Peg; I am proffering you the greatest honour I have in my power to bestow."

"The greatest dishonour, you mean."

No. 20, Vol. II.

"You know I am as good a tradesman as is in Scotland."

"The mair's the pity! And wha's the best drinker i' Scotland? For it will lie aween you an' John Henderson and Will Dunlop; for, as for Tam Stalker, he's no ance to be compared wi' you."

"But, Peg, my woman—my dear, bonny woman—hear me speak, will you?"

"No, no, David, I winna hear ye speak; sae dinna try to lead me into a scrape, for I tell you again, as I tauld ye already, that of a' characters i' the world a confirmed drunkard is the most dangerous that a virtuous young woman can be connectit wi'. Depend on it, the heat o' your throat will soon burn the claes aff your back; an' how soon wad it burn them off mine too!—for, ye ken, a woman's claes are muckle easier brunt than a man's. Sae, gang your ways to the changehouse, an' tak a dram wi' Will Dunlop; ye'll be a great deal the better o't. An', hear ye, dinna come ony mair to deave me wi' your love, and your offers o' marriage; for, there's my hand, I sall never court or marry wi' you. I hae mair respect for mysel' than that comes to."

Was not Peg a sensible girl? I think she was. I still think she must naturally have been a shrewd girl; but no living can calculate what a woman will do when a man comes in the question. There is a feeling of dependence and subordination about their guileless hearts, in reference to the other sex, that can be wound up to any thing, either evil or good. Peg was obliged to marry David, after all her virtuous resolutions. The very night of the wedding he got drunk; and poor Peg, seeing what she had brought herself to, looked in his face with the most pitiful expression, while his drunken cronies made game of him, and were endless in their jests on "Benedict the married man." Peg saw the scrape she had brought herself into, but retreat was impracticable: so she resolved to submit to her fate with patience and resignation, and to make the most of a bad bargain that she could.

And a bad bargain she has had of it, poor woman, apparently having lost all heart several years ago, and submitted, along with three children, to pine out life in want and wretchedness. The wedding booze increased David's thirst so materially, that it did not subside, night or day, for nearly a fortnight, until a kind remonstrance, mixed with many tears, from his young wife, made him resolve to turn over a new leaf. So away David went into the country, and cleaned all the people's clocks early in the morning before the owners rose, for fear of making confusion or disturbance in the house afterwards:—David was very attentive and obliging that way. Of course the clocks got nothing more than a little oil on the principal wheels; but the charge was always fair and reasonable, seldom exceeding five shillings. Then all the bells in each house required new cranks and new wires. They needed neither, but only a little oil and scrubbing up; but these were a source of considerable emolument. Then he gathered in all the watches of the country which were not going well, cleaned them all, and put in a great many nominal mainsprings, and really would have made a great deal of money, had it not been for the petty changehouses, not one of which he could go by; and when he met with a drouthy crony like Captain Palmer, neither of them would rise while they had a sixpence between them.

But the parish minister of the old burgh of Caverton, though accounted a very parsimonious gentleman himself, had a sincere regard for the welfare of his flock, temporal as well as spiritual; and in his annual

visit he charged every one of them, that, when David did any work for them, they were to pay the wife, and not him. The greater part of them acquiesced; but Wattie Henderson refused, and said, "O, poor soul, ye dinna ken what he has to thole! Ye ken about his drinkin', but ye ken little thing about his drouth."

The shifts that David was now put to for whisky were often very degrading, but still rather amusing. One day he and Dunlop went in to Mr Mercer's inn, David saying, "I must try to get credit for a Hawick gill or two here to-day, else we'll both perish." They went in, and called for the whisky. Mercer asked David if he had the money to pay for it? David confessed that he had not, but said Mr Elliot of Dodhope was owing him three-and-sixpence, and as he was in the town that day, he would give him an order on him, if he was afraid of the money coming through his hands. Mr Mercer said he would never desire a better creditor than Gideon, and gave them their three gills of whisky; but on going and presenting his order to Mr Elliot, he found that he had never, in his life, been owing David any thing which he had not paid before he left the house.

Another time he met the clergyman, and said to him, "You have been a great deal of money out of my pouch, sir, wi' your grand moral advices. I think you owe me one-and-sixpence about yon bells—would it be convenient to pay me to-day? I have very much need of it."

"And what are you going to do with it, David? I wish I were owing you ten times the sum; I should know whom to pay it to, for you have a wife and family that are worth looking after; but if you tell me the sterling truth of your necessity, perhaps I may pay you."

"Why, the truth is, sir—look yonder: yonder is Will Dunlop and Jamie Inglis, standing wi' their backs against the wa', very drouthy like. I wad like to gie them something, poor chieels, to drink."

"Now, David, as I am convinced you have told me the sterling truth, and as there is no virtue I value higher, there is your eighteen-pence, although I shall tax myself with the payment of it a second time to Peg."

"God bless you, sir!—God bless you! and may you never want a glass of whisky when you are longing as much for it as I am."

Another day he came up with Will Dunlop, and said, "O man, what hae ye on ye? for I'm just spitting sixpences."

"I have just eighteen-pence," said Dunlop, "which I got from my wife to buy a shoulder of mutton for our dinner; and as it is of her own winning, I dare not part with it, for then, you know, the family would want their dinner."

"It is a hard case any way," said David; "but I think the hardest side of it is, for two men, dying o' thirst, to lose that eighteen-pence. Give it to me, and I'll try to make a shift."

Dunlop gave it him, and David went away to Wattie Henderson, an honest, good-natured, simple man, and said that his wife had sent him "for a shoulder of mutton for their dinner, and she has limited me to a sum, you see (showing him the money). If you have a shoulder that suits the price, I must have it."

"We can easily manage that, David," said he; "for see, here is a good cleaver; I can either add or diminish." He cut off a shoulder. "It is too heavy for the money, David; it comes to two-and-four-pence."

"I wad like to hae the shoulder keepit hale, sir, as I suspect my sister is to dine with us to-day. Will you just allow me to carry the mutton over to the

foot of the wynd, and see if Peg be pleased to advance the rest of the price?"

"Certainly," said Mr Henderson; "I can trust your wife with any thing."

David set straight off with the shoulder of mutton to Mrs Dunlop, who declared that she had never got such a good bargain in the flesh-market before; and the two friends enjoyed their three gills of whisky exceedingly. Mr Henderson, wondering that neither the mutton nor the money was returned, sent over a servant to inquire about the matter. Poor Peg had neither ordered nor received the shoulder of mutton; and all that she and her three children had to dine upon, was six potatoes.

"Poor fellow," said Wattie, "if I had kend he had been sae dry, I wad hae wat his whistle to him without any cheater."

At length there came one very warm September, and the thirst that some men suffered was not to be borne. David felt that in a short time his body would actually break into chinks with sheer drought, and that some shift was positively required to keep body and soul together. Luckily, at that very time a Colonel Maxwell came to the house of John Fairgrieve, an honest, decent man, who had made a good deal of money by care and parsimony, and lived within two or three miles of Caverton. The colonel came with his dog, his double-barrelled gun, and livery servant, and bargained with John, at a prodigiously high board, for himself and servant. He said, as his liberty of shooting lay all around there, he did not care how much board he paid for a few weeks, only John was to be sure to get them the best in the country, both to eat and drink. He did so—laying in wine and spirits, beef and mutton; and the colonel and his servant lived at heck and manger, the one boozing away in the room, and the other in the kitchen, in both of which every one who entered was treated liberally. In the forenoons the colonel thundered among the partridges; but he never killed any, as he was generally drunk from morning to night, and from night to morning.

At length, John's daughter, Joan, a comely and sensible girl, began rather to smell a rat; and she says to her father one day, "Father, dinna ye think this grand cornel o' your's is hardly sicker an polished gentlemanly man as ane wad expect o' ane o' his rank?"

"I dinna ken, Joan; the man's weel eneuch if he wadna swear sae whiles, whilk I like unco ill. But there's ae thing that's ayont my comprehension: I wish he may be cannie; for dinna ye hear that our cock begins to crawl every night about midnight, an' our hens to cackle as gin they war a' layin' eggs together, an' the feint an egg's among them a'?"

Joan could not repress a laugh; so she turned her back, and took a hearty one, saying, when she recovered her breath, "I think baith master an' man are very uncivil and worthless chaps."

"If either the ane or the ither has been unceivil to you, my woman, just tell me sae. Say but the word, an' I'll —"

"Na, na, father; dinna get intil a passion for nae thing. I'll take care o' mysel', if ye can but take care o' yoursel'. It is that that I'm put till't about. Dinna ye think that for a' your outlay ye're unco lang o' fingerin' ony o' their siller?"

John gave a hitch up with his shoulder, as if something had been biting it, rubbed his elbow, and then said, "The siller will answer us as weel when it comes a' in a slump together; for then, ye ken, we can pop it into the bank; whereas, if it were coming in every day, or even every week, we might be motering it away, spending it on this thing an' the ither thing."

"Yes, father; but, consider, if ye shoudna get it ava. Is nae the colonel's chaise an' horses standin' ower at the Blue Bell?"

"Ay, that they are, an' at ten shillings a-day, too. Gin the cornel warna a very rich man, could he afford to pay that sae lang, think ye?"

"Weel, father, take ye my advice. Gang away ower to Mr Mather, o' the Bell, an' just see what the carriage an' horses are like; for I wadna wonder if ye had to arreest them yet for your expenses. Mr Mather's a gayen auld-farrant chap, and, it is said, kens every man's character the first time he hears him speak. He'll tell you at aince what kind o' man your graad cornel is. And by a' means, father, tak a good look o' the carriage an' the horses, that ye may ken them again, like."

John knew that his daughter Joan was a shrewd sensible lassie; so, without more expostulation, he put on his Sunday clothes, went away to the old burgh of Caverton, and called on Mr Mather. No! there were no carriage nor horses there belonging to a Colonel Maxwell, nor ever had been. This was rather astounding news to John; but what astounded him more was a twinkling blink from the wick of Mr Mather's wicked black eye, and an ominous shake of his head. "Pray tell me this, John," said Mr Mather: "does this grand colonel of yours ever crow like a cock, or cackle like a laying hen?"

John's jaws fell down. "It's verra extrordner how ye should hae chanced to speer that question at me, sir," said he; "for the truth is, that, sin' ever that man came to our house, our cock has begun a crawin' at midnight, an' a' our hens a-cackling; as the hale o' them had been layin' eggs, an' yet no an egg among them a'."

"Ah, John, ye may drink to your expenses and board-wages, then; for I heard of a certain gentle-

man being amissing out of this town for a while past; and I likewise heard that he had borrowed a hunting-jacket, a dog, and a gun, from John Henderson."

John went away home in very great wrath, resolved, I believe, to throttle the colonel and his servant both; but they had been watching his motions that day, and never returned to his house more, neither to crow like cocks, cackle like hens, drink whisky, or pay for their board and lodging."

Tom Brown was very angry at David about this, and reproved him severely for taking in an honest industrious old man. "But, dear man, what could a body do?" said David. "A man canna dee for thirst if there's ony thing to be had to drink either for love or money."

"But you should have wrought for your drink yourself," David.

"Wrought for my drink? An' what at, pray? A' the house bells were gaun janglin' on, like broken pots, in their usual way; there wasna even the mainspring of a watch wanting. And as for the clocks, they just went on, tick-for-tick, tick-for-tick, with the most tedious and provoking monotony. I couldna think of a man, in the whole country, who didna ken my face, but John; an' I kend he was as able to keep me a wee while as ony other body. An' what's the great matter? I'll clean his watch an' his clock to him as lang as he lives, an' never charge him ony thing, gin it be nae a new mainspring whiles, an' we'll maybe come nearly equal again."

The last time I saw Peg Kethen—what a change! From one of the sprightliest girls in the whole country, she is grown one of the most tawdry, miserable-looking objects. There is a hopeless dejection in her looks, which I never saw equalled; and I am afraid, that, sometimes when she has it in her power, she may take a glass herself, and even get a basting, for no man can calculate what a drunken man will do.

Now, though I have mixed two characters together in these genuine and true sketches, my reason for thus publishing them is to warn and charge every virtuous maiden, whatever she does, never to wed with a habitual drunkard. A virtuous woman may reclaim a husband from almost every vice but that; but that will grow upon him to his dying day; and if she outlive him, he will leave her a penniless and helpless widow. It is well known the veneration I have for the fair sex, and I leave them this charge as a legacy, lest I should not be able to address them again.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE APOCRYPHA.

HAVING given an account of the origin and literary characteristics of the accredited and usually accepted books composing the Old and New Testament, we now proceed to offer a few details relative to those books styled the APOCRYPHA, a branch of the subject possessed of considerable interest, and which we shall treat in the same measure of impartiality.

The term *Apocrypha* is Greek, signifying *hidden or concealed*, and is used to designate a number of books, often placed between the Old and New Testament, or otherwise bound up with them. Some writers divide the sacred books into three classes, viz., the canonical, the ecclesiastical, and the apocryphal. In the first, they place those whose authority has never been questioned in the Catholic or Universal Church; in the second, those which were not received at first, but which were nevertheless read in the public assemblies, as books that were useful, though they never placed them upon the same footing of authority as the former; and in the third, they placed the books which were of no authority, which could not be made to appear in public, but were kept *hidden*, and were, therefore, called *apocryphal*, that is, *concealed*, or such as could not be used in public. "Let us lay aside those books which have been called *apocryphal*," says St Augustine, "because their authors were not known to our fathers, who have, by a constant and certain succession, transmitted down to us the authority and truth of the Holy Scriptures. Though some things in these apocryphal books are true, yet as there are in them multitudes of others which are false, they are of no authority."

The Apocrypha consists of *fourteen* books, viz. First and Second Esdras, Tobit, Judith, the rest of the chapters of the Book of Esther, the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the Song of the Three Holy Children, the History of Susanna, the Story of Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, and the First and Second Book of the Maccabees. Every attentive reader must perceive that these books want the majesty of inspired scripture; and that there are in them a variety of things wicked, false, and disagreeing with the oracles of God. None of them were ever found in the proper Hebrew tongue; and they were never received into the canon of scripture by the Jews, to whom the oracles of God were originally committed. They were partly read in private by the an-

cient Christians, as useful; but they did not admit them into the canon of Scripture. None of them are found in the catalogue of the canonical books by Melita, bishop of Sardis, in the second century; nor does Origen in the third, or Epiphanius in the fourth, in the least acknowledge their authenticity. One or two of the writers of them, also, ask pardon if they have said any thing amiss; which clearly shows that they were not inspired, or at least did not consider themselves to be so; and, therefore, these books can by no means be considered as having a title to form part of the word of God. A very simple analysis of the books themselves will be sufficient to demonstrate this to every attentive mind.

I. It is not known at what time the First Book of Esdras was written, neither is it known who was the author of it; but Prideaux considers it certain that he wrote before the time of Josephus. It was originally to be found only in Greek; and in the Alexandrian manuscript it is placed before the canonical Book of Ezra, and is there called the First Book of Ezra, because the events related in it occurred prior to the return from the Babylonish captivity. In some editions of the Septuagint, it is called the *First Book of the Priest* (meaning Ezra), the authentic book of Ezra being called the second book. In the editions of the Latin vulgate, previous to the Council of Trent, this and the following book are styled the Third and Fourth Books of Esdras, those of Ezra and Nehemiah being entitled the first and second books. This book is chiefly historical, giving an account of the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, the building of the temple, and the re-establishment of divine worship. It is, in fact, nothing but a bad extract of the two last chapters of Chronicles, and the Book of Ezra; and, in a great many instances, it even contradicts these. The author falsely makes Zorobabel a young man in the days of Darius Hystaspes, and Joakim to be his son; whereas he was the son of Joshua, the high priest. He calls Darius king of Assyria, long after that empire was utterly dissolved; and makes some things to be done under Darius which were done under Cyrus.

II. The author of the Second Book of Esdras is likewise unknown. It is supposed to have been originally written in Greek, though the original of it has never been found but in Latin; and there is an Arabic version, differing very materially from it, and having many interpolations. Although the writer personates Ezra, it is manifest, from the style and contents of his book, that he lived long after that celebrated Jewish reformer. He pretends to visions and revelations, but they are so fanciful, indigested, ridiculous, and absurd, that it is clear the Holy Spirit could have no concern in the dictating of them. He believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and that the souls of good and wicked men would all be then delivered out of hell. A great many rabbinical fables occur in this book, particularly the account of the six days' creation, and the story of Behemoth, or Enoch, as it is here called, and Leviathan—two monstrous creatures that are designed as a feast for the elect after the day of resurrection, &c. He says that the ten tribes are gone away into a country which he calls Arsareth, and that Ezra restored the whole body of the Scriptures which had been entirely lost. He also speaks of Jesus Christ and his Apostles in so clear a manner, that the gospel itself is scarcely more explicit. On these accounts, and from the numerous traces of the language of the New Testament, and especially of the Revelation of St John, which are discoverable in this book, several critics have concluded that it was written about the close of the first century, by some converted Jew, who assumed the name of Esdras or Ezra.

III. The Book of Tobit, from the simplicity of the narrative, and the lessons of piety and meekness which it contains, has been always one of the most popular of the apocryphal writings. It was first written in Chaldee by some Babylonian Jew; but there is no authentic information as to his name, or the time when he flourished. It professes to relate the history of Tobit and his family, who were carried into captivity to Nineveh by Shalmanezzer, being first begun by Tobit, then continued by his son Tobias, and, lastly, finished by some other of the family, and afterwards digested by the Chaldee author into that form in which we now have it. The time of this history ends with the destruction of Nineveh, about 612 years before Christ; but most commentators and critics agree in thinking that the book itself was not written till about 150 or 200 years before Christ. It has been generally looked upon, both by Jews and Christians, as a genuine and true history; but it contains so many rabbinical fictions, and allusions to the Babylonian demonology, that it is much more rational to suppose the whole book an entire fable. It is not probable, that, in the time of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon, the father should live, as is here said, 168 years, and the son 127. It is certain no angel of God could falsely call himself *Azarias, the son of Ananias*, as this writer affirms. The story of Sarah's seven husbands being successively killed on their marriage-night by an evil spirit, and of that spirit's being driven away by the smell and smoke of the roasted heart and liver of a fish, and bound in the uttermost parts of Egypt, or of the angel Raphael's presenting to God the prayers of the saints, with other matters evidently fabulous, are quite sufficient to justify the rejecting of this book entirely from the sacred canon, upon the score of internal evidence alone.

IV. The Book of Judith professes to relate the defeat of the Assyrians by the Jews, through the instrumentality of their countrywoman of this name, who craftily cut off the head of Holofernes, the Assyrian general. This book was originally written in Chaldee by some Jew of Babylon, and was thence translated by St Jerome into the Latin tongue. Dr Prideaux refers this history to the time of Manasseh, king of Judah; Jahn assigns it to the age of the Macabees, and thinks it was written to animate the Jews against the Syrians; but so many geographical, historical, and chronological difficulties attend this book, that Luther, Grotius, and other eminent critics, have considered it rather as a drama or parable than a real history. It has been received into the canon of Scripture by some as being all true; but, on the other hand, it is the opinion of Grotius that it is entirely a parabolical fiction, written in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, when he came into Judea to raise a persecution against the Jewish church, and that the design of it was to confirm the Jews under that persecution, in their hope that God would send a deliverer. According to him, by Judith is meant Judea, which, at the time of this persecution, was like a desolate widow: that her sword means the prayers, of the saints: that by Bethulia, the name of the town which was attacked, is meant the temple, or the house of the Lord, which is called in Hebrew *Bethel*. Nabuchodonosor denotes the devil, and the kingdom of Assyria the devil's kingdom, pride. Holofernes, whose name signifies a *minister of the serpent*, means Antiochus Epiphanes, who was the devil's instrument in that persecution, &c. &c. It is plain, that, in this way, by means of a little ingenuity, any thing may be made of any thing; and such conjectures as these, as an able commentator remarks, however ingenious, are better calculated to exhibit the powers of fancy and the abuse of learning, than to investigate truth, or throw light on what is uncertain and obscure. The noted deliverance mentioned in this book is there said to have happened after the Jews had returned from their captivity, and had rebuilt the temple, and yet it is said to have been in the eighteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar, which is absurd; and it is said that they had no trouble for *eighty* years or more after this deliverance, which is equally absurd, as the Jews, during any period of their history, or, indeed, any other nation, never enjoyed a peace of such long continuance. It is quite improbable that a small town, as Bethulia is here represented to be, should stand out against so powerful an army, or that the death of the general should have made all the troops betake themselves to a shameful flight. It is certainly wrong, as is done in the case of Judith, to commend a woman as a devout fearer of the Lord, who was guilty of notorious lying, of acting the part of a bawd, of profane swearing, of murder, and of speaking in praise of that committed by the patriarch Simeon, whom she claims as her ancestor.

V. "The rest of the chapters of the Book of Esther, which are found neither in the Hebrew nor in the Chaldee," were originally written in Greek, whence they were translated into Latin, and formed part of the Italic or old Latin version in use before the time of Jerome. Being there annexed to the canonical Book of Esther, they passed without censure, but were rejected by Jerome in his version, because he confined himself to the Hebrew Scriptures, and these chapters never were extant in the Hebrew language. They are evidently the production of a Hellenistic Jew, but are considered both by Jerome and Grotius as a work of pure fiction, which was annexed to the canonical book by way of embellishment. From the coincidence between some of these apocryphal chapters and Josephus, it has been supposed that they are a compilation from the Jewish historian; and this conjecture is further confirmed by the mention of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, who lived but a short time before Josephus. These additions to the Book of Esther are often cited by the fathers of the church; and the Council of Trent has assigned them a place among the canonical books.*

The author of these apocryphal chapters says many things that are in direct contradiction to the inspired historian; as when he affirms that the attempt made by the eunuchs to take away the life of Ahasuerus was in the second year of his reign; that Mordecai was at the very time rewarded for his discovery; that Haman had been advanced before this event, and was provoked with Mordecai for his discovery of the eunuchs; that Haman was a Macedonian, and intended to transfer the government of Persia to the Macedonians. He very stupidly, also, represents Ahasuerus looking upon Esther, as a *fierce lion*, and yet with a *countenance full of grace*! and as calling the Jews the *children of the most high and most mighty living God*; and as ordering the heathens to keep the feast of Purim.

VI. The book of "The Wisdom of Solomon" was never written by that monarch, as its author falsely pretends, for it was never extant in Hebrew, nor received into the Jewish canon of Scripture, nor is the style like that of Solomon. It consists of two parts: the first, which is written in the name of Solomon, contains a description or encomium of wisdom, by which comprehensive term the ancient Jews understood prudence and foresight, knowledge and understanding, and, especially, the duties of religion and

morality. This division includes the first ten chapters. The second part, comprising the rest of the book, treats on a variety of topics widely differing from the subject of the first, viz., reflections on the history and conduct of the Israelites during their journeyings in the wilderness, and their subsequent proneness to idolatry. Hence the author takes occasion to inveigh against idolatry, the origin of which he investigates, and concludes with reflections on the history of the people of God. His allegorical interpretations of the Pentateuch, and the precept which he gives to worship God before the rising of the sun, have induced some critics to think that the author was of the Jewish sect called Essenes.

Although the fathers of the church, and particularly Jerome, uniformly considered this book as apocryphal, yet they recommended the perusal of it, in consideration of the excellence of its style. The third Council of Carthage, held in the year 397, pronounced it to be a canonical book, under the name of the *Fourth Book of Solomon*, and the famous Council of Trent confirmed this decision. Jerome informs us that several writers of the first three centuries ascribed the authorship of it to Philo the Jew, a native of Alexandria who flourished in the first century; and this opinion is generally adopted by the moderns, on account of the Platonic notions that are discoverable in it, as well as from its general style, which evidently shows that it was the production of a Hellenistic Jew of Alexandria. Drusius, indeed, attributes it to another Philo, more ancient than the person just mentioned, and who is cited by Josephus; but this hypothesis is untenable, because the author of the Book of Wisdom was confessedly either a Jew or a heretical Christian, whereas the Philo mentioned by Drusius was a heathen.

It is quite evident that this author had read Plato, and the Greek poets; and he employs a great many expressions taken from them, such as Ambrosia, the river of forgetfulness; the kingdom of Pluto, &c.; as also several words borrowed from the Grecian games, which were not in use till long after the time of Solomon, whose name he assumes. A great many of his phrases seem to be taken out of the Prophets, and even from the New Testament. There are numerous passages in the book evidently borrowed from the Prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah; particularly in the 13th chapter, where there are no less than nine verses plainly copied from the 44th chapter of Isaiah.

This author brings forward many things that are contrary both to the words of inspiration and to common sense. He condemns the marriage-bed as sinful, and also excludes bastards from the hopes of salvation: he talks as if souls were lodged in bodies according to their former merits; makes the murder of Abel the cause of the flood; represents the Egyptians as being plagued entirely by their own idols, that is to say, by the beasts which they worshipped; though it is certain they never worshipped *frogs, locusts, or lice*. He also calls the divine Logos, or second person of the Trinity, a *vapour or steam*, with many other things that are evidently absurd.

AMUSEMENTS AT MARGATE.

MARGATE, as a bathing-place, might be imagined a retired spot, to which invalids resorted for the benefit of their health, and therefore conclude it presented one vast hospital or receptacle of human misery. Far otherwise. There are persons who admire the salubrity of the air, and the kindness of the towns-people. There are also many who think bathing may prove serviceable to them—many who delight in opportunity for care-killing—many whose happiness consists in escaping from a chrysalis state in London, to flutter a butterfly at Margate. To these is the place indebted for the visits of nearly 100,000 persons in the course of a season. There was, in time past, a superior class of visitors; but as their heels were touched by the toes of others considered inferior, the strawberry leaved and the balled coronetted took offence, and vanished. There are, however, three descriptions of persons who retain partialities for Margate. The first consists of families, respectable in every sense of the term; they have houses or lodgings in the squares, or best parts of the town; their amusements and their domestic comforts are united with judgment, and can only be alluded to, as examples to others; they are the affluent merchants and tradesmen of the metropolis, being, *par excellence*, vulgarly denominated *carriage company*. Another description of persons rent houses, or lodgings, less expensive, and regulate their establishments on principles of economy and respectability, regularly dealing with those most worthy their commands. These are select in their intimacies, enjoying all the amusements of the place unostentatiously, and in many respects approximating to the *carriage class*, but not of it—therefore may be called the *horse and gig company*. A third description, for the purposes of distinction only, may be called the *foot company*, composed of persons who, knowing the few holidays that can be snatched from their occupations

ought to be agreeably spent, rush down to Margate with a determination to be happy. A boarding-house is their place of rendezvous. Among these may be found many highly cultivated persons.

Ladies ever form a considerable part of boarding-house society; and as they are induced to appear in their best visiting amiability, they produce a corresponding attention to decorum on the part of the gentlemen, which provokes in either the ambition to appear to more than the greatest advantage. Of course every young gentleman is well bred, wealthy, intimate with those who move in the upper circles, frequents the opera and other superior amusements in London. He is therefore prepared to indulge in all the vanities of Margate. Yet, however hyperbole may operate, geese are not swans, nor will conceit or falsehood transform a magpie into a bird of paradise. It is certain that persons cannot make themselves beautiful, if their features be ordinary, nor change a malformation into the first order of fine forms; but they might be candid, and perhaps become intelligent: these are practicable, but unfortunately not fashionable. Therefore, when Jessamy and Flip-pet meet, a scene of flattery and delusion commences, which, as if by mutual agreement, they determine never to check, or detect, until their marriage has taken place. Then they appear like two celebrated pedestrians who agreed to go a great distance in company. A toll-bridge lay in their road, each believing the other had cash; but neither being provided, they were brought to a stand-still, and the match was off. But to the boarding-house inmates: the meals are announced by jingling a large bell in the passage or hall. At these meetings parties are made. The precious souls, agog to dash through thick and thin, propose a ride to Ferry Grove—a trip to Pegwell-bay—a sail to the Reculvers—a stroll on the Parade—a walk on the Pier, or on the Jetty. Yes; this is most inviting.

The Pier is a stone building with a lighthouse at the extremity, projecting in a slight curve 900 feet into the sea, forming a shelter to vessels within the harbour, which is dry at low water. On an elevated part of the Pier there is a pleasant promenade, for the enjoyment of the sea-breeze and the prospects, in perfect security. A little to the east is the Jetty, a platform constructed of oak, projecting in a straight line 1120 feet out to sea. There are openings between each plank to lessen the action of the rising tides, as at high water the whole is covered. At the extremity is a circular part, a little elevated, the delight of the lovers of mischief. On this, when the tide is rising, large parties assemble; the attention of the ladies is directed to distant objects, or to any thing by which they may be detained till the tide has flowed up to the lower portion of the open planking of the platform; the initiated steal away; the others feel they must hasten over these openings, through which, if the water be the least agitated, a direction of the spray upwards occasions some unpleasant sensations, besides proving that silk stockings are not fishermen's boots. All this the spectators vociferously enjoy. The more timid are often carried over these jet d'eaux by the gentlemen, at which the laugh is not lessened, while the most alarmed are fetched from their situation of increasing danger by the boatmen, whose charge for rescuing such damsels in distress is sixpence each. All this cannot be otherwise than exceedingly amusing, since the same ladies have endured it several times, affording proof positive that whatever is, is right—that all is charming and delectable at enchanting Margate.

Then comes the jaunt to Ramsgate. A string of open carriages waits. After due bedizening with streamers long and gay, off they whirl; the sun, spiteful of parasol, scorching them, and the dust from the chalky roads suffocating them. Refreshment becomes necessary as air to breathe. After partaking sumptuously, finding the heat allayed, and the thirst relieved, the party walk on the Pier, where the refracted heat of a summer's sun is so oppressive as often to occasion languor and fainting. But true heart ne'er tires: they enjoy all that can be enjoyed, and return enraptured with the excursion. After such exertions, who would not enjoy a refreshing sleep?—sleep that seems to cast into oblivion every recollection, save those the most agreeable; for day after day succeeds, in which similar extravaganzas are enacted. Then come the concerts! They must be attended for the sake of harmony and love of melody. Thus evenings are occupied in listening while a singer endeavours to recover a few lost notes. Occasionally they parade up and down the concert room to martial music—the steps of the marchers and the time in the orchestra being now and then together. Yet all is charming! They can see and be seen—no heart aches unless the little urchin Cupid may have been practising his archery. Then there are the libraries! It is impossible not to be a subscriber, although a book be never opened, because it confers a right to squeeze in to hear Mr and Miss Somebody hoot and squeak, if permitted by the rafflers with their dice-boxes and loud announcements of the numbers required to be filled—"Only three and two and five—five, three and two—five—five!" This is reiterated so frequently and so loud, that it is advisable to be provided with cotton to preserve the drum of the ear. The proper number of names having been written against the numbers of the raffle for one shilling each, the parties in turn throw with the dice. The highest

* Vide Horne's Introduction to the Scripture, vol. iv. p. 229.

in three throws being declared the winner, a ticket is presented to the *fortunate* individual. All this hallooing and rattling is repeated again and again at two or three places in the room, forming a part of the entertainment more astonishing than delighting. Let it not be forgotten, that at Betteson's library the performer at the grand piano-forte executes, with great taste and expression, some of the best modern music, without being attended to as it deserves, amid the uproar of mountebank trickery. Yet all this is delightful and highly entertaining. Some of the *fortunates* at the dice-box will become possessed of a great number of tickets, for which, at their departure, the amount may be received in trinketry or trumpery. Nevertheless, all is beautiful and excellent. Criticism at Margate would be considered a fish out of his element. Every lure is set, every trap is baited, to catch the contents of the Cockney's purse. Step into the bazaars, they appear as if the Boulevards of Paris had emptied all their fiddle-faddles, sweet scents, and nonsense, to attract. Oh, how pretty! Something must be purchased, or some chances in the lottery must be taken. One of the *prizes*, an elegant work-box, worth—it is invaluable! It may be gained. The wheel of fortune turns—A blank! No matter—all is right, all is cheerful. It is a dull heart that never rejoices. The next attempt may be successful. Then there are the gardens—once shady grove, then Tivoli, now any thing—plenty of fever-cooling refreshments—plenty of charges—plenty of foolery and fire-works, rivaling the giant fool at Vauxhall. Yet how rural, how enchanting! How sweet to walk home by moonlight, and to hear the *soft* whisperings during that walk. How ecstatic! Mortals hardly ever know the joys that await them. All is most delicious. Then there is the public breakfast at St Peter's. Oh the lovely spot!—the concentration of all that is captivating. Who can refrain? All must go, unless they chance to be eaten up by hypochondria. How shall they go! Oh, dear variety!—ever stimulating charm! On donkeys to be sure. What can be so entertaining?—so full of pleasurable ideas, the climax of all that is frolicsome. Away goes the porter to collect all the donkeys possible, not less than a dozen. Here they are, and the ladies are ready. How exhilarating! There is a spring, an elasticity of heart, that would persuade the party they were not of earthly mould. The ladies mount their long-eared palfreys, decorated with saddle-cloths of sixpenny cotton and twopenny fringe. The gentlemen, like knights at a tournament, kiss their hands, and are greeted with smiles and laughter at each other till they can hardly retain their seats. The ladies have but *half a page* each—the whole page's business is to trot in the rear of two ladies, chanting, "Come up, Neddy," with a chorus of whacks on the crupper. The accompanying knights having permitted their chargers to walk between their legs, drop into their seats heroically. Off they all go in chivalry taste, save that regularity of cavalcade is entirely neglected, some preferring the slowest pace, as best adapted to the retention of seat—others choosing the utmost speed, as best calculated to display skill in the menage. Crossing the fields, they are irresistibly comical in their widely scattered groups, and in their shouts of laughter and screams of mirth at one or more of the party measuring their lengths on the ground. Not having far to fall, renders a recurrence less terrible, however disagreeable, since every one may not fall like Julius Caesar. They arrive at St Peter's, all save one fair damsel, whose palfrey preferred grazing on the blooming clover to forming any part of the array, which determination the fair rider had no power to oppose. "Where is she—where is her page?" "Oh! he came with Miss Thingame, and there he goes for the other lady. See where she sits like patience on a monument. How cruel to have left her thus! Why did not her Neddy come up? But see where she comes to bless us, blushing like a peony!" "Every eye fixed on her strange movement, caused by the velocity with which the page urged her palfrey. Fortunately no bottles were in her pockets. She dismounts, weary of being a heroine. Tea is ordered, with all the *et cetera* of a sumptuous breakfast, during which it is resolved not to return by the same means. They had no idea of encountering the gaze, and being subjected to the animadversions of so many; therefore the pages must be sent home to direct that carriages for the party may be sent from Margate by such a time. The stirring bands of music invite to the covered dancing-place. They must walk and quadrille a little, although it is so warm. They do so—the little goes on till it assumes the evidences of being much, and they retire exhausted, like so many red lions, to some of the alcoves to recover themselves; during which, the gentlemen will not have taken more than three jellies each, although the practice is so exceedingly fashionable. The carriages come; the excitement being over, they return to dress for dinner. The recollections of the outrageous publicity of their excursion, with the evidences of their fatigue, produce only simpers, and an endeavour to affix the most ridiculous occurrences on each other. Much of mimicry, burlesque, and hyperbole, is ventured in good humour, and mirthfully retaliated. Amid the conviviality, additional bottles of wine make their appearance, which, like Charles of Spain's shoes, were not prime, but such as might be used. All goes on well—the ladies retire—the gentlemen take another glass or two—talk politics, and, in their superior

knowledge of legislation, jurisprudence, and political economy, prove beyond contradiction that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a noodle, and the Premier a doodle. After this, the well-informed disputants are advised to walk under the cliffs, where they splash each other to their heart's content. Some go to smoke half-a-dozen cigars, only because it is fashionable; thence to quiz the girls on the Jetty; others look in at the billiard-table, where there are, or soon will be, players who can always make a hard game of it till the stake is worthy notice, and then—"It don't signify." Then there is the *Theatre Royal*, where Melpomene and Thalia exchange the powers over which they should preside, and, except when a star from one of the metropolitan hemispheres appears, there is darkness visible, serving only to discover sights too insipid to give pleasure, or not contemptible enough to provoke laughter. Yet even here there is novelty. The strumming and scraping of three persons in the orchestra of an empty theatre, produces a strange effect on the ear, which cannot be described. After a few slapping of box-doors, very loud yawning in the pit, and whistling in the gallery, the curtain rises. The strutting and fretting proceeds. Friends in the dress circle shake hands with each other across the pit, and the act is over. The ladies agitate, and peep through their fans—Charming! Every particular of Mrs and Miss —'s decorations can be scrutinised and descanted upon. Urling's lace! Mina nova and paste! Birmingham jewellery! Good gracious, what sagacity to be enabled to point this out! What talent to compare things with those of which they are only the representative! It produces such an enthusiastic delirium, that the play is forgotten in a revelry of impatience, and they do not stay to witness the farce! In such a round of folly do some, at other times thinking persons, beguile hours, weeks, and months, till a whisper from home, weariness, or exhausted funds, like a gun in a field covered with birds, puts them on the wing by hundreds, and the principal of the boarding-house is left to preside at a deserted table.

To persons of sedentary habits, or whose years place them out of the pale of boarding-house follies, Margate presents much that is satisfactory. The walk along the cliffs to Kingsgate—to Birchington—to many villages in the vicinity, in sight of the ocean—any of the before-mentioned attractions may be enjoyed, free of frivolity and treble expense, by the prudent.

There are many bathing machines, tepid and vapour baths, properly constructed and attended to. Sea-bathing is good under particular circumstances, taken by the advice of medical experience; but ducking is no panacea. The proprietors of the bathing places have discovered to their cost that persons do not come to Margate to play Tritons and Mermaids, as they did a few years since.

The charges for board and lodging, where both are good, are about two guineas per week—wine, spirits, or ale, exclusive. There are stage-coaches to Canterbury, Ramsgate, and Dover, daily. There is no doubt that the Londoners will long retain a partiality for Margate.

MISCELLANEA.

WIT.—A professed wit musters his jokes on parade every morning as a general does his veterans, to ascertain how many may have been disabled by length of service.

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON.—You see what man is, when never so little within the verge of matter and motion in a ferment. The affair of Lisbon has made men tremble, as well as the Continent shake, from one end of Europe to another; from Gibraltar to the Highlands of Scotland. To suppose these desolations the scourge of heaven for human impieties, is a dreadful reflection; and yet to suppose ourselves in a forlorn and fatherless world, is ten times a more frightful consideration. In the first case, we may reasonably hope to avoid our destruction by the amendment of our manners; in the latter, we are kept incessantly alarmed by the blind rage of warring elements. The relation of the captain of a vessel to the Admiralty, as Mr Yorke told me the story, has something very striking in it. He lay off Lisbon, on this fatal first of November, preparing to hoist sail for England; he looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock that promised a poet's eternity—at least to its grandeur; he looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder.—*Warburton's Letters*.

AMASIS.—Amasis, a man of humble origin, was the favourite, and afterwards the successor of Apries, king of Egypt. Finding himself somewhat despised by the people, on account of his mean extraction, he hit upon the method of curing their folly. He caused a golden basin, in which he used to wash his feet, to be converted into the statue of a god, and had it set up in a conspicuous part of the capital. The superstitious multitude flocked to worship it. Amasis now told them, that the subject of their veneration had once been nothing but a vile utensil; "and," said he, "it is the same with me; I was formerly a humble individual—I am now your king. Take care, therefore, to respect me, according to the station I now hold."

"MIGHT, COULD, WOULD, OR SHOULD."

It is known, or ought to be known, to all persons, that there are two departments in a common verb, called the Indicative and the Subjunctive Moods. When we imply that a thing is done, was done, or will be done, we speak in the *indicative*—that is, we indicate or simply notify some transaction of which we are enabled to speak with the confidence arising from exact knowledge. But when we mean to say that such and such a thing may be done, or might be done, or will have been done when a certain other thing permits—when we speak, in short, in "ifs and an's," or in a faint hesitating way, as if we did not like to come to the point—then we are using the *subjunctive mood*, which is so called because some condition is always supposed to be *subjoined* to the act of which we are speaking. In this latter mood there is a tense called the pluperfect, which is used when we say that any one might, could, would, or should have done any kind of thing.

Now, this pluperfect tense of the subjunctive mood, this "might, could, would, or should," is a grievous bore, inasmuch that we could almost wish it to be drummed out of the English grammar altogether. It is something like intentions, as contrasted, in a late number of our paper, with deeds, frequently supplanting an honest and useful indicative, and, with not the tenth part of the merit of that respectable mood, carrying off all the glory due to it alone. People have a way of saying that a man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds; but this principle is in reality very imperfectly acknowledged or acted upon. We may have a kind of abstract notion that deeds are better than words; yet did we, for our own part, never see, when the actual deeds of one man were contrasted with those which we suppose *might have been done* by another—when all that one friend has been honestly able to do was measured against what we expect from some other who has only been talking of doing it—we never saw, we say, that the former got any fair degree of credit, compared with what was gratuitously bestowed upon the latter. The Subjunctive generally carries it hollow from the Indicative—the measure of the reason in the one case being apparently no match for the measure of the imagination in the other. This is certainly a most discouraging thing for the gentlemen who *do*, and ought to be put a stop to in this and every other well-regulated state. It is really too bad, when one takes the trouble to act upon the indicative in every thing, that the honour due to him should be carried off by the lazy gentlemen of the subjunctive, who insolently tell us that they could if they had a mind, and whom we slavishly hold up as able to do any thing, merely because we have never yet had any specimen of their abilities whereby to judge more correctly.

Every class of persons, we believe, could recite the injuries they have suffered in this way—for let any person on earth do his very best, ay, perhaps the very best that *could* be done, there will be some other body, who, from merely holding his peace, and perhaps looking a little grave, is generally believed to be able to do a great deal better. This greatness in the subjunctive is a pest every where. It rules the court, the camp, the grove. Perhaps, however, it is nowhere so rife as in literature—that is to say, if a thing can be said to be in literature, which, it is only supposed, might, could, would, or should be in literature. Be it understood, anyhow, that there is a class of gentlemen, of good education or otherwise, who, though they never be detected in so much as a letter in a local newspaper signed Civis, being merely suspected of literary habits, and having a rather plausible way of pronouncing upon things, get far more credit among all who know them, than almost any existing author who comes plump down with his half-dozen volumes in the year, thereby affording the whole community a means of judging of his pretensions. If you speak of any well-known author, a certain degree of merit is acknowledged; but "ah, sir," ten to one this is added, "he is nothing to our acquaintance H—"; there's a fellow for you—never would publish any thing though—great loss to the world—he is the man!" Now, in all probability, H— is nothing but a heavy proser, who never felt the least impulse of the diviner kind of mind all his days; but what is that? There is nothing known against him. Every body is safe in praising *him*, for he has given out no specimen of his ingenuity to pick exceptions with, and the person whom you are endeavouring to inspire with as great a fallacy as yourself, must just take it in and

make the best of it. Very different it is when you speak of an indicative man; you must cruise with some caution there, or you will be met in the teeth, perhaps, with a declaration that he whom you admire is a goose—a sentence which cannot but be accepted as reflecting equal discredit upon the admirer and the admired. It is this that gives such a secure celebrity to the gentlemen of the subjunctive.

There is one other department of human life in which we have observed this most unrighteous mood to have particular sway. Our readers may have observed, that, when any gentleman takes a wife, all his friends are a good deal concerned to know whether his choice be really a worthy one or not. If it be supposed inferior—and almost all matches are thought to be so in some respects, on either the one side or the other, or on both—then it is lamented, and the gentleman is thought to have been, so far a fool. On the other hand, there are some men who seem so excessively fastidious, have such delicate and lofty notions about the sex, and linger, and consider, and look about them so long, that they almost seem as if they were too good for marriage under any circumstances. Oh, thinks every body, a man of such taste, such discernment, and who has so many advantages to bring to the matrimonial state—what a choice he must make! Mark here how the subjunctive rises triumphant above the indicative—how may *take a wife* shines pre-eminent over *has taken a wife*! Ten to one, however, it is all gratuitous folly, arising from our propensity to make the creatures of the imagination brighter and more golden than the creatures of our optics. We compare the human, and therefore frail, being, whom the indicative man has made his wife, with the faultless monster whom we think alone proper for the subjunctive, and, as a matter of course, the subjunctive gets the preference. Wait, however, till Mr Subjunctive has at last—for there is no enduring perfection on earth—condescended to assume the indicative; wait till he, too, some day take a wife. Then, alas, does he suffer as Mr Indicative formerly suffered. His choice is found, like every other body's, to be liable to some exceptions, greater or less; and, like the god who was thrown from heaven upon the earth, and was crippled by the fall, he is not only taken down from his former high character, but he is made rather shabbier than he would naturally be, in consequence of the declension.

The moral of all this must have been already so fully perceived by our readers, that it will not require to be more than touched upon. Away, we say, with all *supposed* merit—away with all greatness of which we can only say that it *might, could, would, or should* be! Such flattery of the indolent or the incapable—for both of these kinds of people are objects of it—is a direct robbery of the active and the ingenious, and must be alike injurious to public and to private interests. The public may depend upon it, that the express tendency of any thing that is *in* a man, is to come *out*, and that the simplest inference that can be made from *nothing coming out*, is, that *nothing is in*. That part, for instance, of the human race, who sit for hours in a company and never open their lips, are not thus silent from the magnitude of their ideas finding, as it were, the aperture of expression too narrow, or the audience unworthy of their exertions. In general they are neither more nor less than ideal men. We have heard of one who once sat in a company of his brother agriculturists, in the house of the original of Dandie Dinmont, till three o'clock in the morning, without ever saying one word till that last moment, when, it being urged by most of the company that the bowl, already seventeen times replenished, should be replenished no more, he burst out with—"Od, I think we wadna be the werr [worse] o' another ane." Now, it is evident that this speech, luminous and eloquent as it partly was, could be the result of nothing but the singular emergency of the occasion—the imminent fear of losing hold of the liquor to which his soul was glued—the great, the overmastering love of "another bowl." So is it always with these silent horrors, as a clever but somewhat talkative friend of ours terms them, and also with the gentlemen who "could write capital books if they chose." Never do you, my public, so long as you live, listen again with complacency to the grammatical formula, "might, could, would, or should." It is nothing but a bag of wind, alike empty whether expanded or collapsed. Hoard all your gracious smiles for Messrs Do and Did, who are the only gentlemen of substantial merit that ever seek for honours at your hands.

ALEMOOR,

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Sad is the wail that floats o'er Ale Moor's lake,
And nightly bids her gulfs unbottomed quake,
While moonbeams, sailing o'er her waters blue,
Reveal the frequent tinge of blood-red hue,
The water-birds, with shrill discordant scream,
Oft rouse the peasant from his tranquil dream;
He hears to raise his slow unclosing eye,
And thinks he hears an infant's feeble cry.

DR LEYDEN.

IN one of those frequent incursions which the Scotch Borderers used to make into the sister territory, it was the misfortune of Sir John Douglas, a gallant and distinguished warrior, to be taken prisoner by Richard De Mowbray, who, to a naturally proud and vindictive temper, added a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to that branch of the house of Douglas to which his prisoner belonged. Instead of treating the brave and noble youth with that courtesy which the law of arms and the manners of the times authorised, he loaded his limbs with fetters, and threw him into one of the deepest dungeons of his baronial castle of Holme Cultrum. Earl De Mowbray, his father, was then at the English court, in attendance on his sovereign—so that he had none to gainsay his authority, but yielded, without hesitation or restraint, to every impulse of his passions. To what lengths the savage cruelty of his temper might have led him in practising against the life of his youthful prisoner, is not known, for he was also summoned to London to assist in the stormy councils of that distracted period. Meanwhile, Douglas lay on the floor of his dungeon, loaded with fetters, and expecting every hour to be led out to die. No murmur escaped his lips. He waited patiently till the fatal message arrived, only regretting that it had not pleased heaven to suffer him to die sword in hand like his brave ancestors. "Yes," he exclaimed, as he raised his stately and warlike form from the ground, and clashing his fettered hands together, while his dark eye shot fire; "yes; let false tyrannical Mowbray come with all his ruffian band—let them give me death by sword or by cord—my cheek shall not blanch, nor my look quail before them. As a Douglas I have lived, as a Douglas I shall die." But the expected summons came not. Day after day passed on in sullen monotony, more trying to a brave mind than even the prospect of suffering. No sound broke in on the silence around him but the daily visit of a veteran man-at-arms, who brought him his scanty meal. No entreaties could induce this man to speak, so that the unfortunate prisoner could only guess at his probable fate. Sometimes despondency, in spite of his better reason, would steal over his mind. "Shall I never again see my noble, my widowed mother?—my innocent playful sister?—never again wander through the green woods of Drumlanrig, or hunt the deer on its lordly domain? Shall my sight never be again greeted by the green earth or cheerful sun? Will these hateful walls enclose me till damp and famine destroy me, and my withered limbs be left in this charnel-house a monument of the cruelty and unceasing hatred of De Mowbray?" Seven long weeks had rolled tediously along, when the prisoner was surprised by his allowance being brought by a stranger in the dress of a Cumbrian peasant. Eagerly, rapidly he questioned the man respecting Mowbray, his intentions, and why he had been so long left without being allowed to name a ransom. The peasant told him of De Mowbray's absence, and added, that, as there was to be a general invasion of Scotland, all the men-at-arms had been marched away that morning to join their companions, except the warders, by whom he had been ordered to bring food to the prisoner. Joy now thrilled through the heart and frame of the youthful warrior, but he had still enough of caution left to make no further inquiries, but allow his new jailor to depart without exciting his suspicions too early.

It is well known to those who are conversant with the history of that period, that, however bitter the animosities of the two nations were while engaged in actual warfare, yet in times of peace, or even of truce, the commons lived on friendly terms, and carried on even a sort of trade in cattle. All this was known to Sir John, who hoped, through the means of his new attendant, to open a communication with his retainers, if he could not engage him to let him free, and become a follower of the Douglas, whose name was alike dreaded in both nations. But events over which he had no control were even then working for him, and his deliverance was to come from a quarter he thought not of. At the date of this tale, the ladies of rank had few amusements when compared to those of more modern times. Books, even if they could have been procured, would sometimes not have been valued or understood, from the very limited education which, in those days, was allowed to females. Guarded in their inaccessible towers or castles, their only amusement was listening to the tales of pilgrims, or the songs of the wandering minstrels, both of whom were always made welcome to the halls of nobles, and whose persons, like those of heralds, were deemed sacred even among contending parties. To be present at a tournament was considered as an event of the first importance, and looked forward to with the highest expectation, and afterwards formed an era in

their lives. When such amusements were not to be had, a walk on the ramparts, attended by their trusty maid, was the next resource against the tedium of time. It was during such a walk as this that Emma, only daughter of Earl Mowbray, addressed her attendant as follows:—"Do you think it possible, Edith, that the prisoner whom my brother is so solicitous to conceal can be that noble Douglas of whom we have heard so much, and about whom Graham, the old blind minstrel, sung such gallant verses?"

"Indeed, my sweet lady," replied her attendant, "the prisoner in yonder dungeon is certainly of the house of Douglas, and, as I think, that very Sir John of whom we have heard so much."

"How knowest thou that?" inquired her lady eagerly.

"I had always my own thoughts of it," whispered Edith, cautiously, and drawing nearer her lady; "but since Ralph of Teesdale succeeded grim old Norman as his keeper, I am almost certain of it; he knows every Douglas of them, and, from his account, though the dungeon was dark, he believes it was Sir John, who performed such prodigies of valour at the taking of Alnwick."

"May heaven, then, preserve and succour him!" sighed the Lady Emma, as she clasped her hands together. Emma De Mowbray, the only daughter of the most powerful and warlike of the northern earls, was dazzlingly fair, and her very beautiful features were only relieved from the charge of insipidity on the first look, by the lustre of her dark blue eyes, which were shaded by long and beautiful eyelashes; her stature was scarcely above the middle size, but so finely proportioned that the eye of the beholder never tired gazing on it. She was only seventeen, and had not been allowed to grace a tournament, her ambitious father having determined to seclude his northern flower till he could dazzle the court of England with her charms, and secure for her such an advantageous settlement as would increase his own power and resources. Thus had Emma grown up the very child of nature and tenderness. Shut out from society of every kind, her imagination had run riot, and her most pleasing hours, when not occupied by devotional duties, were spent in musing over the romantic legends, which she heard either from minstrels, or those adventurers who oftentimes found a home in the castle of a powerful chief, and which were circulated among the domestics till they reached the ear of their youthful lady. These feelings had been unconsciously fostered by her spiritual director, Father Anselm, who, of noble birth himself, had once been a soldier, and delighted, in the long winter evenings, to recount the prowess of his youth; and, in the tale of other years, often and often was the noble name of Douglas introduced and dwelt upon with enthusiastic rapture, as he narrated the chief's bravery in the Holy Land. In short, every circumstance combined to feed and excite the feverish exalted imagination of this untutored child. Had her mother lived, the sensibilities of her nature had been cherished and refined, and taught to keep within the bounds of their proper channel. As it was, they were allowed to run riot, and almost led her to overstep the limits of that retiring modesty which is so beautiful in the sex. No sooner, then, had she learnt that Douglas was the captive of her haughty brother, and perhaps doomed to a lingering or ignominious death, than she resolved to attempt his escape, be the consequences what they would. A wild tumultuary feeling took possession of her mind as she came to this resolution—what would the liberated object say to her, or how look his thanks? and oh, if he indeed proved to be the hero of her day-dreams, how blessed would she be to have had it in her power to be his guardian angel! The tear of delight trembled in her eye as she turned from the bartizan of the castle, and sought the solitude of her chamber.

It was midnight—the last stroke of the deep-toned castle bell had been answered by the echoes from the neighbouring hills, when two shrouded figures stood by the couch of the prisoner. The glare of a small lantern, carried by one of them, awoke Douglas. He sprang to his feet as lightly as if the heavy fetters he was loaded with had been of silk, and in a stern voice told them he was ready. "Be silent, and follow us," was the reply of one of the muffled visitors. He bowed in silence, and prepared to leave his dungeon; not an easy undertaking, when it is remembered he was so heavily ironed; but the care and ingenuity of his conductors obviated as much as possible even this difficulty; one came on each side, and prevented as much as possible the fetters from clashing on each other. In this manner they hurried him on through a long subterranean passage, then crossed some courts which seemed overgrown with weeds, and then entered a chapel, where Douglas could perceive a noble tomb surrounded by burning tapers. "You must allow yourself to be blindfolded," said one of them in a sweet, musical, but suppressed voice; he did so, and no sooner was the bandage made fast, than he heard the snap as of a spring, and was immediately led forward. In a few minutes more he felt he had left the rough stones of the church, and his chill sepulchral air, for a matted floor and a warmer atmosphere; the bandage dropped from his eyes, and he found himself in a small square room, comfortably furnished with a fire blazing in the chimney; a second look convinced him he was in the private chamber of an ecclesiastic, and that he was alone.

It need not be told the sagacious reader that this escape was the work of Lady Emma, aided by Father Anselm, and Ralph Teesdale, who was his foster-brother, and thereby bound to serve her almost at the risk of his life—so very strong were such ties then considered. No sooner did Douglas learn from the venerable ecclesiastic to whom he owed his life and liberty, than he pleaded for an interview with all the warmth of gratitude which such a boon could inspire. Recruited by a night of comfortable repose, and refreshed by wholesome food, our youthful warrior looked more like those of his name than when stretched on the floor of the dungeon. It was the evening of the second day after his liberation, while Douglas was listening to his kind and venerable host's account of the daring deeds by which his ancestor, the good Lord James, had been distinguished, when the door opened, and Lady Emma and her attendant entered. Instantly sinking on one knee, Sir John poured forth his thanks in language so courteously, so refined, yet so earnest and heartfelt, that Lady Emma's heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes became suffused with tears. "Suffer me," continued Douglas, "to behold the features of her who has indeed been a guardian angel to the descendant of that house who never forgave an injury, nor ever, while breath animated them, forgot a favour." Lady Emma slowly raised her veil, and the eyes of the youthful pair met, and dwelt on each other with mutual admiration. Again the knight knelt, and, pressing her hand to his lips, vowed that he would ever approve himself her faithful and devoted champion. The conversation then took a less agitating turn, and in another hour, Lady Emma took her leave of the good father and his youthful companion, in whose favour she could not conceal that she was already inspired with the most fervent feelings. Nor did she chide Edith, who, whilst she braided the beautiful locks of her mistress, expatiated on the fine form and manly features of Douglas, and rejoiced in his escape.

It was now time for Sir John to make some inquiries of Father Anselm about the state of the country, and if the Scotch had beat back their assailants in the attack made upon them, and learnt, to his pleasure and surprise, that the enemy were then too much divided among themselves to think of making reprisals, the whole force of the kingdom being then gathered together to decide the claims of York and Lancaster to the crown of England; that Earl Mowbray and his son, adherents of the queen, were then lying at York with their retainers, ready to close in battle with the adverse party. It might be supposed that this intelligence would inspire the captive with the wish to complete his escape, and return to Scotland. But no. A secret influence, a sort of charm, bound him to the spot; he was fascinated; he had no power to fly, even if the massy gates of the castle had unfolded themselves before him. Bred up in the camp, Douglas was unused to the small sweet courtesies of life; his hours, when in his paternal towers of Drumlanrig, were chiefly spent in the chase, or in warlike exercises with his brothers, and the vassals of their house. His mother, a lady of noble birth, descended from the bold Seatons, encouraged such feelings, and kept up that state in her castle and retinue which befitted her high rank. His sister Bertha was a mere child, whom he used to fondle and caress in his moments of relaxation. But now a new world burst upon his astonished senses. He had seen a young, a beautiful lady, to whom he owed life and liberty, who, unsought, had generously come forward to his relief. Of the female character he knew nothing; if he did think of them, it was either invested with the maternally air of his mother, or the playful fondness of his sister. His emotions were new and delightful, and he longed to tell his fair deliverer all he felt; and—he did tell her, and—she listened. But why prolong the tale? Interview succeeded interview, till even Father Anselm became aware of their growing attachment. Alas! the good priest saw his error too late; and although, even then, he attempted to reason with both on the consequences of their passion, yet his arguments made no impression. "You will turn war into peace," whispered Emma, as she listened to her spiritual director, "by healing the feud between the families." "And you will, by uniting us," boldly exclaimed the youthful lover, "give to the Mowbrays a friend who will never fail in council or in field." Overcome by this and similar arguments, the tender-hearted Anselm at last consented to join their hands. At the solemn hour of midnight, when the menials and retainers were bound in sleep, an agitated yet happy group stood by the altar of the castle chapel. There might be seen the noble form of Douglas, with a rich mantle wrapped round him, and the fair and beautiful figure of his bride, as she blushing left the arm of her attendant to bestow her hand where her heart was already given. The light of the sacred tapers fell full upon the reverend form of Father Anselm, and the chapel reverberated the solemn words he uttered, as he bade heaven bless their union. The athletic figure of Ralph Teesdale was seen near the door, to guard against surprise.

Nothing occurred for some time to mar the harmony and peace of the married lovers. At length their tranquillity was broken by the accounts of the fatal and bloody battle of Towton, which gave a death-blow to the interests of the Lancastrians. This news spread consternation among the small party at Holme Cultrum. The question was, whether to remain, and

boldly confront the Mowbrays, or fly towards Scotland, and endeavour to reach Drumlanrig; but the distracted state of the country forbade this plan; and the arrival of some fugitives from the field of battle having brought the intelligence that both Earl Mowbray and his son were unwounded, and had fled to France, determined the party to remain where they were. This, however, they soon repented of, when they understood that a large body of Yorkists were in full march northward to demolish all the castles held by the insurgent noblemen. This trumpet-note roused the warlike spirit of Douglas. He boldly showed himself to the soldiers, and swore to defend the castle to the last, or be buried in its ruins, if they would stand by him. But the men-at-arms, either unwilling to fight under a stranger, or panic-struck at their late defeat, coldly met this proposal; and while Father Anselm and Douglas were examining the outward works, they made their escape by a postern, leaving only two or three infirm old men, besides the menials, to resist the conquering army. Sir John, undaunted by the dastardly behaviour of the men, still continued his preparations, and inspired such courage into the hearts of his little garrison, that they vowed to stand by him to the last. But these preparations were made in vain: Edward, either allured by the prospect of greater booty in some richer castle, or afraid of harassing his troops, turned aside into the middle counties, and left the bold-hearted Douglas to the enjoyment of his wife's society. Months of unalloyed felicity were theirs; and while England was torn by civil dissensions—when the father pursued the son, and the son the father, and the most sacred bonds of nature were rent asunder at the shrine of party, and while the unburied dead gave the fields of merry England the appearance of a charnel-house—all was peace, joy, and love within the walls of Holme Cultrum. Seated in the lofty halls of her fathers, Lady Emma appeared the personification of content; hers was indeed that felicity she had not dared to hope for even in her wildest day-dreams. It was indeed a lovely sight to behold her leaning on the arm of her noble husband, listening to his details of well-fought fields; her eye now sparkling with hope, and her cheek now blanched with terror, as they paced in the twilight the ample battlements of the castle; it was like the ivy clinging and clasping round the stately oak. If at such moments Douglas wearied of the monotony of existence, and half wished he was once more in the front of battle, he had only to look in the soft blue eye of his Emma, press her to his heart, and every thing else was forgot.

Summer had passed away, and the fields wore the golden livery of autumn. It was in a beautiful evening, when Douglas, Lady Emma, and Father Anselm, were enjoying the evening breeze, when Ralph Teesdale rushed before them, his face pale, and his trembling accents proclaiming his terror. "Fly, my lord," he cried, addressing Douglas: "Fly," he continued, "for you are betrayed; the earl is come, at the head of a band of mercenaries, and vows to have your head stuck upon the battlements before to-morrow's sun rise." "I will not fly," said Douglas; "boldly will I confront the earl, and claim my wife." "My father is good, is kind; he will yield to the prayers and tears of his Emma." "Alas, alas, my dearest and honoured lady," rejoined her foster-brother; "your noble father is no more, and 'tis your brother who now seeks the life of Douglas." The first part of the sentence was only heard by Lady Emma, who fell senseless into the arms of her husband, and was immediately conveyed to her chamber by her ever ready attendant. A hasty council was then held between Father Anselm and Douglas. "You had better take the advice of that faithful fellow, and give way. You know," continued the friar, "the dreadful temper and baleful passions of Richard De Mowbray. Not only your own life, but that of your wife, may fall a sacrifice to his fury, were he to find you. I am well aware that he has long considered his sister as an incumbrance on his succession, and will either cause her to be shut up in a monastery, or secretly destroyed." Douglas shuddered at the picture, and asked the holy father what he should do. "Retreat to my secret chamber in the first instance; it were madness, and worse, to attempt to exclude Baron De Mowbray from his castle, even if we had sufficient strength within, which you know we have not. I shall cause Lady Emma to be conveyed there also when she recovers; we must resolve on some scheme instantly; the secret of the spring is unknown to all but your faithful friends."

Douglas allowed himself to be persuaded, and was soon joined in his retreat by Lady Emma and Edith. Flight, instant flight, was resolved on; and the timid and gentle Emma, who had hardly ever ventured beyond the walls of the castle, declared she was ready to dare every thing rather than be torn from her husband, or be the means of his being consigned to endless captivity, or, it might be, a cruel and lingering death. Father Anselm set off again in search of Ralph, and soon returned with the joyful intelligence that De Mowbray was still at a castle a few miles distant; that those of his followers who had already arrived were then carousing deeply; and as soon as the first watch was set, a pair of fleet horses would be waiting at the small postern, to which Douglas and his lady could steal unobserved, wrapt in horsemen's cloaks. The short interval which intervened was spent in making such preparations as were required for the travellers, by Edith and by the churchman,

in fervent petitions to heaven for their safety. At length the expected signal was given from the chapel, and the agitated party stood at the low postern, where Ralph waited with the horses. It was some moments before the lady could disengage herself from the arms of her weeping attendant; but the Father hurried them away, and soon their figures were lost in the gloom, and their horses' tread became faint in the distance.

Well it was for the fugitives that their plans had been so quickly executed, for ere midnight the trumpets of De Mowbray sounded before the castle gate. There all was uproar and confusion. The means of refreshment had been given with unsparing hand, and the wild spirits of the mercenaries whom he commanded were then in a state bordering on stupefaction from their lengthened debauch. The few who accompanied him were not much better, and he himself had all his evil passions inflamed by the wine he had quaffed with the Lord of Barnard Castle. Hastily throwing himself from his reeking charger, he entered his castle sword in hand, and ordered his sister to be brought before him, and the castle to be searched, from turret to foundation-stone, for the presumptuous Douglas. Pale, trembling, and in tears, Edith threw herself at his feet. "O my good lord, my lady, my dear lady, is ill, very ill, ever since she heard of the death of her honoured father. To-morrow she will endeavour to see you."

"Off, woman!" he exclaimed. "This night I must and shall see my sister, dead or alive;" and he arose with fury in his looks. But Wolfstone, his lieutenant, a brave young man, stepped before him, and, drawing his sword, exclaimed, "You must pass over my dead body ere you break in upon the sacred sorrows of Lady Emma." There was something in the brave bearing of the gallant foreigner which even De Mowbray respected, for he lowered his voice, and, stealing his hand from his dagger, said, "And where is Father Anselm, that he comes not to welcome me to the halls of my fathers?" "He is gone," returned Edith, "to the neighbouring monastery, to say a mass for the honoured dead," and she devoutly crossed herself, turning her tearful eye on Wolfstone, who, with the most respectful tone, added, "Go, faithful maiden, say to your lady that Conrade Wolfstone guards her chamber till her pleasure is known." "Now lead in our prisoner there;" but a dozen of voices exclaimed against further duty that night. "He sleeps sound in his dungeon floor," said De Mowbray's squire, "and to-morrow you may make him sleep sounder if you will. A cup of wine would be more to the purpose, methinks, after our long and toilsome march." A hundred voices joined in the request. The wine was brought, and the tyrant soon forgot his projects of vengeance in the pleasures of a prolonged debauch. He slept, too, that unnatural monster slept, and dreamt of his victims, and the sweet revenge that was awaiting him. It was owing to the presence of mind of Ralph that the flight of Douglas was not discovered. He had the address to persuade the half-inebriated soldiers that the prisoner was actually securely fettered in the dungeon which he had all along occupied. No sooner did he see them all engaged in the new carousal than he fled, and joined Edith in the secret chamber, where they joined Father Anselm in his devotions, and prayed for blessings on the head of their noble lord and lady.

Meanwhile the fugitives had reached Scotland, and were now leisurely pursuing their way, thinking themselves far beyond the reach of pursuit. On their first crossing the Border, a shepherd's hut afforded the agitated Lady Emma an hour's repose and a draught of milk; the morning air revived her spirits, and once more she smiled sweetly as her husband bade her welcome to his native soil. From the fear of pursuit, they durst not take the most direct road to Drumlanrig, but continued to follow the narrow tracks among the hills, known only to huntsmen and shepherds.

It was now evening: the sun was sinking among a lofty range of mountains, tinging their heathy summits with a purple hue, as his broad disc seemed to touch their tops. The travellers were entering a narrow defile, at the end of which a small but beautiful mountain lake or loch burst upon their sight; its waters lay beautifully still and placid, reflecting aslant a few alder bushes which grew on its banks, while the cana, or wild cotton grass, reared its white head here and there among the bushes of wild thyme which sent their perfume far on the air. The wild and melancholy note of the curlew, as she was roused from her nest by the travellers, or the occasional bleat of a lamb, was all that broke the universal stillness.

"Ah, my love," said Lady Emma, riding up close to her husband, "what a scene of peace and tranquillity! Why could we not live here, far from courts and camps, from battle and bloodshed? But," she continued looking fondly and fixedly at her husband, "this displeases you—think of it only as a fond dream, and pardon me."

"True, my Emma," returned Douglas, "these are but fond dreams; the state of our poor country commands every man to do his duty, and how could the followers of the bloody heart sheathe their swords, and live like bondsmen? Never, never! But ride on now; the smoke from yonder cabin on the brow of the hill promises shelter for the night, and, ere to-morrow's sun goes down, you shall be welcomed as the daughter of one of the noblest dames of Scotland."

Ride on—the night wears apace.” Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the quick tramp of a steed behind him caused him to turn round. It was Mowbray, his eyes glaring with fury, and his frame trembling with rage and excitement.

“Turn, traitor, coward!—Robber! turn, and meet your just punishment.”

“Coward was never heard by a Douglas unrevenge,” was the haughty answer to this defiance, as he wheeled round to meet the challenger, at the same time waving to Lady Emma to ride on; but she became paralyzed with fear and surprise, and sat on her palfrey motionless. Both drew their swords, and the combat began. It was furious, but short: Douglas unhorsed his antagonist, and then, leaping from his own steed, went to assist in raising him, unwilling farther to harm the brother of his wife. But oh, the treachery and cruelty of the wicked! No sooner did the tender-hearted Douglas kneel down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds, than Mowbray drew his secret dagger, and stabbed him to the heart.

The moon rose pale and cold on the waters of this small inland lake, and showed distinctly the body of a female lying near its shore, while a dark heap, resembling men asleep, were seen at a little distance, on a rising ground—the mournful howl of a large dog only broke the death-like stillness; soon, however, a horseman was seen descending the pass; he was directed by the dog to the female, who still lay as if life indeed had fled; he sprang from his horse, and brought water from the lake, which he sprinkled on her face and hands. Long his efforts were unavailing, but at last the pulse of life began once more to beat, the eye opened, and she wildly exclaimed, “O do not kill him.” “He is safe for me, lady,” said the well-known voice of Ralph Teedsdale. “Thou here, my trusty friend!” murmured Lady Emma; “bear me to Douglas, and all yet may be well.” She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Ralph, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be a shepherd’s cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing. He was almost distracted, and, laying down his precious burden, wrapped in his horseman’s cloak, he ran out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it in such a wild district, still closely followed by the dog, which continued at intervals the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Ralph as they ascended the hill; the sad note of the hound was answered by a loud barking, and never fell sounds more welcome on the ear of the faithful vassal; he followed the sounds, and they led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife. His tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing, where they found the object of their solicitude in a situation to demand instant, and female assistance. There, amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortless cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir John Douglas first saw the light. Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Emma was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention. The care of Ralph consigned the remains of the rival chiefs to one grave. It was supposed that De Mowbray had expired soon after giving Douglas the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. Their horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and thus furnished a fund for the maintenance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon their care. Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware she had neither husband nor brother.

Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Emma. She sat watching the gambols of her son on the banks of the peaceful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale thin lip, as he tottered to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the blooming boy to her heart, murmuring, “My Douglas!” On her first awakening to a full sense of her loss and forlorn condition, it was only by presenting her son to her that she could be persuaded to live; and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Drumlanrig, and claim protection for herself and child; but the prudence of Ralph suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and, recommending his lady to the care of Gilbert Scott and his kind-hearted wife, he set out on his embassy. But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the lady fled no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honoured mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had already suffered made every loss appear trivial! The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. Here Lady Emma, in placid content, nursed her child, attended by her faithful foster-brother, who made occasional excursions to the neighbouring town to supply her with any necessary she might require. On an occasion of this kind, when the lovely boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle. It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all words. She forgot her sorrows, and was almost happy. Her attention was soon called to some domestic concern within the cottage. The boy was on

his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be painted, when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle! To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movement of the phrenzied mother; but vain had been her efforts, had she not been almost immediately joined by some of her neighbours, whose united efforts made the fatigued bird quit his prey, and drop it into the loch. Many a willing heart, many an active hand, was ready to save the boy. He was delivered to his mother, but, alas, only as a drenched and nerveless corpse. Human nature could endure no more. Her brain reeled, and reason fled for ever. Her faithful and attached follower returned to find her lady a wandering maniac. Year after year did he follow her footsteps, nor, till death put a period to his sufferings, did his care slacken for one instant. After he had seen her laid by her husband and brother, he bade adieu to the simple inhabitants, and it is supposed he fell in some of the border raids of the period, as he was never more heard of.

Reader, this tale is no idle fiction. On the borders of Alesmoor loch in Selkirkshire may still be seen a small clump of moss-grown trees, among which were one or two of the crab-apple kind, which showed that here the hand of cultivation had once been. Within this inclosure was a small green mound, to which tradition, in reference to the above story, gave the name of the Lady’s Seat; and about half a mile to the south-west of the lonely loch, is an oblong bench, with a rising ground above, still called the Chieftain’s Grave.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE POLECAT.

THE length of the polecat, from the point of the nose to the insertion of the tail, is from seventeen to eighteen inches; the tail is short and bushy, measuring about three inches; the ears are short, round, and tipped with white. The ordinary colour is of a deep chocolate, sometimes nearly black; the sides are covered with hair of two colours, being darker at the tips, like the rest of the body, and the middle of a tawny hue.

The polecat is an active and nimble animal, and runs very fast by a succession of leaps, which is the only way it can make rapid progression, owing to the shortness of its legs. It can creep up the side of a wall with much agility. It inhabits woods or thick brakes, where it burrows under ground, forming a shallow retreat from two to three yards in length, generally terminating in a round chamber among the roots of trees. It seldom leaves its burrow during the day, being a nocturnal animal. It is very destructive to poultry, pigeons, young rabbits, and game of all kinds. Its thirst for blood is so excessive, that it usually kills many more than it can eat. A few pairs of them are sufficient to desolate a whole rabbit warren.

During winter, the polecat frequents houses, barns, and other places connected with farm establishments, feeding on poultry, eggs, and milk.

This species is numerous in Britain, and most other parts of Europe. Lorraine, a province of France, is completely overrun with polecats, owing to some strange superstition of the inhabitants, who will not destroy them; so that there, and in the adjoining cantons, they have become a literal pest, and it is next to impossible to preserve poultry from their ravages. It is a superstitious but erroneous belief with these ignorant peasants that polecats will never destroy poultry in places where they reside, but extend their depredations to distant parts. This argument, however, although true, would but free them from those they foster, while they would suffer from the forays of those more remote.

The female polecat produces from three to six young ones in the beginning of summer. This usually takes place in the immediate neighbourhood of some farm; and they early accustom their progeny to the use of animal food.

The skin of the polecat, when properly manufactured, is a valuable fur, and especially when taken in the winter. It is, however, a difficult process to free the skins from their fetid and offensive odour.

Several of the old writers mention that the polecat will prey upon fish. The following confirmation of this fact is recorded in “Bewick’s Quadrupeds:”—During a severe storm, one of these animals was traced in the snow, from the side of a rivulet to its hole at some distance from it: as it was observed to have made frequent trips, and as other marks were to be seen in the snow which could not easily be accounted for, it was thought a matter worthy of greater attention. Its hole was, accordingly, examined, the polecat taken, and eleven fine eels were discovered to be the fruit of its nocturnal excursions. The marks in the snow were found to have been made by the motion of the eels in the creature’s mouth.

THE WEASEL.

The body of the weasel is seven inches in length, and the tail only two inches and a half, ending in a sharp point. The height of the animal is little more than two inches and a half, consequently its length is nearly four times that of its height. Its usual colour is pale reddish brown on the back, sides, and legs; the throat and belly are white; on each side of the head, under the corners of the mouth, there is a brown spot: its ears are short and round, and its eyes small,

black, and sparkling: its whiskers are very long; and its teeth are exceedingly sharp, so that it bites with great keenness.

Although the weasel is but a slender animal, yet it is more than a match for the largest rat, to which he is a mortal enemy, and frequently proves extremely useful in ridding stack-yards and barns of this destructive vermin, as well as mice; on which account, its company is often courted by the farmer: it is even more useful than the cat in destroying rats, for, from the slender form of its body, it can pursue them into their holes, where they are soon killed. It is a destructive enemy to pigeons, as it creeps into the holes of a dovecot in the evening, and surprises its prey while they are asleep. In short, from the peculiar construction of its body, there are few situations it is incapable of reaching, as the sharpness of its claws enables it to clamber up an almost perpendicular wall.

The weasel is a lively and active animal, common in all parts of Britain; and being of a fierce and bold disposition, proves very destructive to farm-yards and warrens. It devours eggs with much voracity: in this operation it makes a small hole in the end of the egg, and sucks the contents out, leaving the shell entire. Rats, on the contrary, usually drag the eggs from the nest, and either break them to pieces, or make a large hole in them: from these distinctions, the farmer may readily guess which was the depredator.

It is said that the weasel prefers meat which has become partially putrid. Buffon, in illustration of its attachment to putrid substances, says, that a weasel, with three young ones, was taken out of the carcase of a wolf that had been hung on a tree by the hind feet. The wolf was almost entirely putrid, and the weasel had made a nest of leaves and herbage for her young in the thorax of the corrupt carcase.

The female brings forth in spring, and usually produces four or five at a litter. The young ones are blind at birth, but soon receive their sight, and are not long of being able to follow the dam in her predatory excursions.

The weasel is of a wild and untractable nature, being exceedingly difficult to tame. When kept in a cage, it seems in a perpetual state of agitation, is terrified at the sight of all who approach to look at it, and generally endeavours to hide itself beneath the straw, or other substances which may be at the bottom of its cage. There are, however, instances on record of weasels being completely domesticated.

Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, Mademoiselle de Laistre proves that in some instances it may be tamed. In a letter, she gives the following amusing account of it:—“If I pour some milk into my hand,” says she, “it will drink a good deal; but if I do not pay it this compliment, it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odour by perfumes. During day, it sleeps inside a quilt, which it enters by a place which is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered; at night, I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols it enters my bed, and reposes in my hand, or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth, like a little dog: leaping on my head, and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished-for object; and it is so capricious at times as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, and immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I awake it, however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes its gambols, with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it mortally detests; in which case, it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to its voice when pleased. This little creature can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me; with its two little paws it frequently pats me on the chin, in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This, with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my intentions when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him; on these occasions, he will then conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and springs on me as I pass with astonishing quickness.

“This vivacity, agility, and voice, with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking, but since the cold set in, he has desisted from this practice, but has sometimes expressed this peculiar sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams.

“It seems extremely probable that the weasel sips

the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hands. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then it is in such a small way, for he appears only to do it to cool his tongue; for he evinced fear on several occasions when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavoured to get him to enter it to bathe himself; but this he would not do. I then dipped a piece of linen cloth in it, which seemed to afford him much pleasure by rolling himself on it, which he did frequently.

"The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer, or box, without his roving through every part of them; if even a piece of paper, or a book, is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to and survey, with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar; he will scamper over their necks, backs, and legs, without them offering him the smallest injury."

The following circumstance strongly illustrated the determined spirit of this little animal:—

An eagle having seized a weasel, mounted into the air with its prey, and was soon after observed to exhibit symptoms of distress. Its little enemy had extricated itself so far as to be able to bite the eagle in the throat, and kept its hold with such pertinacity, that he soon brought the eagle to the ground, and the weasel, finding himself fairly on terra firma again, took care to make good his retreat.

One fine summer evening, about thirty years ago, as Mr Brown was returning from Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, by the Dalkeith road, he observed on the high ground at a considerable distance, betwixt and Craigmillar Castle, a man, who was leaping about, performing a number of antic gestures, more like those of a maniac than of a sane person. After contemplating this apparently absurd conduct, Mr Brown began to think it might be some unfortunate maniac, and, climbing over the wall, made directly towards him; and when he got pretty near, he perceived that this man had been attacked, and was defending himself against the assault of a number of small animals, which he at first took for rats, but which, in fact, turned out, on getting closer, to be a colony of from fifteen to twenty weasels, which the unfortunate man was tearing from him, and endeavouring to keep from his throat. Mr Brown joined in the combat, and, having a stick, contrived to hit several of them, and laid them lifeless. Seeing their numbers decreasing, the animals became intimidated, and speedily fled towards a rock hard by, and disappeared in its fissures. The gentleman was nearly overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, having been engaged in his struggle with the weasels, as far as he could guess, upwards of twenty minutes; and but for the fortunate and timely assistance of Mr Brown, he said he must have inevitably fallen a victim to their fury, as he found himself quickly losing strength from the violence of his exertion. His chief attention was turned to keeping them from his throat, to which they seemed instinctively to direct their course. He was a powerful man, otherwise he must have sunk under their ferocity. He had squeezed two to death while tearing them from him. His hands were much bitten, and were streaming with blood from the wounds.

The account he gave of the commencement of the affray, was, that he was walking slowly through the park, when he happened to see a weasel; he ran at it, and made several unsuccessful attempts to strike it with a small ratan he had in his hand. On its getting near the rock above mentioned, he got betwixt it and the animal, and thus cut off his means of retreat; the weasel squeaked aloud, when an instantaneous sortie was made by the whole colony, and the attack commenced.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

[The following well-written letter has been put into our hands by a gentleman of this city, and as it cannot fail to be of service to many of our readers, we readily afford it a place. It is the composition of a person who verily emigrated to Canada.]

G— Brule, Township of M^cNab,
Upper Canada, Jan. 13, 1833.

MY DEAR MOTHER—You'll no doubt have passed many an anxious hour about us since we left you, and I am sure it will afford you the greatest pleasure and consolation to hear that we are all in the very best health, and in all likelihood, in a short time, to have in this country every comfort we could desire.

I might have written to you sooner, but could not have done it so satisfactorily, for it is little more than a month since we were finally on our own land, and in our own house. We had about eight weeks' passage from Leith to Quebec; but, upon the whole, as comfortable a one as we could expect in so crowded a vessel. We left Quebec, the same day we arrived, by the steamer for Montreal, where we remained five days, waiting the sailing of the track-boats through the Lachine Canal. Mr S—, to whom, you know, I had a letter of introduction, received me very kindly, and offered me the grant of 100 acres of land, in the lower province, free, if I chose to remain; or, if I preferred going to Niagara, he would recommend me to the situation of a book-keeper to a gentleman from that place, who was then at Montreal. We had steam navigation to Bytown, a distance of 120 miles from Montreal, and then, partly by land, but mostly by

canoes, a farther distance of 50 miles, to this township, where we arrived in the middle of August.

I met with a warm and hospitable reception from M^cNab. We remained with him until I fixed upon a lot of land, where there was a small clearance, and a house; but we had not been on this lot more than a month, when the former occupier made his appearance, and claimed the lot as his. He had verbally given it up, but as he held the location ticket, we were obliged to leave it, and accepted the invitation of our then next neighbour to remain with him until we fixed upon another lot. This person was then in the midst of his harvest, and we gave him what assistance we could, and were thus gaining a little knowledge of the customs of the country, and, at same time, becoming better acquainted with the nature of the land. I was cautious in fixing upon another lot, and went through the greater part of the township before I did so. I at last selected the one upon which I am now sitting. This lot is what is here called a Brule, a French term, but completely adopted here, meaning a place that has been burnt. A Brule is the wildest place of the forest. I have retained the name, and, in compliment to my mother, have prefixed her maiden name. It is customary for the settlers to give their lot a name, and it behoved me to do the same. It frequently happens that fires arise in the woods in this country; and seven years ago, six miles long, by three broad, of this township, was under fire, which has consumed a good deal of the timber; but the most of it is only killed, and, in the course of a few years, a great part of the hardwood is thrown down, and the under brush springing up. My Brule formed part of this burning, and last autumn, I mean the autumn of 1831, it was again under fire, so that now there is scarce a living tree upon the lot, and a deal of the timber consumed, and in many places of the rear there is scarcely a stump left; and I may have 20 or 30 acres under crop next spring, if I can procure a yoke of oxen and seed. The soil is a red clayey loam, lying mostly upon limestone, but partly upon a yellowish clay. The rear of the lot is a succession of gentle swelling banks, running across the lot till they terminate near the river Dochart, about 100 or 150 acres lower, where the land becomes a strong bluish marly clay. The land falls in the same manner again towards the Grand River; and as the neighbouring lots suffered also in the burnings, and my house being placed in the rear of the lot, I can see from it nearly a mile round me in all directions. I have hitherto spoken only of the lot I hold free; but upon settling on land here, two things are particularly to be considered, that is, firewood and water. I have plenty of excellent water on this lot. About the centre of it there is a fine running creek, that neither freezes in winter nor gets dry in summer; but I had no growing firewood, and the common estimate is, that a settler should retain for that purpose from 20 to 30 acres of growing wood. In these circumstances, it became necessary to obtain this; and as the chief* held the lot in the rear of the one I have been speaking of in his own hands, he agreed to let me have it on the same terms as his other settlers—that is, after three years, to pay him a barrel and a half of flour per 100 acres; and as there is about 140 acres of it, you will see that I thus hold about 340 acres of land. There are from 30 to 40 acres of this lot adjoining the other one, also burnt in the same manner; but there is a point of it which the fire did not reach, that is within 500 yards of my house, which in a year or two I will have to resort to for firewood. The soil of this lot is somewhat like the other, and the finest part of it runs down to and overhangs the lake, commanding a fine view of the lake and of the opposite shores of Lower Canada. The lake opposite me is from one to two miles broad. The fire of 1831 left the greater part of my free lot quite bare; but in the course of last summer there sprung up a weed called Indian kale, the same plant that is cultivated with you as a garden flower, with which it is completely covered, and interspersed with young trees, which have already attained the height of two to three feet. Accidents have never happened to any of the settlers from these fires, as they never encroach upon the clearances. Where fire has run, or where a clearance has been made, and then left in a state of nature for four or five years, as was the case with six or eight acres of the lot I settled on first, there sprung up in the greatest profusion currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, plums, and white clover, which it appears are all indigenous to this country. I would have preferred placing my house upon the lot adjoining the lake, and close to the lake, where there is a fine flat of the finest soil covered entirely with hardwood, consisting of maple, beech, barwood, and oak, of about 50 acres in extent; but, in the meantime, I thought it more advisable to place it as nearly as possible in the midst of the greatest extent of my best and clearest land. In a few years this will become a valuable situation, as the summer after next it is expected a steam-boat will ply daily from Bytown to about 20 miles above this township. We saw this vessel building when on our way up, and she was finished in time to make a few trips last year to the Chats Rapids, 10 miles below us. These rapids have been surveyed, and a canal of three or four miles will be cut next spring, to avoid them; so that, in the course of another year or two, we will have a continued chain of steam-boats from Montreal to about 20 miles above us.

This township is as yet in its infancy, although it has been settled for about ten years. The settlers are only between fifty and sixty, and being mostly from the Highlands, and without capital or experience as farmers, they have made but little progress. Settlers in a new township have many and great difficulties to contend with at first, but the worst of these are now over here, and we may expect to make henceforth rapid improvement. Within the last two or three years, more enterprising men have settled on the township. Two or three of the old settlers, who have lots on the lake, have gained money by keeping taverns, where there is a very considerable trade from the number of lumbering parties on the Grand River and the Madawasea; and among the recent settlers are two Stirlingshire men, who keep a store, and are erecting extensive saw-mills at the mouth of the latter. These mills are nearly ready to commence operations, and, when ready, they commence the erection of a flour mill, a great want here at present, the settlers having to go to the neighbouring township to get their flour made. The most of the settlers who have been here a few years are in comfortable circumstances; for the last season or two, they have been able to procure the use of a yoke of oxen, by rearing them or otherwise, and have now from ten to thirty acres under crop. In addition to the yoke of oxen, they have in general from two to six milch cows, one or two couple of young steers, two or three young cows, half a score to a score of sheep, and a few of them have a horse or two, with pigs, and plenty of the finest poultry. During six months of the year, these animals cost them nothing, but are turned into the woods, where they feed luxuriantly, each settler's cattle generally keeping by themselves, and commonly take a circuit of three or four miles round the clearance. The only inconvenience of this is the trouble of searching for the cows to be milked twice a-day, or for the oxen, when they are wanted for work. The most docile cow has a bell put round her neck, and by the sound of this, or by their track, they are traced, for they have generally to be searched for, seldom coming home of themselves; and every man's cattle are allowed to graze where they please, except where the land is fenced, and a settler fences only his cleared land. The crops cultivated here are principally wheat, Indian corn and potatoes, with a little beer, rye, oats, pease, and turnip, as well as pumpkins, which are generally grown among the Indian corn. Timothy hay is also cultivated, and brings from L.2 to L.4 per ton. Wheat fetches about 5s., Indian corn 4s., oats 2s. 6d., potatoes 1s. 6d. per bushel; and those settlers who have any of these articles for sale find a ready market for them at these prices, principally to the lumberers, taken from their own doors. Many of the settlers take only half a lot, that is, 100 acres, and are entitled by their location ticket, as soon as they have done the settlement duties, namely, cleared 5 acres per 100, to claim a patent deed at their own expense, which costs about L.2, and this entitles them to vote for a member of Parliament. There is a general meeting of the township held annually, on the first Monday of January, when all matters relative to the internal government of the township are agreed upon, and where we elect assessors, tax-collector, town-wardens, path-masters, town-clerk, &c., and at which M^cNab votes only as an individual, and has no control over the settlers, except as a justice of the peace.

(The remainder of this letter in the ensuing Number.)

THE NORWEGIANS.

Extreme poverty in some parts of Norway causes a paucity of articles that may be almost regarded as necessary to the comforts of life. In some houses the whole stock of utensils are—one large iron pot, an axe, one knife, and half a dozen wooden bowls and spoons. The severity of the climate obliges the people to sleep in their only room that has a fire-place, and in one large bed, like a deal box, into which they all creep; some straw is spread at the bottom, and sheep-skins serve for covering. They seem to have scarcely a fixed hour for sleep, but each gets in by day, as he finds himself tired. The swampy lands they labour in prevents the women's bare feet, or their miserable remnants of shoes and stockings, from ever being clean; but their tables, and what utensils they have, are generally spotless. Destitute as they are of every worldly comfort, two or three religious books are to be found in every house. The hope of the weary and heavy laden in every clime is not denied to these poor sojourners in the valley of tears.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Every Subscriber is now may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

* It is presumed that the chief of M^cNab is here meant.—Ed.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 73.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

FAMILY AFFECTIONS.

In the chequered and often weary pilgrimage of life, there is nothing, after religion, which yields so uniform and unfailing a measure of comfort as the affections springing from ties of blood. To all men we are in some measure brothers: there are general sympathies which bind the whole race together as one family, and others which, uniting larger or smaller parties, and inspiring them with common objects, form solid brotherhoods and corporations, for general and individual advantage. In all these unions, however, the binding sympathies are of a vague nature, compared to those which knit together the little circle of a domestic hearth. It is there alone that the reasons for union exceed in number and strength the reasons for disunion, and there alone that we may hope to find an attachment, which will be alike ready to resist and to consult a sense of interest. In the world at large, the sympathies of those around us are only to be roused by a particular exigency, and we might live for ever without acquiring a single friend. In our homes, on the contrary, every man feels as if he were hedged round by a faithful and devoted body-guard, whose eyes are as beacons to guide and welcome him to their hearts, and whose best offices can only be withheld when they are either repressed by coldness or eminently undeserved. In all spheres of life this is the same, and the poor man, though doomed, perhaps, to suffer under the contumely of the proud, finds as much esteem and affection in his own humble circle, and is thereby as much comforted and supported, as if he possessed all the boasted advantages of fortune.

Since such are the blessings which Almighty Providence has conferred upon us through the medium of family ties, of what importance must it be that we cultivate these ties with all tenderness and care, and scrupulously avoid every occasion of doing them injury! Of how much importance is it, in the first place, that we give that honour to our parents, which, leaving out of view the sacred command of our Divine Father, is so strongly required of us, not only by gratitude for early nurture, and for the trouble, anxiety, and cost which they have freely suffered and expended in our behalf, but in order that we might continue to enjoy the full measure of that parental affection, which, in all young people of right minds and feelings, has heretofore been the greatest blessing of life! Of what importance is it, with a view to ourselves becoming the honoured head of a family circle, that we do not at the very first step—namely, in marriage—barter away the affections, and all their golden associations, for some unworthy object, the end of which will be loneliness and sickness of heart, and an endless train of miseries, perhaps, which even wealth, though it may gild, can never alleviate! Of what importance is it, that, in all our intercourse with brothers, with sisters, and even with more distant relations—for, thanks to the Fountain of all Good, there is much earnest affection beyond the immediate family circle—we should avoid all those nameless and almost imperceptible causes of wrath, which so often arise, like the viewless pestilence, to disserve the hearts which nature has intended to be the fondest, and leave, each to the loneliness of his own desolate and angry feelings, those who know that they ought to be as one, and, even in their disunion, wish to be so!

The general sense of mankind is well aware of the blessing of the affections, and of the necessity of guarding and fostering them by all attainable means. When a child offers an indignity to his parent, society feels it as a common wound. When a matrimonial alliance is formed, in which the affections are obviously disregarded that some sordid interest may be

consulted, all rightly-constituted persons experience a distressing sensation, as if some insult were offered to nature, and, through nature, to themselves. When an estrangement takes place between brothers, or any other nearly related persons fall into a quarrel, every individual who knows the parties experiences as real a shock, and as definite a pain, as if a blow were given. On the other hand, there are few things (apart from what immediately concern themselves) which so readily brighten the countenances of men, as to observe or to be informed of any instance in which relations live harmoniously, and in the habitual exercise of a loving kindness towards each other. We are all, in general, cold enough; of that there can be no doubt. Yet no man is so abandoned to the empire of an evil nature, that he will not survey with pleasure, and a contagious goodness, however transient, the tenderness, for instance, of a pure and gentle daughter towards a helpless parent—the devotion of an only son to a widowed mother—the friendship of brothers seeking to support each other against the general calamities of life. Such sights as these elevate and refine every nature, for they are all of heaven that has been left upon the earth.

It unfortunately happens, notwithstanding all the blessings to be derived from family affections, and the general respect which is sure to be paid to any instance of their being properly cultivated, that kinsmen often fall out, and that no hostility is so ill to heal as one between such parties. The principal causes of this may, we think, be easily traced, and some precautions may as easily be taken to obviate them.

It has pleased the Creator of the human race to inspire them with different dispositions, different likings and dislikes, and many various passions, which, if allowed free scope and exercise, would not only be vicious in themselves, but produce infinite mischief from the simple circumstance of their running foul of the passions and dispositions of others, and so leading to endless warfare among men. To prevent the diverse tastes and tendencies of mankind from jostling each other, society has established a conventional system of manners, known by the phrase "good breeding," which prevents one person from saying such things as he pleases, if the saying of such things be likely to displease others. This check, unfortunately, is of least avail in families, being there deranged in its exercise by the easiness and familiarity which near relationship and early habits have introduced, and even rendered in some measure laudable. As it is at the same time a fact in nature, that greater differences of disposition prevail among at least collateral relations, than what are to be found in an equal number of persons selected at random from the community, and as relations, moreover, are most frequently engaged in the transactions which are apt to produce contrariety of interest, and excite opposite natures, the result obviously must be, that dissensions more frequently take place among them than among other persons. When once offence has been given and taken among friends, it is easy to see that a reconciliation must be more difficult and hopeless than in any other case, since, even if there were no other causes, the very fact of the offence having been given by a friend must make it seem the less excusable.

Now, nothing can be clearer than that the true way to avoid such unhappy enmities is to call into exercise in families, if not the formal manners which are necessary to avoid divisions in general society, at least a greater share of that mutual bearing and forbearing which constitutes the best part of "good breeding." Some one has remarked with much force, that, as two hard substances are necessary to strike fire, so two

obdurate natures are requisite in a quarrel. In all dissensions, each invariably thinks himself the innocent and ill-used party, and throws the whole blame upon his neighbour. But this is an absurdity in nature. If either had had a sincere desire to avoid quarrelling, a little endurance and a little forbearance—no matter from which side—would have had the effect. Did wrath come from one side!—would not "a soft word" from the other have "turned it away?" Hence, it may be observed, that an imperious and a yielding nature form a union little liable to be disturbed by quarrels. Let no one say that to be constantly giving way to the worse passions of a neighbour is an unmanly sacrifice, that ought not to be paid. "Peace, peace, peace," as the good Lord Falkland cried, "give us peace upon any terms." And, moreover, will the want of reason in one person excuse the want of a gentle spirit in another? Ought we not, rather, by yielding, to hold up an example to our less happily constituted friend, or, if all other good ends fail, by forgiveness heap coals of fire upon his head?

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

GLACIERS.

No person can contemplate the surface of this earth without being impressed with a deep sense of the beauty and grandeur which in almost every country it exhibits. The sunny valley, the extended plain, the lofty ice-crowned mountain, alike manifest the presence of that power which pervades the whole visible creation. Well has the poet expressed this in the following invocation:—

"Spirit of nature! This is thy fitting temple!
Where not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze,
But is instinct with thee!"

With minds thus prepared to be affected by the sublimity of the scenes we must now imagine, let us proceed to examine the origin and nature of those immense masses of ice which are termed glaciers, and which are found on the summits of high mountains. When we ascend from the surface of the earth into the higher regions of the atmosphere, we find that the air becomes rarified; the sun's rays, which impart warmth, are reflected round us with less intensity, and a sense of coldness is experienced. Saussure, in travelling over the Alps, found that the temperature of the air diminished one degree for every two hundred and eighty-seven feet that he ascended. Dr Heberden, in journeying over the Azores, found the thermometer fall one degree for every two hundred and forty-five feet. A thermometer, placed on the top of Arthur's Seat, will stand three degrees lower than another kept in a situation on a level with its base. Accordingly, it is found that snow exists in all countries at a certain height above the level of the sea, and this particular height is designated the "snow line." We must now, then, picture to ourselves a lofty chain of mountains—the range of the majestic Alps. When the traveller has ascended one of these mountains, he finds himself surrounded by colossal masses of ice. The snow which falls in these high regions is finer, drier, and more crystalline than that which, falling through a denser atmosphere more charged with vapour, reaches the lower region of the mountains. Most truly has the poet, in contemplating the summit of Mont Blanc, said—

"Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: The power is there—
The still and solemn power of many sights,
And the wide and solemn power of many winds contend
Silently, there, and heap the snow with breath,
Rapid and strong—but silently."

The snow which thus accumulates on the tops of these mountains, agglomerates in a slow and irregular man-

ner, under the form of grains, into considerable masses, which, during the summer, are exposed to continual changes of temperature. The very keen cold of the night renders the surface of the mass so hard, that the footstep of the traveller makes no impression on it. The intense heat of the succeeding day, however, separates anew the snowy grains, and the water so melted, penetrating into the interstices thus produced, enlarges each grain by congealing round it. This operation proceeding for a considerable period, and on a great scale, at length gives rise to so compact a crystallized mass, that the rays of the sun have not power to melt it; instead of which, they produce an expansion of the air within the glacier, which gives rise to sudden and violent rents at the surface, which are often of considerable magnitude. "One day," says Professor Hugi, who explored the glaciers of the Alps, "being on the inferior glacier of the Aar during an intense heat, at three o'clock P.M. I heard a very peculiar noise. I advanced rapidly from thirty to forty paces from the side where the noise was heard; I felt the mass of the glacier shake by jolts under my feet, and I soon discovered the cause. A fissure was formed in an instant, the aperture was elongated from twelve to twenty feet, so that I was unable to follow its formation. Sometimes the operation seemed about to cease, and the mass separated itself very slowly; then, again, the fissure continued to open quickly, and by jolts. Many times I ran forward in time to see the separation taking place under my feet. I followed in this way the formation of the fissure over an extent of almost a quarter of a league, even to the border of the glacier, where it stopped. The fissure opened at first, under the first concussion, about an inch and a half, but afterwards it again contracted, so that its breadth did not attain to more than an inch. The interior of this fissure was rough and unequal; a part of the crystals were broken into two, and others almost untouched formed projections to which there were corresponding hollows in the opposite surface. * * * During the whole of my stay on the inferior glacier of the Aar, we were awaked every night twice or thrice by the subterranean noises which proceeded from the interior of the glacier. Twice the bed itself, which we had dug in the glacier, and which was lined with slates and moss, was violently shaken by jolts analogous to those which I had observed during the formation of the fissure; but the shaking appeared so deeply seated, that we could not for a moment entertain the idea that any rent or crevice would open at the surface." Here we may for a moment pause, to reflect on the awe-inspiring effect of such a scene. It has been well described by Lord Byron, who has put these words into the lips of the gloomy and desperate Manfred:—

"Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountains overwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momentarily, above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager."

In connection with the rifts thus produced in these glaciers, we may quote the following observations and anecdote by Mr Bohr, who visited the glaciers on one of the high mountains in the interior of Norway:—"It is not," says he, "without terror that you look down into these fearful abysses, however beautiful their azure-coloured walls are. In their cold bottoms the lonely traveller has sometimes found his grave. A few years ago, a peasant crossing over from Justedal to Nordford, fell into one of these large clefts, which was concealed by the snow. His only companion, a faithful dog, ran down to Justedal, barking and howling as a signal for help. Nobody, however, comprehended his meaning, till the person who had fallen down was at last missed. Several persons then followed the dog up to the glacier, who stopped at the cleft, and gave such signs as put it beyond all doubt that his master had fallen into it. They threw down a rope, and made loud cries, but in vain; the peasant had met his death in the immeasurable gulf. It was only by compulsion that the dog would leave the cleft."

The ice of glaciers is often as hard as rock: the sun, the rain, and warm winds, slightly melt its surface, but never soften the whole mass. The colour of a small detached fragment of a glacier is white and clear; but if we examine a greater mass, as the thickness increases it becomes of a blue colour, gradually more deep; it is at first a sky-blue scarcely discernible, then a fine enamel blue, and, finally, a very deep azure blue. In some glaciers there is associated with the fine deep azure blue a small tint of sea-green, which sometimes predominates. In some places, especially in the fissures, the gradation of colours is very beautiful. In front of a glacier there is generally a pile of rubbish, consisting of rock, earth, and trees, which form a wall around it, known in Switzerland by the term *MORAINE*. If this line of moraine be some distance from the front of the glacier, it is considered that the glacier has retreated to the amount of that distance; but if there be no other than that which the glacier immediately drives before it, then it is considered to be on the increase. The glaciers, by melting at their under surface, occasionally descend along the sides of the mountain, or fall with tremendous crash into the subjacent vallies. In so doing they often transport blocks of very large dimensions along with them, occasioning the most frightful devastation where they fall. In 1774, many families who lived in Norway complained to the authorities that they could

not pay their taxes in consequence of their crops having been entirely destroyed by the descent of the glaciers. When these avalanches fall, they do so with the noise of the loudest thunder, which reverberates through all the adjacent vallies. Huge masses of ice and snow, loosened from the sides of the mountains, are precipitated with prodigious force, and the ice, reduced to powder by the force of the fall, mounts like dust raised in a whirlwind, while the heavier materials still rush down in a tremendous torrent. We find in the Swiss journal of Lord Byron an interesting and accurate description of the effect. "Arrived at the foot of the Jungfrau; glaciers; torrents; one of these torrents nine hundred feet in height of visible descent; heard an avalanche fall like thunder; glaciers enormous; storm came on; thunder, lightning, hail, all in perfection, and beautiful. The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the pale horse mentioned in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height gives it a wave, a curve, a spreading here, or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable." Such falls are particularly common among the Alps, and alone disturb with their thunder the silence of these wild and dreary regions.

LEGEND OF MARSEILLES.

THERE is a tradition in Marseilles, that, on a particular night, about 200 years ago, all the clocks of that city were put forward one hour—a tradition which is said to have had its origin in the following story:—

There lived in the vicinity of that city a Monsieur Valette, a gentleman of ancient family, and of considerable fortune. He had married Maria Danville, daughter of the mayor of the city, a young lady who was from her beauty called "the Rose of Marseilles," and who united to every personal charm, dispositions the most amiable, and a mind the most accomplished. He had the happiness of seeing himself beloved by the most charming of her sex; a happiness not always enjoyed in France, where marriages are usually contracted by the parents, with too little regard to the affections of their children, and where the heart, therefore, is but too seldom given with the hand. It is on this account, perhaps, that the marriage state in that country is considered as one of more freedom to both parties than with us, where the affections are left less constrained in the choice of their object. M. Valette was blessed with two sons and two daughters, the fair fruit of a happy union, and he dwelt in a beautiful villa in the vicinity of the city, and commanding an extensive view of its fine bay; a seat which had been the favourite residence of his ancestors.

As his children grew up, however, he was induced to remove to Paris, which both he and Madame Valette conceived to be more favourable to the education of their family, though he was himself fond of rural retirement; a rare taste, amongst a people where all the noble and opulent flock to the capital, the seat of the court, and leave almost deserted one of the most picturesque and beautiful countries in the world. Hence it is that pastoral and descriptive poetry are so little relished or cultivated in France, where the pleasures of rural nature are either not fully appreciated, or connected with low and vulgar associations. The removal of M. Valette to Paris was deplored by his tenantry, to whom he had been as a father, but particularly as Monsieur Le Brun, whom he had left factor on his estate, was, though a just man, of harsh manners, and of a precise and unaccommodating temper.

M. Valette found it necessary in Paris, as all persons of distinction do, to mix with the gay and the fashionable: the time that had been given to the enjoyments of domestic retirement was now consumed in the giddy round of fashion and amusements, and his open and generous temper led him into a mode of life which but ill accorded with the moderation of his fortune. He made frequent demands on his factor for renewed remittances; and this man was forced to use rigorous and oppressive measures, to procure for his master the necessary means of expense. The scanty vintage of the preceding years had made such demands doubly hard to be obeyed; and Le Brun became as odious to the tenantry as Valette himself had been respected and beloved.

These circumstances were but too little known to Valette, or his generous soul would have revolted from a manner of life which wrung from the sweat of the labourer his hard-earned wages. One night, as he slept in Paris, the form of his factor appeared to him, covered with blood, informing him that he had been murdered by the tenantry on M. Valette's estate, for rigour in collecting his revenue, and his body buried under a particular tree, which he minutely described. The ghost of Le Brun, moreover, requested him that he would undertake an immediate journey to Marseilles, and deposit his remains in the tomb of his ancestors; a request the importance of which will be duly estimated by those who know the horror with which the Catholics contemplate the idea of having their remains deposited in ground which has not been consecrated by the church. To this request Valette assented, and the apparition immediately disappeared.

The morning came, to dissipate the gloom which the vision of the night had occasioned; and though he had been for some time astonished at the unusual silence of Le Brun, yet he could not help considering

the whole as a mere illusion of the imagination. The stories of ghosts he had always considered as fit only for the nursery, and his manly and enlightened mind was wholly unimbued with the least tincture of credulity or superstition. To have taken so distant a journey, on such a pretence, he knew would be interpreted as the height of superstition; and he concealed an incident, the very relation of which must have subjected him to the ridicule of his acquaintance. "You are more thoughtful than usual, papa!" said one of his daughters to him next morning at breakfast. "I am thinking, my dear," said M. Valette, "why I have been so long in hearing from Le Brun. I need money, and my demands have not been supplied."

Night now came, again to usher in that period of reflection which the dissipation of the day had banished, and about the solemn hour of midnight, Le Brun again appeared, to reproach him for his negligence. There was an evident frown on his countenance; and he besought Valette why he had delayed to fulfil his earnest request? Valette again promised immediate obedience, and the night was no more disturbed by so unwelcome an intruder. Morning came again, the gaiety of which even the voice of sorrow can scarcely resist; and the same train of thoughts occurred to him as on the day preceding. "It must still be a dream," said he to himself, "though a remarkable one certainly. To-day will probably bring me the expected letters from Le Brun, and I must yet delay a journey which must subject me at once to ridicule and inconvenience."

The messengers from the dead seldom petition in vain; and the third night the expected vision appeared, with a terrible frown in his countenance, and reproached Valette for his want of friendship to the man whose blood had been spilt in his cause, and for disregard to the peace of his soul. "If you will grant my request," said the phantom, "I promise to give you twenty-four hours' warning of the time of your own death, to arrange your affairs, and to make your peace with God." M. Valette promised, in the most solemn manner, that he would set off next morning for Marseilles, to execute the awful commission; and, with a look of confidence in his words, the ghost of Le Brun vanished from his sight. Valette rose next day with the light, and alleging to his family that he had business of urgent necessity, which immediately called him to Marseilles, accompanied by a few faithful domestics, he departed to visit the seat of his ancestors, after an absence of ten years. There, alas! he found but too fatally realised the murder of Le Brun. Under the tree that had been so minutely described, and which grew in the solitary corner of an adjoining forest, he found the mangled remains, which, after the manner of his country, he caused to be decently interred in the family vault. He in vain, however, made every search for the murderers. The same cause which had occasioned the death of the unfortunate Le Brun, led the tenants to the most obstinate concealment of the manner of it; and Valette saw, with horror and regret, the miseries which they had suffered, in times of extreme difficulty, merely that he might be furnished with the means of extravagance. "Had I imagined," he exclaimed, "that my unsatisfactory pleasures would have cost so dear, I would long since have retired from fashionable life, and sought that happiness in the peaceful seclusion of a beautiful country, which was always most congenial to the wishes of my soul. I shall return to my estate," continued he, "that my children may learn to relish its beauties, and acquire an attachment to its tranquil pleasures, and to its simple inhabitants. May the blood which has been shed prove a memorable lesson to my sons of the misery of extravagance, and the guilt of oppression." Impressed with such reflections, M. Valette no sooner returned to Paris, than he communicated to his accomplished partner, the once "peerless Rose of Marseilles," and the still lovely mother of a virtuous offspring, the natured and unalterable purpose of his soul. Madame Valette, having accomplished the principal object of her residence in Paris—the education of her family—assented with pleasure to a return to those tranquil enjoyments which were ever dearest to her heart. In little more than a year, they found themselves again in the chateau of their ancestors, and their return was hailed by a delighted tenantry—by the widow and the fatherless—by the indigent and the afflicted. To relieve the distresses of the poor was neither the least important nor pleasant employments of this benevolent family, and on them descended the blessings of those who were ready to perish.

About eight years after their return from Paris, the family mansion demanding repairs, they found it necessary, for some time, to remove to Marseilles, where they resided in the house of M. Danville, the father of Madame Valette. Time, which wears away even the rocks of the earth, had weakened the impression of his dream from the mind of Valette, and cares of a more tender and domestic nature chiefly occupied his thoughts.

Sitting one night, after supper, in the midst of his happy family, a loud and sudden knocking was heard at the gate; but when the servant went to open it, he found nobody without. After a short interval, the same loud knocking was again heard, and one of Valette's sons accompanied the servant to the gate, to see who demanded admittance at so unseasonable an hour; but, to their astonishment, no one was to be seen there

neither. A third time the knocking was repeated still louder and louder, and a sudden thought darted across the mind of Valette, that this was the ghost of Le Brun, come to fulfil his awful promise. "I will go to the gate myself," said he; "I believe I know who it is that knocks." This presentiment was too truly realised. As he opened the gate, the factor appeared, whispered to him, that next night, at the same time, for it was now the twelfth hour, he must prepare himself to leave the world!—then, waving his hand, as if to bid adieu, the ghost of Le Brun disappeared, to return no more.

M. Valette returned, pale and ghastly as the phantom he had seen, to his happy domestic circle; and, upon their anxious and urgent inquiries as to the cause of his uneasiness, related, for the first time, the incident of the dream, and the promised warning which he had just received. A sudden gloom and melancholy was spread over the faces of all present. Madame Valette threw her arms round the neck of her husband, and embraced him with tears; while his lovely daughters clung round his knees, exclaiming, "that they never could outlive so good a father!" M. Danville, however, obstinately declared his incredulity, and considered the whole as one of those unaccountable illusions to which even the strongest minds are sometimes liable. He viewed it like the apparition which appeared to Brutus before the battle of Philippi, while that great but unfortunate patriot was sitting lone and melancholy in his tent. No sooner had M. Valette retired to his apartment, than M. Danville endeavoured to impress the same opinion on the family of his son-in-law. Apprehensive lest the very imagination of the event might occasion it, or at least be attended by disagreeable consequences, he thought upon a device, which, as mayor of the city, it was in his power easily to accomplish. This was to cause all the clocks of Marseilles to be put forward one hour, that they might strike the predicted hour of twelve next night, when it should only be eleven; so that, if there really were any thing in the warning of the ghost, when the time should be believed by Valette to have passed over without any event supervening, he might be persuaded to dissipate the imagination with which he was so deeply impressed.

Next day the unhappy Valette made every effort to arrange his worldly affairs according to his wishes, procured his will to be executed in legal form, received the sacrament, and prepared himself with all decency and solemnity for the awful event which he anticipated. The evening approached. From a large open window, which looked into a beautiful garden, and commanded an extensive view into the surrounding country, he saw the sun go down, as he believed, for the last time. For the last time he beheld its blessed light irradiate the blue heavens, and gladden the green earth. He thought the myrtles and acacias, as they bowed their limber heads to the breeze, waved him a last adieu. He imagined that the fountains, that threw their drizzling spray on high, fell back into their basins with a more plaintive murmur. The shadows of night now came down upon the world, which he believed were to usher him in to the darkness of the grave. He beheld the stars twinkle in the azure heaven with a milder radiance than usual. He viewed with tears of affection the wife of his bosom, and his beloved children, sitting around him, with looks of concealed thoughtfulness and sorrow. "To leave you, the dearest objects of my affection," said he within himself, "gives to death all its anguish. It were not heaven to be without you. But we part to meet again."

He considered himself like a criminal doomed to death, waiting the hour of his execution, and counting the few remaining moments he had to live. The lamps were now lighted in the hall; and he sat in the midst of his family, and partook of the last supper which he believed he was ever to eat upon earth. The clocks of Marseilles tolled the eleventh hour. "My dearest Maria," said he to Madame Valette, "I have now only one hour to live. There is to me but one hour betwixt time and eternity." It approached. There was an unusual silence in the company. The twelfth hour struck, when, rising up, he exclaimed, "Jesu! Maria! have mercy on my soul! my hour is come!" He heard the hour distinctly ring out through all the bells in Marseilles. "The Angel of Death," said he, "delays his coming. Could all have been an illusion? No, it is impossible!" Here M. Danville interposed. "The ghost," said he, with a tone of irony, "has deceived you. He is one of the lying prophets of Ahab. Are you not yet safe? Consider the whole as a powerful illusion of the imagination, and banish, my friend, a thought which so completely overwhelms you." "Well," rejoined Valette, "God's will be done: I shall retire to my chamber, and spend the night in prayer for so signal a deliverance; for so I must always consider it." M. Danville secretly congratulated himself on the success of his device: they parted—never to meet again!

After having been nearly an hour in his bed-chamber, M. Valette recollected that he had left, by mistake, in his library, a document of importance to his family, unsigned, to which it was necessary his name should be affixed. In passing from his bed-chamber to his library, he had to cross by the head of a flight of stairs, which led immediately down to the cellar where M. Danville kept his choicest wines. At this spot he heard a confused noise of voices underneath, and instantly ran down to the bottom of the stairs to

ascertain the cause. But no sooner had he descended, than an unseen arm stabbed him to the heart. At this fatal moment, all the clocks in Marseilles, which are mentioned to have been put forward one hour, now struck one in the morning, or, as it should have been, twelve at night, the exact time predicted by the ghost of Le Brun.

The fact was, the cellar of M. Danville had at that period been broken into by robbers, who, perceiving themselves discovered, saw no other means of escape, than by murdering the ill-fated Valette, by whom they had been surprised. But these men were the unconscious instruments in the hands of fate. The dagger that stabbed Valette to the heart proved that the decrees of Heaven are irresistible, and that there is an hour appointed for all the posterity of Adam.

Such is the reason, according to the tradition in Marseilles, why, on one particular night, all the clocks in that city had been put forward one hour.—*Edinburgh Magazine*, 1822.

THE SOURCES OF THE DEE.

MATTERS have changed since we sent our readers, some weeks ago, on a mental trip to the banks of the Dee; and now a hot sun basks on the green leaves, and the choicest flowers of spring exultingly raise their gay heads, to suck in its light and heat; but we can only peer at these things from beneath a heap of nightcaps and flannel, for the influenza has laid his ugly hands upon us; when we are rid of it, we intend to rush to some unknown quarter of the country, and lo! for a week among green leaves, heather, and cold wild-flowers, till our blood recovers its equilibrium; for meanwhile, although fully as weak as water, we are not nearly so cool as a zephyr. But it will be some time ere this consummation can arrive; so, meanwhile, we shall try to enjoy, in the company of our kind reader, a continuation of the mental expedition to the sources of the Dee.

We left our reader sound asleep at Braemar. He has got up early in the morning, and ate a good breakfast, consisting of six cups of tea, some beefsteaks, ham, cold beef, trout (red and white), kipper salmon, oat and wheat bread, marmalade, and honey. Some wise people are in the habit, when they wish to penetrate into these remote regions, of hiring a guide; and so some ragged Highland blackguard, whose day's labour might at a stretch be worth 6d., hires himself out, to devour their sandwiches, and bread and cheese, and drink their spirits, at some twenty times the amount. We never employed one of these vagabonds, to tell us—"Ay, ta pretty hill, but no ken her name; na, na, sir, nae name; there are nae hill has a name here but ta Cairngorm and ta Benmuichdhu." And—"the water, sir—oh, jist the water—nae ither name—nane o' the waters has names." We never at any period we can recollect managed to lose ourselves, or, in other words, to be unable to say to ourself on an inquiry, "here, sir." As to the circumstance of being unable to state (like the Highlander we have depicted) the name of the spot of ground we may happen to be upon, that is a matter of very little consequence, and fully as likely to happen, as we have shown, with a guide as without one. Let the traveller recollect he does not live in unhappy Ireland, where a man may be fifteen miles from "innay whare," and to be in any somewhere among these mountains is always to be in an interesting spot. We have sometimes wandered a county or two astray among them, but always found our way back; and, indeed, we do not advise anyone to think himself of so much consequence that it will trouble any body whether he comes back or not. The road winds itself by degrees out of the village of Braemar, till it again buries itself among majestic trees, over whose heads the tops of the stony mountains only are to be seen. Sometimes, indeed, there is a large break, or the road winds round a terrace some hundred feet above the diminished Dee, and then the full glory of a Highland strath bursts on the view—the great expansive valley, with its fair winding stream, the grass, the cattle, the cultivated fields, the abodes of men, the thousands of trees, the rocks protruding themselves here and there into the space, not bare and craggy, but green with moss and birch trees; and then round the quiet, smiling glen, the great brown hills, showing here and there the gaps which lead to their own dark valleys, where there is no grass, or culture, or human habitation, and where storm only breaks the eternal silence which reigns among them. The farther you proceed, recollect you are gradually leaving mankind behind you. The hamlets, if any clump of houses above Braemar is entitled to that cumulative denomination, become more scattered and savage; the human beings assume more the appearance of dwellers in the wilderness; their look is no longer the passing glance of idle curiosity, but the deep, wild, profound stare of those whose thoughts are seldom interrupted by the sight of man. There is an appearance of wild indolence and pristine dependence on self for all the necessities of life, which show that the laborious efforts of the Highland Society have hardly fulfilled their aim here. It is a striking instance of the repulsiveness human beings frequently feel towards improvement—a repulsiveness we shall not join some philosophers in adopting as a peculiarity of the Celtic race, that, in a country which we sup-

pose has reached a more artificial state than any other—where the division of labour is carried farther than in any other—where the nice commercial speculations of political economists are more nearly followed up in practice—where a more complicated system of police keeps the vast body of society in health and motion than is, perhaps, used in any other country—here should be a district where the inhabitants live with almost the simplicity of the hunters of the desert—where they are, at most, not above the pastoral state—and where their living within the corner of the laws which have deprived them of the means, seems alone to have prevented them from using the soil as common property, and living by barter. Here the people seem to refuse the hand which leads. By far the most comfortable, respectable, and active-looking part of the population, appears to be the dogs. They may here be numbered at about one-third more than the human beings, and the interminable noise with which they assail a foot-passenger has made us often tremble at the very idea of what a man on horseback would have to suffer. Having moralized about half a dozen times for each house which occurs within the ten miles betwixt Braemar and the Lin of Dee, we cannot avoid requesting you to look at the last miserable clump of hovels, as it surrounds a rather peculiar object. A bit of bare wall raises itself about thirty feet high, with here and there a slit or narrow window; that ruin is the remains of Inverey, the seat of that Farquharson known to the lovers of our ancient ballads as the slayer of the worthy Baron of Bracklay: he was a Highland freebooter, or, more properly, thief; probably one of those whom a false taste in the age has appreciated as a man of high moral honour, according to a particular code, and acting the part of a marauder, merely from a principle of wild independence. Presuming us, however, to have had the honour of his acquaintance, we rather think that, notwithstanding his alleged penchant for cows and sheep (the most attractive moveables likely to come in his way), we should have felt diffident in trusting him with a watch or a silver spoon. We cannot, in passing, avoid casting a glance at the views which some people in this civilized age direct towards the vices of savages, and feel convinced that the feeling considerably obstructs the improvement of our Highlands. We have now brought you, in the midst of our sensible conversation, to one of the lions of this neighbourhood—the Lin of Dee: you will hardly find it to be what you probably expected—a lofty waterfall: the fall is indeed very insignificant, and it is over a sloping bank, from which there is no leap; but in no waterfall, not even in the princely Foyers, do we behold such a terrible specimen of the imprisoned power of the watery element. Here it has got itself entangled in a complete nest of impenetrable granite rocks, which alternately confine and enlarge the noble stream, sometimes allowing its waters to sweep indignantly round and round some large black basin, then again compelling them to exhaust their rage in cleaving their way betwixt two ledges, so near each other, that it is very easy, and a very common practice with those who have sound clear heads, to step across. Here the dead white of the foam contrasts strongly with the blackness of the turbulent cauldrons, and the still blacker recesses of the caverns under the rocks, which an occasional commotion of the surface more violent than usual sometimes exhibits. It is said by the people in the neighbourhood, that the body of any living being which finds its way into the lin, can never be recovered, and, making allowance for generalities, we can easily imagine that in most cases they find their way into these abhorred caverns. We recollect, in the time of a flood, thinking the Lin of Dee would be a fine sight: we went, and were rather disappointed: the water had risen above the narrow broken part of the rocks, and its surface had a wider channel: it darted betwixt the banks with the velocity of the lightning, smooth and untroubled. But of what description must have been the working beneath! Come along, you will gaze into those black surge depths till your eyes are fascinated and your head giddy: you will have opportunity for the exercise of fortitude elsewhere, for we are just entering the desert. There are two strange-looking hovels, a mile or so beyond the lin, with each its piece of cultivated land about it, to supply the necessities of life, unfenced, and unprovided with any thing to distinguish it from the uncultivated hills but the freshness of its colour. Gradually what was something like a road, dies away; and you are now compelled to pick your way among the stones, and through the long heather, occasionally meeting with one of the small tracks worn by the deer, and used by such scanty travellers as may pass through that savage wilderness. There is a peculiar effect of loneliness you may never perhaps have experienced before, on entering this wilderness. The hills are at first distant, and the glen wide and hollow; but a dead stillness reigns on every thing, except on the clattering river, which still flows on in no unsteady bulk. Wandering on, mile after mile, the glen gradually narrows, and gets more savage in its aspect: great black rocks, which look like the stone walls of some antediluvian city of the giants, begin to run themselves up on each side; they approach more and more towards each other; and at last the solitary spectator feels as if they impeded his breath, although they are some miles, perhaps, from each other. It is time we should tell him exactly where he is: yonder singular looking peak, with shaggy precipitous sides, towards

the west, is Cairntoul; proceeding from its side, as a wall seems to proceed from the angle of a turret, is a vast black mass of perpendicular rock; that is the Ridge of Braeriach, said, by an eminent calculator of altitudes, to have two thousand feet of sheer precipice; that two thousand feet of precipice is the object which it now almost aches your eyes to look upon—a flat black mass, streaked with snow, and sometimes intruded on by a cloud, which divides the upper regions from the lower. It is probable that now, in mid-day, a hot sun gilds its black front, and mocks its streaks of snow, while a dead unearthly silence pervades the mass. It is not so at all times; for here is the workshop of storms—here the elements, when they prepare themselves to come down with destruction on the fruitful valleys below, exercise their strength and do no harm; then the scene is different from the stillness of the present; but with your leave, reader, it is a change we do not wish to witness. Returning to the description of our glen: right ahead, and almost protruding into it, is the well-known Cairngorm; and towards the east, stretched the loftier Benmuichdhu, now admitted to be the highest hill in Britain; but we shall have, henceforth, to describe some of its numerous appearances. Now, after having heard the names of these mighty objects, let us request you to indulge yourself in the feeling of striking loneliness and disconnection with the world which every thing you view seems to impose on you; and if you may not have perceived it before, you will now feel the full expressiveness of the terms in those lines by Hogg, where he says,

Beyond the grizzly cliffs which guard
The infant hills of Highland Dee,
Where hunter's horn was never heard,
Nor bugle of the forest bee,
Mid wastes that dera and dreary lie,
One mountain rears its mighty form,
Disturbs the moon in passing bye,
And smiles above the thunder storm.
Queen's Wake, 95-6.

The Dee is still a respectable stream, but we are gradually running it to earth. Ascending its brawling course, where it toils over large stones, and winds round the bases of rocks, we suddenly reach a mound of great round stones, from which it issues, gurgling and boiling at several outlets, seeming with difficulty to force itself through. Ascending the mound of stones, where we hear a deep hollow gurgling beneath our feet, we find on its summit a small, round, deep green lake, whose pure cold surface is here and there slightly disturbed by the bubbling up from the bottom of numberless springs. The water is of a beautiful pale green, so clear that you can see the sand and stones at the bottom, almost as distinctly as through the air, where the water must be some fathoms deep. This pool of water, then, reader, so singularly placed in the midst of the wilderness, is the source of that Dee which carries civilization, fruitfulness, and commerce, through a great district of Scotland, waters many a broad acre of wood and corn, and harbours the shipping of a great commercial city. Here we bid you for a while adieu, leaving you to reflect, and to eat your dinner in peace.

THE DRAMA IN OLD TIMES:

(First Article.)

THE Drama, and the acting of plays, originated in Greece during the time of Solon, the famous Athenian law-giver, about 530 years before Christ, and seems to have taken its rise from a very simple institution. Icarus, an inhabitant of Attica, it is said, who had learned from Bacchus the art of cultivating the vine, one day observed a goat destroying his grapes. Having seized the animal, he sacrificed it to Bacchus; and the neighbouring peasants danced around the victim, and joined in a song celebrating the praises of the god. This has given origin to our word TRAGEDY, which is made up of two Greek words, signifying the *song of the goat*; and, hence, it appears that Tragedy was, at first, with them, only a sacred hymn. The ceremony then grew into a festival, and the festival into an annual solemnity, which, in process of time, assumed all the pomp and splendour of religious ceremonial. Poets were employed by the magistrates to compose hymns or songs for the occasion; and such was the rudeness and simplicity of the age, that their bards contended for a prize, which, as Horace intimates, was scarce worth contending for, being no more than a goat, or a goat-skin of wine, which was given to the successful competitor.

This ceremony was so much suited to the taste of the rude age in which Icarus lived, that it was frequently repeated by those who had witnessed it, and soon became a favourite amusement throughout Attica. The poets appointed to compose the verses sung in honour of the god, finding little room for the display of their genius, while confined to a topic uninteresting in itself, and exhausted by those before them, began gradually to vary the subject of their odes; and, in the days of Solon, Thespis, a famous poet, made the first considerable improvement, by introducing a single person, whose business was to relieve the chorus, as the company of singing peasants was called, by the recital

of some extraordinary adventure. Thespis's object in introducing this new person appears to have been simply to afford the chorus some time for rest. All that the actor repeated between the songs of the chorus was called an *episode*, or additional part, consisting often of different adventures, which had no connection with each other. Thus the chorus, or song, which was at first the only, and for a long time the principal performance, became gradually a subordinate and inconsiderable, but, at the same time, according to their notions, an indispensable part of the Greek drama. From this time, it is probable that the actor or reciter was more attended to than the chorus, as his part had the charm of narrative to recommend it; and the songs of the chorus, also, began now to wander almost entirely from their original subject in praise of Bacchus, and, in fact, spoke so little of the god of the vintage, that the priests exclaimed against the neglect of him, and their complaint grew into a proverb among the Greeks. Thespis besmeared the faces of his actors with the lees of wine, either for drollery or to disguise them; and he carried his troop from village to village in a waggon, from which they performed their pieces. Alecstis was the name of the first representation, having the appearance of a play, which was performed at Athens: this was 536 years before Christ, and almost four hundred years after the time when epic poetry may be said to have been brought to perfection by Homer. From Thespis it is still common to apply to playactors the appellation of *Thespians*.

Within a few years from this first improvement on the choral songs, arose a poet of great ability, named Æschylus, who improved both the writing and the representation of plays. He was born at Athens, most probably, about 525 years before Christ, and was present at the celebrated victory of Marathon, thirty-five years after, by which the Athenians saved their country from the grasp of the Persians. He is said to have here given proofs of great bravery, as well as at the subsequent victories of Salamis and Platea.

The grand improvement which Æschylus introduced into the acting of the drama consisted in his exchanging the art of Thespis for a regular and well-constructed theatre. He introduced, also, scenery and decorations; raised his heroes on the cothurnus or buskin, a kind of large boot; invented masks; and brought in splendid habits with sweeping trains, that gave an air of dignity to his performers. He was himself author, actor, and manager, and took upon him the whole conduct of the drama. In the poetical department, he displayed so much merit that he acquired, and still bears, the title of the Father of Tragedy, as if all that had gone before him were unworthy of consideration. He must decidedly be considered the originator of what we now call the drama, for he was the first who introduced more characters than one into the *recitative* part of the plays. In his tragedies there are always various characters who dress and speak in an appropriate manner, and whose united action and dialogue bring out the story which the single character of Thespis only narrated. He is said to have been encouraged by Bacchus in a dream to attempt this description of poetry; but if such were the case, the god of wine must certainly be considered as having dealt a great blow thereby to his own worship, as plays henceforward departed altogether from the original idea of songs in his praise. Yet the tragedy was still a very simple species of composition; and, in order to form any just notion of its primitive structure as introduced by Æschylus, we must first of all dismiss from our minds the idea inculcated by the general mode of printing the Greek plays, that they were divided, like our own, into five acts. The ancient Greek drama was, in fact, undivided. The oldest editions of the Greek tragedies do not so much as mark a separation of the scenes; and the word *act* does not occur in the treatise in which Aristotle gives us a definition of every part of the national drama. They seem to have recognised in their pieces only the general divisions of a beginning, a middle, and an end, under the names of the *prologue*, *episode*, and *exode*. The *prologue* comprehended the whole opening or exposition of the piece, containing all the circumstances necessary to be known, and which might give an insight into the plot. By the *episode* was meant all the part of the play containing the substance of the plot; and the *exode* contained all the unravelling or catastrophe. But the most remarkable feature of difference between these dramas and our own was certainly the chorus, a group of personages not uninterested in the issue of the events that were going on, but acting chiefly as advisers and confidants of the principal characters. As the chief personages of the drama were supposed to be too busy and impassioned in the course of events, the chorus uttered whatever moral reflections the scene suggested; they augmented the pomp of the scene by their parades, and they heightened the

delight by their music, vocal and instrumental, as also (though it ill accords with our idea of the serious drama) by their dancing. In fact, the ancient Greek tragedy must have borne a strong resemblance to the modern Italian opera. The number of persons composing the chorus was probably at first indiscriminate. Æschylus, we are told, brought no less than fifty into his play, entitled, "Eumenides," but was obliged, by the civil authority, to reduce them to twelve. Sophocles, the next great dramatist, was afterwards permitted to add three, a limitation which it is generally supposed became a rule to succeeding poets.

The stories of Æschylus's plays are extremely simple; there is little action or plot, and every thing is brought about in the most common and natural manner. Only seven pieces, out of ten times the number which he is said to have written, have descended to our times. All these tragedies betray the infancy of the dramatic art; their beauties are rather epic than tragic; they display a genius of bold and gigantic, but of rude character, reared on the poetry of Homer, and, in fact, doing little more than dramatizing his scenes. Æschylus himself used to say that they were but scraps from the feast of the Iliad. His seven pieces that have reached us, are, *The Prometheus Bound*, *The Persians*, *The Seven Chiefs before Thebes*, *The Suppliants*, *Agamemnon*, *The Furies*, and *The Chæphora*. The plot of *The Prometheus* is perhaps as meagre and uninteresting as could well be conceived to form the groundwork of a tragedy. The story is that of Prometheus being sentenced by Jupiter to be fastened with chains to a rock on Mount Caucasus, with an eagle set to eat his liver everlastingly, as a punishment for his having presumed to steal fire from heaven, wherewith to animate a man which he had formed, and to communicate the use of it to mortals. The whole persons of the drama consist of the following individuals, viz. *Strength and Violence, Vulcan, Prometheus, Chorus of Ocean Nymphs, Oceanus, Io or Inakou, Mercury*.—Scene, *A desert in Scythia*. Such a programme would scarcely be considered interesting enough to attract the attention of a modern audience, and certainly stands much in need of great sublimity of language and loftiness of ideas to set it off. The subject is, indeed, too mythological to be interesting; as we have only Vulcan, accompanied by Strength and Violence, chaining Prometheus to the rock—the Ocean, and the Ocean Nymphs, and Io, coming to listen to the complaints of Prometheus, whom Mercury summons to tell the secret of which he boasts, namely, the means which Jupiter may employ to save himself from being one day hurled from the throne of heaven. Prometheus haughtily persists in refusing to tell the secret—the thunder descends, and the sufferer is left to his rock and tormenting vulture for ever. In all this, it is difficult to discover any thing moral or affecting.

Æschylus seems to have chiefly desired to excite sentiments of terror and admiration; and, to do him justice, it must be acknowledged that few dramatic writers have surpassed him in exciting these passions. His style is exceedingly forcible, abounding in bold and unusual metaphors, generally pompous, and frequently sublime, but often, also, so very obscure, that it is no easy matter to find out his meaning. The speech of Cassandra the prophetess, in his tragedy of Agamemnon, is said to have been considered by the ancients as his masterpiece; and modern critics have declared, that there is hardly any more striking instance of the united moral and physical sublime, than the concluding lines of his Prometheus Bound.

In order to give our readers an idea of the style in which these pieces are written, we shall give a short extract of a literal prose translation of the "Prometheus," and a specimen of one in verse of the "Agamemnon."

Strength and Violence, Prometheus, Vulcan.

STRENGTH.

"We have now come to a far-distant region of the earth, into a Scythian tract, into a pathless desert; and it is now necessary, O Vulcan, that you be careful of the orders which Father (Jupiter) committed to you, to bind this miscreant to these lofty precipitous rocks, with firm fetters of adamant chains: for, having stolen the bright radiance of fire, present in every art, and your glory,* he bestowed it upon mortals; for which offence he must suffer punishment from the gods, that he may learn to submit to the sovereignty of Jupiter, and cease from his philanthropic disposition.

VULCAN.

Strength and Violence, as far as regards you, indeed, the command of Jupiter is accomplished, and there is no further impediment. But I am unwilling to bind a god, my relation, to this precipice, exposed to the weather. But yet it is necessary for me to make the attempt; for it is dangerous to temporise with the words of Father Jupiter. O ingenious son of upright Themis (Prometheus), I am going unwillingly to fasten you reluctant with indissoluble bonds, and in a desolate region, where you shall neither hear the voice nor see the appearance of mortals; but, stationary under the bright rays of the sun, you will lose the bloom of your colour, and the variegated night will conceal the light from you desirous of it, and the sun will again dissipate the hoar-frost of the morning; and the burden of your misfortune being

* Vulcan, as is well known, was considered by the ancients as the God of Fire.

always present, will torment you: for there is no where in existence any one who will relieve you. Such is the reward of your philanthropic disposition. For, yourself a god, and not regarding the anger of the gods, contrary to justice you conferred their honours upon mortals: wherefore, you shall keep watch at this dismal rock, standing upright, sleepless, not bending a knee. And you will utter many complaints and unavailing lamentations; for the mind of Jupiter is inexorable, and every one who is newly in power is harsh.

STRENGTH.

Be it so: why do you hesitate and delay to no purpose? Why should you not hate a deity very odious to the gods, who has conferred your honour on mortals?

VULCAN.

Kindred and intimacy is strong.

STRENGTH.

I confess it is; but how should you disobey the commands of Jupiter? Are you not afraid of this rather?

VULCAN.

You are, indeed, always cruel, and full of audacity.

STRENGTH.

(Yes, I am.) For it is no remedy to bewail him; and do not you labour in vain upon what will do no good.

VULCAN.

O, dexterity of hand, much to be hated!

STRENGTH.

Why do you hate it? for, in truth, your art is not at all the cause of his present distresses.

VULCAN.

I wish, however, the lot had fallen to some other person."

Such is a specimen of the dialogue in the "Prometheus," which presents, in fact, the first regular attempt at the dramatic art which has come down to modern times.

Æschylus's tragedy on the death of Agamemnon has beauties of a higher cast. There is, it is true, too much exposition of the catastrophe before it happens, and the atrocity of Clytemnestra, the Lady Macbeth of the story, is frigid, and unexplained by sufficient motives. The tragedy, however, has traits of sublime and impressive terror in the part of Cassandra, the Trojan prophetess, who is brought home a captive to Argos by Agamemnon, and foresees, though she cannot communicate her prediction, so as to be intelligible to those whom she warns of the impending murder of Agamemnon, by his wife Clytemnestra. The passage is peculiarly fine, when the chorus thus address her:—

"Thy own woes thou wailest,
In mournful melody, like the sweet bird
That darkling pours her never-ceasing plaint,
— And wastes,
In sweetest woe, her melancholy life."

She replies—

"Ah, me! the fortune of the nightingale
Is to be envied; on her light-poised plumes
She wings at will her easy way, nor knows
The anguish of a tear; whilst on my head
The impending sword threatens a fatal wound."

There is great energy in one of the subsequent bursts of her agony:

"I burn, I burn, Apollo! oh, Apollo!
This lioness, that in a sensual sty
Rolled with the wolf (the generous lion absent),
Will kill me! and the sorceress, as she brews
Her filtered cup, will drug it with my blood.
She glories as against her husband's life
She whets the axe—her vengeance falls on him;
For that he came accompanied by me.
Why do I longer wear these useless honours,
This laurel wand, and these prophetic wreaths?
Away!—Before I die, I cast you from me."

Thou sun, whose rising beams shall bless no more
These closing eyes! you, whose vindictive rage
Hangs o'er my hated murderers, avenge me!

This is the state of man; a passing shadow
Throws down the baseless fabric of his joy;
And when the tablet of his fleeting state
Is character'd with all felicity,
Comes malice with a sponge moistened in gall,
And wipes the beauteous images away."

Of all Æschylus's dramas, the one entitled "Chæphoræ," or the female worshippers, is perhaps the first piece deserving the name of a regular tragedy, as his other pieces can hardly be pronounced more than terrific theatrical pageants. The modesty of this poet seems to have been equal to his merit, since he entitled his tragedies "Fragments from the Splendid Banquet of Homer;" and if his epitaph was really written by himself, as is commonly asserted, he considered it as more glorious to have contributed to the victory at Marathon than to have excelled others by his genius. Towards the close of his life, he withdrew himself from Athens, and retired to the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, where he died in the 69th year of his age. Various reasons have been assigned for his retirement from his native country; but the most general opinion is, that he was unable to bear the preference given to his rival, Sophocles, the next great dramatic writer, who at this time began to rise in fame, and of whom some account will be given in the next article.

• See Edinburgh Encyclopedia, article Drama.

PRIVATE LIFE OF JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND.

JAMES THE FIFTH of Scotland was contemporary with Henry the Eighth of England, to whom he stood in the relation of nephew. He began his reign in 1513, when only about a year old, his father James the Fourth having then died in battle. In general, he is allowed to have been a gallant and generous prince, notwithstanding some instances of severity against certain of his subjects, particularly the reformers of religion, and also a rashness of temper, which led him into too many collisions with the superior power of England.

Many traditionary anecdotes are preserved of the adventures of this prince, when travelling in lowly disguise among his subjects; a practice which he seems to have assumed, partly for the prosecution of vagrant amours, and partly that, like the Caliph Haroun, he might detect any thing that was amiss in the administration of his inferior officers. Some humorous poems, descriptive of these adventures, are also preserved, and are generally thought to have been his own composition. Upon the whole, James may be described as an ingenious and interesting person. At the time when he lived, those controversies in church and state which have since rent mankind in twain, were just beginning to be heard of. Kings had then an easy time of it. Their word was generally law. Their lives were one uninterrupted scene of sport and amusement. Their people, gratified by the personal familiarity and condescension of the sovereign, forgot the arbitrary power which he could, if he chose, exercise over them. Withal, there was then a general homeliness of manners, and a simplicity in the whole system of society, which rendered the king less like a being exalted over his subjects than their companion and friend. James the Fifth, in particular, from his so systematically taking part with the poor against the noble, was honoured with the epithet of "THE COMMONS' KING."

Some years ago, the Earl of Aberdeen introduced a paper into the Antiquarian Society (London) respecting the Household Book of this prince, from which it appeared that the whole annual sum then spent by a Scottish king was about two thousand pounds of our present money, or less than a half of the salary of the American president. His Household Book is speedily to be published by the Bannatyne Club, and will, of course, speak for itself. In the mean time, we propose to arrange a few particulars from the books of the royal treasurer, in such a manner as to afford some view of the domestic life and habits of the monarch; following up, in fact, the article formerly given in the Journal respecting the private life of James the Fourth.*

The feature which strikes us most forcibly in contemplating the domestic establishments of the ancient Scottish princes, is the air of barbarous magnificence and rude grandeur which they exhibit—a character which they derive from the want of harmony or keeping, as a painter would call it, between their component parts. Thus we find their tables themselves huge clumsy masses of oak, with thick square legs, covered with costly and richly wrought gold plate and silver work—the walls hung with magnificent tapestry, which, by the way, was removed from one residence to another with the removal of the household—the floors uncarpeted—the fire-place exhibiting a grate such as a Cowgate broker of the present day would refrain from placing at his door, from pure despair of its obtaining a customer—the frame-work of their beds such as no country cartwright now-a-days would put out of his hands; though, to compensate for this, the clumsy mis-shapen posts and rude workmanship throughout were concealed with coverings of the richest and most showy velvets, and the curtains were of splendid damask, fringed and tasselled with gold. One remarkable characteristic of this universal article of household plenishing, as exhibited in ancient relics, is worthy of notice, as it adds another to the many instances of the capriciousness of taste and fashion—we allude to the extreme lowness of the beds of former days: they seldom rose above eight or ten inches from the floor. In modern times, they have been known to rise nearly as many feet, or at least to such a height as required the aid of a ladder. They are, however, we incline to think, again subsiding to their original

* We are enabled to do this by the recent publication of a liberal series of extracts from the Treasurer's books, in the tenth and concluding part of Mr Pitcairn's invaluable work—the Criminal Trials.

level, and it is not improbable but they may, in the course of time, sink even below it.

The first appearance of the young king, in my lord treasurer's accounts, is sufficiently appropriate. It is for a present of 24 "elms of rowane russat, to mak gowns to the kingis nurises and rokkaris" (nurses and rockers of his cradle), of whom there appear to have been, altogether, no fewer than six. Of the cradle itself, there is no mention made; but we find, twenty-four years afterwards, when the young monarch had lived to have children of his own, his sons thus spoken of—"sent to St Androis to be a ne cover to my lord prince's cradle, 4½ elms crammessy velvet;" and immediately after, another cover, consisting of "7 elms of reid velvet," with abundance of fringes of red silk, and blankets of "quhite fustane." Thus, supposing the infant king's cradle not to differ much from that furnished to his own offspring at an after period, the receptacle of the embryo monarch must have been a very splendid and costly one, with its velvet covers, silk fringes, and fustian blankets.

In these very curious and highly interesting accounts, we trace the king almost from his cradle to his grave. He soon advances, and we next find him (1516), under the tuition of Maister Gawin Dunbar—a circumstance intimated by the following entry:—"To Maister Gawin Dunbar, the kingis maister, for expensis made be him in reparating of the chalmir in the quhilk the king leris (learns—the school-room), in the castell (of Edinburgh), four pounds." The king would now be between six and seven years of age. For exercise, he seems to have been provided with a mule to ride upon; the sum of twenty shillings and sevenpence being entered as paid to "Robene Purvese for schoyne, howsis, briddil, and helteris, for the kingis mule."

His majesty goes on gradually, making a greater and a greater figure in the honest treasurer's accounts, with bolder and bolder inroads on the public purse, until the former becomes at length almost entirely and exclusively devoted to him, and the latter is wholly within his own grasp. He is still, however, in boyhood; and amongst his other amusements, we find him diverting himself with "bikkirin" mock castles with "eggis." This, it seems, was a pastime invented for him by his domestics, in which one party played the part of besiegers, and the other that of the besieged; and thus situated, they pelted away with the frail missiles just named, to the great adornment, no doubt, of the persons of the actors. The ammunition for this warfare is thus gravely entered—"Item, gevin for eggis to bikkirin the castell, fifteen shillings and sevenpence;" but it would seem that those who joined the king in this amusement either did not think the legitimate supplies of "eggis" sufficient for carrying on the war, or were willing to save the king the expense of buying them; for we find his majesty ultimately ordering payment of twenty shillings, "till pur wivis that come getrand upon his grace, for eggis takin fra thame be his seruandis."

In 1530, the king had arrived at the period of life (18 years) which entitled him to assume the reins of government. He now, therefore, makes preparation to come before the world in all the splendour becoming his elevated rank. He provides himself with the most costly clothes and arms, and flings money around him with princely munificence. In the department of wearing apparel, the shirt engrossed a share of expense and care altogether unknown in our times. This in some measure arose from the circumstance of the doublet's being worn so low cut on the breast as to expose a large portion of the shirt, and there being no neckcloth worn to assist in concealing it. The king's shirts were, therefore, richly and elaborately wrought about the collar and breast with gold and embroidery. Many entries similar to the following occur in the treasurer's account—"To David Bonar, for 13 double hankis of gold, quhilk war deleurit to David Lindesayis wife, to sew the kingis sarkis; the price of ilk hank ten shillings." The whole dress of the monarch was exceedingly picturesque and splendid. It was composed of the richest velvets, silks, and satins, and nothing could be more gallant or more elegant than his appearance. His short russet boots, his short surcoat of fine cloth or velvet, richly embroidered with gold, his bare neck, and low black velvet bonnet, looped up with a diamond or ruby, and exhibiting a light and graceful feather, while massive chains of pure gold traversed his chest, suspending his hunting horn, sword, &c., must have altogether made up a figure such as no subject could look upon without an admiration independent of the homage due to a king. The half boots, however, were sometimes exchanged for shoes of velvet, the former being probably worn only when the king went abroad, and the latter, when he kept at home. The shoes are thus noticed in the treasurer's accounts—"Item, to be schone to the kingis grace, five quarters of quhite welvot, price of the elne three pounds;" and again, for the same purpose, "five quarters blak welvot, three pounds five shillings." The place of his velvet bonnet, too, was occasionally supplied by a brown beaver hat, an entry to this effect appearing in the accounts—"Item, to a tanny baver hat, to the kingis grace, five shillings." His loose wrappers, or dress gowns, for wearing in the palace, were of the most magnificent description, being of various coloured satins, richly lined and embroidered: a sumptuous gown of this description is thus noted—"Item, given John Young brodistar (embroiderer), for stufe and

brodering of sixty-four pece of Crownis, James, and Thressilis, set upon twa tynnakilis of tanny veluet quhilk was ye lynning of ane gowne of claitch of gold of ye kingis, price of the pece, ten shillings. Item, for six ellnis bukrem to lyne ye saidis tynnakilis with, price of the elne, eleven shillings and eightpence. Item, for twenty-six ellnis rubbenis (ribbons) to thame, price of the elne, eightpence;" and, again, for "broudering of ane vestment of tanny veluet, with fourteen James, Crownis, and Thressilis, seven pounds." The coins alluded to in the entries were given to the embroiderer, to be converted into gold-work to be put on the gowns.

Some glimpses are also afforded us in these curious accounts of the king's domestic conveniences and luxuries. Amongst these, we find seven "fyne drinking glassis for the kingis grace, ten pounds eleven shillings;" and, "to be schaving claithis to the kingis grace, three elnis small Holande claitch, price of the elne, fourteen shillings." In this particular, the king must have advanced a step farther in civilization than his father James the Fourth, who was content to have his beard clipped with scissors. The king's study, in Stirling castle, was provided with desks, covered with "sad grene," $4\frac{3}{4}$ ells of which, at thirteen and fourpence the ell, are charged in the treasurer's account for this purpose. Nor was his majesty a stranger to the cares of the toilet. Amongst the knick-knacks which go to furnish forth that important studium, we find charged for "garnising of ane buist (box) for ointments (ointments) to the kingis grace, siluer and fassoune (making), thirty-one shillings." A silver clam-shell, for holding the king's tooth-powder, is likewise spoken of; and also "ane pennose of siluer, to keip pyke-teith in to ye kingis grace." It seems that his majesty was in the regular practice of bathing his head, there being many entries for towels for rubbing and drying the royal head: one of these runs thus—"To be drying-curchissis to the kingis grace hed, nine quarters of Holande claitch." But perhaps the most curious personal details relating to the Scottish king are to be found in his preparations for a sea voyage. It was on the occasion of his visiting the western isles (May 1540), with the view of putting down the lawlessness which then prevailed there, and of exhibiting some examples of wholesome severity amongst the wild inhabitants and ferocious chieftains of these districts.

His majesty very judiciously begins with getting "ane cote and ane pair of brekis, for the see," for the making of which there is "deleurit to Thomas Arthure ten elnis reid crammessye veluet, price of the elne, seven pounds. Item, for five unes pasmentis of gold to it, eight pounds fifteen shillings. Item, for pointtis to the cote and brekis, and ane tulat to the cote, three shillings."

The king also took on board with him three cases of silver-work. The preparations for his accommodation in the vessel are thus enumerated:—"To the tapesar, to hing the kingis chalmir in the schip, seventeen and a half elnis Franche grene, fifteen pounds fifteen shillings. To be curtigings, and ane couer to ye kingis bed in the schip, $25\frac{1}{2}$ ellnis blak dames, forty-three pounds fifteen shillings and sevenpence. To be stremaris to the kingis schippis, nine score elnis reid and yellow sey, and till complete the samyn, fifteen elnis serge;" and again, "to be ansenzeis (ensigns) to the schippis, 17 ellnis reid and yellow tafitese of cord, and to be croces thairof, $4\frac{1}{2}$ elnes quhyte tafitese of Janis."

Great quantities of bed-clothing, and a number of pavilions, to be erected on occasion of the king and royal suite landing anywhere in the isles, are besides brought down to Leith from Holyrood by a cart, and put on board the ships. The king would appear to have had two different beds in the ship, and two different apartments: one has been already spoken of, and shortly after we find another alluded to, thus—"To be ane couer and curtigings to the kingis bed in the nether chalmir in ye schip, $17\frac{1}{2}$ elnes grene dames." It is not easy to conceive what could be the reason for this apparently superabundant accommodation.

The expenditure of the king in gold and silver-work, for trinkets, ornaments, vessels, utensils, &c., was exceedingly great, and is altogether at variance with the general preconceived notions of the poverty of the Scottish kings; but probably, after all, it only shows us that it is not necessary that "he who slays fat oxen should himself be fat"—that he who reigns over a poor people should himself be poor. However this may be, his majesty's outlay in such matters was sufficiently princely, as my lord treasurer's accounts bear witness. The entries of this kind are endless, but we shall select a few of the most remarkable. "Deleurit to Johnne Mosman, to mak ane croce of gold, to set diamint stanes in eight angels rubillis, six licht Franch crownis, fifteen pounds four shillings. Item, to Johnne Mosman, for making the great basin of gold, weyand 10 pund wecht ane unce and ane half unce, and making of ane schip, chenzies, &c., seventy-five pounds ten shillings." Item, given for ane chenzie, deleurit to John Mosman, to melt with uther gold to be the kingis grete chenze, one hundred and ten pounds." The crown, however, on which one would have thought a good deal of justifiable expense

might have been laid out, does not appear to have been very costly, though it certainly still seems to have been rather a handsome article. It consisted of "3 pund wecht 10 unces, and thairof gold of ye mynde (the mine, ore) $12\frac{1}{2}$ unce." The making and fashion cost thirty pounds. "Item, for 24 stanes thairto, of the quhilkis thair was 3 grete garnettis, and ane grete ammerot (emerald), price of the three, six pounds; and price of the pece of the uther 19 stanes, fourteen shillings."

The king's expenses in jewellery, however, were by no means always on his own account: he gave away freely and liberally, and with a munificence becoming a prince. His new year's gifts, in particular, were numerous and valuable. In the December of 1538, they amounted to two hundred and thirty-nine pounds nineteen shillings, for "chenzeis of gold, gold ryngis, tabellatis, and uther golden work, deleurit to ye kingis grace again new zeiris mess, and gieuen in new zeiris gifts." His gallantry, also, led him into rather serious expenses in this way; and if such things make any impression on fair bosoms, James must have stood well with the ladies; for we find, that, in one month, his expenses for ringis, goldin work, dyamentis, chafferonis, and chenzies of gold, small chenzies and tabellatis, "to gif away among the gentille wemene," amount to four hundred and eleven pounds nineteen shillings and threepence.

James was particularly curious in his arms and armour, many entries concerning regarding these warlike items, such as, "to scabbartis to ye kingis raperis, five quarters blak veluet." "Item, to mak frenzeis to his grace sword handis, three unces black sewing silk, fifteen shillings, and workmanship, three shillings." And, again, "to William Sinebeird, for dychting of swordis, rappers, harnessing, steill sadillis, Jedburgh stavis, and utheris wappines to the kingis grace, twenty-three pounds five shillings." The most splendid article, however, noticed amongst the king's defensive armour, is "ane target of gold, with ane marmadyne in it of dyamentis, of ye kingis awin gold;" that is, the gold raised from his own mines, which lay in the upper parts of Lanarkshire.

If his majesty's example would have gone any length in making his subjects archers—a thing always much desired by the Scottish kings, but never attained—they would have made some progress during his reign, for he was passionately devoted to the bow, and spent much of his time in practising with that weapon. Entries for bows and arrows for the king's use occur on almost every page of the accounts; and he seems to have procured them from a great variety of quarters, purchasing them from celebrated makers, and getting choice ones sent him in presents. But some of these entries afford us another proof of the backwardness of the Scots in every thing relating to this once celebrated weapon, as they show us that the king principally employed an "Inglish bower" to furnish him with bows and arrows. The quantities which he procured of these for his own use is astonishing; and it is not very easy conceiving what he did with them all, unless we suppose that they broke with him very frequently. The feathering of three dozen arrows is on one occasion charged thirty shillings, and a bow for the "kingis grace" twenty shillings, both apparently very high prices. Canvass targets, probably not very dissimilar to those used by the Edinburgh archers of the present day, were erected at the butts at Stirling, for the king's practice.

The amusements of the king were various, for, on the whole, rude and wild as the times were, he seems to have had a merry time of it, his whole life consisting of little else than one continued round of pleasure and pastime; any interruptions which occurred were generally of very short duration; and as to public duties, he seems to have had wonderfully little to perform. In short, the kingly office was apparently a most decided sinecure, or something very closely approaching it. The most prominent and most important of the royal pastimes was hunting. The king's favourite place of resort for this amusement was Megotland, a wild district in the southern border of Peeblesshire, and adjoining to Ettrick Forest—although he occasionally went to other quarters besides; but the former, and it is often elsewhere alluded to, appears from the following entry to have been preserved for the especial sport of the monarch:—"To William Mure, to pass with ane lettre to be proclaimit at Selkirk, Peblis, and Mofat, that na man hunt in Megotland, Askdale Mure, Twede Mure, unto the kingis cuming, twenty shillings." The preparations for the king's going a-hunting were generally very extensive and multifarious. He did not by any means set out simply on horseback with a few attendants to spend a day or so in the fields. The affair created a great stir in the country, and was long premeditated. Messengers were dispatched in all directions to summon the nobles and gentlemen of various parts of the kingdom to the "kingis hunting;" the royal pavilions and bed furniture were previously dispatched to the scene of action, and erected there on a convenient spot; and that these were sometimes in no small quantity, appears by the following entry:—"To Malcolm Gourlaw, deleurit for ten carage horsis tursand (conveying) the kingis palzeonis (pavilions) to the hunting, ye space of nine days, and ane horse quhilk brocht the bed forth of Striuling, nineteen pound two shillings." Similar entries to this occur in every instance of his majesty's going out to enjoy the sports of the field, which he sometimes

did during the space of eighteen or twenty consecutive days at a time. His hunting gear altogether seems to have been rich and costly, as the following entry will evince:—"To Will. Forrest, for the pair of grete dog irlis for deir doggis, ouergilt with gold, with a pair collaris of purple veluet stuthit with giltting stuthis (studded with gilt studs), and for arrow hedis furnesit be him to ye kingis grace, four pounds seven shillings." Nor were his majesty's hawks worse off. They, as became the hawks of a prince, dined off silver plate. "Item, given to John Mosman for 6½ unces of siluer, to be ane clam schelle to kepe ye kingis grace halk mete, four pounds eighteen shillings and eleven pence;" and, again, "Ressaut frae Alexander Qutelay ane clamme schell of siluer, weyand seven unce half, grote uecht, to mak ane new schell to keip ye kingis halk mete (with other charges), twenty shillings." Thus "with bound and hawk the monarch took his way," accompanied by a numerous and gallant band of nobles, knights, and gentlemen, all in high spirits and gaily caparisoned for the field; and, considering the various, rich, showy, and picturesque dresses of the times, the scene must have been altogether one of great animation and interest.

Amidst the various entries connected with the king's field sports, there occurs one which reflects much credit on his majesty, as it shows that, in the midst of his pastime, he did not overlook the claims for redress of those who happened to sustain any injury by it. The entry is as follows:—"Gieuen to William Lyell be ye kingis precept, for lynt, cale, and corne, distroyt be his seruandis at the hunting, five pounds."

Next to hunting, and probably archery, music seems to have formed the most prominent of the royal recreations, and the lute to have been the favourite instrument: indeed, he seems to have carried one of these about with him wherever he went, when his stay was likely to be of any duration. This is intimated by several notices similar to the following:—"For ane lute, with the caise, and ane dosane of stringis by (besides) coft in Glasgow, and send with Troilus to ye kingis grace in Inuererra." His majesty's consumption of stringis for his lute seems very great, and would intimate that he had been very persevering in his practice. In the latter end of October, we find that there has been "send to the kingis grace, with George Steill, 12 dosane lute stringis, price of ilk dosane five shillings;" and in less than two months afterwards, there is "send with Weddail, futeman to ye kingis grace in Striueling, ane dosane lute stringis and 12 hankis of small wyre, price thairof twenty shillings;" and in eight days more we find other "seven dosane of lute stringis to the kingis grace, deleurit to Maister Johnne Coldoun."

Though the lute, from its more frequent occurrence in the treasurer's accounts, seems to have been the favourite musical instrument of the monarch, it does not yet appear to have been the only one on which he performed, as the following entry implies:—"Be ye kingis grace command to Richard Hume, Inglis manne, quhilk suld mak violis to the kingis grace, to be stufe for ye samyn, twenty pounds." The wandering minstrels of the time also met with a favourable reception from the musical monarch: an instance occurs of his rewarding them with his own hand—"Deleurit to ye kingis grace, quhilk his hienes gait to ane Irland clairschochar (Irish harper), ten pounds."

The occasional amusements of the king seem to have been masks, mummeries, and cards. To the latter, however, he does not seem to have been much addicted, as, during several years, there occurs only the following instance of allusion to them:—"Deleurit to ye kingis grace in Streuling, to play at the cartis, fourteen pounds;" and, unlike his father, he does not seem to have been at all given to betting, no single instance of such propensity occurring throughout all the extracts from the treasurer's accounts which are here under notice. He seems, however, to have relished occasional exhibitions of the "light fantastic toe," as appears by the following entry:—"To the Egyptians that dansit before the king in Halyrud-house, ten pounds." His majesty is said himself to have danced with great grace and elegance. In the masks he took an active part, and was at the expense of clothing a great many of the maskers. His own share in these exhibitions is thus indicated:—"Item, to certain play gownis to the kingis grace to pass in maskine, 24 elnis Scottis quhite, price thairof five pounds eighteen shillings and sevenpence. Item, to be the uther half of ye saidis gownis, 14½ elnis Scottis blak, price thairof eleven pounds sixteen shillings;" and, "Item, to Robert Spittall, for makying of ye saidis gownis, three pounds." Thus we learn that the king's dress on this occasion consisted of black and white; but, judging from the number of yards employed of each colour, the latter seems to have prevailed. Of the shape of the gown, unfortunately we have no trace. On another occasion we find him appearing in a gown of red and yellow. "Item, deleurit to Thomas Arthure (master tailor), to be three play cotes agane uphaldyay, $7\frac{1}{2}$ elnis reid and $7\frac{1}{2}$ elnis yellow tafitese of cord, price of the elne 18 shillings." The new year in particular was generally ushered in with plays and masks, for the divertisement of his majesty. The preparations for one occasion of this kind are thus noted:—"Item, ye last day of December deleurit to Schir Michell Dysart and his marrows (companions), be ye kingis precept, to be thaine play coittis agane new zeir day, 15 elnis bukram reid and zallow, price of the elne thirty pence."

* The minute and pains-taking editor, Mr Piteairn, informs us that he learnt, by inquiring of his Majesty's goldsmith, that such a piece of plate as that spoken of in the text would now cost £788, 13s., and it of course bore this relative value at that time, £74, 10s. being then equal to the former sum.

The Scottish monarch then had also what yet always forms a part of a royal establishment, viz. a menagerie, or place appropriated for keeping strange birds, beasts, &c. The apartment devoted to this purpose in Stirling castle is yet pointed out; and that there was a similar appropriation at Falkland, appears from the following entry:—"To Thomas Melvillis wife in Falkland, at the kingis command, for keping of certane pettis (pets), and nurising of ye samyn, 7 elnis fyne Franche blak, to be hir ane gowne, and ane kirtlyl, price of ye elne thirty-three shillings."

Besides the usual accompaniment of the Scottish court, the fool or jester, of whom there are many notices in these accounts, James also entertained several dwarfs, whom he clothed, fed, and paid. With unintentional humour, one of them is called, *par excellence* we suppose, the "Droich." There are many entries for payments and liveries to this little gentleman; but he does not appear to have been in good credit with the court tailor, if we may be permitted such a conclusion from the following entry:—"To the Droich, be my lord thesauraris command, to louse his claitthis fra the tailzeuris, twenty shillings."

The entries for the court buffoons are numerous:—"Item, to a fule callit Gille-Mowband, at ye kingis command, twenty shillings;" and to "Malcolme the fule, be ane precept of the kingis, three elnis russate, price thirty-seven shillings." The dresses of both the fools and dwarfs were showy and fantastic.

If additional evidence to that of which we were before in possession, were wanting to establish James's reputation for devotion to the fair sex, that evidence would be found in great abundance in these accounts of my lord treasurer. Thus, while he was as yet little more than nineteen years of age, we find ten pounds given "to ye gentile womane yat fostirrit ye kingis sone." The next is certainly of a more equivocal character, but still in the last degree suspicious.

"Item, to William Udward, be ye kingis precept be David Bonar, for claise tane fra him (bought) be ye kingis command, to ane gentill woman." The next entry is quite positive. "Item, to ane gowne to the kingis grace dochter, 3 elnis veluet, price thair of ye elne, three shillings;" then follow, "kirtills of satin, sarkis, and heid claitthis," of Holland cloth, &c. &c. Again, "to—Mackcaw, nurris, be ye kingis gracie command, to hir reward for fostering of ye kingis gracie dochter;" again, "to be ane schort coit to Lord James (afterwards Earl of Murray, and regent of the kingdom), 6 quarteris blak satyne, price of ye elne, thirty shillings." Once more, to "ye L. L., be ye kingis command, one hundred pounds." This L. L. is supposed to have been either the Lady Lochleven or Lady Lennox, both of whom were mistresses to the king—a circumstance which was not then considered, in the slightest degree, either dishonourable or unbecoming.

Amidst all the noisy merriment, however, and profligacy which prevailed at this primitive northern court, literary men seem to have found there a ready and liberal patronage, many traces of the king's bounty to that class occurring throughout the treasurer's accounts, and amongst these the following:—"To Maister Johne Belentine, be ye kingis precept, for translating of the Cronykil, thirty pounds." "To Maister John Belentine, in part of payment of ye translatione of ye second buke of Titus Lelius, eight pounds." The books themselves, at least the "Mating Buke," seems to have engrossed a good deal of his majesty's care and attention in their adornment, as appears from the following series of entries:—"Item, of 6 quarteris of grene veluet, to be ane cover to ane grete Mating Buke of ye kingis grace, clespit with gold, quhilk he gat fra my lord secretaire, and to be ane polk (bag) till keip ye samin in, price of ye elne, three pounds. Item, for three quarteris of reid damme to lyne ye said polk, and ye breddis (boards) of ye buke, price thair of, twenty-seven shillings. Item, for twa dowbill hankis of sewing gold, to be knoppis to ye said polk, and bordour ye mouthe of it, price of the hank, 20s. Item, to Helene Ross, for making of ye knoppis and stringis to ye said polk, and making of ye polk and covering thairto, ten shillings." The queen's "Mating Buke" was equally splendid, the entries regarding it being similarly prolix.

Every page of these curious accounts gives testimony to the liberality and generosity of the Scottish monarch. He was, indeed, a munificent prince, and scattered his bounties around him with a truly kingly hand. "Penniless lasses wi' lang pedigrees," and sometimes without any pedigree at all, are often *tochered* by the generous monarch. Thus, "be ye kingis precept to Johne, pipar of Sanct Johnestowne, in toquer with Catherine Sinclair;" and, again, "gevin to the Lord Fleming at the kingis command, in manner of tocher to his sistir." The royal bounty did not stop with the money bestowed; purses of "crammesy satin," or other material, were always given besides to put it in.

The officers that constituted the royal household are much too numerous to be recapitulated: a few of them, however, we may enumerate. There were the usher of the inner chalmur dur, yeman of the wyne sellar, squyar of the kingis stable, ushers of the outer chalmur dur, yeman of the wardrop, yeman of the

gretelairdner, ditto of the petty lairdner, sumpturman, uscher of the hall dur, maister baxter, courte maister cuke, grome in the spicehouse, ditto in the wyne sellar, ditto in the ail sellar, grome for the silver veschell, gromes in the wardrop, under gromes in the kingis kicheing.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

(Concluded.)

In our patent deeds, government retains the precious metals, and the white pine and oak; but the two latter they do not prohibit us from cutting, and, if they cut them, they pay us for them at the customary rates. Our taxes are small, being, I think, 3d. for a cow, 4d. for an ox, 1d. for a cleared acre, and 1s. 6d. per 100 acres of the land you hold. In clearing land here, and getting on with operations, they have chopping bees, logging bees, and raising bees, &c. A man generally chops his own timber, that is, cuts it down into such lengths as a yoke of oxen can pull, and what from four to five men can pile up—(all underbrush and small timber, such as he and his family can manage, they pile up and burn); and when this is done, he fixes upon a day, and acquaints his neighbours around him, according to the extent of the land he has to log, five men being necessary to a yoke of oxen, and these are able to do about an acre a-day; so that, if he has four or five to log, he requires as many yokes of cattle and men accordingly, and on these occasions they are usually very punctual in attendance. He entertains them well at these times, having killed a sheep, or a cow, or ox, or perhaps pork or venison, with always tea and grog. At a raising, again, they muster in the same manner, about a dozen of men being necessary to put up a house, with a yoke or two of oxen to drive in the timber, after it is cut and ready. The person we resided with, and one of his sons, assisted me in cutting the timber for my house, which occupied us for about a week; and when this was done, I acquainted my nearest neighbours of the day I had fixed on to get it put up, the whole of whom attended, to the number of thirteen, and put it up the same day. A log-house makes a very comfortable dwelling, being even warmer than a stone house, when properly finished. Mine is built of white pine, and covered with barwood and ash scoops, and is 30 feet by 18 over the walls. The trees selected for a house are generally about a foot in diameter, and as the trees, from their growing thickly together, are straight, and without branches to within a short way of their top, you can get a cut of 30 feet off such a tree of nearly the same diameter at both ends, and these they very neatly dovetail at the corners, which makes a very strong building, and lasts a great many years. A number of the newly erected houses are covered with shingles, that is, the wood of the white pine cut exactly like the slates with you, and look as well, and are very durable. For this sort of assistance on the part of your neighbours, you just pay them back in the same way, by assisting them when they call upon you. I have been at several of these bees, and a great deal of work is generally got through with. At the loggings, I was much struck with the docility and great usefulness of the oxen, which are generally yoked in pairs, and will scramble through among logs with a very heavy draught, with the greatest ease and patience, where you could scarce believe they could escape without broken legs, and where horses would be useless, and are equally, if not more, obedient to the call of their driver than the horse. They are equally useful in the sleigh, the plough, and the harrow. In the lower province they yoke them by the horns, but here they place the yoke over the back part of the neck and front of the shoulder. A yoke of good oxen, six years old, when they become fit for all work, cost about L.20. By the bye, the horses of this country astonished me. I saw some at Montreal equal to any I have ever seen in my life; even the carters about the wharfs drive horses that your gentlemen would be proud to see in their carriages.

The Grand River at this season is a most interesting scene. It is while the river is frozen that the principal part of the traffic between the different parts of the country takes place, and sleighs are seen moving in all directions on the ice; those drawn by horses always at a trot, and frequently at a gallop, even with a load; one of the horses having a string of small bells round his neck to announce their approach. This is the season, too, when our land roads are best, and land travelling is now also excellent. The climate of this country is not so terrific as is frequently supposed with you; we have, no doubt, very keen frost, perhaps keener than with you, and it is more constant and continued; but we have also fine thaws, when the weather is mild and pleasant; and even during our keenest frosts, we have through the day generally fine clear sunshine, the sun being much more powerful at this season here than with you; and our day is about two hours longer in winter, and two hours shorter in summer, than yours; and it is principally in the night that the severity of the frost is felt. This is generally our severest month, and some of the folks here say, that, during seven years, they have not seen such severe frost as we have had some days lately; yet, on these days, I went about what I had to do out of doors as usual, and have never put on any additional dress to what I wore at home, except deer-skin gloves, with woollen ones under them, for my hands, with moccas-

sins, and a couple of pairs of stockings, for my feet. But you will, no doubt, think it a dreadful thing to live in this thinly-peopled country, and so far from neighbours! I thought so, too, before I experienced it, but now, I assure you, I find myself more at ease than ever I felt in a town, and we are scarce ever a day without seeing some of our neighbours, or without invitations to go to see some of them; but these we seldom accept, having always so much to do at home; and we are always welcome guests at the chief's (he is always called the Chief, or M'Nab—to call him Mr M'Nab would be thought highly derogatory), and I am never down that way but I am invited to dine with him. Indeed, there is a spirit of hospitality here which is quite unknown at home, and in travelling through the country there is scarce a house you enter where you are not invited to partake of their bed and board, without money and without price. We have just now invitations from two of the settlers that I formerly alluded to, who are store-keepers, one of whom is also an extensive lumber-merchant, and who at first worked as a lumberer himself—from the one, to a ball he is to give in a few days; and from the other, to take a drive in his sleigh on the river, and to visit some of the settlers on the opposite shore.

The wild animals of this part of the country are the bear, the wolf, the fox, the marten, the minx, the skink, the musk-rat, the porcupine, and squirrel. The first of these seldom or never acts but on the defensive; the wolves are seldom seen, but sometimes heard at night, and rarely molest any of our domestic animals, as the woods are swarming with deer, upon which they principally prey. The lesser animals I have named now and then carry off the poultry; but the most of the settlers allow them to roost in the open places, and breed in the fields, and they are of course quite exposed to attack. The chief told me that, in one season, he had seventy turkeys carried off, and he at length discovered that the culprit was a huge old wolf, that sheltered himself a little way from his house. He watched him one night, and put two balls through him. He pointed out to me where these were lodged in the wall of his house after passing through the body of the animal, and even after this it took several dogs to kill him. Deer are so numerous that you seldom pass through the woods without seeing them, except at this time of the year, when the cold forces them into the swamps for shelter. Some of the settlers have killed from twenty to thirty of these animals this season. Their flesh is, I am told, much superior to that of the deer in Scotland. I never tasted venison at home, but here I think I never tasted any thing finer, being as fat and juicy as veal or mutton. We have hares, which at this season become white, but only about half the size of yours; one of these I shot a few days ago, which weighed about 4 lbs., and made excellent soup. We have also partridges, nearly approaching in size to your pheasants, of which a great many are killed. When you come upon them, they generally take to the nearest tree, and are easily shot. We can pass through the woods here at all times with perfect safety; and the settlers think no more of passing from one part of the township to another in the night than they do in the day; and boys of six or seven will go in search of their cows for a good many miles round their clearance, where they are acquainted, without the least danger; the greatest hazard is in going into a part of the wood where one is not well acquainted, especially if the sun is not seen, for then you are just as apt to go in the wrong as in the right direction.

The whole surface of the land here is covered with wood, except the meadows formed by the beavers. These are, in extent, from a few acres up to 50 or more, and are spread here and there throughout the whole township, and furnish the settlers with excellent winter feeding for their stock. Some of these meadows are as lovely spots as I ever saw, their margins being generally fringed with the beautiful dark green foliage of the evergreen, balm of gilead, and spruce fir, whose tops tower above the surrounding wood. The beavers are now entirely extirpated, the Indians considering them as their peculiar property, and always destroy the whole of them so soon as a township is surveyed. These meadows are every year losing their beauty, as the dams and canals of the beavers are being choked up with alder willows and other plants; but many of the stumps of the trees, cut down by these wonderful creatures to form their dams and embankments, are still to be seen; and it is worthy of remark, that in chopping down a tree we exactly follow their mode of doing it.

I subjoin a rough draught of the township, from which you will be able to form a pretty correct idea of our situation. I have not put into it a river called the Lochy, and have laid down only so much of the Dochart as shows how it affects me. This stream is something like the Westburn, or perhaps a little larger, and at some after time may be turned to account as a mill power. Between each concession there is a road of 60 feet in breadth, and the same between every fifth lot. These roads are not yet cut, but each settler is bound to clear the half opposite his own lot. The township is laid down in 200 acre lots, and contains nearly 80,000 acres.

The sowing season commences about the middle of May; and those settlers who have not oxen of their own, and cannot obtain the use of them, just hoe and rake in their seeds in a very tedious and insufficient

* Balentyne, or Bellenden, dean of Ross, was employed to translate Boccaccio's Chronicle of Scotland, and also the History of Livy, for the use of the king, who had not been over attentive to his Latin. A new edition of the works appeared, in three volumes, a bout twelve years ago, under the superintendence of Mr Thomas Maitland, advocate; published by Messrs Tait, Edinburgh.

manner. Seeds are continued to be put in till the end of June and beginning of July, potatoes being the last, and by this time the full crops of wheat and rye are becoming ready for the sickle. On our best land we will sometimes have a return of 30 bushels of wheat for each bushel sown, but generally not more than 20. Farm-servants get from L.24 to L.30 a-year, and their board. Women get L.12. Sheep are a very profitable stock, and thrive well. Wool sells readily at 2s. 6d. per stone. My land, from its lying high and dry, is well adapted for this sort of stock; and I may have, in two or three years, 40 to 50 acres in grass, besides 20 or 30 for other crops, having at least this much land upon which there is not a living tree; and although, in many parts of this land, dead stumps and withered trees are standing, these would be no impediment to harrowing in the timothy and white clover, which would cut for hay, or be made pasture, as might be thought expedient; but if I am not able to overtake this, the land will of course again become every year wilder.

This is a very healthy part of Canada, sickness of any kind being very rare; and fever and ague, which are very common over about the great lakes, are here quite unknown. But we have neither church nor school in this township; many of the young people are growing up without even learning to read; and, in return for the attention and kindness which have been shown to us by our neighbours, I have undertaken to give their children lessons in reading and writing, during an hour of the day, along with my own. I have about a dozen sometimes in attendance; and although some of them have nearly two miles to walk, they are seldom a day absent.

We have very few mechanics here: indeed, I know of none, except two smiths, who have also land; one shoemaker, and a tailor employed by the storekeepers, who receives twelve dollars a-month, and board, but this man is generally half the week drunk. In my opinion, no man can do wrong in coming to this country who is industrious and sober, and who is not amply remunerated for his labour at home; for it is beyond all doubt that the Canadas have as great natural advantages as the United States, and are running the same race in prosperity, and to greatness.

I am, &c. &c.

TREATMENT OF SPRAINS.

No accident occurs perhaps more frequently than that of sprain, therefore we have thought some information concerning the nature of this accident, and the manner in which it should be treated, will not be unacceptable to our readers. We find in Mr Liston's *Elements of Surgery* the following observations:—"Sprain is generally occasioned by a fall, the foot or hand coming awkwardly to the ground, the muscles being at the same time relaxed and unprepared; by over-exertion in lifting heavy weights; by entanglement and twisting of the limb, &c. The ankle is often sprained by what is called 'a false step'; the fore part of the foot comes into contact with an obstacle unexpectedly; the foot is twisted under the limb; the weight of the body is thrown on the apparatus of one side of the joint, and this is in consequence immoderately and unnaturally stretched." Such is one of the most frequent ways in which this accident occurs. Then follows violent pain, and the patient feels sick and faint: the part injured becomes discoloured, and a rapid swelling takes place, owing to the escape of blood from the torn vessels. Afterwards, from the excited action of the vessels, the fluid which lubricates the joint is increased in quantity, and the joint permanently deformed. "Attentive examination (says this surgeon) is required to guard against mistakes, the existence or non-existence either of displacement or of fracture, must be at once ascertained by determined and perfect manipulation; the parts must be pressed and moved to such an extent as is necessary, notwithstanding the pain thereby occasioned, and notwithstanding the resistance afforded by the patient." This caution is necessary, because one or more of the small bones of the wrist are often displaced; and fracture of the fore arm, and even separation of one bone of the fore arm from the other, are accidents of by no means rare occurrence. "Perhaps," says Mr Liston, "no injury is more frequently mismanaged by those both out and in the profession. Every old woman thinks she can manage a sprain; most absurd and hurtful measures are resorted to; cold lotions and cold effusions are employed, and at the same time stimulating frictions; probably attempts are made, either by leeching or by puncturing, to extract the effused blood; and many similar follies are committed. The proper treatment appears certainly to consist in absolute rest. If there is any displacement, it must be rectified immediately. If there is any fracture, or if there is a tendency to redisplacement after reduction, or if the patient is restless either from folly or insensibility, * * * a splint or splints must be applied, to secure the immobility of the part, at the same time without such compression as may interfere with swelling from effusion (or escape of the watery part of the blood underneath the skin), which is a salutary process, and ought to be encouraged. By absolute rest, the extent of the swelling is limited, and inflammation warded off. Fomentations properly employed afford much relief. * * * The integuments soon become relaxed during the regular use of fomentation. * * * The swelling then abates, and is no longer hard; it pits on pressure, and

the skin has a puckered appearance. Then gentle friction becomes advantageous, and uniform support should be afforded by the application of a flannel roller. The longer the limb is disused, the more perfect and rapid is the recovery, provided the rest of the cure is properly conducted. In general, nothing more than what has been stated is required. But if the limb be moved in any way early, then necessity will arise perhaps for bleeding; certainly copious and repeated abstraction of blood by leeches, accompanied with fomentations, and the internal exhibition of antimonials, purgatives, &c. When such is the case, the cure is tedious; the joint long remains swelled and stiff; the patient is lame, and incapable of exertion. Leeching or puncturing at an early period, with the view of allowing extravasated blood to escape, is useless and hurtful. * * * Friction, with stimulating liniments, or even simple friction at an early period, is also hurtful, tending to excite the action of the vessels, and to convert simple swelling into inflammatory. The application of cold at any period is of little use, and ought certainly to be avoided immediately after the injury, as adding to the sufferings of the patient, and interfering with the natural processes that have commenced for the reparation of that injury. In limbs that have remained stiff after severe and mismanaged sprain, the dashing of water, either cold or tepid, has been strongly recommended: the practice is not ineffectual; the vessels of the surface are excited, perhaps, as by other friction, and perhaps by the reaction which follows the chill. But the limb is apt to become rheumatic, and, on this account, the state of matters will not be improved by this proceeding, unless it be resorted to with proper precautions." Such are the recommendations of this skilful surgeon for the general management of sprains, which are often very troublesome, and require the treatment of a judicious medical practitioner.

ODDS AND ENDS.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS TO THE SICK.

"Under all circumstances," says Dr Armstrong, "man is a poor and pitiable being, when stricken down by disease. Sickened and subdued, his very lineaments have a voice which calls for commiseration and assistance. Celsus says, that, knowing two physicians equally intelligent, he should prefer the one who was his friend, for the obvious reason that he would feel a deeper interest in his welfare. Kindness composes, and harshness disturbs the mind, and each produces correspondent effects upon the body. A tone, a look, may save or destroy life in extremely delicate cases. Whatever may be the prognosis given to friends, in all cases of fever the most confident and consoling language about the ultimate recovery should be used to the sick, as prophecies not unfrequently contribute to bring about the event foretold, by making people feel or think, or act differently from what they otherwise would have done. Again, in chronic cases, as time is required for their cure, by explaining to the patient this fact, we maintain his confidence, we keep his mind easy, and thus gain a fair opportunity for the operation of regimen or remedies; in short, the judicious physician, like the Roman general Fabius, conquers through delay, by cutting off the supplies, and wearing out the strength of the enemy. In large cities, where the mind is so much over-wrought in the various schemes of private ambition, or of public business, anxiety is very frequently the grand opposing circumstance to recovery; so that, while the causes which produced it are allowed to operate, mere medical prescription is of no avail. The effects of this anxiety are visible in the pallid face or wasted body. But if the patient be possessed of philosophy enough to forego his harassing pursuits; if he has not, from the contact and cares of the world, lost his relish for the simple and sublime scenes of nature, a removal into the country is of the utmost efficacy. The deformity and conflict of the moral world are exchanged for the beauty and calm of the physical world; and, surrounded by all the poetry of earth and heaven, the mind regains its peace, and the health, as if by magic, is perfectly restored."

THE GUELPHS AND Ghibellines.

It was about the middle of the twelfth century that these two names resounded as a war-cry at the battle of Reinsberg, in Germany. Henry Welfe Este united to the duchy of Tuscany, and to the other possessions of the house of Este, in Lombardy, the duchies of Saxony and Bavaria. He entered into intrigues to obtain the imperial crown; but Conrad Duke of Franconia, his competitor, was preferred to him. Henry Welfe Este refused to acknowledge his authority, and was despoiled of his German possessions. After his death, which happened in 1120, his brother, Welfe the Sixth, made war upon Conrad, to recover his rights in Bavaria. The imperialists were commanded by Frederick, the emperor's nephew, who had been educated at *Wuiblingen*: their war-cry was *Wuiblingen*—that of the Bavarians was *Welfe*. The use of these words passed from Germany into Italy; and being metamorphosed into Ghibellines and Guelphs, designated, up to the fifteenth century—the former, that party which upheld the emperor's pretensions—the latter, the party which opposed them.

The royal family of England is sprung from the former of these renowned houses.

PRINTER'S DEVIL

This is an appellation which most of our readers

must have frequently heard; but as many of them may not be aware of its origin, we copy the following explanation from Mr M'Cree's *Poems of the Press*, &c. i.—

"In the adventure of Dr Faustus and the Sorbonne at Paris, we seem to have the origin of the opinion that the printers have occasion for the assistance of a supernatural personage in the progress of their labours, with whom all the rest of the world is most anxious to avoid any very intimate acquaintance. Had we no other complaints against his Satanic majesty than that of assisting John Faust to bring to perfection the art of printing, we certainly should have no right to stigmatise him as being of so malignant a disposition as he is commonly represented. The printer's devil is a character almost identified with the origin of the art, and we may consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having a guardian exclusively assigned to us, from whom, notwithstanding his general bad conduct to other people, we have so little to apprehend, and who is commonly our faithful assistant, both in our labours and our pleasures. From hence also the legend of the *Devil and Doctor Faustus*. In further elucidation, we may inform our readers that the youngest apprentice of a printer is called the devil, and he generally runs all the messages, and conveys the proofs of works in the press, between the printer and the author."

THE SPEECH OF ANIMALS.

Sibscota observes, that although articulate speech is peculiar to man, it is often imitated by different animals, but not accompanied by that reason or intellect which regulates it in the human race. Thus the speech in parrots, crows, and other birds that are taught by art, is nothing else but a certain articulate voice, without any mental understanding, to which they are trained up by custom, not knowing what is signified by the words; so that the parrot which rehearsed the Apostles' creed did not understand the things signified by those words; and, therefore, this sort of speech is not a representation of reason, and, consequently, not true speech. But it sometimes happens that they seem to appropriate the names of things to the things themselves, or retain the signification of them; that is the work of memory, by which they accommodate those words, which they, by their docility, have gained to particular things, as they have been accustomed to them, and according to their often-repeated appellations. And as the parrot which fell into the river called for help, and promised a reward, it must necessarily be that she had by practice learned these words, being oftentimes before in the like danger. And since it is undeniable that not only elephants, but some other creatures, do in some manner understand the speech of man to which they are accustomed, and know what is meant by such and such words as they are taught (and as they, by the motion or gesture of their masters, know what they would have), though some more exactly than others, is it a greater wonder for these brutes, if they have organs fit for speech, to be able, by outward expressions, as they have learned by custom, to signify the single conceptions of their estimative faculty to others which they frame within themselves, according to the common speech which they are accustomed to, than that they should, by the usual gestures of the body, and other various ways (which is also the speech of mutes), be able to adumbrate their inward conceptions to others? Or what wonder is it for a parrot, magpie, crow, starling, to express what they inwardly feel or desire by an articulate voice, or such as they have learned by custom? And those creatures that have been used to speak, can count numbers, and yet they have no formal conception of those numbers.—*Curtis on the Deaf and Dumb.*

TO OUR READERS.

Every article in this paper, not marked with a quotation at the end, or otherwise, is original, and written with an express reference to the character and objects of Chambers's Journal. In the present number, overlooking the anecdotes on the last page, the tale entitled "Legend of Marseilles," is the only article not original; that is to say, for two columns of selected matter, there are upwards of twenty perfectly new. Notices to this effect will be repeated from time to time, to obviate the injustice done us by various illiberal newspapers, which have falsely asserted that the greater part of our matter is borrowed—a tale the more readily believed on account of the low price of the Journal. The fact is, that, while those very newspapers exist upon matter which may be said to be common to them all, our own little sheet contains, in every one of its numbers, a mass of literary composition quite independent of all its contemporaries, and which requires, for its preparation, an association of writers much more numerous than what is concerned in almost any political journal in the empire.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 74.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Of the divided affections too often observable among brothers, a most remarkable instance happened a few years ago in the family of a gentleman of the north of Scotland. George and William Stirling were the only sons of the gentleman alluded to, and they had grown to manhood in the exercise of that mutual kindness which it is so delightful to observe in relations of that degree of consanguinity. I am not aware that there was any thing remarkable in their characters: they were, simply, two respectable young men, of good education; and while the elder was reared to the enjoyment of a competent fortune, the younger soon attained such a degree of distinction at the bar, as rendered his fate little less enviable. On the death of their mother, which took place when they were between twenty and thirty years of age, some dispute arose respecting a legacy, the destination of which had not been expressed in terms sufficiently clear, and which, after a brief suit at law, was determined in favour of the elder brother. At first, it was resolved by the two brothers that this plea should be amicably conducted, merely for the purpose of deciding an uncertain matter; but some circumstances unexpectedly occurred, which acting upon the inflammable nature of the elder, and not being met with a proper spirit by the younger brother, speedily produced a decided alienation between them. Each retired sullenly into the fortress of his own pride; nor were their father's entreaties and good offices, or their common recollection of twenty affectionate and happy years, of the least avail in bringing them once more together. They did not again meet for ten years: it was at their father's funeral. The old gentleman had died in presence of his eldest son only, reiterating with his latest breath those injunctions, so often before employed in vain, that his two sons might be restored to brotherly friendship; an object, he said, which engrossed his thoughts so much in life, that he felt as if he could not rest at peace in his grave unless it were accomplished. The two brothers met, but without taking the least notice of each other, when respectively mounting their carriages, in order to follow the corpse of their parent to the family burying-place in Aberdeen. Their hearts were still filled with fierce and indignant feelings towards each other, though it is not improbable that the elder had been somewhat touched, almost imperceptibly to himself, by the dying entreaties of his father. The procession, consisting of a hearse and the carriages of the two brothers, set out on its long and dreary journey, which was rendered additionally melancholy by the gloom of a December day. It was originally designed that there should be no stoppage, except to exchange horses, till they reached their destination; but this arrangement was destined to be strangely disconcerted. A fall of snow, which had begun only that morning in the low country, was found, when they reached the hilly region, to have been of two days' continuance; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they reached a lonely inn, about half way towards the capital, beyond which it was declared by the postilions there was no possibility of proceeding that day. This humble place of entertainment was accustomed to lodge only such guests as carriers, and as it was partly occupied on the present occasion by various wayfarers, the host, with all anxiety to accommodate such distinguished guests as those who had just arrived, found he could not by any means offer them more than two rooms. It was his expectation, that, while one of these was devoted, as decency required, to the reception of the corpse, the other would serve for the two mourners, and he accordingly proposed

to make up an additional bed in the room which he had marked as that which should receive his living guests. What was his astonishment, and what was the astonishment of all the inmates of the house, when he was informed by a servant that one of the gentlemen would sleep in one of these rooms, while the other had no objection to that in which he had placed the corpse! It was not, however, for him to make any resistance to such an arrangement, and he accordingly caused the rooms to be prepared as befitted the taste of his guests.

It must communicate a strange feeling to know that two brothers—men of cultivated understanding, and each respected in his sphere for public and private worth—actually carried this dreadful arrangement into effect, in order to avoid what they must have contemplated as a more painful thing—the spending of a single night in each other's company. It was the younger who proposed, as a solution of the dilemma in which he found they were placed, to take up his quarters in the same chamber with the corpse: unpardonable as the elder was for his share of the dissension, it is but justice to him to state, that he could not, after the dying request of his father, have encountered the sensations which might be expected to arise in so dreadful a situation. During the evening, as the storm prevented them from going out of doors, each kept his own room, and was severally served with the refreshments which he required. Night came, and each went to rest. Morning returned, and still the storm was unabated. It was therefore necessary to spend another day in the same extraordinary circumstances. Slowly, slowly waned the hours of the twilight day; and still the snow continued to fall in its broad and lazy flakes, seeming, to the two brothers, as each surveyed it listlessly from his window, the very personification of monotony. As the rooms were close to each other, and only divided by a thin partition, through which there was a door of communication, each of the unhappy gentlemen could overhear every thing that his neighbour did, almost to his very breathing. It at length became the amusement of each, unknown to his fellow, to watch the proceedings of the other—to note every footfall, to register every sigh. George, in particular, became interested, in spite of himself, in the situation of his brother, which, in consideration of what he had heard from the lips of his dying father, bore to him an aspect more repulsive and painful than it perhaps did to the actual sufferer. At length, when, after a weary day, the time of rest again drew nigh, and the house became more than usually still, he heard a groan—a groan partly suppressed, but still bearing distinctly the impress of unutterable anguish—proceed from his brother's room. He listened more intently, and in a few minutes he could make out that the living tenant of the death-chamber was prostrated beside the coffin—weeping—bitterly weeping—but still making every effort to bury the expression of his grief in his own bosom. It may easily be imagined that such sounds, coming upon a heart which had been insensibly undergoing a softening process during the whole day, must have had the best effect. Still the rancour of ten years was not to be got over by tears shed under such circumstances. He softly stole, however, to the door, and watched with the most intense anxiety every respiration and movement of his afflicted brother. After waiting a few minutes, he distinctly heard William breathe forth the words, "Oh, mother!" and that in a tone which referred so pointedly to the source of their unhappy quarrel, that he could no longer entertain a doubt as to the nature of his brother's present reflections. A thousand tender associations were

awakened by that endeared word: he reverted to the early days when they had no contention but for her affections, no rivalry but for the kind bounty which she was always ready to bestow upon each alike. Human nature could hold out no longer, and he gently tapped at the door which had hitherto kept them apart. "William," he said, "may I come in?" The voice of affection could not be mistaken. William opened the door in an instant, and, as if he had guessed intuitively the disposition of his brother, rushed into his arms.

The next day saw the two brothers amicably proceeding in one vehicle to the family burial-place, where, in the grave of their father, they inhaled every bitter feeling they had ever entertained against each other; and at present, taught by the sufferings which they endured in their period of alienation, there is no pair of friends who take such pains to cherish each other's affections, or to avoid all means of converting them into gall.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE STOAT.

THERE is little difference in the shape of the stoat from that of the weasel, and they have consequently been frequently confounded.

The length of the stoat is about ten inches, exclusive of the tail, which is five inches and a half; it is very hairy, tipped with black; the edges of the ears, and ends of the toes, are yellowish-white; in other respects, it resembles the weasel both in colour and form. In the northern parts of Europe, during winter, the fur changes to a pure white, except the tip of the tail which retains its blackness through all seasons, and in every climate. In winter, it is called the *ermine*; and in this condition is much sought for, on account of the high value placed upon its fur, which has been that worn by royalty from very remote times.

The stoat abounds in Norway, Lapland, Russia, and other northern climates, and forms a valuable article of commerce in these states. It is found even so far north as Kamschatka and Siberia, where the hunters take it with traps, baited with flesh.

In Norway, it is their practice either to shoot the stoats with blunt arrows, or they are taken by traps, made by two flat stones, one being propped up with a stick, to which is attached a baited string; and as soon as the animal begins to nibble, the stone falls down, and crushes it to death. In Britain, they also sometimes change to white in winter; but their skin is of little value, compared to those in northern Europe, having neither the closeness nor whiteness of fur. The skins are sold, in the districts where they are caught, at from two to three pounds sterling the hundred.

A singular circumstance was observed by a friend of the present vicar of Liskeard, in Cornwall, in August 1829. A stoat was in hot pursuit of a water-rat, which latter took the water, where he doubtless expected to be safe from his enemy; the stoat, however, took the water, and followed his prey across the narrow pond, but lost it at last from the rat getting into a hole.

The following incident was narrated by a gentleman, as having come under his own observation:—"A slight snow covered the ground," says the narrator; "and he, having walked out to an adjoining hill to meet with one of his shepherds, fell in with the track of one of these stoats, which is easily to be distinguished from that of the smaller species by the larger footprint, and length of the spring, among the snow. He followed the track for some time for his amusement, along the side of the hill, until he came to the marks

where a pair of grouse had been sitting, when he lost all traces of the stoat, and could follow it no farther. As there was no appearance of a hole, he was much surprised; and paying close attention to the track of the animal, he came to be convinced that it had sprung upon one of the birds, which had flown away with it. As he is a person of uncommonly acute observation, sound judgment, and strong sense, I have the utmost confidence in the correctness of his mode of accounting for this singular circumstance. The conclusion is, that the stoat knew quite well what it was about, and would keep its hold until it came to the ground again. The matchless agility and comparative strength of this bold little creature would enable it to save itself during the fall; before which took place, it had probably destroyed the life of its harmless prey."

The following well-authenticated instance surpasses any idea which we could have formed of the extensive depredations of these animals.—About the middle of July 1827, a gentleman at Cathcart shot at and wounded a stoat. The animal escaped into a hole in an old stone wall. He was induced to explore the place of its retreat, when the first victims he met with were a couple of leverets immolated; a little farther on two young partridges, also entire, and a pheasant's egg unbroken. Beyond these were found the heads of two other leverets, in a state of putrefaction; and at the extremity of the hole, lay the little mischievous marauder himself, dead. We would have thought this extraordinary accumulation of plunder was the consequence of a provident disposition in the animal, but, from the appearance of the leveret's head, &c., it seems to bear out what has been so often stated by naturalists of this tribe of animals, that they seldom devour any of their prey till it begins to putrify.

THE FERRET.

The ferret is somewhat smaller than the polecat, to which it bears a close resemblance; the fur is yellowish, and the eyes are red. The ferret is a native of Africa, and is only known to us in a domesticated state. It was first introduced from thence to Spain, and was used to reduce the number of rabbits which abounded in that continent. It has subsequently been employed for the same purpose in Britain, as well as in other European states. Its constitution, however, has never been completely brought to bear the cold of a northern climate, and requires much warmth and attention to preserve it alive. The ordinary method of keeping the ferret is in a box amongst wool, of which it forms for itself a comfortable bed. It is a nocturnal animal, and generally sleeps during the day, and feeds at night. In a domesticated condition, ferrets are usually fed on bread and milk, flesh being considered improper for the indolent lives they are taught to lead.

In a domesticated state, the ferret breeds twice a year. The female goes with young six weeks, and brings forth from five to eight at a birth.

Warreners sometimes cross the breed with the polecat, the produce of which, in some instances, prove superior, in point of ferocity, to the ferret. The ferret has such an instinctive antipathy to the rabbit, that, it is said, if a dead one be presented to a young ferret which has never seen one before, it seizes upon it, and maintains its hold with great pertinacity, and will not quit its hold, but continues to suck the blood till completely satiated. While using the ferret to drive rabbits from their burrows, they must be muzzled, otherwise they would fix on them, gorge themselves with their blood, and then fall asleep. Instances have been known of their disengaging themselves of their muzzles; in which case they remained in the holes, and could not be recovered but by digging for them, or, if too deep, smoking them out. Both these methods have been resorted to without effect, and the ferret has kept his retreat good for the summer, and lived by preying on the rabbits; but when winter sets in, they either perish from cold, or leave the hole, and are then easily retaken.

The ferret is also a great enemy to rats, and will not suffer one to remain alive where it is allowed to go in search of them. Although easily tamed, they seldom evince any attachment, and are of a very irascible disposition. They emit a very fetid odour, like the whole of their congeners.

The following is a remarkable instance of ferocity in the ferret:—"A man of the name of Iles, a barge-man, finding himself much incommoded by the repeated mischief done in his barge by rats, procured a ferret to destroy them. The ferret remaining away a considerable time, he thought it was devouring some rats that it had killed, and he went to sleep, but was awakened early next morning by the ferret, who was commencing a regular attack upon him. The animal had seized him near his eyebrow, and after endeavouring in vain to shake him off, he at length severed the body from the head with a knife, the head still sticking so fast as to be with difficulty removed."

THE SABLE.

The sable is about eighteen inches in length, and resembles the marten in form, being somewhat longer than the polecat in proportion to the thickness of its body. It is a native of Siberia, Kamschatka, and various islands which lie between that country and Japan, as also in Lapland. It burrows in holes, by the banks of rivers, and under the roots of trees. Its nest consists of moss, small twigs, and grass.

This animal does not appear to be so destructive as others of the tribe, its chief food in winter consisting

of berries of different kinds: in summer, however, before these ripen, its necessities force it to prey upon hares, weasels, ermines, and other small animals.

The female brings forth in the spring, and produces from three to four at a birth.

M. Gmelin mentions two of these which he had in some measure domesticated. He says, that, whenever they perceived a cat, they would raise themselves on their hind feet, and with their fore paws prepare to defend themselves. During day, more particularly after eating, they always slept, and frequently so soundly after a meal, that they required to be pricked, pinched, and shaken, before they would awaken; but that at night they were extremely active and lively.

The fur of the sable is dark brown, whitish on the head, and gray on the throat. Its chief quality consists in the hair turning with equal ease to either side: the darker the colour, it is the more valuable; and few skins are in higher estimation than that of this animal: one of these, although only about four inches in breadth, has been sometimes valued as high as fifteen pounds. The general price, however, is from one pound to ten, according to the quality. The bellies of sables, about two fingers in breadth, are sold separately from the upper parts, and generally in pairs, which are tied together in bundles of forty pieces, and bring from one to two pounds each bundle. The tails are also a separate article of commerce, and sell at from four to eight pounds a hundred.

The time of hunting the sable in Siberia, and other countries, is from November to February, during which period the skins are in the highest perfection: those taken at any other time of the year are far inferior, on account of the irregularity of the length in the hair, and, consequently, bring lower prices.

Instances have occurred where the skins were of a snowy whiteness, but these are exceedingly rare, and sell high as curiosities.

The principal hunting of the sable is carried on by criminals banished to the snowy confines of Siberia; and in this employment they are frequently exposed to great privations. They are obliged to furnish each a certain number of skins, and, for their encouragement, are permitted to share among themselves whatever skins they procure above the allotted number. In the pursuit of sables, the hunters form themselves into small troops, under a leader of their own choosing: they penetrate far into the bosom of the mighty woods which cover this desert region, from whence they can only find their way back by marking the trees as they advance, and by missing which, on their return, they frequently perish, from their stock of provisions being exhausted before they can reach the confines of the forest. The pursuit of the sable is an arduous one; for, after they have traced the animal from its track on the snow to its retreat, they place their net over its hole, and are sometimes obliged to remain for days watching it, till hunger forces the creature out. Such are the hardships our fellow-men are often exposed to, for the gratification of vain show among the luxuriant and opulent.

A RATCLIFFE HEROINE IN REAL LIFE.

In the year 1746, a short time before the battle of Culloden, the Castle of —, in the north of Scotland, was inhabited by its then proprietor, Captain D—, a young officer of the royal army, and zealously attached to the house of Brunswick; by his sister, a young lady of a timid disposition and delicate health; and by her particular friend, Miss M—, a daughter of Lord R—, a woman of superior understanding and great resolution, and as much attached to the throne as the proprietor of the castle. This castle (now destroyed) was of great extent, and, from the superstition of the natives of the country, had for many years acquired the reputation of being haunted. Captain D—, who had lately quitted the Duke of Cumberland's army, to which he was shortly to return, appeared for some time extremely thoughtful; and one day when his sister was confined to her room, he told Miss M— he wished to have some private conversation with her, and to entrust her with a secret which had hitherto been carefully preserved in his family, and never disclosed but from father to son, so that never more than two persons had been in possession of it at the same time: that he would have revealed it to his sister, but that he did not think she possessed strength of mind and resolution enough to make the proper use of it; and as the time was now come when it was necessary for this important secret to be confided to some person besides himself, he entreated her, as a friend to his family, to become the depository of it, and to undertake the necessary engagements attached to the possession of it. Miss M—, unwilling to bind herself to an undertaking of which she did not know the extent, and in which she found that fortitude was a necessary qualification, which necessarily implied it might be attended with dangerous consequences, begged to be excused from a trust of such magnitude as this appeared to be, and wished to decline any farther communication on the subject.

But Captain D— was not easily deterred from his purpose, and conjured her, not only by the friendship she professed, and which he knew she had for the family, but if this motive was not sufficiently powerful, by the still more important consideration that the safety, and even the existence, of the English army under the Duke of Cumberland must depend on her resolution and exertion, as he knew no one else at this critical moment in whom he could confide this important secret. Staggered by these forcible arguments, and relying on the well-known honour and integrity of Captain D—, Miss M— was at length persuaded to give a reluctant consent to her friend's entreaty, and agreed, that, after all the inhabitants of the castle were gone to rest, he should call upon her for the fulfilment of her promise. Accordingly, about one o'clock in the morning she heard a gentle tap at the door. She was in trembling expectation of the signal, and leaving the chamber, accompanied by Captain D— to the library, where he had provided two cloaks, in one of which he wrapped Miss M—, and throwing the other over his own shoulder, took a dark lantern which he had prepared, and called on her to summon all her resolution, to recollect the vast importance of the duty she had engaged in, and to follow him without fear, as he would lead her into no danger. He then conducted her up several flights or stairs to a part of the castle she had never been in, and which had never been inhabited in the memory of man. They then descended into the vaults of the castle, and, mounting another flight of steps, found themselves in a court, which they traversed. Miss M—'s courage so completely failed her in the course of their progress, that she stopped, and once more entreated Captain D— to be relieved from her promise, and permitted to return to her apartment; but he urged her to proceed by every argument in his power, and assured her they were almost arrived at the place of their destination, and had no cause for alarm. Ashamed at her own want of resolution, she once more agreed to proceed if the distance was not great. They reached the opposite corner of the court, and arrived at a low door, at the bottom of a turret, which opened with a key which he was provided. As soon as Miss M— had entered this door, he locked it in the inside, took the key with him, and desired her to observe exactly what he did. He then took her up a narrow winding staircase, at the top of which he unlocked a door, and closed it after them, when they found themselves in a small square stone chamber, which had only one small window, closed by a shutter opposite the door. In the middle of the floor was a large trap-door, to which Captain D— applied a key, unlocked it, and lifted up the trap, beneath which a sort of ladder staircase led to a chamber below. He went first with his lantern, and assisted Miss M— to descend; and when she reached the bottom, he informed her they were now arrived at the place concerning which so much secrecy was necessary; that in this room, unknown to any one but himself, were concealed all the title-deeds, papers, and other effects of value belonging to his family; and that this chamber had, in all the troublesome times of which Scotland had unfortunately seen so many, been considered as a secure asylum for any of the family, who, from the distraction of the times, had required such a place of concealment. But this room now contained what was of still more importance; for the fate of the English army depended upon the security of that chamber. The Duke of Cumberland, on his arrival in Scotland, expressed great anxiety for the security of the large sums he had brought with him for the payment of his troops, and other purposes attending so important a crisis. Captain D—, aware of the security of this place of concealment, offered the use of it, which had stood undiscovered for ages, to his royal highness, who, well aware of his unshaken loyalty, had willingly accepted it, and entrusted Captain D— with the concealment of his treasure, from which he would receive weekly supplies without danger or suspicion. Captain D—'s situation in the English army required his presence there; and it was to be the guardian of this secret, and the keeper of this treasure, for which he wanted a person of honour and resolution, which induced him to repose his confidence in Miss M—, who, from her residence with his sister, would excite no suspicion, as the reception of a stranger in the absence of Captain D— might have done. Miss M—, aware of the importance of the confidence reposed in her, promised to fulfil her engagement, by descending alone every Thursday night to take out such sums and papers as might be necessary, and to deliver them next morning to a servant whom Captain D— was to dispatch from the army to convey them to him. This arrangement being made to Captain D—'s satisfaction, and to Miss M—'s great anxiety, they returned in the same manner they came, to the habitable part of the castle, Captain D— entreating her to observe exactly what he did in their progress, that she might be sure to proceed in safety. He re-conducted her to the chamber, delivered to her the key, and after the most fervent thanks, took his leave, and the next morning early departed for the army. Many were the anxious moments to Miss M— between the morning of his departure, and the fatal night in which she felt bound by every tie of honour and duty to fulfil the engagement she had entered into. Though a woman of great spirit and resolution, she was not totally free from that superstition for which her countrymen, notwithstanding their

strong sense and informed minds, are so remarkable; and the idea of her solitary expedition at night through the uninhabited parts of this remarkable castle, added to the high importance of the charge with which she was entrusted, weighed heavily on her mind, and rendered her less equal to the task. When the eventful night arrived, no fears nor sufferings of the mind could deter her from fulfilling, to the best of her power, the engagements she had entered into; and in the dead of the night, at the time appointed, she left the chamber with the keys, the cloak, and the dark lantern, with which Captain D— had furnished her; with hurried steps, and a palpitating breast, she traversed the long passages, mounted and descended the long flights of stairs, passed through the vaults, and at length found herself in the court in which formerly her courage had failed her. She proceeded without a moment's hesitation to the foot of the turret, unlocked the door, and, according to Captain D—'s particular injunctions, locked it in the inside, and taking the key with her, went up the winding staircase. She unlocked the door, and entered the square stone room; but impatient to complete her task, that she might meet with as few impediments as possible in her return, she did not close and lock the door after her, but left it a little ajar. Finding something particularly close and gloomy in this chamber, she unfastened and opened the window, not considering that her light might possibly betray her. She unlocked and lifted up the trap-door, congratulating herself that her task was nearly completed. She descended with her lantern in her hand, and had already proceeded above half the way down, when she was alarmed on a sudden by a tremendous noise from the chamber above. The trap-door at the same moment was closed with a thundering clap, and terror so completely overwhelmed her, that the lantern fell from her hand, and she sunk lifeless at the bottom of the steps. She was not hurt by the fall, and when she began to recover, she listened attentively if she could hear any footsteps or voices that might in any way account for the cause of her alarm; but all was still and silent. After waiting for a considerable time, she began to flatter herself that some accidental cause had created those tremendous sounds. She ventured up the ladder, intending, by lifting up the trap-door, to re-enter the stone chamber, and, by waiting till day-break, endeavour to regain the apartment before the family were stirring. But how great was her dismay, how unutterable her anguish, when she found that the trap-door was secured in a firm and immovable manner from above, that no power or force she could use—and her exertions were the last efforts of despair—could move it in the least degree! As the lock was not a spring-lock, there was no way of accounting for what had happened, but by the idea that some rebel or enemy of the family had discovered the fatal secret, and had condemned her to the most painful and lingering of all deaths. Finding all attempts at escape hopeless, and exhausted by her fruitless endeavours, she resigned herself to her fate, and, submitting unrepining to the will of providence, all earthly hope was past. She felt that she must die, but lost her life in a good cause, and had a conscience free of offence towards God or man. She descended the ladder, wrapped her cloak round her, and feeling herself growing faint, sunk on the ground, where her senses forsook her, and she lay motionless at the bottom of the steps. How long she remained in that state is not known, but when, after a lapse of some hours, her senses began to return, she imagined she had already passed from this world to a better, and that she was then in heaven: as her senses grew less confused, she began to distinguish a form bending over her, and concluded it must be an angel come to comfort her. At length she found herself lifted up and carried up the ladder; and the first breeze of outward air reviving her, she at length began to distinguish surrounding objects. She again found herself in the square stone chamber, and perceived that she was supported by Captain D—. The whole of her sufferings appeared like a dream; and it was some time before she could comprehend the cause of the danger, or the means of her deliverance. When she was quite recovered, Captain D— explained to her that the cause of her alarm arose from her having left the door of the stone chamber ajar, and having opened the opposite window, a sudden gust of wind had blown open the door with violence, so as not only to knock down the trap-door, but to open beyond it, and cover the hinges in such a manner as rendered it impossible to open it by any effort from below, and it was with considerable difficulty that Captain D— himself was able to close it so as to enable him to lift up the trap-door. The occasion of his arrival, at so critical a moment, to her deliverance, was, that, after he had dispatched the servant to fetch the necessary supply, he recollected some papers which were immediately necessary to be provided, and which he had not pointed out to her. He went to her apartment on his arrival, and was alarmed to find her absent, and that no one knew what was become of her. It immediately occurred to him that some accident must have befallen her in the secret expedition, and he set out in quest of her. He arrived at the door of the turret, which she had locked from within, but he was fortunately provided with a key. The confusion in which he had found the chamber above, and not receiving any answer to his repeated calls, alarmed him extremely: he forced back the door, fastened it, lifted up the trap-door, and at

the foot of the steps perceived her lying to all appearance dead, as she had lain in a fainting fit for some hours. The air, however, soon revived her, and the open window explained the cause of what had nearly proved a fatal accident to an amiable and deserving woman.

This wonderful escape was related by the heroine, many years after it had happened, to a party of young people, who were relating many alarms they had met with; and she with great truth observed, that few people could relate a tale of more terror than what had happened to herself in the memorable year 1746.

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

The northern part of Africa lies in the form of an oblong, which, from east to west, is about 3000 miles in length, while its breadth, from north to south, is nearly 2000. This large section of the earth's surface is not, on the side towards Europe, penetrated by any of those rivers, bays, or arms of the sea, which, in the other continents, give admission to ships and commerce, and facilitate the intercourse of foreign nations with their inhabitants: it presents, on the contrary, along the greater part of its sea-coast, an unbroken barrier of deserts or mountains, which approach too near the sea to allow existence to rivers; and it is hardly furnished in any quarter even with good harbours. The country on the north coast is in some places fertile and inviting to a certain distance inward; but beyond that begins the region of deserts, which prevent all regular communication with the countries beyond. These barren and sandy tracts extend from east to west, the whole length of the continent, in a straight line betwixt Cairo and Cape Nun, and are from 400 to 1000 miles in breadth: they are totally destitute of water, and of every green thing; while, from the nature of the sands, which are continually shifting their places, no road or beaten track can be made through them. The only travellers who make any attempt to pass are the caravans of native merchants; and even these, accustomed as they are to the climate, and acquainted with the precautions necessary for meeting the dangers of the journey, often fall victims to fatigue and want of water; the slaves whom they purchase in the interior, to bring for sale to the coast, frequently die by the way in hundreds, till the whole road is strewn with their skeletons. From these causes, the countries lying behind the deserts, have, both in ancient and modern times, remained unknown to Europeans; and though reports were always circulated magnifying their extent and fertility, these only served to whet curiosity, without pointing out any channel by which more satisfactory information could be attained.

Among other accounts which were received in this way, it was mentioned that the interior of Africa was traversed by a large river called the Niger, whose course lay east and west, reaching almost from one extremity of the continent to the other. Access to this magnificent stream was naturally sought with great eagerness by the trading nations, because it was evident that its navigation would command the whole commerce of Africa, opening up a means of intercourse with populous and fertile countries, which, from the earliest times, have been said to lie in its interior. Nothing, however, was precisely known of this imaginary river (as it was sometimes believed to be). Several of the ancients who were supposed to mention it, spoke of it as flowing eastward, from which it was believed to be a branch of the Nile, and to fall into that river before it reached Egypt; by others it was said to have a westward course; and this, when the river Senegal was discovered on the south-west coast, led to the supposition that here at last was the celebrated river of interior Africa. It was still felt, however, that neither the Senegal nor the Nile, though both large rivers, approached to the magnitude and importance which was looked for in the "Nile of the Negroes;" and there were many of the best authenticated facts, relating to that celebrated stream, with which the appearances observed concerning these did not correspond. Its situation and course still continued, therefore, as mysterious as ever; and many travellers, in the hope of reaching it, and of discovering the celebrated cities said to flourish on its banks, went out to sacrifice their lives in the sands of Northern Africa, or in the marshy shores, equally fatal to Europeans, which lie at the mouths of its southern rivers. The fates of these brave men, who almost all perished, contributed to give farther interest to a question which seemed to defy solution. In the year 1795, our countryman Park was at length successful, having, after many dangers and hardships,* reached

* Mr Park, of whose amiable feelings the reader is already aware, gives the following touching account of his situation at a particular part of his first journey.—"Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this, to show from what trifling circumstances the mind

the banks of the magnificent Niger, which he found flowing to the east, through countries fertile, populous, and extensively cultivated, but as little known to Europeans as if they had existed in the moon. He travelled along its banks for about 100 miles, in the hope of being able to reach the city of Timbuctoo, long celebrated as a great trading emporium among the African nations: he found it impossible to proceed so far; but, in a second journey (1805), he embarked on the stream with several Europeans and natives, in the hopes of examining its whole course, and reaching its termination in the sea. Unhappily he lost his life, through the violence of some of the native chiefs, after he had passed the most dangerous part of the navigation; and no certain accounts of his fate were received for nearly twenty years after.*

The discoveries of Park only served to whet curiosity, and to show more clearly the magnitude and importance of the Niger, while its termination, or the means of obtaining access to it by ships, remained as little known as ever. Some believed that it fell into the sea on the coast of Congo; some, that it would still turn out to be the Nile; and others, that, like the Heermund or Etymandee of Persia, it was lost, after a prolonged course, in a salt marsh in the interior. After many unsuccessful efforts by individual travellers, an exploratory mission was at length sent across the desert from Tripoli on the north, to the interior southern countries, by the British government. The gentlemen composing this expedition made many most interesting discoveries concerning the populousness and fertility of the unknown African countries in the interior; they visited also a large fresh-water lake called the Tchad, into which two considerable rivers discharged their waters, and on whose banks they saw extensive cities, Loggun, Bornou, &c., well advanced in civilization. They heard, at the same time, of the great river which was the principal object of their inquiry, but were unable to reach its banks, though one of the gentlemen approached it within a distance

will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

Upon this incident, a blind boy, named Alexander Letham, an inmate of the asylum for such unfortunate persons at Edinburgh, composed, about two years ago, the following verses:—

Ah! lovely flower, what care, what power,
In thy fair structure are displayed
By him who reared thee to this hour
Within the forest's lonely shade!
Thy tender stalk, and fibres fine,
Here find a shelter from the storm;
Perhaps no human eyes but mine
Ere gazed upon thy lovely form.
The dew-drop glistens on thy leaf,
As if thou seem'st to shed a tear—
As if thou knew'st my tale of grief—
Felt all my sufferings severe!
But, ah! thou know'st not my distress,
In danger here from beasts of prey,
And robbed of all I did possess,
By men more fierce by far than they.
Nor canst thou ease my burdened sigh,
Nor cool the fever at my heart,
Though to the zephyr passing by
Thou dost thy balmy sweets impart.
Yet He that formed thee, little plant,
And bade thee flourish in this place,
Who sees and feels my every want,
Can still support me by His grace.
Oft has His arm, all strong to save,
Protected my defenceless head,
From ills I never could perceive,
Nor could my feeble hand have stayed.
Then shall I still pursue my way
O'er this wild desert's sun-burnt soil,
To where the ocean's swelling spray
Washes my longed-for, native isle.

* We owe an apology for here advertent to the discoveries of Park so soon after detailing these more at large in an account of his life. The reader will probably think we sufficiently atone for the repetition, by taking the opportunity of introducing the following interesting document, which has been placed in our hands by one of Mr Park's relations—namely, the last letter ever received from him by his friends in this country. It was written the day before he set forward upon his fatal expedition, and has never before been printed. The gentleman addressed was the traveller's father-in-law.

"That I have not wrote you sooner you may be sure was not from want of attention, but from want of time, and because I knew that you must have received every information respecting our procedure from Alexander. I know that you will rejoice to hear that we both of us keep our health, and that the kind hand of Providence has thus far made our journey prosperous. We set off to-morrow morning for the interior, with the most flattering prospect of finishing our expedition in the course of six months, with honour to ourselves and benefit to mankind. I need not tell you how solicitous I am about the welfare of my dear Allie and children. Though I have not yet heard from her till my return to England, yet I will indulge the hope that all is well. In case it should please the Almighty to take me to himself, I have thought it necessary to give a statement of my money matters in the enclosed letter, that my dear wife and children may reap the reward of my industry. I did not do this from any thing like second sight, but merely to guard against a possible occurrence. I have been in the least down-hearted; indeed, I have so much to attend to, that I have but little time to myself. I receive great benefit from Alexander, who is as systematic, cautious, and careful as ever. I sometimes think he has forgot his old maxim, 'Take it easy.' I can easily imagine how little Ibi (Elizabeth, his infant daughter) will be stotting about the house and garden. Tell her, if she can say her questions (the Catechism) well, I will bring her two new frocks. My compliments to Mrs Anderson, George Thomas, and Bell. I suppose Andrew will be in the army by this time. When we return to the coast, if we are lucky enough to find a vessel coming directly to England, I think we may be in England by the month of December, but if we have to go round by the West Indies, it will take us two months longer.—With best wishes for your health and prosperity, I am your affectionate friend,
MUNGO PARK.

"Mr Thomas Anderson, surgeon, Selkirk,
North Britain."

of 100 miles, and obtained full intelligence concerning the fate of Park. The natives were able to inform them that the river fell into the sea, but at that distance in the interior could say nothing as to the point on the coast where its mouth was to be looked for. In order to ascertain this, a second expedition was sent under Clapperton, the only survivor (save one) of the first mission, which was to land on the south coast, and proceed northward to the countries in the interior, where they had heard of the river formerly; from whence their design was, after some negotiations with the chiefs, to embark on the river, and sail down to its mouth.

Clapperton reached the Niger, and had at last the satisfaction of seeing this magnificent stream in the lower part of its course, where its magnitude is much greater than at the place where it was first described by Park. He then passed on to the capital of Bello, the African king by whom he had been first entertained. He found that person, however, now much changed in his disposition towards him, and disposed rather to thwart than forward the object of his voyage. The impediments thus thrown in his way had such an effect upon the mind of this sanguine and enterprising officer, that his health rapidly failed. He died, and was buried by his attendant, Richard Lander, now the only survivor of the whole party.

Lander, thus left alone, made an adventurous effort to complete the objects of the expedition, and to ascertain the course and termination of the Niger, but was baffled from the disturbed state of some parts of the country, and was obliged to return to the coast by his former route. On coming home to England, the intelligence and enterprise which he had shown recommended him to government as a fit person to complete the discoveries which had been begun by Clapperton and his companions. Lander, accordingly, went out with his brother, and landed, as before, in the Bay of Benin (1828). The account of their journey is most interesting: The two brothers, who had been equipped by the government, and furnished with small presents to the native chiefs and princes, were in general well received by all ranks, and were able at last to accomplish the objects for which so many expeditions had been undertaken, and so many travellers had died.

They reached Boussa, a large city on the Niger, and the capital of a considerable kingdom. At this place there occurs a series of interruptions in the bed of the river, which, from some cause not explained, is said to be contracted in one spot to a very small breadth, without increasing either in depth or velocity—a strange phenomenon, if correctly observed. The travellers from Boussa sailed up the stream, for a considerable distance, through a line of navigation broken by shallows and rapids, but amid a country every where fertile and beautifully cultivated. They then returned to Boussa, and engaged canoes to take them downwards to the sea. In this important part of their voyage they encountered much danger, both from stormy weather and from the violence and treachery of some of the slave-dealing Africans whom they encountered on the lower part of the river. Their voyage was mostly through a rich and populous country; and they at last reached the salt water, and saw the Niger enter the sea by a number of mouths in the Bay of Benin. These had been long known to European seamen, but were by them imagined to be separate rivers, leading to different parts of the country; and it was only Reichard, Macqueen, and a few who had been convinced by their arguments, who conjectured that they united at a short distance inland to form the large stream of the Niger.

In descending the river, the Landers made a second discovery, hardly inferior in importance to that which was the principal object of their voyage. It had been conjectured by Macqueen, Bowditch, and others, on the evidence of native merchants and the Arabian geographers, that at some point on its lower course the Niger was joined from the east by a stream not much less than itself in size, and which would, of course, open up a channel for ships and trade, as far to the eastward in Africa as the Niger itself reaches to the west. This river had been heard of by Browne, who penetrated into one of these eastern districts, called Darfoor, and that traveller even names some of the tribes who live on its banks: a stream corresponding to the same localities had also been mentioned to Major Denham, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Clapperton on his first expedition. The existence of the eastern river had therefore been ascertained;* but the Landers now passed its mouth, and actually saw it discharge its waters into the Niger; its magnitude corresponded entirely with the reports which had been received concerning it, and they mention the name of the same tribe (Yem-Yems) living on its banks who had been heard of by Browne on the confines of Abyssinia. The fact, therefore, which had been reported from the earliest periods, that there was a communication by water in the interior of Africa from one extremity of the continent to

the other, appears to be completely verified. By means of the Niger on the western part, and the Tchadda on the east, there can be no difficulty in passing by boats, from the vicinity of the Egyptian Nile, to the sources of the Senegal—an inland navigation of 40 degrees, or nearly 3000 miles in a straight line. This is an advantage enjoyed by Africa, analogous to that which the rivers Ohio and Missouri, stretching in opposite directions for almost the same extent, and meeting in the Mississippi, offer to central America. The Niger, however, is in one place, as we have seen, broken by rapids and shallows (somewhat like those of the St Lawrence), which injure its navigation for about 100 miles; and the Tchadda may have some similar impediments, though, from the level on which it flows, they are likely to be less considerable.

There is another interesting circumstance connected with the Tchadda. We mentioned that Clapperton and Denham, in their first journey, saw a large freshwater lake in the interior (called the Tchad), which received the waters of two or three considerable rivers. They heard of no outlet by which this lake communicated with the sea; but it is well known that all inland lakes which are *without an outlet* have their waters salt or brackish: the Dead Sea, the lakes Aral, Van, Urumea, Baktegan, Zaweih, are examples of this fact, and others might be named, not one instance being known to the contrary. It seems unavoidable, therefore, that this African lake, "*whose water*," says Major Denham, "*is sweet and pleasant*," should also have an outlet to the sea; and as the river Tchadda, in the lower part of its course, is only separated from its basin by a single chain of mountains, and there is no other large stream in its vicinity, the probability is that this river communicates with the lake. Other facts have been mentioned by African geographers which lead to the same conclusion. The bed of the lake is supposed to be about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, which, considering that the course of the river must be above 1500 miles, affords ground to suppose that the current is not broken by rapids, and may be navigable to its head waters. The facts at present known, therefore, favour the conclusion, that navigation may be practicable from the sea to this interior lake, on which the populous states of Bornou, Loggun, &c. are situated. Should this be really the case, the consequences would be of more importance than it is at present possible to anticipate.

The countries to which access has already been gained are sufficiently described in the travels of the Landers, and of Clapperton and Denham, to enable us to judge of their capabilities for commerce. They were previously as little known in Europe as America was before the time of Columbus, and their discovery lays open to enterprise and to observation a field as new as did that of Mexico and Peru. Their civilization is sufficiently far advanced to make commerce an object of importance with them, and property is as secure as in any part of India not directly under the government of Britain. The Landers saw large cities, in which there were regular fairs, and numerous commodities, such as cloths, fine mats for carpeting (a general luxury in warm countries), iron utensils of different kinds, grain, vegetables, nuts and fruits, dye stuffs, muskets, and slaves. In one place they heard the hum of voices on a market day, two miles before they approached the city where it was held. As a proof of the security of property, and the undisturbed peace of some districts, they saw large herds of cattle grazing in the fields under the care of children. They sent out their servant with valuable European goods for sale in the villages, and had no fears except for his own honesty. They saw, in one place, long trains of women going to market, with baskets on their heads filled with vegetables, &c.; and, in others, lines of pack-horses were observed, arriving from remote districts with produce for sale. It is not asserted that the country is in a high state of civilization, or that it is governed by written laws: on the contrary, the governors are frequently changed and assassinated; but the people, in the meantime, take little interest in such matters. They are at peace, they cultivate the soil, and they have many commodities which they would gladly dispose of for the new luxuries which Europeans can afford them. They produce indigo, palm oil, rice, gums and dye stuffs, hides, and the skins of wild animals, while their country is perfectly fitted for the cultivation of sugar, cotton, tobacco, cocoa, pepper, and all the other staples of tropical countries. Were the people savages, or tribes addicted to war, or were they even the subjects of any widespread despotism, which, in its caprice, might declare against all intercourse with foreigners, in such cases all these advantages would be thrown away. But they are a quiet, inoffensive, and even industrious race, resembling, in many respects, the inhabitants of the plains and river countries of India. The commerce of England may, therefore, derive the very highest advantages from the communications now opened with them.

Some enterprising merchants of Liverpool and London, who appreciate the importance of the discoveries which have been made, have sent out two vessels (one of them a steam-boat built of iron) to examine with care the navigation of the two rivers, and their tributaries. Favourable accounts have been received of them up nearly to the period of their entering the Niger.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

It is justly observed by a modern writer, in alluding to the general ignorance of mankind respecting the wonders of creation, and the manifold objects for instruction and delight with which the Almighty has surrounded him, that the "*neglect of small things* is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split;" and the aphorism is equally applicable to the domestic and worldly condition of very many individuals. Our readers must all, in the course of their lives, have known one or more persons, upon whose exertions for advancement in life an irremediable ban of misfortune appears to have been laid—who, with every advantage in their favour—natural ability, sober and industrious habits, advantageous situation, good connections—every quality and opportunity, in short, by which people are generally supposed to raise themselves in the world, seem, nevertheless, doomed to a life of unrelieved poverty, hardship, and discomfort. Of these people, it is charitably said by their friends and connections, that "the world goes against them." They are represented as the victims of an unhappy destiny, against which it is in vain for them to strive; as beings, in short, specially excluded by Providence from all the chances of worldly prosperity and success enjoyed by their fellow-creatures. Leaving out of view the somewhat heterodox nature of this doctrine, as well as the pernicious and disheartening influence which the propounding of it must have on the minds of youth just preparing for the struggle of life, we will venture to say that nothing, generally speaking, can be more utterly hollow and fallacious than the conclusion here come to. That there are many really unfortunate people in the world, we are far from being inclined to dispute; nay, if the evil did not far outbalance the good fortune of life, it would not be what the Almighty decreed it—one of trial, disappointment, and suffering. But where men are driven back, or prevented from getting forward in the world by a downright series of misfortunes, these are generally so evident and palpable, as to be seen, understood, and sympathised with, by their fellow-creatures. With regard to the individuals above spoken of, on the other hand—those whom the world is said to "go against," and whose lagging behind their fellows in the career of life can be traced to no particular cause—we are convinced that in nine cases out of ten their "unhappy destiny" is attributable solely to some flaw or imperfection in their own conduct or character. In short, we have great faith in the aphorism of the poet in these matters, that

"We make ourselves our own distress,
We are ourselves our happiness."

This fatal bar to advancement in life consists sometimes in a natural inaptitude for the business of it; but much more frequently from some mismanagement in the finance department—a miscalculation of the expenditure to the "ways and means;" and, in short, a general want of attention to those little matters of economy by which (to use a homely phrase) the two ends are made to meet. We pointed out in a late number how imperceptibly, but fatally, the giving way to a habit of laying out small sums on unnecessary matters, eats up a man's means, and we daily see instances of families, who, with very limited incomes, by dint of sheer domestic management, not only make a more respectable figure out of doors, but appear even more comfortable and contented within, than others with double or triple their income. As one fact, however, is worth a thousand arguments in what concerns the practical matters of life, we will narrate an anecdote illustrative of the present subject, which was lately brought under our observation, and for the truth of which we can with safety vouch:—

In a certain burgh, which it is needless to particularise, wonned a worthy couple, who, by dint of persevering industry, had realised a handsome competency literally out of nothing. Their family consisted of one son, whose proper settlement in a respectable way of doing, as they themselves had retired from the cares of business, was now almost their only earthly concern; and as they had proved, in their own persons, both the misery of poverty and the blessings of independence, they thought they could not do better than rear him to the same line of business in which they had themselves succeeded so well. In process of time, accordingly, Mr Thomas was installed in suitable premises in an excellent locality of the burgh; and an ample and valuable stock of goods was laid in; he was well connected, and still better recommended

* This river is mentioned under various names, being called sometimes the Tchadda, sometimes the Quarra, and at others the Quella and Querra. All these are merely different ways of pronouncing the same word; Tchadda, and Quadda, or Quarra, passing into one another, like our *church, kirk; birch, birk*, &c. Quadda, Quarra, Quolla, are too like each other to be mistaken. The word Quadda, Quadd, or Tchad, is applied to all rivers and lakes in Africa, and seems to mean simply "water."

through his father's influence; on the latter account, too, his credit stood high in the trading world. In short, no young man in his way of business could possibly start in life with fairer prospects of success. On his own part, nothing seemed wanting to fulfil the expectations entertained by his friends. He was a sober, industrious young man, regular and correct in his private habits, assiduous in attending to his business, and as his goods were both excellent and cheap, his customers every day increased, and every one thought he was rapidly and deservedly realising a fortune. Guess the astonishment, then, of all and sundry, when, in about a year and a half after his opening shop, Mr Thomas ———, or rather his worthy sire, found it prudent to close it again; and the friends of the parties learned, that the paternal funds were minus a good many hundred pounds by the speculation? Here was a poser for the trading quidnuncs of the place! The matter was to them perfectly incomprehensible. It seemed like that which had hitherto been supposed an impossibility in nature—an effect without a cause. Mr Thomas had been universally reckoned a perfect pattern of what a man ought to be who wished to thrive in the world. In fact, he had been held up to all the young men in the neighbourhood as a model whereby to fashion their own conduct. Neither was he of an adventurous turn of mind, nor had he met with any serious losses in trade to account for his "misfortune." As there was no feasible way, therefore, of explaining the matter, the usual verdict was, of course, passed upon the occasion—that, in spite of all Mr Thomas ———'s efforts and industry, *"the world had gone against him."* He was the victim of *ill-luck*, or, to speak out plainly the meaning of their words, he was one "doomed by Providence not to thrive in the world;" and all, therefore, agreed in the propriety of his parents withdrawing him, as they did, from the concerns of business to their little rural abode, as they said that "doing *nothing* was still better than doing *ill*." Shortly after the event took place, a kind-hearted lady, who had been a steady customer and warm patron of Mr Thomas ever since he "set up," and had all along admired his exemplary conduct, had occasion to call at his parents' abode about a servant's character, or some such matter, when she took the opportunity of expressing the surprise and regret of herself and friends at what had happened. "Deed, Mrs ———," replied the sorrowing dame, "I'm sure we're a' much obliged to verson, and other weel-wushers, for your concern about Tam; but, ye see, the world just gae'd against him, and we thoct it better to keep what we had left than rin the risk of losing a'." As the visitor did not appear altogether satisfied with this explanation, and seemed anxious to learn in *what way* the world had gone against him, the other continued—"Aweel, ye see, though Tam's a weel-behaved industrious lad, he just had na a way of managing things; and though he could mak siller easy enough, he wants the knack to keep it. I never could get him to understand the value o' siller, or to see that it was pence that made pounds—and the long and the short o' it is, that Tam, like mony a ane, just *began the world at the wrang end!*" As this was a mode of proceeding through life which the lady had never heard of before, she begged a more particular explanation, and received the following, to which we would beg the particular attention of all young people in Mr Thomas's situation. "Ye see, Mem, when the guidman and me began the world together, we were just as bare as we weel could be—hardly ae sixpence to rub against anither, and no a friend to gie us a helping hand. So, Mem, we just suited our way o' living to our circumstances, and contented ourselves wi' a drap parritch and milk i' the morning, a herring and a potato, or sae, to our dinner, and our parritch at night again. By and by, as we began to mak a little, we had some guid broth and meat at dinner time, and after that a wee, we ventured on a drap tea in the morning. As things got better wi' us, the gudeman wad whiles send hame a lamb-leg for our Sunday's dinner; and od, Mem, before a' was dune, we used sometimes to treat ourselves to a *chuckie*. Now, ye see, Mem, our Tam took the clean contrair way o' going about things—he *began wi' the chuckie!*" We now never hear of young men, placed in an advantageous situation for getting forward in the world, but who nevertheless, and without any apparent cause for their bad success, are unable to "get their head above water," but we are apt to suspect that they have "*begun with the chuckie.*"

TURKISH OPIUM-EATERS.

Rigid Mussulmans condemn the use of opium, and their preachers declaim against it from the pulpit, as our clergy do drunkenness. One day a very holy and zealous preacher, in holding forth with more than ordinary warmth against this vile drug, by great and bad luck let fall his own opium pouch among his auditory. Without being in the least abashed, he, with the greatest presence of mind, affected to have premeditated what had happened so much against his will, and exclaimed, "Behold the enemy, the demon, the fiend I have been speaking of! Be upon your guard, lest it spring upon some of you, and gain possession of your souls!" By this delicate turn he effected his escape from public ridicule or execration.

AN OLD MINISTER'S TALE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE Rev. Mr McDonald of Kilmore, whom I once met at Oban on a visit, related to me a great number of Highland stories, for the purpose, as he expressed it, that I should make something of them. One of them was about John Campbell of Kilcagar, who went out one day to hunt on the lands of Glen-Orn, which then belonged to M'Culloch of Gresharvish. Mr Campbell not returning in the evening, his lady became very much alarmed, especially as his favourite pointer dog Eachen came home alone, and apparently very disconsolate, and his dam Oich did not come at all. Mrs Campbell did not know in the least where to send in search of her husband, but she raised the men-servants before daylight, some of whom went for the fox-hunter, who knew all the shooting ground in the vicinity, and they went searching and calling the whole day, but found nothing.

In the meantime, a shepherd of Glen-Orn arrived at Kilcagar, and told Mrs Campbell that he had found her husband, lying shot through the heart in Correi-Balloch, a wild wooded ravine on the lands of Glen-Orn, and his pointer bitch lying at his side moaning, but refusing to leave him. The man told his story so abruptly, that Mrs Campbell fainted, and was long unable to give orders about any thing. The body, however, was brought home, poor Oich following it, and finally buried in the island of Lismore, the burial place of the family; but Oich followed it there, and though brought home many times, and greatly caressed, she always went back again, until at last she died on the grave.

A strict investigation was immediately set on foot regarding the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, for, as his gun was found loaded, it was certain he could not have shot himself, and, after some inquiry, Mr M'Culloch was arrested, and taken to the prison of Inverary, examined by the sheriff, and committed for trial. And here is the trial on a single leaf, which I believe is nearly the truth.

Mr M'Culloch acknowledged, both before the sheriff and the lords of the judiciary court at the circuit, that he had heard the report of a gun on his lands, had gone to the place, and, on seeing the pointers, went to the spot, where he found his friend Mr Campbell lying at the point of death; that he turned him over, when he vomited some blood, and then expired.

Mrs Campbell, on being examined, said she did not believe Mr M'Culloch would have shot her husband, although the latter should have shot all the game on the other's estate; for that they were particular friends, and always shot together, visiting each other in the most friendly and amicable way very frequently. The paper then proceeds to detail the examination of William Bawn M'Nichol.

"Where were you that morning when Mr Campbell was murdered?"

"I was in Clash-ne-shalloch."

"How far is that from Correi-Balloch?"

"Hersel does not know; she never measured it."

"How far do you think it may be?"

"Why, hersel tink it will never be much farther than it is at present."

"In what time could you go from the one to the other?"

"She could take a tay to go it, or half a tay, or an hour if hersel was to run it."

"And you heard the shot fired from the one place to the other?"

"Nho, she did not hear it fired, but she heard it gho out with a great plow-off."

"And what made you leave the one glen to go to the other? Did you suspect any thing?"

"Hoo, yes, hersel did suspect something."

"What did you suspect?"

"She suspected that she would get a thram of te whisky, or te rheum, or te prhandy at least; and may be a shilling into her sporrin."

"And what did you see when you arrived?"

"Hersel saw Mr Campbell's two dhogs sitting with their tails upon te ground, and one of them was poo-hooing; and then when she came dhoown, there was Mr Campbell himself lhying, and grehat strheam of blood running down from his pody."

"And was he quite dead then?"

"Hoo, yes, him was very dhead."

"And did you see any other person in the Correi that day?"

"Nho; she saw'd no other pody but Mr M'Culloch, who was running very strong up the Balloch."

"Was it towards his own house that he was running?"

"Nho!—such a question! It would pe lhong pefore rhunning up to Balloch would take him to his own house. His own house lies down there, and he was rhunning here."

"And what did he do when you came to the corpse?"

"He turned back again, and came to me, and desired me to go with all haste to Kilcagar, and tell Mrs Campbell that her husband was lying in te Correi shot

heart; and, and mhoordered, which I did with a heavy dhead; for Mr Campbell was a good and kind man."

"Did you never hear of a great beauty, named Anne Gillespie, who did not bear the best character in the country?"

"Hoo! hersel will be telling you whatever she has seen with her own eyes, but she will swear to no reports."

"Was she not lost about the time of Mr Campbell's death, and was it not suspected that she likewise had been made away with?"

"Hersel has never saw'd her dhead nor alhive since that day, so that she may pe mhoordered, and dhead, and bhuried, or trown into te sea, and eahen up with te creat fushes, or she may pe living, and as peautiful as ever, for any ting tat hersel does know."

"You say you have never seen her since that day—did you see her on that day?"

"Hersel saw—saw—saw oich aillidh rhunning down Correi-Deach."

"What is oich aillidh, if you please?"

"Hersel not have it in te tongue."

A gentleman here explained to the judges that M'Nichol meant a comely well-dressed young woman.

"And was that handsome young woman Mrs Anne Gillespie?"

"It might pe her and it might not pe her; she could not say. Tere were words aproad."

"How far were you from her?"

"Moo, hersel was very near: not above two or tree miles from her."

"That is a great distance."

"Oh, it pe no distance in te Highland. If we had been any nhearer, we would have peen together."

"Did you know Mrs Anne Gillespie personally?"

"Hoo, yes, she knowed her very well."

"And what sort of a woman was she?"

"She was a very ghoood, and a very peautiful, and a very plessed lhady; but she loved te shentlemons like other womans."

"Did you hear two shots from the Balloch, or only one, that morning?"

"Hersel was hearing two shots, one pefore and another afther."

A great many more witnesses were examined, but their evidences were greatly at variance, and nothing more could be elicited, save that it was certain Mrs Anne Gillespie was a person of doubtful character, and that she was lost, and that many suspected she had got foul play for her life. Finally, the counsel for the crown demanded a verdict of guilty against Mr M'Culloch; but one of the judges, in summing up the evidence, expressed his doubts. He acknowledged that the circumstantial evidence was very strong against Mr M'Culloch, yet still, taking his character, temper, and disposition altogether into view, he could hardly conceive that evidence to be thoroughly conclusive. It was true he was the only man observed in the Balloch, and was discovered running away; and when he saw that discovery was made, he turned again. His hands were bloody, and his gun was discharged. Mr Campbell had been killed by a species of shot which was found to be the very same kind as that contained in Mr M'Culloch's lead-bag. All these circumstances, taken together, formed a mass of strong evidence. But whence could spring the motive for the one friend murdering the other?—and how was Anne Gillespie concerned in the matter? He confessed he could not see his way through such a mesh. He therefore had some faint hopes that the prisoner really was not guilty. He was far from exculpating him, for it was a dark and mysterious affair, and the evidence was grievously against him; but if the honourable jury viewed the matter with the same doubts as he did, he begged they would give the prisoner the advantage of them. There was one thing he was bound to remind them of—that it was quite manifest the person who shot Mr Campbell had been close at him. Now, if the thing had taken place by accident, which was the most likely thing in the world, the prisoner would have acknowledged it, and then no blame would have attached to him; but as he peremptorily denies it, you are obliged either to return a verdict of *not proven*, or of *wilful murder*. I must, therefore, leave him in the hands of his countrymen, and may God influence their hearts to return a just and true verdict.

Mr M'Culloch appearing at that time very much affected, and like to faint, he was removed, and had something to drink. He asked the guards how they thought the verdict would go, and was answered that there was every probability it would go against him. He said he thought so too; for had he been a jurymen on any other criminal, he thought he should have given it against him. The jury were enclosed, and continued in fierce and angry discussion for five hours and twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of *GUILTY*, by a majority of two. M'Culloch was again brought into court, and the Justice-Clerk asked him if he had any thing to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against him. He said he had only one very simple reason, which was, that he was as innocent of his friend's death as his own child that sat on her mother's knee. He neither blamed the judges nor the jury, for every word of the evidence was true. There was not a false word advanced against him, and it was singular how strongly they all tended to corroborate an innocent man's guilt. Had he been a jurymen on the same trial, he would have voted with the majority. Therefore, he had no rea-

sons to urge why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; only he begged for a distant day, as he was certain the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to die an ignominious death, and his family to be disgraced and ruined, without bringing to light something relating to that horrid transaction. He was sentenced to be executed that day six months, on the 27th of October.

Mr M'Culloch received all the admonitions of the several divines towards confession with the greatest indignation, remaining obstinate to the last, and still no light was thrown on the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, save that, on the day after the trial, a great burly Highlander demanded a word of the Lord Justice-Clerk, who, being a proud man, received him churlishly, saying, "What do you want with me, you ruffian-looking dog?"

"Hersel just pe wanting to tell your judgeship tat you must reverse te sentence on honest Mr M'Culloch instantly, for it is not a fair one, and cannot pe a fair one."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean? Hubabub! Did you not see tat tere was six Campbells on te jury? Te judge hersel was a Campbell, te man who was shot was a Campbell, and how could any man get justice? If you had not been what you are, a Campbell, you could easily have seen trough tat tere could pe no shustice. And hersel can tell you, had it been a Gillespie, a Stuart, or a M'Donald, that had been shot, and a Campbell who had shot him, with te same judge and jury, tere would have been no word of guilty. Now, I tell you tat you, and your jury of Campbells, are both knaves and fools, else you might have seen with your mouths, suppose you had had no eyes in te heads of yourselves, tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of shooting his friend, John Campbell, than you were."

"Then I tell you tat you are a knave, a ruffian, and a madman. Take him out, and give him into custody."

"Just stop, if you please, till I tell your honour's glorious majesty, tat I can give my pörn oath tat when te shot was fired tat killed John Campbell, Duncan M'Culloch was half a mile off, and out of sight too."

"And how do you know that?"

"Because I saw it with my own eyes at a great distance."

"Who else could it be, then, that shot him?"

"Hoo, but let you and your Campbells, with your wise heads, find out tat! Tat pe your business, and none of mine. Only I'll swear tat it was not Duncan M'Culloch. Hersel will swear tat py all te oaths tat ever was made in helen or earth. So you have no ting to do with all your wisdom, but send word over to te prison to let him forth."

"Oh, the man is mad! stark staring mad. What flummery is this? Seize him, force him out, and see that he be properly secured."

The attendants then seized the fellow, and forced him out, while he continued calling over his shoulder, "Oh you creat pig plunder of a shudge! I tell you, if you do not take tent of what I say, and let Mr M'Culloch go free, tat Cot's creat shoogement will come over you, and you will —"

Here his anathemas were lost in the hubbub at the door, and the thing was totally disregarded by the proper authorities. It created, however, a sensation among the bystanders, and a petition was got up for a reprieve to M'Culloch. Who it was signed by, or by whom presented, I do not know; but it had not the desired effect. Reprieves and pardons were not so common in those days as now, and Duncan M'Culloch was left for execution.

Now, it so happened that the day appointed for Mr M'Culloch's execution, the 27th of October, was the very one preceding the opening of the autumn western circuit; and on that morning, as the Lord Justice Clerk and the Lord Provost of Glasgow were sitting at an early breakfast, the attendants stated to them that there was a very blackguard ruffian-looking fellow at the door, who demanded an audience of their lordships; that they had repulsed him several times, but he would take no refusal, saying that his message was one of life and death, and he must and would speak with them.

"No, no—tell him we have nothing to do with him," said the Justice-Clerk. "I like not such ruffians intruding themselves into our presence. There is danger in it."

"There shall be no danger to you, my lord, I answer for it," said the provost. "And since it is an affair of life and death, I think we had better hear what the fellow has to say. With all these attendants and ourselves, we have nothing to fear from one man; so I think, with your permission, we will admit him."

"Let him be searched, then, that he has no arms about him."

"Yes, my lord."

The fellow was then searched, and admitted, and a frightful-looking figure he was. His form was emaciated; his face the colour of clay; his beard sticking out all round, like a bottle-brush; his tufted hair protruding far beyond the rim of his crabbed Argyle-shire bonnet, which he did not even deign to lay aside, but, stepping close up to the Lord Justice Clerk, he addressed him thus—"Does your honour's clorious m'ajesty know mhe?"

"No, sir, I know nothing about you, nor do I wish to know any thing; keep your distance."

"Then, sir, if you do not know me, you don't know a man who has ten times more truth and honour than yourself, for all te pride and wisdom tat is pelow tat creat pig mealy wig of yours. Did not I tell you this day six months tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of the death of John Campbell of Kileagar than you was? And did you tink tat a true Highlander was coming to tell you a pörn lie for nothing? And yet you are suffering tat good honest shentleman to pe dragged to the gallows this day, and hanged like a dog, for a crime of which you know he was not guilty; for did not I tell you so, and was not that enough? But here am I, Pheader Gillespie, who will not suffer an innocent shentleman to die for a crime in which he had no hand. I was loth to give up the murderer before; but since it must pe so, it must pe so. I then tell you, shentlemans, that it was I myself that shot John Campbell."

"You who shot John Campbell!" cried the Lord Provost, starting to his feet; "I declare this surpasses all that I ever heard or witnessed in my life! My lord, this is a very serious matter indeed. We must take it upon ourselves to defer the execution of Mr M'Culloch till the truth of the circumstance be ascertained, and a reprieve can be obtained."

"No, no," said the Justice Clerk; "the man is deranged, and knows not what he is saying. Justice must have its way—the sentence must be executed."

"Oh you creat stupid bhaista of a shudge, have you no fear of Cot pefore your eyes!" cried the Highlander, with great vehemence, which rather looked a little like madness from such a figure. "Remember, if you murder an innocent man, you shall have to answer for it. Did I not tell you long ago that Duncan M'Culloch was innocent, and do I not tell you now that it was I who shot John Campbell of Kileagar. Yes; it was I who shot him trough te pody and te heart; and I was not like you, for I had te fear of Cot pefore mine eyes, and I knowed that his heverlasting tamm would fall upon me if I left an innocent man to suffer in my stead. And here I am, to take te shustice of Cot and man; so if one must suffer according to the mandate of te great Campbells, why, then, come pind my hands behind my pack, and hang me, for I, and I alone, did the deed for which he is condemned to suffer. But I'll first be tried by a jury of my countrymen, not by you nor by your clan, although we were once the same. No; I'll object to every man whose name is Campbell; but I will not retract one word that I have uttered. I shot John Campbell, and I did it with all my heart and soul; and were it to do now, I would do it still."

"You are a braver, an honest, and a better man than your appearance bespeaks you, Gillespie," said the Lord Provost; "there is something truly noble in this voluntary confession of yours, and whatever may be the issue, you shall not want my best interests. But an innocent man shall not suffer under my jurisdiction. I must go and take measures for the preservation of M'Culloch's life instantly, for his time is nearly run. In the meantime, Gillespie, I must commit you to prison."

"You may, if you please, my lord; but hersel tinks, after what she has done, tere pe little ockession for it. If Duncan M'Culloch is once fairly released and restored to his family, I may run away if I can, but not till then."

"Well, I think I have a right to take your word, for a more gallant immolation I never witnessed, and never read of. Remain in my house, under guard, until I take measures regarding you. In the meantime, I must hasten to the sheriff and the prison, for I have no time to lose."

When the Lord Provost entered the prison, the head keeper opened the door, and announced him. He found the condemned man sitting on his straw pallet, with his wife on one side, and his eldest daughter, a girl about fifteen, on the other, both leaning on his bosom, and crying until their hearts were like to break. "I am quite resigned, and ready to go with you, my lord," said he; "you will just release me from a scene which no husband and father's heart can long sustain. I am quite ready."

"I am very happy to hear it, Mr M'Culloch; but I am happier still to inform you, that a very singular piece of information has been communicated to me this morning. A wild savage-looking fellow, calling himself Peter Gillespie, or some such name, came into my house, and before the Lord Justice Clerk and me declared himself the murderer of Mr John Campbell, and offered himself to be executed in your place, for that he alone was the guilty person, and he says that you were half a mile distant, and out of sight, when the murder was committed; so that the sheriff and I have agreed to defer your execution until a pardon can be obtained from the proper authorities."

Mrs M'Culloch fainted with joy at this intelligence. As for M'Culloch himself, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I said the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to perish by an ignominious death, and a lovely and helpless family to be disgraced and ruined, and he has not disappointed me in the end! Oh, blessed, ever blessed be his name! for now that I am freed from the foul stain of murder, I regard death as nothing. But Pheader Gillespie, Pheader Gillespie to offer himself a sacrifice for me! Ah! that is what I do not deserve at his hand! Do you think the poor fellow will be condemned?"

"I am afraid he will; but he shall not want my best interests, for it was so noble of him to give up

his life that an innocent man might be saved to his family."

The ladies now claimed the attention of the two gentlemen. Mrs M'Culloch was lying in a swoon, pale as death, on her husband's bosom: Miss M'Culloch was sitting with uplifted hands, her eyes fixed, and her beautiful lips wide apart, the statue of suspense, uncertain as yet whether or not her father's life was safe. It was a group well worth the chisel of Chantrey, and better worth that of lang Jock Greenshiels. That was a happy morning for the M'Cullochs, happier than if no such danger had ever hung over them. A free pardon was, of course, readily obtained from the Secretary of State's office, and M'Culloch was released.

When Gillespie's trial came on, there was no one witness against him but himself; but he delivered a plain unvarnished tale, which amply sufficed for his own condemnation. He had been prompted to the dreadful deed by a jealousy but too well founded; and it appeared that the Mrs Anne Gillespie alluded to in an earlier part of our tale, was his wife, and the unhappy cause of the murder. When asked by the judge what had become of his wife, he answered, "My wife! what is that to you, or to the present cause? That was my concern, not yours. You may try to find it out; but you never will till the day of doom." In the course of a few weeks, Pheader Gillespie suffered the just penalty of his offence, universally regretted, however, on account of the lofty principles which had urged him to the deed, and actuated him ever since.

Columns for Schoolboys.

PHÆDRUS—EUTROPIUS—NEPOS.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS—I dare to say you have often felt more annoyed than pleased when your master put a new Latin book into your hands, understood to be a good deal less easy of translation than the former one, and which seemed, in its bare, hard, dry outline, without an English word about it, one of the most unamiable objects in the world. I have often thought, that, if something were told you about the men who wrote these hard-favoured little books, and about the comparative merits of their style of writing, and the reasons the master has for bringing them under your attention, you would be apt to take to them a great deal more kindly, and learn your lessons so much the better. For this reason, I have resolved to give you all information I can about these books, assuring you, that, if I had known as much when I was a schoolboy like you, I think I would have been a much better scholar than I was.

Now, we need not tell you, schoolboys, that the first Latin book that is put into your hands to study, after the "Rudiments," is entitled, in common language, "The Cordery." We used to wonder why it was called the *Cordery*, or if it had any thing to do with the word *corduroy*. The fact is, that this little book consists of a hundred colloquies, or short dialogues, held between a tutor and some good boys, his pupils, in the Latin language. The book was not written by a Roman, or person who knew the Latin as his mother tongue—as all the rest of your Latin books were—but by a French gentleman, of the name of Mathurin Cordier, who died at Geneva in the year 1565, in the 85th year of his age. The celebrated Calvin was a pupil of his at Paris. After the colloquies, however, a much more important work comes to be taken into consideration, namely, Phædrus's Fables; and here we have some remarks to make regarding the writing of fables or parables in general, and the probable origin of this species of composition among the ancients.

It has been thought by some learned men that fables were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world; and, indeed, they have continued to be highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but also during the most polite ages of mankind. The Jewish doctors say that the ancients were at first accustomed to teach the people with the sound of musical instruments, which rendered their lessons more pleasant; but that custom being discontinued, they next adopted the mode of mingling stories with their instructions, and the concealing of sublime truths under the appearance of fable. It has also been observed, that one of the reasons which obliged the eastern people, with whom most certainly the custom originated, to make use of fables in their instructions and admonitions, was, that the monarchs being for the most part absolute, their subjects were always restrained from freedom of speech; the result of which was, that, being an ingenious people, they found out this way whereby they might be able, without exposing their lives to imminent danger, to inform and advise their princes of what most nearly concerned the welfare both of themselves and their subjects, and instruct them, without giving offence, in the paths of virtue, honour, and true glory. Of this we have a very apposite example in the Bible, where the holy man, Nathan, rebukes David the king, by means of the parable of the poor man and his ewe-lamb. The most ancient example which we have on record, of this way of conveying instruction, is what we have in the sacred Scriptures of the Old

Testament, of the trees choosing themselves a king, as it is recited in the ninth chapter of the Book of Judges; and it was the constant practice afterwards observed by our Saviour among those to whom he spake, for, as the Gospel informs us, he explained himself to the people particularly in parables. Since that time, also, the Jews have so continued this manner of expressing their sense, and unfolding their doctrines, that the esteem they had it in cannot be concealed from those who have perused their writings; where they make the waters, mountains, trees, and even the letters themselves, to speak.

The esteem for this manner of writing was afterwards so great in the world, that the Greeks became imitators of the eastern nations in it. This cannot be doubted by any, since the Greeks themselves acknowledge that they derived this sort of learning from *Æsop*, who was an oriental.

This famous fabulist, of whom you have often heard, and whose productions are still commonly extant, is said to have been born, in the condition of a slave, at Coteum, in Phrygia, about 570 years before the Christian era. The whole history of *Æsop*, however, is looked upon by many authors as a fiction. The name, indeed, appears to be taken from that of the wise man *ASAPH*, who is much celebrated by the oriental writers; and any man of distinguished good character is by them honoured with the title of "the *Asaf* of his day." That the collection of fables, which bears the name of *Æsop*, was written by him, is an opinion which is now generally exploded; and though we learn from *Aristophanes*, the Greek dramatic writer, that a collection of his fables then existed, yet we are inclined to believe that he did not commit any of them to writing, but merely recited them upon particular occasions; and that they were for some time preserved by oral tradition.

The great variety of style which is to be found in this collection, leads us also to suspect that they cannot have proceeded from the same author. Yet some of them bear evident marks of antiquity. There is in them a wonderful simplicity of expression, and a delightful blending of the agreeable with the useful, which captivates and instructs the reader. Simplicity of thought, and purity of sentiment, seem to be the characteristics of his fables; and he is allowed on all hands to have been a master in this species of instruction. So famed were these compositions among the ancients, that *Socrates* is said to have translated them into verse a short time before his death; and *Plato* said, it were to be wished that children might suck them in with their milk, in order to be trained up to wisdom and virtue.

Now, the next thing to be observed is, that there have appeared in the world, amongst many different nations, an immense number of imitators of *Æsop's* way of conveying instruction by fables. The most celebrated of these in modern times are *La Fontaine* and *Chambaud*, among the French, and *Gay* and *Moore*, among the English. The person with whom we have to do here more particularly, however, is his famous imitator among the Romans, *Phædrus*, who flourished about the sixteenth year of the Christian era. About 500 years before his time, the first specimen of this kind of composition among the Romans, as we have it finely recorded by *Livy*, was delivered by *Menenius Agrippa*, one of the wisest and best of the senators of those times. It was on occasion of a sedition among the plebeians, or common people of Rome, who withdrew themselves, in a mutinous manner, to a mountain about three miles from the city, and refused to submit to the authority of the senate; upon which, *Menenius Agrippa*, who had been originally a plebeian himself, a shrewd man, and who consequently knew what kind of eloquence was most likely to please the people, addressed them with the celebrated fable of "The Belly and the Members," which had an instantaneous effect upon the mutineers, and ultimately led to the entire suppression of discontent among the people.

In regard to *Phædrus*, the Latin fabulist, he was a poet of very considerable merit, and is generally supposed to have been a Thracian by birth. It is said that he was carried a captive from his own country to Rome by *Octavius*, the father of the emperor *Augustus*; and, from his own writings, it is certain that he was the slave of the latter—which brings him to the same condition as his great master *Æsop*. He appears to have owed his liberty, as well as the advantages of a good education, to the munificence of the emperor, who was a great patron of literature. The gratitude and high regard for his benefactor which he exhibits, give a favourable idea of the qualities of his heart; nor can his sincerity in this matter be at all questioned, when it is considered that he wrote as strongly in the praise of the emperor after the death of the latter as during his lifetime. At a subsequent period, he was very unjustly subjected to great persecution by *Sejanus*, the prodigal favourite of the emperor *Tiberius*, which he has taken notice of particularly in his third Prologue, to the infamy of that detested character. The causes, as well as the nature of his sufferings, have not been recorded; but it may be presumed that he could give no offence by his wealth, at least, since he studiously avoided riches, lest he should thereby be exposed to danger. He lived to a great age, and survived *Sejanus*, whose memory he treats with a severity which would never have been allowed to escape with impunity if he had published the lines while that haughty minister was alive. *Phædrus* appears to have

confined himself to the writing of fable, and took *Æsop* for his guide. He has divided his collection into five books, containing altogether ninety-four fables, in the formation of which he has taken the old Phrygian for his director in general; but although he works upon his model, he has introduced a great many new materials of his own. The learned have extolled the purity of his language, and the sentiment frequently merits high commendation; but in many instances that might be mentioned, a greater regard to good taste and mental delicacy would have given an additional value to the writings of this amusing author.

After having got well acquainted with *Phædrus's* entertaining colloquies, carried on between wolves and lambs, jackdaws and peacocks, foxes and crows, dogs and crocodiles, mice and weasels, and a great many other animals equally interesting and sagacious, we suppose you will now be inclined to proceed a little farther in your Roman studies; and for that purpose *Eutropius* next offers himself to your attention. His book consists of an abridgement of the Roman history, beginning with the foundation of Rome, and ending about the year 360 of the Christian era. This author is, by some, called *Flavius Eutropius*; but of his native country, parentage, and education, nothing certain is known. He was private secretary to *Constantine the Great*, and accompanied the emperor *Julian* in his expedition against the Persians, A.D. 363. *Valens*, who was a native of Pannonia, in Germany, and knew little about the Roman history when he succeeded to the throne in 364, requested *Eutropius* to compose his abridgement. It is to be regretted that this author did not pay more attention to accuracy of names and dates, as his work is otherwise commendable for simplicity of style, selection of facts, and agreeableness of narrative. Were it not for the inaccuracies already mentioned, which a judicious editor could easily correct, there is, perhaps, no Latin abridgement of Roman history which the young scholar would pursue with more pleasure and advantage than that of *Eutropius*. In certain parts of his work a few words occur, such as would not have been used by the writers of the Augustan age, which is reckoned the finest time of Roman literature; but the number of such words is not great, and they give rise to no difficulty, as they are almost all easily understood. In consequence of certain expressions which occur in his epitome, many doubts have been raised as to what the religion of *Eutropius* might be; but, on a careful perusal, it will at least appear manifest, that there is no evidence for believing that he was a Christian. Had he renounced heathenism, the history of the emperors whom he mentions, and the age in which he lived, would have given rise to such statements and opinions as would have entirely precluded any uncertainty on the subject. The integrity of the man and the author appears in the impartiality of his strictures, as well as in his commendation of virtue and censure of vice, which render his writings a very proper book for being put into the hands of youth; and, therefore, all well-disposed tyros will make themselves intimately acquainted with *Eutropius*.

Our next author is *Cornelius Nepos*, who has left us a good biographical work, consisting of twenty-two lives of illustrious men among the Greeks and Carthaginians. In the preface to a late edition of this book, it is justly observed, that "the Lives of Eminent Commanders, by *Cornelius Nepos*, will be a favourite school-book while the Latin language continues to be taught. The admirable models of character which it exhibits, the elevated and truly Roman sentiments which it breathes, the purity, elegance, and chaste simplicity of its style, render it, in every respect, one of the most eligible books that can be put into the hands of ingenuous youth. The lives, too, are so short and comprehensive, that, while they powerfully interest the curiosity, they do not fatigue the attention of the youngest and most volatile readers."

Cornelius Nepos was born at Hostilia, a village belonging to Verona, on the north bank of the river Po. From the place of his birth being in one of the ancient divisions of Gaul, he is called by one Latin writer *Gallus*, a Frenchman; and, from its being included in Italy, his countryman and contemporary *Catullus*, the Roman poet, denominates him *Italus*, an Italian. He died in the year 25 before Christ, and, consequently, flourished in the reign of *Augustus*, whose favour he enjoyed; and the purity of his style entitles him to rank high among the writers of that age. He composed a history of the world, which he called his chronicle, and which was divided into three periods or ages—the obscure, the fabulous, and the historical. To it, *Catullus*, who dedicates his works to *Cornelius Nepos*, makes allusion in his poems. That history, and all his other writings, are now lost, except the twenty-two lives of illustrious generals. These illustrious generals are, *Miltiades*, *Themistocles*, *Aristides*, *Pausanias*, *Cimon*, *Lysander*, *Alcibiades*, *Thrasylbus*, *Conon*, *Dion*, *Iphicrates*, *Chabrias*, *Timotheus*, *Datames*, *Epaminondas*, *Pelopidas*, *Agessilaus*, *Eumenes*, *Phocion*, *Timoleon*, all natives of Greece except *Datames*, who was a native of Caria, and *Eumenes*, who was a Thracian. After these, he takes *Hamilcar* and *Hannibal*, who were Carthaginians. Besides these, he notices, in three short chapters, some of the kings of Persia and Macedonia, and gives also interesting biographical sketches of *Marcus Porcius Cato*, and, more particularly, of *Titus Pom-*

ponius Atticus, the familiar friend of *Cicero*, the orator. His book concludes with the words of *Cornelia*, the mother of the *Gracchi*. *Nepos* enjoyed the friendship of both *Cicero* and *Atticus*. Of numerous other works which he is said to have composed, and which time has destroyed, it would perhaps be now impossible to make an accurate list, since grammarians are divided as to their number and titles. His "Lives" form a proper schoolbook, as the style is simple, but neat and appropriate, and his delineation of character deserves approbation from its accuracy and conciseness. The following is his account of the closing scene of the life of his friend, the celebrated *Pomponius Atticus*, who starved himself to death to escape from the miseries of old age and disease. "Thus," says he, "when he had completed his seventy-eighth year, and had attained to extreme old age, not less with dignity than with favour and with fortune—for he had attained to many possessions through no other medium than that of honesty—and after he had enjoyed such uninterrupted good health, that, for thirty years, he had never needed medicine, he was attacked with a disease, which, at first, both he and the medical men contemned; for they took it to be a sort of stoppage of the bowels, for which several quick and easy remedies were applied. When, in this way, three months had been spent, without any pains, except those which he experienced from the attempt to cure him, all at once the power of the disease came into one part of his bowels with such vehemence, that, in the end, a putrid sore broke out through his loins. Some time before this occurred to him, however, and after he felt his pains increase, and the fever gathering strength daily, he ordered his son-in-law *Agrippa* to come to him, and along with him *Lucius Cornelius Balbus*, and *Sextus Peducaeus*. As soon as he saw them approach, he raised himself on his elbow, and thus addressed them:—'How great the attention and diligence is, which, at this time, I have had recourse to for the preservation of my health, ye have seen with your own eyes, and therefore I need not detain you by making farther mention of it; with which, since, as I hope, I have satisfied you, and there is nothing farther to be done which can tend to the curing of my disease, it now remains for me to follow my own counsel. Of that I do not wish you to remain in ignorance; for I am determined to give up supporting this disease. For these some days, indeed, whatever food I have taken with the view of prolonging my life, has just increased my pains without the hope of recovery. Wherefore I request of you, first, to approve of my design, and, then, that you will use no vain endeavours in attempting to dissuade me from it.'"

ANCIENT RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

A BRIEF account of the religious establishments kept up in this country before the Reformation, and of the officers which belonged to some of the largest of them, as well as of their different buildings and apartments, it is presumed, will not be uninteresting.

Under the general name of religious houses, are comprehended cathedral and collegiate churches, abbey, priories, colleges, hospitals, preceptories, and friaries.

In *Conventual Cathedrals* the bishop was in the place of an abbot, and had the principal stall on the right hand of the entrance into the choir. Collegiate churches and colleges consisted of a number of secular canons, living together under the government of a dean, warden, provost, or master; and having for the more solemn performance of divine service, chaplains, singing men, and choristers belonging to them.

An *Abbey* was a society of religious people, having an abbot or abbess to preside over them. Some of these were so considerable that their abbots were called to Parliament, and had seats and votes in the House of Lords. They had the power and the authority of bishops within the limits of their several houses, gave the solemn benediction, conferred the lesser orders, wore mitres, sandals, &c., and carried crosses or pastoral staffs in their hands; and some of their houses were exempted from the jurisdiction of the archbishop and bishop, and subject to the pope only. Their mitres differed a little from those of the bishops, who carried their crosiers in their left hands; but the abbots carried theirs in their right hands.

A *Priory* was a society of religious, where the chief person was termed a prior or prioress, and of these there were two sorts. First, when the prior was chief governor, as fully as any abbot in his abbey, and was chosen by the convent. Secondly, where the priory was a cell (or, as we would now call it, a chapel of ease), subordinate to some great abbey, and the prior was placed and displaced at the will of the abbot. But there was a considerable difference between some of these cells; for some were altogether subject to their respective abbeyes, who sent them what officers and monks they pleased, and took their revenues into the common stock of the abbeyes. But others consisted of a stated number of monks, who had a prior sent them from the abbey, and paid a pension yearly as an acknowledgment of their subjection, but acted in other matters as an independent body, and had the rest of their revenues for their own use. These priories or cells were always of the same order with the abbeyes on whom they depended, though sometimes of a different sex. Some great abbeyes built nunneries in some

of their manors, which should be priories to them, and subject to their visitation.

Priorities Alien were cells to foreign monasteries; for when manors or tithes were given to foreign monasteries, the monks, either to increase their own rule, or perhaps rather to have faithful stewards of their revenues, built convenient houses for the reception of a small convent, and then sent over such a number as they thought proper, constituting priors over them. And there was the same difference in these cells as in the former; for some of them were conventual, and had priors of their own chusing; these were entire societies within themselves, and received the revenues belonging to their several houses for their own use and benefit, paying only the ancient apportion, or what was at first the surplusage, to the foreign house. But others depended wholly upon the foreign houses; their priors were set over them; their monks were often foreigners, and removable at pleasure; and they returned all their revenues to the foreign head houses. These alien priories were most of them made by such as had foreign abbies of their own, or some of their family's foundation.

Preceptories were manors or estates of the knights templars, where, erecting churches for the service of God, and convenient houses, they placed some of their fraternity under the government of one of those more eminent templars, who had been by the grand master created "preceptores templi," to take care of the lands and rents in that place and neighbourhood, and so were only cells to the principal house at London.

Commandries were the same among the knights hospitalers, as preceptories were among the templars, viz. societies of those knights placed upon some of their estates in the country, under the government of a commander, who were allowed proper maintenance out of the revenues under their care, and accounted for the remainder to the grand prior at London. Hospitals were such houses for the relief of poor and impotent people as were incorporated by royal patents, and made capable of gifts and grants in succession. In these there were generally two or three religious—one to be master or prior, and one or two to be chaplains and confessors. Hospitals were originally designed, in a great measure, for the relief and entertainment of travellers, and particularly of pilgrims.

In every abbey the chief officer was the abbot or abess, who presided in great pomp; was generally called lord abbot or lady abess; and had a kitchen and other offices distinct from the common ones of the society. In every priory the chief officer was the prior or prioress, who had the same power in priories as abbots and abbesses had in abbies, but lived in a less splendid and expensive manner, though in some of the greater houses they were called lord prior and lady prioress. Next under the abbot in every abbey, was the prior, who in the abbot's absence had the chief care of the house; and under him was the sub-prior, and in great abbies, the third, fourth, and even fifth prior, who had their respective shares in the government of the monks, &c., and were removable at the will of the abbot, as all the other officers were. In every priory, next under the prior, was the sub-prior, who assisted the prior whilst present, and acted in his stead when absent.

In rich monasteries there were a variety of officers whose respective duties were most exactly defined. 1. Magister operis, or master of the fabric, who probably looked after the buildings, and took care to keep them in good repair. 2. Eleemosynarius, or the almoner, who superintended the alms of the house (which were every day distributed at the gate to the poor), who divided the alms upon the founder's day, and at other obits and anniversaries, and in some places provided for the maintenance and education of the choristers. 3. Pitantiarius, who had the care of the pittance, which were allowances upon particular occasions over and above the common provisions. 4. Sacrista, or the sexton, who took care of the vessels, books, and vestments belonging to the church, looked after and accounted for the oblations at the great altar, and other altars and images in the church, and such legacies as were given either to the fabric or for utensils: he likewise provided bread and wine for the sacrament, and superintended the funerals. 5. Camerarius, or the chamberlain, who had the chief care of the dormitory, and provided beds, bedding, and clothing for the monks. 6. Cellarius, or the cellarer, who procured provisions for the monks, and for strangers resorting to the convent, viz. all sorts of flesh, fish, fowl, wine, bread-corn, malt for their ale and beer, oatmeal, salt, &c., as likewise wood for firing, and all utensils for the kitchen. 7. Thesaurarius, or the treasurer or bursar, who received all the common rents and revenues of the monastery, and paid all the common expenses. 8. Precentor, or the chanter, who had the chief care of the choir service, and not only presided over the singing men, organist, and choristers, but provided books for them, paid them their salaries, and repaired the organs: he had also the custody of the seal, and kept the Liber Diurnalis, or Chapter Book, and provided parchment and ink for the writers, and colours for the limners of books for the library. 9. Hostiliarius, or hospitalarius, whose business it was to see strangers well entertained, and to provide firing, napkins, towels, and such like necessities for them. 10. Infirmary, who had the care of the infirmary, and of the sick monks who were carried thither. 11. Refectionarius, who looked after the hall, provided tablecloths, napkins, towels, dishes,

plates, spoons, and all other necessities for it, even servants to wait there: he likewise kept the cups, salts, ewers, and all the other silver utensils belonging to the house, except the church plate.

These were the principal officers who were monks. There were others of inferior note, beside lay officers and servants.

Among the different buildings and apartments may be reckoned, 1. The gate-house, where the porter resided. 2. The refectory, or common hall, where the monks dined together, and where, on great solemnities, the abbot honoured them with his presence. 3. The locutorium, or parlour. 4. The oratorium, or the oriel, so called from its bay or projecting window. "The use hereof," says Fuller, "is known for monks, who are in latitude morbi, rather distempered than diseased, to dine therein, it being cruelty to thrust such into the infirmary, where they might have died with the conceit of the sickness of others." 5. The dormitorium, or dormitory, in which were placed their beds. 6. The lavatorium, or laundry, where their clothes were washed, and where they washed at the conduit. 7. In every great abbey there was a large room called the scriptorium, where several writers made it their whole business to transcribe books for the use of the library. They sometimes, indeed, wrote the leiger books of the house, and the missals, and other books used in divine service; but they were generally employed on other works, viz. the Fathers, Classics, Histories, &c. John Whethamstead, abbot of St Alban's, caused above eighty books to be transcribed during his abbacy. Fifty-eight were transcribed by the care of one abbot of Glastonbury; and so zealous were the monks in general for this work, that they often got lands given, and churches appropriated for carrying it on. 8. The library, which in most of the great monasteries was furnished with a variety of choice manuscripts. 9. "All is marred," says Fuller, "if the kitchen be omitted, so essential a requisite, with the larger and pantry, the necessa y suburbs thereof."

In a conventual, or abbey church, we find, 1. The cloisters, or the place for burial, and in which the monks walked and studied. 2. Nave ecclesie, the nave or body of the church. 3. The rood-loft, which contained the crucifix and the music. 4. Gradatorium, a space containing the ascent out of the nave into the choir. 5. Presbyterium, or the choir, on the right side of which was the abbot's stall, and that of the prior on the left: the monks were on each side, and chanted the service alternately. 6. Vestiarium, the vestry, where their copes, &c. were deposited. 7. Vaulta, or vault, being an arched room over part of the church, which in some abbies was used to enlarge their dormitory, where the monks had beds for their repose. 8. Concameratio, being an arched room between the east end of the church and the high altar.

The remaining rooms of a monastery stood at a distance from the main structure. Such as, 1. The eleemosynaria, or almonry, where they maintained the poor. 2. The sanctuary, where debtors and malefactors obtained refuge. 3. The infirmary, in which the sick were attended. 4. At a distance from these stood the stables, over which the stallarius, or the master of the horse, presided; and under him the provendarius, who, as his name imports, provided provender for the horses. These were divided into four ranks.—1. Manni, being geldings for the saddle of the larger size. 2. Runcini, runts, small padnags. 3. Summarii, sumpter-horses. 4. Averii, cart or plough-horses. Besides the fore-mentioned buildings, there was a prison for incorrigible monks. The abbot had *tratum et fortem carcerem*, a strong and hideous prison, where their obstinacy was corrected into reformation.

They were obliged to attend service in the church, or chapel, seven times within the four-and-twenty hours. The services were arranged in the following manner:—1. At cock-crowing, or the nocturnal: this service was performed at two o'clock in the morning. 2. The matins: these were at the first hour, or, according to our computation, at six o'clock. 3. The tierce, at nine o'clock. 4. The sext, at twelve o'clock at noon. 5. The none, at three in the afternoon. 6. The vespers, at six in the afternoon. 7. The compline, soon after seven. The monks were always to walk two together; this was to guard their conduct, and furnish them with a witness to defend their behaviour. From Easter to Whitsuntide, they dined at twelve, and supped at six. In this interval they observed no fasts. At other times they were bound to fast till three o'clock, on Wednesdays and Fridays. The twelve days in Christmas were excepted in this canon. Every day in Lent they were enjoined to fast till six in the evening. They were not allowed to talk in the refectory at meals; they were likewise to attend to the Scriptures read to them at that time. The *septimarians* were to dine by themselves after the rest: these *septimarians* were so called because their office continued but a week, such as the reader, waiters, cooks, &c. The superior was never to dine alone: when there were no strangers, he was to invite some of the brothers to his table.

AMBITION WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

The slave has only one master; the ambitious has of them as many as there are persons useful to his fortune.—*La Bruyère.*

MOCK SHAVING AT OXFORD.

At Oxford there formerly prevailed a very curious custom, namely, a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding magistrature. At a visitation of Oriel College, in 1531, by Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, he ordered one of the fellows, a priest, to abstain, under pain of expulsion, from wearing a beard and pinked (yellow) shoes, like a laic, and not to take the liberty, for the future, of insulting and ridiculing the governor and fellows of the society. About the eleventh century, and long before, beards were looked upon by the clergy as a secular vanity, and, accordingly, were worn by the laity only. Yet in England this distinction seems to have been more rigidly observed than in France. Malmesbury says that King Harold sent spies into Duke William's camp, who reported that most of the French army were priests, because their faces were shaved. This regulation remained among the English clergy at least till the time of Henry the Eighth. Among the religious, the templars were permitted to wear long beards.—There was a species of masquerade celebrated by the ecclesiastics in France, called the *Show of Beards*, entirely consisting of the most formidable beards. Gregory of Tours says, that the abess of Poictou was accused of suffering one of these shows, called a *Barbatoria*, to be performed in her monastery.—Hearne endeavours to explain an injunction in the statutes of New College, against a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding the solemn act of magistrature, by supposing that it was made in opposition to the Wickliffites, who disregarded the laws of Scripture, and in this particular instance violated the following text in *Leviticus xix. 27.*, where this custom is expressly forbidden: "Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." Nothing, says Warton, can be more unfortunate than this elucidation of our antiquary. The direct contrary was the case; for the Wickliffites entirely grounded their ideas of reformation, both in morals and doctrine, on Scriptural proofs, and often committed absurdities in too precise and literal an acceptance of texts. It is styled *Ludus*, a play, and is to be ranked among the other ecclesiastic mummeries of that age; for one of the pieces of humour in the celebration of the *fete des fous*, in which they had a bishop, an abbot, and a precentor, of the fools, was to shave the precentor in public, on a stage erected at the west door of the church.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

St Monica, drawing near her death, sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—*Fuller.*—Waller has versified this in the well-known lines:—

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light, through chinks which time has made.

A WISH-BURST.*

O, to bound o'er the bonnie blue sea,
With winds and waves for guides;
From all the wants of nature free,
And all her ties besides!
Beyond where footstep ever trode
Would I hold my onward way,
As wild as the waves on which I rode,
And fearless, too, as they.
The angry winds, with lengthened sweep,
Were music to mine ear;
I'd mark the gulls of the yawning deep,
Close round me, without fear.
When winter storms burst from the cloud,
And trouble the ocean's breast,
I'd joy me in their roaring loud,
And 'mid their war find rest.
By islands fair in the ocean placed,
With waves all murmuring round,
My wayward course should still be traced,
And still no home be found.
When calm and peaceful sleeps the tide,
And men look out to sea,
My bark in silence by should glide,
Their wonder and awe to be.
When sultry summer suns prevail,
And beet on the parching land,
The cool sea-breeze would I inhale,
O'er the ocean breathing bland.
A restless sprite that like delight
In calm and tempest found,
'Twere joy to me o'er the bonnie blue sea,
For ever and aye to bound!

* We have taken the liberty of thus naming the above spirited little poem, which first appeared untitled, and with the signature "R. H." in a periodical work called "The Rainbow," which was commenced at Edinburgh in 1821, and, though conducted with considerable talent, perished at the 12th number.

† See Dr Jamieson.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 75.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

HINTS TO TALKERS.

"Aye free aff hand your story tell."—BURNS.

It is of no small importance to one who has to push his way in the world, that he should be able to express himself, on all occasions, in so ready and brief a manner, as to run no risk of tiring the individuals upon whom he may be more or less dependent for the means of his advancement. There is unfortunately some difficulty in attaining a proper medium between a fluency of speech, which is apt to lead to an excessive and tiresome copiousness, and that languor and difficulty of expression, which equally tires, without giving nearly the same quantity of talk. The former fault is more generally an accompaniment of youth than of age, while the latter is most frequently found in old people. All such peculiarities are no doubt in a great measure involuntary, as being intimately dependent on the talents and character of individuals; yet that they are susceptible of correction, and may be partly avoided, if we are on our guard against them, is also very certain.

An undue loquacity most frequently arises from a precipitancy of temper, and from being too full of one's self. If persons afflicted from the former source were to check themselves into a sobriety of ideas, and cast about a little before speaking, for the most straightforward and simply demonstrative phraseology, wherein to express what they had to say, they would soon cure themselves: if those who err from vanity could only contrive, under beneficial advice, to pump a little of themselves out of themselves—if they would only be so good as observe that others have ideas to express, and perhaps a little desire of showing them off, as well as they—they would also, we have no doubt, speedily lessen their malady. But, upon the whole, there is less annoyance experienced from this source than from the tedious twaddle, as it is called, of the duller kind of intellects; and a cure in the latter case is much more desperate. Yet there would be much less tiresome talk, and also less tiresome writing, if a few things were guarded against. A great deal, as every adroit talker and every experienced writer knows, lies in fixing an interest at the beginning: only take care not to alarm at the offset by the prospect of a long story, and you may afterwards continue to speak or scribble as long, almost, as you choose. Every one may have remarked how distressing it is in church to hear the preacher lay out his discourse into heads—so much to be said on this point, so much on that—next, an application of the whole, and, finally, a few words (that is, as many as can be spoken in ten minutes) of exhortation. The idea of so many distinct parts in the composition causes it to look wearisome long from the very first, so that many lukewarm persons, who might otherwise have listened and caught some flying edification, think of nothing but how—in what posture—by what every-day subject of reflection within themselves—they may most easily pass the time. Neither preacher nor writer should ever say that he has anything to say at all: he should begin with the subject itself, and never stop till it is exhausted. Two hours of attention may thus be obtained from many, who, if informed at the beginning that one was to be required for the purpose, would have refused to listen for a minute. So thoroughly does this hold good, that we have found ourselves deterred from proceeding with a story, on a shift taking place in the person of the narrator, or a distinct paper or document being introduced. A reader, indeed, should never know but that the article he is reading may end on the next page: the author is never sure of him till after he has been inveigled half way on.

No. 23. VOL. II

The slow garrulity of old age, even to those who are most disposed to reverence grey hairs, is sometimes dreadful. For a young and busy man of quick ideas to find himself suddenly arrested by a venerable friend, who has some trifling but intricate piece of business to transact, or some document to read, or some long and personal story to tell, is one of the most striking distresses that can arise in the wide amphitheatre of human misery. The very unpacking of the spectacles is enough to make one sink and die. First, there is the important face, primming itself for the developement of some superficial, but to it most mysterious and important circumstance. Then the hand is put into the pocket, and—not the spectacles, but the spectacle-case, drawn forth. The clasp is deliberately undone; the spectacles pulled out. You think the optical instrument is to be immediately put on. Not at all. It is laid down on the table, till the clasp is done again, and the case returned to the pocket. Then the spectacles are taken up—then a handkerchief is taken out to wipe them—then the process of wiping is carefully and slowly gone through—then the handkerchief is returned—and, finally—Oh protracted misery!—they are raised to the nose, where they are, perhaps, fully adjusted, about ten minutes after being drawn from the pocket; that is to say, if they have not been delayed much longer in consequence of a fresh burst of preliminary explanation and preparatory fiddle-faddle. Oh, if these respectable old gentlemen would but consider how much unfledged youth has to do before he be equally well feathered with themselves—how fast his intellect naturally runs—how irksome to be thus chained to the dray, when he would like to bound forward with the chariot—they would be heart-smitten with their cruelty, and from pity correct a fault to which every other kind of cure might be applied in vain.

I was once walking along one of the long and empty streets in the west end of London, along with a young friend, who, like myself, generally resided in Edinburgh, but was now just returned from an extensive tour in the United States of America. Suddenly, my companion started, and seemed greatly alarmed, saying, hurriedly, "For God's sake, let us go down this side street!" I accompanied him in the direction he indicated, though I could see nothing in front to alarm him, nor indeed any object at all, except a well-dressed middle-aged looking man, who was advancing from the opposite direction, and was still at a considerable distance. When we had reached a place of safety, as my friend called it, he gave the explanation, which he saw from my looks was required. "That gentleman," said he, "whom we were just now about to meet, is a valetudinarian whom I had the misfortune to encounter in a coffee-house when I was last in London. I do not think he is really very ill: only, like the most of Englishmen, he has perhaps been all his life in the habit of every now and then taking what they call a little medicine, and may have thus, perhaps, made himself ill in spite of himself. However, having fallen into conversation with the old gentleman one evening in the public room at our hotel, he began to give me such a recital of his many and complicated disorders, and of his various attempts to get quit of them, as made me almost as ill as he represented himself to be. I tried many expedients to cut him short, but was at length fairly obliged to take refuge in my bed-room. Nothing else would do. Now, the man would not perhaps be so very tiresome as he is, if it depended solely on what he has to say. But besides the tedium of his endless recital of clinical miseries, there is an unhappy dullness in his very voice, which proves by far the severest part of the affliction.

If a sloth, for instance, were a beast of prey, which fastened upon you as a spider does upon a fly, and if it emitted a humming self-satisfied sound while sucking your blood, like a schoolboy at his bread and butter, your circumstances and sensations would, I dare say, exactly resemble mine when this man was pouring his prose stream into my ears. I positively had to go to the opera next night, in order to restore my nerves to their wonted tone. Before that time, however, you may be sure I had taken care to shift my quarters, to prevent the possibility of falling in with the same man again. I did not see him any more, sir, till about a twelvemonth after, when, in turning the corner of a street in New York, I met him full in the face, and, of course, fell plump into his toils. After the slightest possible recognition, 'Oh, by the way,' said he, laying, at the same time, a finger like a grappling-iron aboard of my button-hole, 'as I was saying when I saw you last, I got no good of Lignum's scorbutic drops. All stuff, sir. The irritation continued as bad as ever'—and so on he went, with his monotonous gummy voice, as if the time and space that intervened since our last encounter had been as nothing in his estimation. Why, sir, there is a particular jest in Joe Miller, which I always used to think highly improbable, though certainly very droll. A gentleman, riding along a bridge one day, turned about to his servant, and asked if he liked eggs, to which, saith the chronicler, John answered 'Yes.' 'How?' said the gentleman exactly that day twelvemonth, at the same hour, when passing along the same bridge. 'Poached, sir,' replied the man, without a moment's hesitation. I always used to think this a mere fiction; but now, I saw that such an incident might be quite real. There is nothing, sir, on earth like the perseverance of a regular twaddler in the line of his vocation. You may break him off if you will, or if you can; but till you have fairly heard him out, he will never think himself quits with you—he still holds himself in readiness, at whatever part of the world or whatever period of future life he meets you again, to resume the thread of his discourse.

"I listened, sir, for half an hour to the leaden narrative, which still seemed as far from the conclusion as ever. Many an effort I made to give the affair a turn—to throw in a jest, and escape under its cover—but no: every struggle I made served but to fix his finger the more nervously in my cloth. I had no consolation but the apathy of despair, and that I could not resign myself to. However, as good luck would have it, a procession came suddenly upon us, preceded by a band of music, and followed by a sweeping crowd of boys. We were for half a minute drifted along together, he still clinging furiously to the breast of my coat; but at length he parted from me, and, to my infinite satisfaction, I saw him borne away in a contrary direction from myself—still turning, however, towards me an eager and anxious look, as if he were like to burst with suppressed information respecting the efficacy of Morrison's universal medicines.

"Sir, I met my tormentor once more; but it was on the tops of different stage-coaches, which were passing each other upon the road. He recognised me just as we shot athwart each other: his dull eye kindled, he threw forward his heavy head as if to speak, and instinctively put forth his finger to catch hold of my button. I was safe, however, for this time. We were rapidly taken out of each other's sight. I could only guess, by his look, as he loomed away into the distance, how distressed he was at being still obliged to postpone what he had to say about the medical preparations which he was beginning to discuss in New York. Since then, I have not once

met him till this day; and you may conceive, from what I have told you, how much reason I had to be alarmed at his approach, how much reason to be delighted at my good fortune in eluding him. This pleasure, however, is only temporary. I am destined, I see, to hear out his story: go where I like, it will come upon me somewhere. All I can do is to put off the evil day as long as I can."

If there be any spark of humane feeling in the twaddlers, they will surely be impressed by this striking anecdote of the misery inflicted by one of their fraternity, and will exert themselves as much as possible to correct their fault. Just let every man make a resolution never to speak above fifteen seconds at a time about himself, or any thing that is his, and he will never be otherwise than an agreeable member of the community. There is a respectability in suffering which disposes every man to listen for a while, with decent attention, to the narratives which sick people are always so ready to give to their friends. But this good and kind feeling should not be abused: there is a limit to our sympathies, beyond which all is hypocrisy; and it would be well if the afflicted would join a just calculation of this extent of general compassion, with their own sense of the importance of their distresses, when they begin to talk upon the subject. If there be this limit to our interest in the sick, how much narrower are the bounds of that which we are naturally inclined to take in the personal affairs and little vanities of able-bodied men! We should, if we really esteem ourselves, be far above all miserable attempts to set ourselves off before a neighbour, by boring him, as he will call it, with our concerns, when he has enough to attend to of his own.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

LUMINOUS METEORS.

In the articles which we have already published in the Journal, under the title of "Popular Information on Science," we have considered at some length the aqueous meteors which are observable in nature. Clouds, hail, rain, snow, mist, dew, &c. have successively claimed our attention, and perhaps we have succeeded in showing, that, while each of these agents is in itself an interesting subject of contemplation, each in its turn tends to promote the well-being of the animate creation. Another class of meteors now invites our inquiry, which we apprehend will be equally attractive to those who love to survey the beauties of the surrounding world. We allude to luminous meteors, among which are included the rainbow, the aurora borealis, halos, falling stars, St Elme's fire, mock suns, and images reflected upon the clouds, making a species of phantasmagoria, which cannot fail to excite wonder and admiration. The aqueous meteors we necessarily viewed principally in their relations to the earth; the luminous meteors may be viewed more in connection with the heavens; and who will not pause to behold with a feeling of reverential awe the "eternal lights that live on the sky?"

THE RAINBOW.

This beautiful arch of many colours attracted the attention of mankind in the earliest ages. In the mythology of the ancients it was deified in the person of Iris, who was represented with wings variegated with all its lovely hues, and supposed to be the favourite messenger of the gods.

"On equal wings she poised her weight,
And formed a radiant rainbow in her flight."

This Iris was worshipped both by the Greeks and Romans. We learn, also, that the rainbow was worshipped by the Peruvians when the Spaniards arrived in South America. The Romans assigned to it a very fanciful use: they imagined that it drew up the waters from the earth to the heavens. Hence Ovid observes—

"Nuncia Junonis varios induta colores
Concipit Iris aquas, alimenta que nubibus adfert."

The cause of the variety of colours exhibited by the rainbow, was not understood until Sir Isaac Newton had demonstrated the composition of light. In the Scripture, after that God had spoken of the rainbow as a covenant between heaven and earth, we read that he said, "It shall come to pass that when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud." It is now known that a single white solar beam consists of several different coloured rays, which, combined together, produce the white light. According to Sir Isaac Newton's discovery, there are seven primary rays, of the following colours: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. But re-

cently Sir David Brewster—whose name is an honour to his country—has shown that four of these seven coloured rays are compounded of the three others. Thus the intermixture of the red and yellow rays produces the orange-coloured ray—the combination of the yellow and blue produces the intermediate green—and the combination of the red with the blue produces the indigo and violet rays. Properly speaking, therefore, there are only three primary rays in a sunbeam—the red, yellow, and blue; and these, by certain degrees of intermixture, produce the seven distinct colours referred to by Sir Isaac Newton. We have elsewhere shown that a cloud consists of a vast number of watery globules, which float together in the regions of the atmosphere. When such a cloud opposite the sun is falling in rain, the spectator, having his back turned to the sun, beholds a reflected arch of light of many hues; for the white rays of light, having been decomposed by the watery globules, exhibit these varied colours. Sometimes, instead of forming a complete semicircle, spanning the azure vault, only a part, or segment, of the arch appears. Not unfrequently two rainbows are seen at the same time, and as many as six, seven, and even eight, have been simultaneously observed. A magnificent phenomenon of this description was seen by the Rev. William Scoresby, at Bridlington Quay, at 5 P.M., on the 12th August 1826, during a brilliant sunshine, and a heavy partial shower that passed across from the north to the south-eastern part of the town. Both the first and second bows were complete arches, descending to the ground on the left, and to the surface of the sea on the right hand. The colours were of extraordinary brilliancy. Within the arch of the first bow were no less than three, if not four supernumerary bows, in close and regular order, progressively diminishing in intensity, so that the last was scarcely discernible. The first bow consisted of the ordinary colours reckoned from the outside, viz. red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Immediately in contact with the interior violet succeeded the supernumerary stripes of different colours, consisting most obviously of green and purple, or violet, in regular succession, and the whole gave the impression of one continuous and splendid canopy receding from the effects of distance into indistinctness. Occasionally from the reflection of the rays from the surface of the sea, rainbows have appeared in an inverted position, or, as it were, turned upside down; but such a phenomenon as this is of very rare occurrence. The reflection of the sun's light on the watery particles constituting a fog, has likewise been known to produce a rainbow, or, as it might with greater propriety be termed, a fogbow. The academicians, Bouguer, Godin, and La Condamine, when standing on the very elevated mountain of Pambamarca, in Quito, saw their own images reflected in a very light fog, and surrounded by several concentric circles, ornamented with the colours of the rainbow. The intense fogs which prevail in the polar regions at certain seasons, occasionally rest upon the surface of the water, and reach only to an inconsiderable height. At such times, although objects situated on the water can scarcely be observed at the distance of one hundred yards, yet the sun will be visible and effulgent. "Under such circumstances (says Captain Scoresby), on the 19th July 1813, being at the topmast-head, I observed a beautiful circle of about 30° in diameter, with bands of vivid colours depicted on the fog. The centre of the circle was in a line drawn from the sun, through the point of vision, until it met the visible vapour in a situation exactly opposite the sun. The lower part of the circle descended beneath my feet to the side of the ship; and although it could not be a hundred feet from the eye, it was perfect, and the colours were distinct. The centre of the coloured circle was distinguished by my own shadow, the head of which, enveloped by a halo, was most conspicuously portrayed. The halo, or glory, was evidently impressed on the fog; but the figure appeared to be a shadow on the water, the different parts of which became obscure in proportion to their remoteness from the head, so that the lower extremities were not perceptible. I remained a long time contemplating the beautiful phenomenon before me. Notwithstanding the sun was brilliant and warm, the fog was uncommonly dense beneath. The sea and ice, within sixty yards of the ship, could scarcely be distinguished. The prospect thus circumscribed served to fix the attention more closely on the only interesting object in sight, whose radiance and harmony of colouring, added to the singular appearance of my own image, were productive of sensations of admiration and delight."

Rainbows are occasionally produced by the moon's rays being in like manner reflected and refracted from a falling cloud; but such rainbows are not of very frequent occurrence, and the arch they form is generally very pale and indistinct.

The rays of the sun falling on the spray of billows, or on the vapours of vast cataracts, produce frequently the appearance of rainbows. This, amidst all its terrors and sublimity, throws a kind of fearful beauty over the waters of Niagara. It is also often observed over the Alpine torrents; nor can we more appropriately conclude this sketch, than by subjoining the description of the iris or rainbow seen by Lord Byron, who, in contemplating the "roar of waters

from the headlong height," and the "flashing mae" foaming amidst the rocks beneath, exclaims—

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a deathbed, and unworn;
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bear serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

A PASSAGE IN THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE history of the war of independence in the western states of South America is interspersed with numerous instances of remarkable adventure. Desultory in its nature, and unconnected in its details, that war was peculiarly fitted to call into activity the latent energies of those who participated in its perils; and the spirit of bold enterprise to which it gave rise was shared no less by those who fared on the sea, than by the scattered guerilla parties on the continent. The banner of freedom, indeed, had hardly been raised on the towers of Valparaiso, when numerous bands of hardy seamen fitted out their barks for predatory adventure; and privateers, in particular, received both encouragement and assistance from the insurgent government, whose policy it was to weaken, by every possible means, the maritime power of the mother country. Foreigners, as well as Americans, eagerly embarked in the business of legalised plunder, not from any principle of patriotism, it is obvious, but upon mere mercenary speculation. British sailors, more than those of any other country, were enamoured of the exploits which such a field of enterprise presented for their achievement, and many of them left their peaceful London and Liverpool traders to share, if not in the honours, at least in the anticipated profit and pleasure of a course, perhaps a life, of perpetual hostility.

Previous to the arrival of Lord Cochrane's fleet on the coast of Chili, privateering was nearly at its height in the South American seas, and it is to that period, namely, to 1818, that the following isolated passage of history belongs.

Soon after Valparaiso had fallen into the hands of the revolutionary forces, a few British seamen resolved to set up as privateers on the Chilean and Peruvian coasts. With this view, having, in the first instance, procured the governor's licence, they purchased an old West Indian druggist-boat, as sorry looking a craft as ever ventured a league to sea, but the small stock of dollars which they had succeeded in scraping together, did not enable them to purchase one better fitted for their purpose. Having taken a few additional hands into partnership, they soon put a deck upon her, and otherwise rigged her out in pretty tolerable style. They next collected a quantity of old arms, consisting of muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and two small swivels, which they mounted on the boat's timber-heads; but as they were to trust chiefly to boarding, they took on board no cannon—their bark, indeed, was, from its diminutive size, utterly unfit for this grand instrument of war. Altogether, their outfit and the object of it seemed somewhat of a burlesque upon ordinary privateering; but they were good-humoured fellows, fond of a joke, and their own masters, so they did not mind the mirth and harmless ridicule which their armament excited.

Thus equipped, and having stowed on board a few bales of dry jerk beef, with some other necessary articles of provision, they put to sea, determined to make the most of every thing they should meet with. The crew consisted of sixteen hands, commanded by one Mackay, a Scotsman, who had a short time before resigned the office of steward in a South-Sea whaler, and who had originally projected this mad-like scheme. They had only one course to follow; for the trade-wind which blows for a considerable part of the year constantly from the south, carried them briskly up the wide coast of Peru. On their voyage, which was extended to a considerable distance beyond Lima, they had not the good fortune to fall in with a single legitimate prize; but running short of provisions, they were soon forced to put under contribution such trading vessels and boats as they happened to fall in with. Supporting themselves entirely by compulsory levies, it was not long before they lost all proper sense of a distinction between plundering and privateering; but the plea of necessity was always at hand to satisfy their not over-scrupulous consciences, that in employing such means to supply their wants, they did nothing morally wrong—or at least that, circumstanced as they were, their doings amounted, at the utmost, to justifiable marauding. Their acts of depredation became so frequent, however, and in some instances of so aggravated a character, that they soon excited alarm throughout the whole coast. Even at Lima they were heard of. At one period, indeed, it was seriously intended by the authorities there, to dispatch a small force to consign the druggist and her pilfering crew to the bottom of the ocean; but they were saved the trouble of carrying their threat into execution. The offenders soon brought on their own apparent ruin; for, dreaded by friends no less than by foes, they were in a few weeks shunned and run from by every bark that hove in sight. Smugglers, as well as people of their own calling, refused not only

* A druggist, or drogger-boat, is a vessel similar to a lighter in this country.

to relieve their wants, but to hold any intercourse with them; and they were at the same time denied all communication with the peaceable citizens on shore. Thus situated, both their provisions and water were speedily exhausted, and, to add to their distress, their little vessel became leaky to such a degree that she was almost wholly unfit for sea, while they were themselves worn out with the constant exertion which was necessary to keep her afloat.

They were, therefore, compelled to turn towards Valparaiso; but, under the difficulties they had to encounter, the attempt to reach that port was almost a hopeless one. The wind blew right a-head, while they had neither provisions, nor were they in a situation in other respects to venture upwards of a hundred miles from land, in order to fall under the north trade-wind. In these painful circumstances, and not daring to touch at any of the intermediate ports, there was no alternative but to sweep* back to Valparaiso. They were not without some apprehension, too, that Spanish frigates might be cruising on the coast, into whose hands they knew it would be certain destruction to fall. No wonder, therefore, that their spirits flagged a little, and that they now crept along the coast with a degree of caution that contrasted strikingly with their former reckless disregard of all danger. It was only during the night, indeed, that they coasted along; during the day they skulked in close to the land, concealing themselves in unfrequented creeks and among the rocks, where they employed themselves in fishing, now the only means by which they obtained a subsistence.

While thus fighting their way against fortune and the winds, they chanced to fall in with an Indian fisherman, whom they made prisoner, with the view of procuring from him information respecting the state of the coast; and they had an eye also to his fishing apparatus, as well as to the benefit of his superior skill in the art of using it, for by this time they were sorely pressed by the common wants of our nature. By the Indian they were informed that the coast was clear of king's ships—that an armed merchantman from Old Spain had arrived at Arica (a fortified town still in the hands of the royalists) a few days before, and that she was lying under the protection of the fort, ready to discharge a valuable cargo. Their disappointment at having missed the opportunity of falling in with so rich a prize, in consequence of useless, and in other respects hurtful delays, was extreme, for they entertained no doubt whatever, that, had they been down in time, as they would have been but for these delays, the *Minerva* would have been the reward of all their privations. Disappointment is not a feeling that arises in the mind, and then instantaneously passes away; it recurs again and again, to vex the spirit, and to rouse its energies to redeem the mistaken or neglected step by which it has been troubled. With the crew of the drugged-boat it operated with instantaneous effect, and they were at the same time stimulated, by the severe pressure of existing necessities, to form the desperate resolution of attempting the capture of the *Minerva*. But then, on farther interrogation, the Indian added, that besides being armed with five and twenty guns, and lying, as the vessel did, within musket shot of a strong battery, she had received on board, in addition to a numerous crew, upwards of 250 Spanish soldiers, for the especial purpose of protecting her from any piratical or predal attack. These were difficulties which, to the ordinary run of mortals, would have been considered as absolutely insurmountable; but, by the handful of famishing tars, they were viewed in no such light. The crew of the *Minerva* did not enter into their calculation at all; for, once on board, with cutlass in hand, they would speedily be overcome; and the fort, though strong enough to blow them out of the water in five minutes, would not surely (so they reasoned among themselves) be so regardless of Spanish life and Spanish property, as to sink the *Minerva* in order to destroy a few impertinent marauders already on board of her. The formidable guard of soldiers could not, however, be so conveniently disposed of. To attempt a fair stand-up fight with a force numerically so far superior, would be to court certain destruction. It therefore appeared to them that the only means by which the difficulty might, by possibility, be obviated, was to board the vessel by surprise at midnight, and to secure her hatches—a plan sufficiently simple in itself, and effectual too, provided it could be promptly accomplished. A council of war, consisting of all hands, having been held, the scheme underwent solemn, but by no means deliberate discussion, and was pronounced *quite practicable!!* This point finally settled to every one's entire satisfaction, and evening coming on, they stole out from among the rocks where they had been concealed during the day, and hove warily down towards the mouth of the semicircular bay, in the innermost verge of which stands the beautiful town of Arica. Before day-break they again betook themselves to a hiding place, close on shore, some eight or ten miles distant from Arica; and, ere the sun had been an hour above the horizon, each in his turn had slipped out in the Indian's canoe to enjoy a stolen peep at the expected prize. Their arms and ammunition were now carefully overhauled: Every pistol received a fresh flint, and its lock a touch of oil. A sufficient quantity of powder was spread out on an old top-sail

to dry in the sun; and, while engaged in settling the details of the assault, they employed their hands in giving their rusty cutlasses the keen edge of a razor. All this day a little putrid water was their only refreshment, for they had not had leisure to attempt the capture of a single fish; but their mental anxiety was sufficiently intense to absorb all consciousness of physical wants.

The poor Indian fisherman was kept as much as possible in the dark as to the important part that was to be assigned to him in the affair. He happened to be the only one on board who could speak Spanish with sufficient fluency to escape instant detection; and, in the event of being challenged by the *Minerva's* sentinels, he was instructed to say that they were the bearers of dispatches for the captain from the commander of the Spanish fleet.

Towards evening the wind died away into a dead calm, and the moon rose with just as much light as sufficed to render objects close at hand sufficiently distinguishable, while there was not enough of it to expose to view those at a distance. Thus favoured, the sixteen lion-hearted British seamen left their lurking place, and stole into the bay towards the *Minerva*. About midnight the dull light of a lantern on board became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the dim outline of the vessel's hull was discovered. For a moment the druggers' oars were suspended to allow her crew to draw one deep breath before striking the desperate blow. During this pause, each man ascertained that his brace of pistols was in his belt, and his cutlass and boarding-pike at hand. Their courage required no "screwing up," for in one and all of them it naturally remained, at all times, above the "sticking point;" but at this moment of suspense, it may easily be conceived that their breasts were swelled with a tumult of distracting emotion, and with that burning solicitude which is produced, even in the breasts of the bravest, by the consciousness that the moment has arrived when nought remains but to do or die. Agitated but not confused by these feelings, the druggers' crew rowed fearlessly forward upon the *Minerva's* larboard side. All was quiet, until they reached within musket shot of the ship; it was then that the night-watch sung out a challenge. "Dispatches from the fleet for the captain," was the fisherman's answer. "Keep off—the captain is on shore," replied the sentry. "Pull on, pull on, ye devils," whispered Mackay. "Stand off, you there, or I'll sink you, by Saint Maria," reiterated the sentry; and the threat having been disregarded, he fired his musket into the boat, but without effect. "Slap alongside, my lads," cried Tom Martin; "keep clear of her *sternsails*." But Tom's warning was too late; for at this most critical moment the druggers' mast and cordage ran foul of the *Minerva's* swinging-boom, which, as is usual in large ships, had been rigged out for the purpose of mooring the boats, and a considerable swell causing the *Minerva* to roll heavily, the difficulty of boarding even without resistance was, in the situation in which they were now placed, rendered almost insurmountable. Not a moment, however, was lost. Martin, firing a pistol among a knot of Spaniards, who had suddenly collected on the gangway, seized hold of the *Minerva's* "quois work," and mounting the swinging-boom, was instantly on board. He was speedily followed by several of his shipmates, who, without uttering a word, commenced an almost unresisted attack on the astonished Spaniards. Meanwhile the druggers had been swung round by the swell, till she came right alongside of the *Minerva*, and the remainder of the assailants easily scrambled on deck. The conflict was bloody, but of brief duration, for so instantaneous had been the assault, and panic-struck as the Spaniards were by its temerity, they made little or no resistance; and their unexpected visitors experienced little difficulty in driving those who had escaped with life down the hatchway. The only man amongst them, indeed, who defended himself with true courage, was the *Minerva's* boatswain. This brave fellow, who encountered Mackay, placed his back against the bulwarks, and defended himself nobly, but having refused to ask for quarter, his antagonist was reluctantly compelled to cut him down.

The hatches were now secured upon the multitude below, the captives of the sixteen dare-devils above; and the closing of the hatches was accompanied by an information, that the slightest attempt to alarm the fort or to recapture the ship would be followed by an immediate discharge of grape-shot through the decks.

Here, then, was the *Minerva*, and her guards and crew, fairly in the hands of our heroes, but they had yet much to do before being absolutely secure of their prize. On looking around them, they discovered that not only were her topmasts struck, but that all her sails were unbent, and her foreyard lying across the fore-castle—her deck being, at the same time, "lumbered up" with goods intended for disembarkation next morning. In this state it was impossible that the vessel could sail an inch, and there was no time to be lost, for an entire quarter of an hour had elapsed since they got on board, and at day-dawn the fort would at once discover what had happened—so the Indian was dispatched to the *cuddy*, where a number of the defeated seamen had taken refuge, to learn where the sails had been stowed—they were below, and the rolling of several guns from the ship's side to the middle of the deck, with a few intimations, "upon oath," that they were ready for the work of destruc-

tion, soon induced the Spaniards to hand the sails upon deck. These got, all hands were immediately at work. The topmasts were swayed away, as also the foreyard and topsail yards. In any other than the most desperate circumstances, they would have been altogether unequal to the fatigue which, exhausted as they were by previous labour and want, they sustained in putting the vessel in such trim as to enable her to sail out of the harbour. At length the sails were bent, but then there was hardly enough of wind to make them flap against the masts. It was, in fact, and had been during the whole night, a perfect calm. The situation of the captors became every moment more perilous. Should morning dawn upon them where they lay, they were lost; for what defence could they make against a combined attack from the fort and from all the boats of Arica? Already voices were heard on the shore, and they dreaded that an early visit to the ship would be the first duty of the custom-house officers. They were in an agony of hope, fear, and anxiety. Daniel in the den of lions was not more awkward or uncomfortably situated; and yet what could they do? Why, without wind they could do nothing. To escape now in their own druggers appeared utterly impossible, for the lighter sailing boats of the Aricans would soon overtake and capture her. At this most critical moment—not half an hour before day-break—a slight breeze *did* spring up, and in an instant their hearts were as much elated as the instant before they had been cast down. The cables were immediately cut, the sails set, and the *Minerva* stood out to sea. The breeze was light, however, and before she was beyond the range of the fort, the Aricans, to their utter astonishment, for they could not conjecture what had happened, as no other vessel was in sight, saw the *Minerva* bearing briskly down towards Moro-Blanco, a promontory on the south side of the bay, several miles distant from Arica. With the strong military force on board, they could not persuade themselves that there existed a possibility of her having been taken by an enemy. The most natural conclusion was, that the soldiers themselves had made a joint speculation of her. The alarm was immediately given in the fort, and throughout Arica; and in less than half an hour the harbour and beach were crowded with soldiers and sailors ready to embark in pursuit of the fugitive ship, in the hope, that, as the morning advanced, the breeze would die away.

The *Minerva* had just rounded the blunt point of Moro-Blanco, when, as the Aricans had anticipated, it became a dead calm, and she once more lay like a log upon the water. Here, then, were the captors again in a situation not much better than that from which they had so recently escaped. They were not to be daunted, however, by this fresh difficulty, but ordering the Spaniards on deck, by two at a time, they pinioned them, and shipped them on board the druggers, the ship's launch, and small boats, reserving only one of the smallest for their own use. This accomplished, they pointed the guns towards the boats, ordering the Spaniards on shore, a small number of rowers remaining unbound, and threatening to blow them out of the water on the slightest indication of a disposition to disobey orders. They now took a snatch of refreshment, which to their empty stomachs and exhausted frames was true balm, and then hurried to prepare for the attack, which, as a matter of course, was to be expected from Arica. They double-shotted the ship's guns with grape, and unloosing those on the starboard side, brought them over to the larboard, on which side, being that opposite Arica, the attack was naturally to be anticipated. They soon smashed out rude port-holes in the bulwarks, and pointed the cannon.

In the meantime, the crew of the *Minerva*, with the Spanish soldiers, reached Arica, where the particulars of the exploit were immediately made known. Not a moment was lost in manning the boats that could be collected. Their number was not great, it is true, but they were crowded with men, who, had they been all cannibals, would have made but a sorry breakfast of the sixteen half-starved hands on board the *Minerva*. Having learnt the precise number of the *Minerva's* captors, their exasperation at the audacity of the adventure was unbounded; but for so daring an insult, they promised themselves the satisfaction of making an immediate return of most ample vengeance. They were, in fact, so filled with resentment, and so anxious for revenge, that they neglected to be cautious. In the hurry and heat of the moment, they seemed only to strive which should first reach the *Minerva* by the shortest road. To men of cooler passion and calmer judgment, it would probably have occurred, that the safest, and in other respects the best mode of attack, would have been to disperse the boats, and, by surrounding the vessel, be in a situation to board on all points at once. Had this been done, the handful of Englishmen must inevitably have been cut to pieces. But the Spaniards did not condescend to consume time in concerting a plan of co-operation. They pulled on in a body, to devour, as they said, the devoted Englishmen. The Englishmen, however, were prepared for them. As the fleet of boats approached, they coolly took their aim with every gun on board. The boats advancing in a dense extended line, each gun was brought to bear upon particular parts of them, so that there should be no useless expenditure of powder and shot. The *Minerva* being a deep-waisted vessel, with a top-gallant fore-castle and

* Rowing in a decked boat is, in a technical phrase, *sweeping*.

poop, the boats' crews did not discover the preparations that had been made for their reception—so they continued pulling on until they were within pistol shot of the ship's side. At that moment Mackay, to whom all eyes on board the *Minerva* were now directed, every thing having been in perfect readiness, gave the signal to "fire." A shower of millstones could not have been productive of more frightful effects. The moment before, the boats were in gallant array, burdened with some hundreds of bold hearts, inflamed with rage and revenge—the next, it was as if the besom of destruction had gone over them. To use a homely simile, the broadside of heavy grape made a commotion among the boats, similar to that which is produced by an unexpected shot from a well-loaded fowling-piece among a flock of ducks on the bosom of a pond. Instead of one such shot, however, five and twenty double shots of grape and canister were sent by deliberate aim among the boats of Arica, and each shot struck its allotted portion of the line of attack. At the scene which presented itself when the smoke cleared away, even the druggers' crew were appalled. The grape had swept the entire line, carrying death and destruction before it; and the cannon's roar was in an instant succeeded by the loud shrieks of the wounded and drowning. Several boats were sunk, others were fast sinking, while those that swam were soon overloaded by such as had scrambled into them, or had been picked out of the water; some of the craft, indeed, were in this way swamped, and their crews suffered to perish, for there existed no means of saving them. All around was covered with shattered planks, drifting oars, and the still buoyant bodies of the killed, while here and there were seen wounded soldiers, sailors, and citizens, engaged in an ineffectual struggle for life.

The surviving boats soon made for Arica, and the authorities there wisely resolved to make no farther attempt to disturb the new masters of the *Minerva*. One of these, the same Tom Martin whose name has been already mentioned, and from whom this narrative has been chiefly derived, was informed, some years afterwards, that the *Minerva's* fatal broadside consigned to eternity upwards of 150 men!

Not in the least surprising incident in the fortunes of Mackay and his shipmates remains to be related. After having deliberately put the ship in proper sailing trim, they stood out to sea, in order to catch the trade-wind, which, at the distance of 150 miles from the land, blew at that season from the north. Having reached this wind, they bore down for Valparaiso, with the view of disposing of the ship and cargo, and of dividing their spoil. Off Valparaiso lay a strong Spanish fleet, blockading the port; but of this circumstance our adventurers were not aware, neither did they entertain the slightest suspicion that an obstacle of so formidable a nature was at all likely to oppose itself to the completion of an adventure already so nearly crowned with success. At nightfall, previous to the morning when they expected to reach Valparaiso, they were not sufficiently near that city to distinguish the fleet that lay in the offing; so the wind being favourable, they skimmed over the waves with hearts bounding in the pride of being the undisputed masters of so gallant a ship and all she contained, little dreading the danger into which they were about to fall. On they went, however, and a dense fog coming on at day-dawn, they sailed through the very thickest of the Spanish fleet, not only without either seeing or being seen by a single ship, but without even suffering that annoyance which is produced by a consciousness of being in a situation of extreme danger; and, before the fog cleared away, they lay safely moored below the fort of Valparaiso—so true does it seem to be that "fortune favours the brave!"

On the morning, they received the congratulations of the governor of the city, by whom the *Minerva* was declared a lawful prize, and all Valparaiso resounded with the praises of her captors' heroism.

The vessel and her cargo turned out a prize of great value, and the English tars soon found themselves in the possession of what appeared to them inexhaustible riches. They would not have been true British seamen, however, had they hoarded up their wealth. No less characteristic of their profession was the reckless intrepidity which one and all of them had displayed, than was the profusion of their expenditure after getting fairly on shore. Each got his riding horse, and his sweetheart, of course. They gave balls, grand theatrical parties, and all sorts of sumptuous entertainment; and when they met, as they often did, it was quite a common thing with them to toss up for a score of dollars, or to play "evens or odds" for a handful or a pocketful at a time. In a few years afterwards, so effectual had been the exertions of some of them to get rid of their money, that they again found themselves before the mast in Lord Cochrane's fleet; while others, more provident, established themselves as respectable and substantial citizens. Mackay became one of the most considerable of the merchants and shipowners in Valparaiso, where, for aught that is known to the contrary, he still lives in the enjoyment of his wealth.*

BENMUICHDHUI AND LOCHAUN.

AFTER the traveller has refreshed himself by a draught of the clear cold water of the source of the Dee, the natural ambition of mankind may prompt him to attempt the ascent of some one of the surrounding hills. We say to attempt, for the ascent of a rough surface, at an angle of about 25 degrees with the surface of the earth, to the extent of some two or three thousand feet, is no trifling matter; and people of no contemptible powers have sometimes failed in the accomplishment of their purpose, especially when they have been in a hurry. As a sincere friend, experienced in the geography of the spot, we would advise you to try your efforts on Benmuichdhu, which is the easiest in the ascent, and will best repay the labour. The ascent is as nearly as such things generally are, to a straight line, uninterrupted by those petty plains and valleys which too frequently persuade the weary traveller that the surface of hill which bounds his view is the wished-for termination of his labours. Your eye will teach you at a glance the most accessible mode of ascent, which you will find to resemble a great ill-constructed stair of unhewn blocks of granite, some mile or so in length. Some of the steps are rather large, and formed without much attention to the convenience of fastidious pedestrians, and require the exercise of a little agility; and in skipping from one to another, we advise the ambitious climber, especially if he has some less active companion trudging behind him, to take special care not to remove any of those ruthless blocks, as any one of them might carry off his friend as unceremoniously as if he had been lashed to the mouth of a cannon, and make a sad figure of him ere both have reached the source of the Dee. At this period, a curious formation of the hill, interesting from the circumstances with which it is connected, will attract the attention of the traveller. It is now pretty well known that those frightful floods, which, in intervals of a good many years, have rushed from these alpine regions to carry terror and ruin into the glens beneath, are caused by the great cisterns of water hid in the stony bosoms of the hills, and supplying the springs and the sources of the rivers, having burst their bonds, from the pressure caused by heavy rains. The marks of these sudden overflows are here very distinct. Deep gashes have been cut into the sides of the mountain, as if the work of some gigantic ploughshare, which has torn seams in the earth from twenty to forty feet deep, throwing up on each side great stones of many tons weight. The gashes which accompanied the floods of 1829 are marked by the redness of the newly turned-up gravel, contrasted with the purple heather, and the grey stones, bleached by the exposure of centuries; but a little alteration will show others of a similar description, now grey and hoary, like the other parts of the mountain, formed by the similar convulsions of ages long preceding. By degrees you are introduced to a different element, and to correspondingly different vegetable productions. The heather and long fern no longer impede your progress; and you sometimes walk over a deep-cushioned carpet of alpine mosses, short and stunted, but rich in variety of colouring, and fresh and moist from the recently melted snow; then you pass over a broad field of snow, hard as ice, and under which, from a puny archway, trickles some small stream, which feeds the river beneath. In the hottest noon of a summer day the summit is cold and wintry; the various gentle breezes which fan the sides of the warm valleys, will here be found concentrated into a swirling blast, cold and piercing as if it had sprung from the sea on a December morning; then the snow appears in large patches, wherever you look around you, and the bare surfaces of the rocks are deserted even by the alpine moss. We know no mountain so embedded among others as Benmuichdhu. On all sides it is surrounded; and the eye, fatigued with tracing their distant outlines, feels as if the whole earth were covered by such vast protuberances. Betwixt these hills, and over their summits, you will see the clouds wandering about like restless beings who have no fixed habitation, sometimes mounting high in the air, and dissolving into a few sputtering drops of rain; then forming a huge round ball, which is tossed by the wind from brow to brow. Beware of allowing one of them to surround you, for it will pierce your flesh as if with daggers of ice; nor would we particularly advise you to throw yourself in the way of a Highland shower from one of these cisterns. If you have the misfortune to be so overtaken, you are aware of your situation from the sudden blackness of the canopy over your head—you hear something like a distant faint rumbling from above—the flood-gates of the cistern are opened—and down come the contents, like the emptying of a thousand buckets. An umbrella is useless; before you have mounted it, the whole is

over; the cloud is entirely dissolved; and were it not that you are drenched through all your clothes, you would hardly recollect that such a thing had been. If we might be allowed so much liberty, we would venture to recommend to you not to return by the same side of the mountain as that you ascended; we shall lead you through a track which will well repay a little fatigue. Benmuichdhu, stretching over a considerable space, has many summits, and presents a vast variety of aspects; but there is a certain part towards the north-east where it turns itself into a basin, joining the contiguous summits of Benaun and Benabour, and where it assumes a form peculiarly striking and grim. Here one rock distinguishes itself from its brethren, by displaying a pointed needle from a summit of vast height, which appears considerably off the perpendicular, and hangs its head over the glen below. Betwixt this wild height and another bolder and broader, there is a deep fissure, down which tumbles a considerable stream, which, after forming itself into Lochau, descends to join the Spey. The fissure through which this stream passes might not unaptly be compared to the cleft in a cow's hoof. In this narrow space the stream tumbles from the edges of high precipices, and sometimes skins with magic velocity over the surfaces of sloping ledges of rock. After a very tiresome, and, be it spoken, somewhat dangerous descent, the effect of the whole may be taken in at one view—a mighty waterfall, which seems to lose its head among the clouds. Leaving the thundering environs of this troubled stream, you are beside the banks of a calm blue transparent lake, deeply bedded among the lofty rocks we have described, and whose pellucid and tranquil waters are seldom visited by the wind. Here all is a profound and death-like stillness—the high rocks thousands of feet overhead, the deep unruffled lake at your feet, with its beautiful sand-banks and little bays, contrasted with the rugged objects which seem placed around to preserve so sweet an object from the turbulence of the Highland elements. That lake is Lochau, a spot seldom visited, and classical from the notice of only one poet—James Hogg. But here, since we have come across the subject, let us just ask the shepherd what has prompted him, beyond the usual licence of travellers, to multiply by ten, and maintain Lochau to be twenty miles long? True, he states in his notes to the *Queen's Wake*, by way of deprecating explanation, that "his mind during the whole day experienced the same sort of sensation as if he had been in a dream;" and we can easily guess at the physical cause of the feeling; but, after all, doubling the extent might have been quite sufficient; making twenty miles of two is a bold step. Reader, did you ever see an eagle?—we mean not a poor unhappy sovereign of the air chained to a kennel in a poultry-yard, to devour all the rats and mice which infest the house, but an eagle in his own domain, fearless of man, and keeping the world around him in awe? Here you may have a chance of meeting his most feathered majesty; he is either seated on the summit of a projection of stone, cocking his eye at the sun, and filled with thoughts we would give something to be at the bottom of, or he has spread his huge sails, and gone a privateering across the lake, where we wish him all success.

After wandering for a few miles by the banks of the wild clear rivulet which flows from Lochau, you enter Glenlui, a spot whose features it is difficult to describe. You do not find here the same savage grandeur which marked the rocks at the source of the Dee; but there is, if possible, a feeling of still more impressive loneliness in the aspect of the brown hills, the grey stones, and, above all, the huge hoary gnarled pines. The great trees on the banks of the Dee are gradually falling before the axe; but here no temptation has been held out, and the forest remains in its pristine majesty. The huge rocks you have just witnessed defy the efforts of the art of man, and may probably, according to all calculation on human efforts, remain unappropriated, and as they came from the hand of the Creator, to the end of time; but here are the choicest materials of wealth and commerce, left to grow, and rot, and succeed each other, from age to age, untouched, from their sheer unapproachableness; and in one spot at least, in the thickly-peopled island of Britain, you are entitled to feel yourself as in those trans-Atlantic forests, where the best gifts of nature are made for the elements and the beasts: nor are you less struck and interested by the herds of beautiful red deer, who tread the forest unmolested, and gaze on the face of man, as on some unknown being at whom they have not learned to be afraid. Gradually the glen widens, and the trees grow fewer, but there is the same air of quiet and loneliness. Let us conclude our description of this curious spot, in the words of a late northern periodical, the only work we believe which has noticed the sequestered Glenlui.

"Gradually the sides of the glen begin to recede; the banks of the stream become more level; the trees grow less thick, and at last straggle wide apart, and, emerging from their shade, the glen, stretching in all its length, extent, and loneliness, meets your eye. Glenlui is about five miles in length, and without one house within it. The banks on either side of the valley rise steeply to the height of perhaps six or seven hundred feet, are covered with heather, and in some places, at the time we were there, the snow was lying in hollows near the summit. The bottom of the valley is a fine level haugh, of about a mile in breadth,

* We have taken the liberty of extracting this most amusing and cleverly written article from a small volume lately published at Dundee, under the title of the *Awous Album*, and of which we have nowhere seen any notice taken by the public press. The *Angus Album*, along with some inferior writing, as was to be expected, contains a considerable quantity of matter that reflects no little credit on the authors, and on the province from which the work proceeds. We particularly instance the poems of Mr A. Laing,

which are entirely in the style of the familiar songs of Scotland, and in touching simplicity of expression rival many of those revered compositions. Attempts of the kind to which this publication belongs, are always to us a subject of congratulation, for they show that intellect is stirring in remote parts of the land, as well as in what are called literary marts; and it is by training in such fields that the talent of the country is made fit for exerting itself in more conspicuous parts.

covered with rich luxuriant natural grass. The stream, one of the purest you ever saw, winds in many a turn and bend from side to side of the valley, brawling over rock and stone, or gliding gently over fine yellow sand, and in its banks, strewn with shining stones, bearing vestiges of its inundations. Add a few little knolls scattered along the bottom of the glen, and crowned with green trees, and a half-starved melancholy looking pine here and there struggling for existence half-way up the banks, and you will have some idea of Glenlui.

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.—NO. II.

At the corner of Captain Graham's bungalow (as a cottage residence in India is called) there was a large banian-tree, or Indian fig, beneath which he had a seat placed, and to which we now repaired for the coolness and fresh air. The tree was large, and afforded us a delightful shade under its wide arms and large bay-like leaves. It had none of those young stems or trunks shooting down from its branches for which this kind of tree is so celebrated, the goats, which are continually roaming about, having bitten off their tender points as often as they came near the ground; and at the very time while we were sitting, an animal of that kind, which Captain Graham had had with him, for the sake of its milk, during his campaign in Guzerat, was standing upon its hind legs, and reaching as far as it could stretch its neck, to nibble at some of the descending shoots. Graham made a motion to strike it with his cane, but the little animal did not seem at all alarmed, and only made a fashion of retiring for a step or two, after which it immediately began to hop about, and browse with the same activity as before. "I could hardly strike her any where," said he, "and least of all under a banian-tree. When I was last in Guzerat, I believe I should have died had it not been for her milk, and the shadow of these delightful trees. I was taken ill during the time we were in the field, and was obliged to be carried, while in a high fever, in a palanquin, under the heat of a burning sun, and amid the hot sands, till I was almost deprived of my senses. You cannot imagine at these times the delicious coolness and relief which I experienced when my bearers could halt for an hour under a tree of this kind, with its thick broad leaves, and wide branches, which never allow the soil beneath them to be heated by the most burning sun. The natives, indeed, believe that the coolness under them is owing to their being the favourite retreat of some of their gods or spirits. At such halts, a little tea, with the milk of poor Bukree, was the only luxury I could enjoy, and I assure you it was delightful. The goat has always been a favourite with me since."

"I do not wonder at it: and she must have been a very convenient camp follower, if she was as ingenious in foraging for herself every where as she seems now."

"That was what made her valuable; the desert itself was no desert to her, for the veriest sand always afforded her some root or stump that was eatable. She belonged to Mr Browne, a friend of mine, who died lately. By the bye, there must be some letters of his in that melancholy dead-letter box."

I had brought the box with me in order to look into some of the packets, and, on turning them over, soon found one labelled, "A. Browne, Esq. Rocket Brigade."

"Yes, these are the letters," said Captain Graham. "Browne's history had something in it not common in this country. He did not come here a boy, as most of us do, but was, when he arrived, a person between twenty and thirty, and had rather, I believe, been baffled in his prospects at home. He was much liked by the colonel for his happy convivial qualities, and was for some years the very centre of all the glee and humour of our mess-table. In truth, both from his constant cheerfulness, and from our always feeling sure of amusement when he was present, his very appearance came at last to put us all on the tip-toe for merriment, so that we were disposed to laugh at any thing; a very wink from Browne's droll eye would have thrown the whole table into a roar; and the colonel, till one unfortunate occurrence, never cared to dine with us if he was not present. I lived with him in a house which we had taken together, near the cantonments of the regiment, and had an opportunity of knowing more of his thoughts than the other officers; so that I soon saw that this natural gaiety was chequered at times by thoughts of no very pleasing kind, and was, indeed, to himself the source of bitter regret, as having led him to the neglect of business, and to much misfortune. He received a number of letters; some from his wife, and others apparently from people of considerable rank; but the latter often lay beside him unopened for days together; and if he did unseal them, it was frequently only for the purpose of clipping them into some odd caricature, to show off a laughable story. I came at last to know his history; for after we had been some time together, his gentle manlike manners gained my sincere respect; and he, on the other hand, was pleased to find a person who took an interest in his feelings, apart from the mere

selfish wish for amusement. There were some letters which arrived after his death, and were thrown in here in my absence; you will find them in the bundle in your hand."

I untied the covering of China paper in which the packet was wrapped, and found three letters, one of them in a female hand, sealed with black; another was directed in that kind of careless scratchy writing which is generated by indolence, and sanctioned by fashion, among people who are above business. I held out the letter which was addressed in a lady's hand.

"Open it," said Graham. "I must do so at any rate, in order to write to his friends. That one is from his wife: he doated on her with the greatest idolatry; but his regard was mixed with very bitter reflections, for sufferings of which he blamed himself as the cause."

I began to read—

"DEAR ALEXANDER—I received your last letter, as, indeed, they have all come regularly, and the arrangements you have made for sending us remittances have been attended to quite well: we never have the smallest trouble, and Mr Richards is perfectly obliging. I am myself in good health, and have my mind taken up with the most agreeable employment, in forwarding the progress of the children. They are doing well, both in education and in respect to their health, which is greatly owing to the delightful and convenient situation you pitched on for us. The little creatures are always running and romping in the fields, and I go often with them; yet they keep steadily at their tasks, as you will see by the pretty letters which Elizabeth and John have enclosed in this. I encouraged them to write, as it incites them to be diligent, in the hope of pleasing you."

"Some of our old Grosvenor Square friends have called: perhaps I ought to have been pleased to see that they had not forgot us, but I did not encourage any repetition of their visits. They seemed all to think they were doing us some honour in keeping us in remembrance; and as that would have been sufficient to make you neglect them, I thought myself authorised to do the same. Lord Landon called lately too, and appeared, or endeavoured to appear, quite unembarrassed. He even made an offer of his interest at the India House, but I said, as quietly as I could, that I believed your uncle's was sufficient. He asked whether your situation was a permanent one, and I answered, that, at least, you could not be schemed out of it by horse-racers. This clouded his lordship's usual composure, and closed the conversation. I dare say he will not call again soon. He has lately ruined poor Mr Stringer, who lost to him I don't know how much money, besides his whole estate."

"How lucky it is, Alexander, that your education and talents qualified you for this employment! Your uncle writes me that the accounts which are received from India are all in your favour; and he says that the commander-in-chief will assist him in procuring something still better for you, whenever there is an opening. I shall be glad of this, chiefly as it will gratify you, and as it may enable me to join you in India."

"I enclose, as you request, a ringlet of each of the children's hair, and I send one also of poor Jane's, whom you never saw: she was a sweet little girl, but always delicate. I was much affected on receiving your last letter inquiring for her, and asking if she could pronounce your name well; the dear child had just died a month before, as you would see by my letter."

"Adieu, dear Alexander; we are all dependent on you, but I know that you will not consider it a burden. You cannot think with what affection the children repay the kindness of your letters.—I am, &c."

"JANE E. BROWNE."

I took up next one of the children's letters; it was written in a fair, pains-taking, schoolboy's hand, and contained only a few words.

"DEAR FATHER—We are all well, and I am at school; I am dux in the third class, only when Dick Bellasis traps me down. I know where Calcutta lies from this; it is right away by the south side of Amyvorth steeple. Master says that the tiger is a species of cat; but I am sure the tiger hunt which you described to us was far better than hunting cats. Dear father, mother and all of us would be happy to see you. Farewell.—I am, &c."

JOHN BROWNE."

The other note consisted of some affectionate expressions from a younger child, and was signed "Euphemia." An enclosure of silver-paper, to which Mrs Browne had alluded, presented a most affecting picture: there were four ringlets of hair sewed on the paper, side by side, with a silk thread; the oldest considerably darker than the others, which were all lighter by degrees, till the delicate flaxen ringlets of the fourth little fair-haired infant who was dead. The name of each was written, by the mother, above the hair; that of the last in a tremulous hesitating hand. It was impossible to look on them without thinking what a bond of deep affection had been broken asunder.

I now took up the second letter: it was very short, and apparently from some acquaintance.

"DEAR BROWNE—I ought to have written you before, but missed the opportunity of Bellew's going out; and then I went to the north for a long time. Things have been going on this season with great spirit; the races were excellent; you would have enjoyed the company and the sport to a degree: it was laughable

to see how several large sums changed hands, as if whisked about by a conjuror's rod; I myself gained considerably. Stringer is completely done up; and he owed it to the same old hand whom you blamed for stripping you. I had a narrow escape myself—but still rub on. I hear you are a great favourite with Colonel Bland. The bearer of this (Mr Bloxom) is a young friend of mine whom I would be obliged if you can recommend to his attention: his friends have heard of your interest, and applied to me to write you. I would have called on Mrs Browne, but I believe she thought that I had some concern in the affair of your loss, which I assure you was not the case. That is the misfortune of marrying an heiress; if anything happens to her money, there is no end to her grumbling.—I am, &c."

AUGUSTUS FITZHUGH."

There was still another letter, which was written in a large formal hand, apparently from a person in years.

"DEAR ALEXANDER—I received your letter, and was glad to see you punctual to your engagement; the draft was duly honoured. You cannot do too much for your wife, for she is one of the most exemplary women I ever saw. She never speaks, nor even seems to think of the loss of her own fortune, which may be partly owing to her not having been bred up to expect it, and having few expensive habits; but it is also owing greatly to her affection for you and her family, whom she rears up with the greatest reverence for you; and I hope you will justify the opinions which she instils into them concerning their father."

"If you give way to the rash imprudent disposition for which I have so often blamed you, or enter again into habits of company-keeping, you will do an injury to this amiable family which no one can repair. I am glad to hear that nothing of the kind has yet happened: it is only a continuance of the same prudence which can enable me to serve you in India. I have Colonel Bland's last letter, who hopes to see you appointed soon to some lucrative situation, where Mrs Browne may indulge her wish of joining you.—I am, &c."

"ROBERT BARCLAY."

"And what happened to Mr Browne?" I inquired.

"The circumstances have hardly been spoken of openly, from various considerations which it would be disagreeable to explain; but they were melancholy enough. Browne, as I told you before, had come out to form the rocket brigade, which was a new thing here, and for which he was really well qualified. Every thing proceeded well for some years, and he was as much respected in his profession as he was liked in private life; for though he had a great deal of humour, there was no satire or ill nature in his composition, and he made few enemies. In our last campaign, however, the general, I was told, gave way to some pettish expressions of chagrin at the quantity of stores marked down as expended in Browne's department; and Browne, to whom the thing had been mentioned in some irritating way, replied, that the commissary's clerks must have falsified the accounts, and urged to see the vouchers he had given in. I don't know how the mistake might have been cleared up; but one day, when a number of officers were looking at the tricks of an Indian juggler, who pretended to take four balls out of a bag into which two only had been deposited, the man's dexterity was generally applauded, and Browne said, with a smile, 'Oh, that fellow must have been educated in the commissary's office.' A nephew of Colonel Wright, the commissary, was present, who seemed to resent the allusion to his uncle, and some farther words passed between Browne and him. Nothing, however, fell under my own observation, though I judged that the affair could not terminate pleasantly."

"Our cantonments were placed on an eminence which overlooked a large and beautiful meadow, not far from the river Nerbuddah. In the mornings this flat ground was generally covered over with a sheet of mist of the most milky whiteness, but so shallow that it scarcely rose above the height of a man; and we could see from the high grounds the tops of the little Indian cottages, the upper parts of high bushes, and the trunks and tops of some scattered palms, quite distinctly over the vapour, which lay as flat as a lake. I recollect its appearance on the morning when this circumstance happened, as if I saw it now before me. I had gone out to take a ride along the high ground, and was admiring the singular density and whiteness of the mist, when I saw two persons riding swiftly in the flat below. The head and shoulders of the riders were visible above the sheet of vapour, but the rest was concealed. They halted shortly after, dismounting immediately; and I thought I saw others arrive in the same retired spot of the plain to which they had gone. My mind was still occupied with what had occurred about Browne, and, suspecting that some unhappy affair was going to take place in which he was concerned, I pushed my horse directly for the place I have mentioned. Having once descended among the mist, however, where I could only see five or six yards before me, farther progress became difficult, and I was considerably at a loss how to keep the right direction. I had not been five minutes on my way when I heard two pistol shots fired, which intimated that I was in all probability too late; but, being set right as to the quarter they came from, I urged forward, groping through the vapour, and stumbling more than once over the low fences used in the wet season for confining water

on these plains in order to irrigate the rice. I at last heard voices, one of which I was sure spoke in English. I hurried up to the spot, and saw my worst fears confirmed. An officer, whom I instantly recognised to be Browne, was lying on his side, while a person in a military greatcoat was stooping over him. There were three or four wild-looking natives standing by, apparently just roused from their beds, and wrapped in the cloths in which they had been sleeping. When I mixed with this melancholy group, Browne knew me immediately. 'My dear Graham,' he said, 'is it you? This has been an unfortunate affair. I am dying—I feel it.' Seeing him exhausted, I said, 'I hope not. Is Mr Shepherd (the regimental surgeon) here?' 'He will be here directly,' said the other officer, whom I now recognised to be Captain Spalding, a cousin of Browne's wife, and his second on this occasion, as I supposed. 'It is all right,' said Browne; 'but he can do nothing. My God! that it should end this way! Poor Jane—poor Jane—how will she bear it all?—how will they?—oh God!' He was silent for a little, and I made some inquiries concerning his wound at Spalding, who only shook his head. Browne again spoke. 'Spalding, you will forward the letters, and do as I bade you. The mist is becoming very thick indeed: dark—dark! Ay, her heart has been broken twice—Ah!'

'We perceived that he was dying, and from the nature of the wound which I now saw in his left breast, it was impossible that he could survive more than a few minutes. The words which he spoke were unconnected, and apparently without consciousness, and after a moment we could hardly distinguish whether he still breathed.'

'At this time a singular circumstance occurred. The little goat which you saw—she is there still—had been a great favourite with Mr Browne, and used to run scampering about him, eating fruit or bread from his hand whenever he returned to his lodgings. At the time when we were standing beside him, as I have described, she came running up, and, without regarding us, made directly for Browne, going close to him, and putting her mouth into his hand. She did not, however, stop a moment, but went smelling along till she came to the wound, where there was blood on his breast, when she raised her head a very little, and gave a short dismal bleat, as if in terror. She then turned about, and ran away to the tent, where she was found cowering on our return.'

'Was any notice taken of the circumstances of Mr Browne's fate?'

'These occurrences are so rare here, and the consequences so utterly ruinous to all concerned, that there was some reluctance to take it up formally; but Sommerville, Browne's opponent, belonged to a king's regiment, and got transferred from India, with very little comfort. No one thought there was any occasion for urging the matter in the way he did, and Browne's conduct, allowing for a little irritation, which could not be wondered at, was perfectly correct and gentlemanlike.'

'Such is another melancholy instance of the effects of the abominable practice of duelling.'

THE APOCRYPHA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE now come to the Seventh Book of the Apocrypha, entitled "The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus," which like the preceding has sometimes been considered as the production of king Solomon; whence the Council of Carthage deemed it canonical, under the title of the Fifth Book of Solomon, and their decision was adopted by the Council of Trent. It is, however, manifest that it was not, and could not be, written by Solomon, because in allusion is made to the captivity; although it is not improbable that the author collected some scattered sentiments ascribed to Solomon, which he arranged with the other materials he had selected for his work. Sonntag is of opinion that this book is a collection of fragments, or miscellaneous hints for a large work, planned out and begun, but not completed. From the book itself it appears that it was written by a person of the name of Jesus the Son of Sirach, who had travelled in pursuit of knowledge. By reading the Scriptures, and other good books, he attained a considerable share of wisdom; and by collecting the grave and short sentences of such as went before him, and adding sundry of his own, he endeavoured to produce a work of instruction that might be useful to his countrymen.

This book was originally written in Hebrew, or rather the Syro-Chaldaic dialect then in use in Judea, about the year 232 before Christ, when the author was probably about seventy years of age. Jesus, his grandson, who is also called *The Son of Sirach*, translated it into Greek during the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes, king of Egypt, about 140 years before Christ, for the use of the Hellenistic Jews, amongst whom he had settled in Alexandria. The Hebrew original is now lost; but it was extant in the time of Jerome, for he tells us that he had seen it under the title of *The Parables*; but he says that the common name of

it in Greek was *The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach*. The Latin version of this book has more in it than the Greek, several particulars being inserted which are not in the other. These seem to have been interpolated by the first author of that version; but now the Hebrew being lost, the Greek, which has been made from it by the grandson of the author, must stand for the original, and from that the English translation has been made. From the supposed resemblance of this book to that of *Ecclesiastes*, it has received from the Latin translator the title of *Ecclesiasticus*, by which name it is most generally known and referred to.

Ecclesiasticus is considered by far the best of all the apocryphal books. The ancients called it *Panareton*, that is, *The Treasury of Virtue*, as supposing it to contain maxims leading to every virtue. It has met with general esteem, also, in most of the Western churches, and was introduced into the public service of the Church of England by the compilers of its Liturgy. It was frequently cited by the fathers of the church under the titles of *The Wisdom of Jesus, Wisdom, The Treasure of all the Virtues, or Logos, the Discourse*; and in those times it was put into the hands of catechumens, or young Christians under examination, on account of the edifying nature of its instruction.

The book commences with an exhortation to the pursuit of wisdom; this is followed by numerous moral sentences or maxims, arranged somewhat after the manner of the Proverbs of Solomon, as far as the forty-fourth chapter, at which the author enters upon a eulogy of the patriarchs, prophets, and celebrated men among the Jews, to the end of the fiftieth chapter: and the book concludes with a prayer. The author makes honouring of parents and giving of alms to be an atonement for sin; affirms that some men are in this world possessed of *sinless perfection*; with many other things entirely inconsistent with the doctrines of inspired Scripture; and, indeed, this author begs pardon if there should be any thing in the book amiss, which shows plainly that he was not inspired.

VIII. The Book of "Baruch" is not extant in Hebrew, and only in Greek and Syriac; but in what language it was originally written, it is now impossible to ascertain. Grotius is of opinion that it is an entire fiction, and that it was composed by some Hellenistic Jew, under the name of Baruch. The principal subject of the book is an epistle, pretended to be sent by Jehoiakim and the captive Jews in Babylon, to their brethren in Judah and Jerusalem; and the last chapter contains an epistle which falsely bears the name of Jeremiah. This has never been considered as a canonical book, either by the Jews or the Christians; and, indeed, it is little else than an arrant romance. It absurdly pretends to have been written by Baruch at Babylon, when it is probable he never went thither: that it was read to Jehoniah at the river Sud, which is no where else mentioned; nor could Jehoniah hear it there, when he was confined in prison. It mentions a collection to buy sacrifices, gathered by the captives in Babylon, and sent to Joakim the priest, along with the sacred vessels which Zedekiah had made; but, how could the captives, newly enslaved in Babylon, be able to make collections? How could they send it to a high priest that did not then exist? How could the sacred vessels which Zedekiah made, be returned from Babylon, when it does not appear that he made any? Or how could they be returned before they were carried away, along with himself? The author borrows a variety of expressions from Daniel, and must, therefore, have lived after Baruch was dead. The epistle ascribed to Jeremiah is neither written in his style, nor at all in the style of the Scriptures; and it ridiculously turns the *seventy years* of the captivity into *seven generations*.

IX. "The Song of the Three Children in the Furnace" is placed in the Greek version of Daniel, and also in the Vulgate Latin version, between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses of the third chapter. It is partly a poor imitation of the 148th Psalm, and partly deprecatory, not at all suited to such a deliverance. It does not appear to have ever been extant in Hebrew; and although it has met with a good deal of approbation for the piety of its sentiments, it was never admitted to be canonical, until it was recognised by the Council of Trent. The account of the flame streaming above the furnace "forty-and-nine cubits," and of the angel's "smiting the flame out of the oven, and making a moist whistling wind in it," seems entirely fabulous and romantic; nor is it very consistent with the account of the fire's loosening their bands. The fifteenth verse contains a direct falsehood; for it asserts that there was no prophet at that time, when it is well known that Daniel and Ezekiel both exercised the prophetic ministry then in Babylon. This apocryphal fragment is, therefore, most probably the production of some Hellenistic Jew. The Hymn resembling the hundred and forty-eighth Psalm, which commences at the 29th verse, was so approved of by the compilers of the Liturgy of the Church of England, that they appointed it to be used instead of the *Te Deum* during Lent.

X. "The History of Susanna" has always been treated with some respect, but has never been considered as canonical, though the Council of Trent admitted it into the number of the sacred books. It is

evidently, like the rest, the work of some Hellenistic Jew, and in the Vulgate version it forms the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Daniel. In the Septuagint version, it is placed at the beginning of that book. Lamy, and some other modern critics, after Julius Africanus, and Origen, consider it to be both spurious and fabulous. That it was originally written in Greek, is manifest, in the punishment pronounced on the elders, from the play which is made upon the Greek names of the mastic and holm trees, under which, they said, they found Susanna and the young man together. It is evidently absurd to affirm, that, in the beginning of the captivity, Joachim, the husband of Susanna, was become exceedingly rich: that there were Jewish judges with the power of life and death in Chaldea: that Daniel, who was bred in the court, had leisure, or, being so young, was admitted to be a judge: that Susanna went into her garden to wash at noon-day, and did it without searching if any body was there: or that the elders attempted to force her, when they could not but every moment expect the return of her maids.

XI. "The History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon" is a still more romantic story. It is not extant in either the Hebrew or the Chaldee language, and it was always rejected by the Jewish church. Jerome gives it no better title than that of *The Fable of Bel and the Dragon*; nor has it obtained more credit with posterity, except with the fathers of the Council of Trent, who determined it to be a part of the canonical scriptures. It forms the fourteenth chapter of Daniel in the Latin Vulgate; in the Greek it was called the Prophecy of Habakkuk, the son of Jesus, of the tribe of Levi: but this is evidently false, for that prophet lived before the time of Nebuchadnezzar, and the events pretended to have taken place in this fable are assigned to the time of Cyrus. There are two Greek texts of this fragment, that of the Septuagint, and that found in Theodotion's Greek version of Daniel.

The design of this fiction is to render idolatry ridiculous, and to exalt the true God; but the author has destroyed the illusion of his fiction, by transporting to Babylon the worship of animals, which was never practised in that country. It is, also, quite improbable, that Cyrus, a Persian, would worship a Babylonian idol; nay, an idol that was broken to pieces at the taking of the city! It is absurd to imagine that a man of his sense could believe an image of brass and clay did really eat and drink. How pitiful, for Daniel, to discover the coming of the priests to devour the provisions, by making the king's servants strew ashes on the floor, when the priest might so easily perceive them, or the servants so readily inform concerning them! It is absurd to suppose that the newly-conquered Babylonians should, by menaces, oblige Cyrus to deliver up his beloved Daniel to them, to be cast into the den of lions; or, that Habakkuk should be then alive to bring him food; or, that Cyrus should be seven days before he went to the den, to see what was become of his favourite minion.

XII. "The Prayer of Manasses, king of Judah, when he was holden captive in Babylon," never appeared in the Hebrew language, and seems to be the product of some Pharisaical spirit. It was never recognised as canonical, and is rejected as spurious even by the Church of Rome. It cannot be traced to a higher source than the Vulgate Latin version; and, therefore, it has no claim to be considered as the original Prayer which, in the Book of Chronicles, Manasseh is mentioned to have made, and which it pretends to be. The author speaks of just persons, such as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as being *without sin, and not called to repent*.

XIII. The Books of the "Maccabees" are thus denominated, because they relate the patriotic and gallant exploits of Judas Maccabeus and his brethren. The Maccabees arose in defence of their brethren the Jews, during the dreadful persecution to which they were subjected, on account of their religion, under Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, about 160 years before Christ. The most likely derivation of the title Maccabees, is that which takes it from the motto put by Judas in his standard, being this Hebrew sentence, taken out of Exodus xvi. 11, *Mi Camo-ka Baelim Jehovah, i. e.* "Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah?" which being written, like the S.P.Q.R., *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, on the Roman standards, by an abbreviation formed by the initial letters of these words put together, made the artificial word *Maccabi*; and hence all who fought under that standard were called Maccabees or Maccabeans.

The First Book of Maccabees is a very valuable historical monument, written with great accuracy and fidelity, on which even more reliance may be placed than on the writings of Josephus, who has borrowed some of his materials from it, and has frequently mistaken its meaning. It is, indeed, an excellent history, and comes the nearest to the style and manner of the sacred historical writings of any extant. It was written originally in the Chaldee language of the Jerusalem dialect, which was the language spoken in Judea, from the return of the Jews thither from the Babylonian captivity; and it was extant in this Syro-Chaldaic language in the time of Jerome, for he tells us that he had seen it. The title which it then bore was, *The Sceptre of the Prince of the Sons of God*; a title which is certainly suitable to the character of Judas, who was a valiant commander of the persecuted Israelites. It contains the history of the Jews, under

the government of the priest Mattathias and his sons, from the beginning of the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes to the death of Simon Maccabeus, a period of about thirty-four years. The author of this book is not certainly known: some conjecture that it was written by John Hyrcanus, the son of Simon, who was prince and high priest of the Jews for nearly thirty years, and who commenced his government at the time when this history ends: by others it is ascribed to one of the Maccabees, and many are of opinion that it was compiled by the men of the great synagogue. It is, however, most probable, that it was composed in the time of John Hyrcanus, when the wars of the Maccabees were terminated, either by Hyrcanus himself, or by some persons employed by him. There is both a Greek and a Latin translation of it, from the Syro-Chaldaic; and our English version is made from the Greek.

There are many things in this book which show that it was not written by inspiration. The writer often observes, that *there was no prophet* in his times: and, indeed, he has blundered into several mistakes; as, that Alexander the Great parted his kingdom among his honourable servants while he was yet alive; that Antiochus the Great was taken alive by the Romans; that they gave India and Media, parts of his kingdom, to Eumenes, king of Pergamus; that the Roman senate consisted of 320 persons; that Alexander Balas was the son of Antiochus Epiphanes, and several others which are palpably absurd.

XIV. The "Second Book of Maccabees" is a history of fifteen years, from the execution of the commission of Heliodorus, who was sent by Seleucus to bring away the treasures of the temple, to the victory obtained by Judas Maccabeus over Nicanor, that is, from the year of the world 3828 to 3843. It commences with two epistles sent from the Jews of Jerusalem to those of Alexandria and throughout Egypt, exhorting them to observe the feast of the dedication of the new altar, erected by Judas Maccabeus on his purifying the temple. The second of these epistles is not only written in the name of Judas Maccabeus, who was slain thirty-six years before, but also contains such fabulous and absurd stuff, as could never have been written by the great council of the Jews assembled at Jerusalem for the whole nation, as this pretends to be. The epistles, which are confessedly spurious, are followed by the author's preface to his history, which is an abridgement of a larger work, compiled by one Jason, a Hellenistic Jew of Cyrene, who wrote in Greek the history of Judas Maccabeus and his brethren, and an account of the wars against Antiochus Epiphanes, and his son Eupator, in five books. The entire work of Jason has long since perished; and Dr Prideaux is of opinion that the author of this second book of Maccabees was a Hellenistic Jew of Alexandria, because he makes a distinction between the temple in Egypt and that at Jerusalem, calling the latter "*the Great Temple*."

The compilation of this unknown author is by no means equal in accuracy to the First Book of the Maccabees, which it contradicts in several instances; it is not arranged in chronological order, and sometimes also it is at variance with the inspired writings. The author concludes it, begging excuse if he had said any thing unbecoming the story; and, indeed, he had reason to do so, considering what a number of false and wicked things he retails; as, that Judas Maccabeus was alive in the 188th year of the Seleucidæ, when he died in the 152d; that Antiochus Epiphanes was killed at the temple of Nanea in Persia, whereas he died on the frontiers of Babylon, of a terrible disease; that Nehemiah built the second temple and altar, whereas they were built sixty years before he came from Persia; that Jeremiah hid the tabernacle, ark, and altar of incense in a cave; that Persepolis was in being 100 years after Alexander had burnt it to ashes; that Judas did well in offering prayers and sacrifices to make reconciliation for the dead; and that Rasis did well in murdering himself to escape the fury of the Syrians.

The name of Maccabees was first given to Judas, the son of Mattathias, the priest of Modin, and his brethren, for the reason which has been already mentioned; and, therefore, the two books just spoken of, which give us an account of their actions, are called the First and the Second Book of the Maccabees. But because they were sufferers in the cause of their religion, others who were like sufferers in the same cause, and by their sufferings bore witness to the truth, were in after times called also *Maccabees* by the Jews. For this reason, other two books, giving an account of other persecutions endured by the Jews, are found under the title of the *Third* and *Fourth* Books of the Maccabees. The Third Book contains the history of a persecution intended against the Jews in Egypt by Ptolemy Philopater, but which was miraculously prevented. From its style, this book appears to have been written by some Alexandrian Jew; it abounds with the most absurd fables. With regard to its subject, it ought in strictness to be called the First Book of Maccabees, as the events it professes to relate occurred before the achievements of that heroic family; but as it is of less authority and repute than the other two, it is reckoned after them. It is found in most ancient manuscripts of the Greek Septuagint, particularly in the Alexandrian and Vatican manuscripts; but it was never inserted in the Latin Vulgate, nor in our English Bibles.

Of the *Fourth* Book of the Maccabees very little is

known. It is destitute of every internal mark of credibility, and is supposed to be the same as the book "concerning the government, or empire of reason," ascribed to Josephus by Philostratus, Eusebius, and Jerome. It is extant in some Greek manuscripts, in which it is placed after the three books of Maccabees. Dr Lardner thinks it is the work of some unknown Christian writer. The history contained in it extends to about 160 years; beginning at Seleucus's attempt to pillage the temple, and ending just before the birth of Jesus Christ.

Upon the whole, in regard to these apocryphal books, it is to be observed, they appear to have been entirely the work of Hellenistic Jews, and quite destitute of any proper claim to the authority of inspiration. The Jews, after their return from the Babylonish captivity to the time of our Saviour, were much given to religious romances; and of this sort the greater part, if not all, of these books, are to be accounted. They were never extant in Hebrew, neither are they quoted in the New Testament, or by the Jewish writers, Philo and Josephus; on the contrary, they contain many things which are fabulous, false, and contradictory to the canonical Scriptures. They are nevertheless possessed of some value as ancient writings, which throw considerable light upon the phraseology of Scripture, and upon the history and manners of the East.

TOOTHACH.

"When fevers burn and agues freeze us,
Rheumatics gnaw and cholics squeeze us,
Our neighbors sympathise to ease us,
With pitying moan—
But thou the hell of all diseases,
They mock our groan."

BURNS.

THE toothach is rendered more distressing, if not more acute, by there being no commiseration for the wretchedness it occasions. The belief in this, and a keen recollection of bodily and mental sufferings, have produced the following little narrative:—

Some years ago, a tremendous tooth, with three enormous prongs, confined me to my room, and irritated me to a state little short of distraction. With my head tied up in a bandana handkerchief, both hands on my afflicted jaw, I sat swaying my body to and fro, as if endeavouring to calm a fractious infant; at other times I stamped about like a lunatic, or plunged on my bed like a frog swimming. Being at length reduced to a state of exhaustion, I was anxious to retreat from all intercourse with the world; yet knock after knock at the door continued, as if only to increase my already excessive nervous irritability. Many of the persons I had no desire to see, but some were those interwoven with my professional pursuits, and I was compelled to be at home. I had to account for my disconsolate appearance—to describe my tormenting pangs, till I was weary of speaking upon the subject. To all of my fervid descriptions, I received the cold remark, and the chilling advice, that it was *only* the toothach, and that I had better have it *extracted*. All this time, the salivary glands were pouring their fluids into my mouth, the gastric juices were wasting their powers, and I was in a paroxysm of excruciating anguish. It was astonishing how persons could calmly behold such a complication of miseries. Nothing could be eaten; slops became offensive; the sight of a spoon frightful; and a basin revolting as a perpetual blister. Even the air could not be taken!—it was too much for the petulance of my capricious tooth. On it raged, as if torments were its delight. In all my reading, I never met with any author but Burns who had a proper idea of the toothach. He wished his enemies to have it for a twelvemonth. Oh dear! He must be more or less than man who could endure this. He must despair and perish.

How true it is, that out of evil often some good will spring; for while I was enduring this thumb-screw on my gums—this gout in my jaw—this rack of nerves—this destroyer of brains—amid this desolation I acquired much useful information respecting the toothach. One friend informed me that half the suffering was occasioned by nervous irritability; for, if I went to a dentist with a determination to have the tooth extracted, the moment I entered the door the tooth would cease to give me pain. He had proved it more than once.

Another friend smiled at my deplorable situation, and laughed at my desire to retain in my mouth such a *thing*, that had ceased to be a tooth; it was a mere stump, with a carious triplex fang; worse than useless; it was positively injurious. If the case were his, he should give such a tenant immediate notice to quit. With a pair of pincers he would serve the ejectment himself, as an empty house was preferable to a bad tenant.

Another friend requested me to be careful in select-

ing an operator on my tooth, for that he went to a dentist once, under anguish scarcely endurable, to have a large double tooth like mine extracted. He seated himself in a chair, and was told to hold fast by the frame-work of the seat, to prevent being hoisted up by the lever-power in the hands of the operator. All was properly arranged, the instrument in, and a tooth drawn; but, unfortunately, the fellow had taken the wrong tooth out, being the only one left to meet another in the opposite jaw, to enable my friend to masticate his food. Bad as this was, he found it must be endured, because the tooth could not be replaced, and because a portion of the jawbone had been torn away with the tooth. Miserable situation! The pain redoubled its violence, and he resolved to have the tormenting fang extracted. To prevent being tossed against the ceiling, he fixed his feet in leather straps attached to the floor, and held firmly by the chair. In this determined state he made a round O of his mouth; the operator popped in the instrument, and u-g-h!—a-h!—it slipped. He felt as if a loaded waggon had passed over his head. The dentist apologised, saying, "It was a common occurrence; gentlemen did not mind it much, because the next attempt was always successful." This my friend was obliged to receive as a consolation, though deficient in every satisfactory particular. Down he sat; made another round O; in went the instrument. Oh!—ough!—gh! His head seemed separated from his body, but only part of the tooth with one fang was extracted. Again the dentist begged pardon; "hoped he should be excused, as every one must have a beginning, in whatever profession. He would fetch his master, who would punch out the remaining fangs in less than a quarter of an hour!" This was too much. The gentleman sickened at the idea, and left the shop in a worse state than when he entered, resolving never to intrust his head in the hands of a beginner again.

This was a frightful relation of accumulated horrors to me, for, as I had no expectation of relief from agony, but by the skill of a dentist, I shuddered lest I should be subjected to similar treatment. My poor servant-girl Betty, who heard the description of this bungling operation, screamed in sympathetic recollection of what she once had suffered under the hands of a dentist. She begged of me, "for goodness sake, to give up the notion of going to have my tooth hauled out in that fashion, for she could assure me it was quite unspeakable for to tell the pain that must be endured. It was the most horrid *scravunch* that ever was in this mortal world. Nobody could tell if their head was off or no, and it wa'n't a right way for to treat any human Christian." I listened to poor Betty, because I began to think there was one person who could appreciate my sufferings. I hoped to escape from farther interruption by being denied, but Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlour, who said he would not detain me half a minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathised with me, while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted.

"My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

"How? How?" inquired I; "do it in pity."

"Instantly," said he. "Betty, have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, and some common salt."

They were produced; my friend pulverised them, mixed them in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he; "if that do not cure you, I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and publish it in the streets of Aschalon; the remedy is infallible."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothach.

Though I thus learnt something from my sufferings, and entertain a hope that what I learnt, being thus published, will be of service to my fellow-creatures, I am far from believing that any catholicon or universal remedy has yet been discovered for this afflicting malady. It would almost appear, indeed, that, instead of there being any general cure for the toothach, every body would require to have his own cure; for though certain preparations have been found effectual in certain cases, nothing is so common as to find these fail when applied to others. Probably there is one particular cure for every man on earth, if he only could discover what it is. Till that be done, I am afraid that the disease must be looked upon as a *pin loose in nature*, and just endured, when a remedy cannot be hit upon, as an unavoidable evil.

GARDENS IN SHIPS.

To sow in the temperate zone, and reap between the tropics, is a somewhat singular thing. Yet it is constantly done; for our great East India ships, in imitation of the Dutch, who first introduced the practice, have small salad gardens in flat wooden boxes on their poops, where the seed, acted upon by a heat increasing daily, shoots up in a surprisingly rapid manner. In these gardens the number of crops in a year are more numerous than in any spot on earth, for the gardeners, if so minded, can command almost any temperature.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SKUNK.

THE length of the skunk, from the nose to the tail, is about eighteen inches, and the tail itself measures fourteen inches. Its nose is long and slender, protruding a considerable way beyond the lower jaw; its ears are large, short, and rounded; a white stripe extends from the nose over the forehead and along the back, where it is intersected by a small line of black, commencing at the tail, directed upwards along the middle of the back; its sides, belly, and legs, are black; its hair long and flowing, particularly on the tail, which is thick, bushy, and very long.

The native country of the skunk is principally Peru, Brazil, and other parts of South America, although it is found as far north as Canada. This animal is remarkable on account of the intolerable and almost suffocating fetor, of a vapour that it emits, especially when pursued or irritated. This odour may be smelt at a great distance, and so abominable and powerful are its effects, that provisions once tainted with it are irrecoverable. Clothes, after having been exposed to this noxious vapour, have been washed and soaked for days in water, dried in the sun, and still retained this fetid smell for many months.

We are told by Professor Kalm that a skunk was once perceived by a servant in a cellar, which she attacked and killed, without thinking of the effluvia. The place was instantly filled with a horrid stench, which so affected the thoughtless woman, that she was taken seriously ill, in which state she continued for some considerable time.

Few dogs will attack the skunk, on account of this fetor, which seems the animal's best defence against its enemies. Cattle that come within the influence of this vapour are so disgusted and alarmed, that they set up a horrid bellowing.

The skunk is sometimes domesticated, and, strange as it may appear, it is never known to emit this fetid vapour in a tame state. It is naturally a bold animal, and does not hesitate to enter farm establishments, and even houses, in search of eggs and other food.

THE OTTER.

The body of the otter is about two feet long, and the tail sixteen inches; the legs are short and robust; on each foot are five toes, which are webbed, and furnished with strong sharp nails; the eyes are large, brilliant, and so placed in the head, that the animal can see any object that is above it, which adds to the singularity of its aspect. Its fur is deep blackish brown, with two small light spots on each side of the nose, and another under the chin.

The otter is a native of Britain, the whole Continent of Europe, and America. It fixes its habitation on the banks of rivers, where it burrows to some depth—its principal food being fish. It is semi-amphibious, living almost constantly in the water. The burrow is constructed with great sagacity—its entrance being invariably under water, inclining upwards to the surface of the earth; and, before reaching the top, it constructs several lodges, at different heights, to which it may retire in the event of floods, of which it must have an instinctive forethought; for although so much accustomed to a watery element, no animal is more particular in lying quite dry. At the top of the uppermost of these cells, it opens a very small orifice for the admission of air; and the more effectually to conceal this opening, it is generally placed in the middle of a thick bush of willows or other shrubs.

In Canada, during winter, otters frequently travel to a considerable distance from trees, but for what purpose they make these excursions, it has not been satisfactorily ascertained. In these cases the Indians track them in the snow, and kill them with clubs, which they carry. The otter is a slow-paced animal, and, if closely pursued, before being overtaken, when the snow happens to be light and deep, they immediately dive a considerable way under it; but this seldom avails them, for their crafty pursuers can easily trace them by their motions in passing through the snow.

The otter is naturally of a ferocious disposition, but, nevertheless, when taken young, and properly treated, it can easily be rendered quite tame, and may be taught to catch fish and fetch them to its master.

In the following passage of the *Prædium Rusticum* of Vaniere, allusion is made to tame otters being employed in fishing:—

"Should chance within this dark recess betray
The tender young, bear quick the prize away.
Tamed by thy care, the useful brood shall join
The wat'ry chase, and add their toils to thine;
From each close-lurking hole shall force away,
And drive within their nets the silver prey;
As the t'winkl'g hound the timid stag subdues,
And o'er the dewy plain the panting hare pursues."

Hunting the otter was a favourite British pastime. It has now, however, fallen greatly into disuse. A few otter-hounds are still to be found in various parts of Britain. The Duke of Buccleuch possesses a few couples of them. During the reign of Elizabeth, large packs were kept, this being a favourite diversion of the young nobles. In Somerville's *Chase* he makes the following allusion to the otter, and moralizes on its destructive properties:—

"Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil

Haunt even the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds englobe the ravenous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserved; but tyrants know no bounds; nor spear.
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, raging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call."

The otter defends itself with determined courage, never yielding till the last extremity, and is seldom killed without inflicting severe wounds on its antagonist. When roused, and in a state of desperation, he not unfrequently becomes the assailant, and, fixing on an adversary like a bull-dog, maintains his hold as long as life remains.

When the otter has caught a fish, he carries it to the banks of the river, where he eats the head and upper parts of the body, leaving the rest untouched; so that a considerable quantity of food is required to satisfy its hunger. He generally pursues his prey from the bottom upwards, and takes it by surprise; for which the manner his eyes are situated peculiarly fits him.

The female brings forth, in the spring, from four to five at a birth. Their affection for their offspring is so powerful, that they will frequently suffer themselves to be killed rather than quit their progeny; and this is often the occasion of them losing their lives when they might otherwise have escaped.

Professor Steller says that they are very tender mothers. "Often have I spared the lives of the female otters whose young ones I took away. They expressed their sorrow by crying like human beings, and followed me as I was carrying off their young, while they called to them for aid with a tone of voice which very much resembled the crying of children. When I sat down in the snow, they came quite close to me, and attempted to carry off their young."

"On one occasion, when I had deprived an otter of her progeny, I returned to the place eight days after, and found the female sitting by the river listless and desponding, who suffered me to kill her on the spot without making any attempt to escape. On skinning her, I found she was quite wasted away from sorrow for the loss of her young."

"Another time, I saw at some distance from me an old female otter sleeping by the side of a young one about a year old. As soon as the mother perceived us, she awoke the young one, and enticed him to betake himself to the river; but as he did not take the hint, and seemed inclined to prolong his sleep, she took him up in her fore-paws, and plunged him into the water."

The flesh of the otter has been eaten, but it is of a rank and fishy taste, on which account, probably, the Roman Catholic church permitted it to be used on maigre days. Pennant says, that, when on his travels, he saw, in a convent near Dijone, in France, an otter cooked for the monks of the Carthusian order, who are said to have been rigidly strict on all points of their faith, which enjoined their perpetual abstinence from the use of animal food.

James Campbell, near Inverness, procured a young otter, which he brought up and tamed. It would follow him wherever he chose, and, if called on by its name, would immediately obey. When apprehensive of danger from dogs, it sought the protection of its master, and would endeavour to spring into his arms for greater security. It was frequently employed in catching fish, and would sometimes take eight or ten salmon in a day. If not prevented, it always made an attempt to break the fish behind the anal fin, which is next the tail; and as soon as one was taken away, it always dived in pursuit of more. It was equally dexterous at the sea-fishing, and took great numbers of young cod and other fish there. When tired, it would refuse to fish any longer, and was then rewarded with as much as it could devour. Having satisfied its appetite, it always coiled itself round and fell asleep, in which state it was generally carried home.

Otters can be easily tamed, and instructed to fish. A person who kept a tame otter accustomed it to associate with his dogs, who soon became upon the most friendly terms. It would accompany him in different excursions, along with his canine attendants. He was in the habit of fishing in rivers with nets, on which occasions the otter proved a highly useful assistant, by going into the water, and driving trout and other fish towards the net. It was not a little remarkable, that even dogs accustomed to otter-hunting were so far from offering it the least molestation, that they refused to hunt any other otter while he remained in their company, on which account the owner was under the necessity of parting with it, although so useful in his avocations.

William Collins, who resided at Kilmerston, near Wooler, in Northumberland, had a tame otter which followed him wherever he went. He frequently took it to fish in the river for its own food, and it never failed to return to its master. One day, in the absence of Collins, the otter being taken out to fish by his son, instead of returning as usual, refused to come at the accustomed call, and was lost. Collins tried every means to recover it, and, after several days' search, being near the place where it was lost by his

son, and calling it by name, it came creeping to his feet, exhibiting many unabated marks of affection and attachment.

THE SEA OTTER.

The fur of the sea otter is thick and long, and of a beautiful shining black colour, but it is sometimes, though rarely, of a silvery hue; the legs are thick and short; the toes joined by a web; the hind feet are like those of a seal. The total length from the nose to the tail is four feet two inches; the tail is flat, thirteen inches long, and pointed at the extremity. The largest sized animals of this species weigh about eighty pounds.

The sea otter is a remarkably harmless animal, and most affectionately fond of its young; they have been known to pine to death for the loss of their offspring, and even to die on the spot from whence they have been taken away. Before the young can swim, the old animals carry them in their paws, and support them in the water lying upon their backs.

The sea otter can swim in various positions—on its back, sides, and even perpendicularly, and are excessively sportive in the water. It frequents shallow pools which abound in sea-weeds, and feeds on crabs, lobsters, and other marine animals. They breed but once a-year, and only produce but one at a time, which the female suckles and attends with great assiduity for nearly a year.

Vast numbers of these animals inhabit the coasts of Kamtschatka, and the numerous islands contiguous to it, as well as the opposite coasts of America; they are also found on the larger South American islands. Their skins are of great value, and have long formed a considerable article of export from Russia. They dispose of them to the Chinese at the rate of seventy or a hundred rubles each, and receive in return some of their most valuable commodities.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTS A PLACE,

A faithful creature, trained to serving,
And certified as well deserving;
No object wages will be thought,
A friendly mistress more is sought—
A house where things go on in quiet,
And not exposed to scolds or riot;
Where currish paws may never smite her,
Nor snappish strangers come to fright her;
She has not been in place before,
Scarce passed indeed her mother's door—
But skill and care she there has gained,
To all her future duties trained:
Her mother being miller's cat,
Had opportunities for that;
And this advertisement is written
By one who knows and loves the kitten.
Her skipping days of idle fun
Are just at point of being done:
No more she cares a cork to trundle,
Or play with Janet's silver thimble;
No more she seeks a clue to trail,
Or vault athwart her mother's tail;
No more her shadow now she chases,
Or hunts the leaves in windy places;
No more upon the panes she springs,
To catch a fly on buzzing wings.
No: graver grown, on other game
She now has learned to fix her aim:
Already can she mimic sleep,
By panty door the guard to keep;
Or watches patient till she sees
The mice appear from hollow cheese,
Where, eating long, they love to dwell
And play within the hollow shell.
And now, with character so proper,
From decent service what can stop her?
She would not wish indeed to wrestle
Amid the farmer's endless bustle;
Where mastiffs, children, pigs, and rats,
Are equal enemies to cats:
Nor would she, high though wages be,
In skipper's cabin go to sea:
She has no skill, nor had her mother,
To jump on ropes, or guess the weather
But yet (for other service ready)
She'd act, well qualified and steady,
Companion to an ancient lady;
Beside her walks would pace along,
With arching tail and purring song;
Within her bonnet would not sleep,
And awkward hours would seldom keep.
Such place, she thinks, would suit her well;
So, if you know it, come and tell.
Postscriptum—Would have no objection
To give assistance in the kitchen:
Would look at times into the dairy,
Or tend the lady's aviary.

D. M.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 76.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

QUOTATIONS.

THERE are a few unfortunate passages in the works of the British classic writers, which exist in a state of perpetual torture and suffering, being taken hold of on all possible occasions by modern authors, and forced to tag out their meaning whenever they are at a loss for an idea out of their own heads. Weak writers—a body who, if numbers signified strength, would be most respectable—could never get on if it were not for quotations; but while it is fun to them, as in the famous case of the boys and frogs, it is death or worse to the gentlemen whose writings are thus pillaged. The reading of Hamlet, for instance, is positively spoiled, in consequence of the ridiculous associations which arise at every other line, in consequence of the uses made of it by the herd of writers whose works are most commonly in our hands. "Alas, poor Yorick!" has lost all its pathos, from its being applied to every funny fellow who has died during the last two centuries, or at least since the days of Sterne; and we now look upon the declaration of the Prince of Denmark, as to the improbability of there ever being another man like his father, as the height of nonsense; seeing that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again" has been said in half the obituary notices of equivocal public characters we can recollect having ever perused. The better plays of Shakspeare are all in pretty much the same predicament. The felicity of that man's diction has been the death of him, and we find him bad because he is so good. We loathe Macbeth, because we never hear in modern literature of a man making wry faces at medicine, but what we are informed that he exclaimed, in a burst of antipathy, "Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it!" We detest King Richard, because there is not an ill-mounted sportsman in the country who will not cry "Bring me another horse." Even the fine fancies of the Tempest are become disagreeable to us, since the remark of Trinculo, that "misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," has been found applicable to so many circumstances. All this, of course, is a fine illustration of the danger in which a man stands from his friends.

Small scribblers in newspapers, contributors of paragraphs about public rejoicings, private festivities, and other local matters, seem to find quotations particularly indispensable, their intelligence being generally so trivial and vapid as to be unfit to stand by itself. In a public rejoicing, the bells are always sure to "ring out a merry peal," and the crowds of people to be "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." In the case of a ball, the "light fantastic toe" comes finely in; in that of a dinner, the night invariably "drives on wheels and clatter," and the company would take scorn to separate before "the wee short hour ayont the twal." If the undue interference of a magistrate be commented on, then to be sure we have the unhappy Shakspeare dragged in to administer censure—

"Oh man, vain man,
Dressed in a little brief authority," &c.

In fact, these tags of old authors serve as points to the blunt and aimless sentences of the moderns. We, now-a-days, have all of the epigram but the sting, and that we are obliged to borrow from our predecessors. Who ever speaks of obscure genius, but he seizes upon some such recondite passage as

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air?"

Who ever describes eloquent writing, without bringing in our old friend—

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn?"

Who ever indicates the variety of styles in any particular writer, or in his own compositions, without going

"From gay to grave, from lively to severe?"

No. 24. VOL. II.

Or who ever writes a sententious account of an unfortunate wretch, but concludes with the pithy remark, that he was only suited to

"Point a moral or adorn a tale?"

And, above all, who ever tells us in print of the rarity of the appearances of any object, animate or inanimate, without taking a vast deal of pains to mention that they were

"Like angels' visits, few and far between!"

Oh, these angels and their visits will surely some day be the death of us.

Can any one think of a teacher, but he must draw upon Thomson for—

"Delightful task!" &c.

or upon Lord Brougham, for his still more celebrated declaration, that "the schoolmaster is abroad"—a phrase now absolutely nauseous from frequency of repetition. When a fine new colony is spoken of, it is of course "a land overflowing with milk and honey," even although bees should not have yet found their way to the country, and cows are so scarce (owing to their having to be carried eight or ten thousand miles), that they sell at sixty pounds each, and only can be had by the people of first-rate fortune. When a population is happy in an old country, every man "sits under his own vine and fig-tree," though it is more likely, that, while some enjoy themselves in their dining-rooms beside a coal fire, others frequent the neighbouring ale-houses during the first three days of the week, being able to make enough to live upon, by working during the remainder. A slight inapplicability, however, is nothing in a quotation, provided only that it give a kind of sense and expression to a sentence which would otherwise be void of both. Thus, a description of an island may be rather tame, the object being itself perhaps rather so; but if by hook or by crook it can be

"Placed far amid the melancholy main,"

(though possibly only two miles from shore), then does it catch a grace from another and more poetical mind, and passes off well enough. On the same principle, we will wish for

"—a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade;"

though, in reality, a walk in some neighbouring plantation, upon which we are forbidden to intrude by men-traps and spring-guns, would satisfy us to our heart's content.

To be serious: Modern English writers act very sillily in introducing so many quotations from the works of former authors. Such a practice indicates not only a want of taste, but a want of the powers of original thinking, or, at the least, a want of confidence in these powers. We are of opinion that every writer should stand on his own merits alone. The sentiments to be expressed ought to be given to the reader in a plain straight-forward manner, without affectation, and in as simple and intelligible a language as possible, without the extrinsic aid of trappings from the productions of others.

Quotations of words and sentiments from the Latin, French, or other foreign tongues, are particularly hateful. The exclamation, "O tempora, O mores," has been applied to every period and state of society during two thousand years, and it is really time it were abandoned. The sin of introducing classic phrases, or of alluding on all occasions to heathen deities, is certainly now much less common than during a former age, when pedantry was frequently accepted as a proof of refinement; still they are too frequently indulged in. The puerile and fictitious transactions of Homer's heroes and heroines are a source of particular annoyance: we feel convinced that if any man

would purge our literature of allusions to the "shield of Ajax," he would deserve a reward for his great public service. Surely our own noble and expressive language is sufficient for every useful and ornamental purpose in every kind of composition calculated for popularity. Away, then, with the paltry practice of interlarding English writing either with foreign words, or what are styled classic allusions, which are injurious to good writing, of no value whatever to that which is bad, and in almost every case thoroughly useless.

GREENWICH.

I HAD been several times in the metropolis, and had seen all the sights worthy of being seen before I proceeded to take a view of Greenwich Hospital, a structure which is, perhaps, the finest specimen of the Grecian style of architecture in this country. Greenwich Hospital is altogether, that is, both as a building and as an institution, worthy of respect and admiration. It is unique in its kind, and is certainly worthy of the great people who have established and support it. Yet Greenwich very frequently escapes the observation of strangers in London, and is far from being fully appreciated. Let us try to give our readers an idea of its appearance and character. Greenwich is a small town, lying on the south bank of the Thames, and distinct from London, but now, in some measure, involved in its extending suburbs, and may be reached either by boats on the river, or by stage coaches from various parts of the city. As a town, it is of no moment: its hospital and parks are the only objects of attraction to visitors. As you enter its streets, you perceive that it possesses a sea-faring look, and does not resemble the inland places of population in the environs of the capital.

Towards its eastern extremity stands the hospital, which faces the Thames, and has a perfect command of all that passes on the river. This superb hospital consists of four edifices, unconnected with each other, but apparently forming an entire structure, lining three sides of an open square, that side on which there is no building being next the water. The whole is built of fine stone, in the best possible style; and along nearly the greater part are lofty colonnades, with handsome pillars, and covered over head, to protect those underneath from the weather. The square interval in the centre, which is 273 feet wide, is paved also with smooth stone, and ornamented in the middle with a statue of George the Second, by Rysbrach. Beyond the edifices, on the south, rises the splendid park of Greenwich, dotted with luxuriant tall trees, and crowned at the top with the Royal Observatory buildings. But the eye of the visitor is probably more attracted towards the living than the inanimate objects of this beautiful scene. It is a charming evening in June; the sun, which has been shining all day, has softened the atmosphere into a pleasing temperature; his slanting rays play among the pillars, and induce the venerable inmates of the establishment to come forth from their various wards, and recline among the colonnades, or lean over the railings in front, and criticise, with listless curiosity, the various craft pursuing their way up or down the Thames.

A portion of these beautiful buildings was originally a palace of Queen Elizabeth, since whose time various renovations and additions have been made, but chiefly in the reign of William and Mary, who, in the year 1694, here established an hospital for invalid seamen, to which purpose the buildings are still exclusively devoted. By the last accounts it contains 2710 pensioners, 168 nurses, with a variety of officers for the government of the house; and gives support to 32,000 out-pensioners. The institution is supported by a payment of sixpence per month from every sailor in the royal navy, by certain dues and donations, and other means. The number of individuals who reside within the walls is nearly 3500. The inmates have a strikingly antique air. They are all old sailors, with countenances well browned by

tropical suns, and bleached by the tempests of the ocean; some hobbling on a timber toe; others with an empty sleeve; a few with only one eye, the other being burnt out, no doubt, by gunpowder, during some hot work one day in the Channel; occasionally you may see one pulling an old maimed and decrepid shipmate in a wheeled chair along the terrace; and all, less or more, looking as if they had seen a good deal of service. And such funny dresses these old chaps have on. Their clothes are all of a dark blue colour, of so antiquated a fashion that you could almost fancy that each had accompanied Dampier, Woods Roger, Captain Cook, or some other of our old navigators, in their voyages round the globe. A number wear cocked hats, which add vastly to their supposed antiquity; and you may remark that the boatswains, or other warrant officers, are allowed a yellow trimming or lace to their garments.

I never any where remarked such an air of contentment, comfort, and peacefulness, as in this well-regulated establishment. An abundance of food is allowed, the clothing is warm and comfortable, the residence is good and respectable, and each man, according to his rank, has from a shilling to half-a-crown a-week, as an allowance for pocket-money. Where, where, may we ask, shall we find such an instance of national bounty as is here displayed? There is one thing which will particularly please the stranger at Greenwich: he will no where see pampered and insolent menials acting as exhibitors of the place, and extorters of money from the public. There are no over-dressed and saucy waiting-maids or footmen, as at Windsor, Hampton Court, and other places of note in the vicinity of the metropolis, ready and willing to lay the pockets of the visitors under contribution. The outer gateway, and the interior parts of this establishment, are under the care of the pensioners themselves, who show the utmost attention to strangers, and that with a politeness and good nature characteristic of the profession of the sailor. Small sums are taken for exhibiting the different places worth seeing, but the money goes to the general fund, or for the board and education of the children of seamen; and I remarked that the amount tendered was instantly transferred to the box for its reception. It is worth while remarking these circumstances, as nearly the whole system of exhibiting national edifices and institutions in Great Britain is vile and mercenary.

The chief lion of the establishment is the painted hall, which is in the west wing. It consists of a great room—a double cube of fifty feet—and one smaller, but equally lofty, leading from its upper end by a flight of steps. A vestibule and flight of steps are between the outer doorway and large room. The appearance of the whole interior which is gained on entering is very imposing, the high roof being covered with paintings, as also the farther extremity fronting the entrance; and although these paintings, from exhibiting a mixture of fantastic heathen gods and goddesses, with royal and other portraits, are by no means in good taste or of any value, they serve to give a fine effect to the noble apartments they adorn. Along the walls are hung a collection of pictures, partly portraits of distinguished navigators and admirals, and partly depicting distinguished naval victories, each being a present to the institution by some kind benefactor. A good portrait of Captain Cook, by Dance, presented by Sir Joseph Banks, adorns the vestibule. A number of portraits, by Sir Peter Lily, Dahl, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and others, have been presented by George the Fourth. There are also several by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A little garrulous old sailor, with a single sparkling eye, and a wonderful warmth of devotion to the excellencies of the institution, points out the beauties of the various artists, and descants on the extraordinary deception in the perspective of the figures, which he again and again assures you do not stand out from the walls, or from the plaster, but are quite flat, and "all as smooth as glass." The painted ceiling of the great room was executed by Sir James Thornhill in 1703, and several subsequent years, but, from a miscalculation as to the time he had expected to do the work, it seems it scarcely rewarded him and his assistants in this elaborate undertaking. It is related that, in consequence of the length of time he had to lie on his back painting the ceiling, he could never afterwards sit upright. In the smaller apartment are shown several models of ships of war, admirably executed in wood; the coat worn by Nelson at the battle of the Nile; and the astrolabe of Sir Francis Drake, a curious brass instrument of antique fashion, used for nautical observation. It has been computed that nearly fifty thousand persons now annually visit this magnificent suit of apartments, in which the excellent taste and judgment of the distinguished architect, Sir Christopher Wren, are displayed, not only by their just proportion and embellishment, but in that studious regard to picturesque form and outline which he had bestowed in all his designs.

From the painted hall the stranger proceeds to view

the chapel of the Hospital, which is on the eastern side of the square, and is equally worthy of attention. From a vestibule a flight of steps leads into the chapel through a beautiful portal with large folding doors of mahogany. The chapel, which measures 111 feet long and 52 broad, is, without exception, the most elegant and chastely-constructed apartment of the kind in this country. It is quite a model of perfection as a place of public worship, and can accommodate 1000 sitters. The pulpit is of lime-tree, resembling satin or box wood, and, with the desks below, could not be surpassed in simplicity and beauty of execution. A picture showing the escape of St Paul from shipwreck, executed by West, is painted over the communion-table. It is a confused mass of figures, and unworthy both of the artist and the situation it occupies.

After viewing the Hospital, the strangers, perhaps, proceed into the town to take the refreshment of tea, Greenwich being a place of constant summer resort by parties of Londoners, who come to indulge in this evening meal, and for which species of accommodation the inhabitants seem to lay themselves out. Having, therefore, taken tea in some neat sunny room close by the terrace on the river, the visitors walk away towards the extensive parks on the rising ground above the Hospital. These are very extensive grounds of great natural and artificial beauty, and open to the perambulations of all classes of persons. A beaten track or pathway amidst the lines of tall leafy trees leads to a rising ground or mount—quite a hill to a Londoner—and which is crowned with the buildings of the Observatory. From this spot are calculated the degrees of longitude in all English maps and charts. Standing on the summit of the rising ground, with your back to the outer wall of the Observatory, or sitting down on the wooden bench placed for the comfort of those tired in making the ascent, and casting your eyes north and westward, your vision can embrace little else than a vast tract of houses, chimneys, and steeples, composing the overgrown metropolis of England; on your right, far away to the east, you see the soft slow waters of the Thames winding a serpentine course through a rich flat territory, its surface spotted with the sails and masts of vessels of all dimensions; while immediately below repose the magnificent structures we have been noticing, environed by the thick green foliage of the trees of the park, and calling up feelings of pleasing gratification that Great Britain maintains an institution so truly worthy of her great name.

Column for Schoolboys.

SALLUST—CÆSAR.

WE have no doubt, that, after having been introduced, as it were, into the porch of the temple of Roman literature, by means of Phœdrus, Eutropius, and Nepos, our young friends will now have a strong desire to be made acquainted with the more important departments, and to get intimate with the greatest of the historians, poets, and orators of that famous nation, which was long the mistress of the world. Among these great historians, Sallust is the one who is first selected for the delight and instruction of the tyro.

Sallust, whose full name in Latin is Caius Crispus Sallustius, was born at Amiternum, a town in the territory of the Sabines, not far from Rome, about 85 years before Christ. His family appears to have been only of second-rate consequence in the country; and, indeed, his own name seems to have been the first belonging to it that attained either rank or celebrity. The mind of Sallust was early turned to literary pursuits, and, under the celebrated philologist, or teacher of elocution, Ateius Prætextatus, he is said to have made uncommon progress in his studies. Although he possessed an acute genius, and literary talents of the first order, yet it must be owned that he soon began to tarnish his character by indulging in vices of the most degrading kind. From this it is evident that it is not enough that a schoolboy should be possessed of abilities of the first order, and by diligence in his studies should outstrip all his competitors in the race of learning; but he must also have good principles of moral conduct sown in his mind, and cultivated there along with his learning, otherwise he is in danger of presenting to the world, as Sallust did, only the character of a clever bad man, which is one of the most pernicious that can be imagined. Very few particulars regarding the juvenile habits of Sallust are known, and still fewer are worthy of being recorded. Unfortunately, during the age in which he lived, licentiousness and corruption had reached their highest pitch in the Roman state; and he seems to have gone headlong into the indulgence of ambition and luxury—those vices which soon overthrew the liberties of the Romans. At what age ambition seduced him from the path of science and of virtue, no certain account has been transmitted; but his juvenile years seem to have been soon given up to vicious indulgences. At

the age of thirty-two he was appointed a tribune of the people, a plebeian magistrate in Rome, whose duty it was to defend the commons against any extortion or oppression that might be practised upon them by the higher classes. According to some, it was at this election that Cato of Utica was his rival; and to his success over that stern patriot, which was a disgrace to the Roman state, he alludes with considerable vanity in the introduction to his work on the Jugurthine war. Availing himself of every advantage afforded by his office, he was active in procuring the sentence of banishment in the celebrated case of Milo, who murdered Clodius, and which is handled with first-rate eloquence in the orations of Cicero. Sallust maintained a constant enmity against Cicero, which originated, perhaps, in the opposite nature of their moral and political principles; and he carried on this enmity so vigorously after Cicero had crushed the terrible conspiracy of Catiline, that, timidly yielding to the clamour of his persecutors, that great man went into voluntary banishment. Licentious and corrupted as the Romans at that time were, the lewdness and depravity of Sallust did not escape severe censure. In the year 49 before Christ, he was degraded from the rank of a senator, and remained two years in ignominious retirement. By the interest of his great patron Julius Cæsar, however, he was soon brought again from his obscurity, and raised, first to the senatorial dignity of quæstor, and soon after to that of prætor, which was a dignity next in rank to that of consul or supreme magistrate. Cæsar appointed him one of his lieutenant-generals, and gave him the command of a considerable body of troops, whom he was to march to the coast, and embark for Africa, to crush the republicans under Cato and Scipio. These troops, having been long on hard service abroad, mutinied on learning the place of their destination; and Sallust, after many promises and threats to no purpose, had to consult his safety by flight. The mutineers then marched back to Rome, putting people to death, and committing many excesses; but Cæsar went out alone to meet them, and, by a short speech, brought them to submission, and made them ashamed of their conduct, and beg his forgiveness. After Cæsar had been some time in Africa, dreading a scarcity of provisions, he gave part of his fleet to Sallust to take possession of the island of Cerdania, to the north of the gulf called Syrtis Minor, on the African coast, where the enemy had a valuable magazine. There is no other important occurrence, either naval or military, in which Sallust seems to have had a principal concern. That he conducted himself during the whole war to the satisfaction of his general, is unquestionable, from his being appointed governor of the province of Africa, extending from Libya to the Atlantic Ocean. Such was the rapacity and oppression which he exercised here, that, in one year, he amassed a prodigious fortune, part of which he expended on the extravagant but beautiful gardens at Rome, which, to this day, bear his name. He died at the age of fifty-one, thirty-five years before the Christian era.

Sallust wrote detached parts of Roman history, which were much esteemed, and, indeed, considered by many superior to the work of Livy, the writer of the whole history of Rome; but only a few fragments of Sallust now remain. His history of Catiline's conspiracy, and of the Jugurthine war, have been transmitted entire; but of his other histories only detached pieces are preserved. These remains of his works give sufficient proof that his talents for historical composition were of no ordinary kind. A sententious brevity, which has been greatly and deservedly admired, is the distinguishing characteristic of his writings. His style is perspicuous, animated, and forcible; his descriptions lively, picturesque, and beautiful; and his speeches energetic, appropriate, and persuasive. He is too apt, however, to run into frequent digressions, which have little connection with his subject, apparently with no other view than to show the extent of his information, or the superiority of his abilities. His prefaces to the conspiracy of Catiline and the Jugurthine war, are, instead of pertinent introductions to these histories, compliments paid by the author to his own character and pursuits. In the commendations of virtue and censures of vice, which are given in various parts of his works, it is impossible not to charge him with hypocrisy, when we consider the gross immoralities of his own life, and that he most probably composed these very works where he could not turn his eye but every object reminded him of the crimes which he had committed against the unhappy natives of Africa. That genius and virtue are occasionally disunited, has been often observed, and the life of Sallust certainly justifies the remark. The powers of his mind cannot be contemplated without admiration, nor the depravity of his heart without contempt. The excellencies of the historian may indeed be studied with advantage, and copied with safety, but the character of the man neither claims respect, nor merits imitation.

The history of Catiline's conspiracy, as given by Sallust, is one of the most interesting portions of the

whole history of Rome. The destruction of Rome by fire, and the massacre of all the citizens most remarkable for wealth, high rank, and patriotism, formed part of the plan of this nefarious transaction. With this view Catiline raised an army, to which, by the vigorous and decisive measures of Cicero, he was compelled to withdraw himself, after his designs on the city, and on the consul and senate, had failed. At the head of his troops he displayed great bravery; and preferring death to the fate which he knew awaited him if made prisoner, he fell in the midst of the enemy, fighting resolutely till the last. This happened in December, 65 before Christ.

The war with Jugurtha, which forms the subject of the other principal portion of Sallust's work, presents a very interesting theme, which is treated of with great eloquence by this historian. Jugurtha was a native of Numidia, an ancient kingdom of Africa, corresponding nearly with the modern one of Algiers, of which his uncle, Masinissa, was king, and in his family he was brought up. Masinissa treated him with great kindness, and at last left to him, along with his own two sons, a third part of his kingdom. Jugurtha soon procured the death of the two sons, seized their possessions, and then attempted to bribe the senate of Rome to secure him in the kingdom which he had thus obtained by murder. In this, however, he did not succeed, and the Romans at length declared war against him. For a long time he successfully resisted, and frequently defeated the Roman forces; but at last he was betrayed by his father-in-law, Bocchus, king of Mauritania, into the hands of Marius, the Roman commander, who led him in triumph with his two sons, after which he was put to death in prison, in the year 107 before Christ. Sallust's account of this war is considered one of the purest models of historical composition.

The following is a part of the description of Africa, which he gives in his "Jugurthine War":—"In dividing the world, Africa by most people is considered as forming a third portion; but some are of opinion that we should reckon them to consist of Asia and Europe only, including Africa along with Europe. It has the straits of our sea and the (Atlantic) ocean for its boundary on the west; to the east it has an extensive plain country, which is called by the inhabitants *Catabathmon* (the low country.) The African sea is wild, and destitute of harbours. The land is fertile of fruits, good for cattle, but unproductive of trees: little water either from the sky or from the earth. The people are of a healthful habit of body, swift, and patient of fatigue: they die for the most part of old age, unless they are taken off by the sword, or by wild beasts; for disease seldom gets the better of any of them: there are, however, immense numbers of animals of a hurtful kind. In regard to the people who originally inhabited Africa, or those who afterwards joined them, and in what manner they became intermixed with one another, although, according to general report, there are various accounts given, yet we shall give it as it has been explained to us out of the Punic books, which were said to have belonged to king Hiempsal. I shall show, then, in as few words as possible, how the matter is, according to the opinion of the inhabitants of that country; the credit of the thing, however, will depend entirely upon the authors. Africa (they say) was at first inhabited by the Gætulians and the Libyans, a savage, uncultivated people, who used the flesh of wild animals, and the spontaneous produce of the ground, for food, like the beasts. These were ruled by the customs, or laws, or authority of no one; scattered about, and wandering up and down, they fixed their quarters wherever the approach of night compelled them to settle. After Hercules, however, as the Africans think, had perished in Spain, his army, which was composed of many various nations, being without a leader, and each one seeking the supreme authority for himself, it fell to pieces in a short time; and of that number, the Medes, the Persians, and the Armenians, having passed over to Africa in ships, occupied the parts nearest to our sea. The Persians, however, went more towards the (Atlantic) ocean; and these used the inverted keels of their ships for habitations, for the fields there afforded no timber, and they had no means of buying or borrowing it from the Spaniards. The extent of the sea, and their ignorance of the language, precluded them entirely from commerce. With these, by degrees, the Gætulians mingled themselves by intermarriages; and because they tried many different parts of the country, and sought a settlement sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, they gave themselves the appellation of *Numidians* (that is, *Nomades*, or wandering tribes)."

Leaving Sallust to pursue his narrative at leisure, we beg now to introduce to the acquaintance of our juvenile readers no less a person than the celebrated Julius Cæsar, who, both as a warrior and a writer, is one of the most eminent men of antiquity. We do not mean to enter at all fully into the history of this great character at present, as the account of his life forms, perhaps, the most important page in the whole Roman history; and, consequently, we think no one can long remain ignorant of what is laid down fully in every history of Rome.

Gaius Julius Cæsar, the illustrious Roman general and historian, was the son of Caius Cæsar, and Aurelia, the daughter of Cotta, and was born at Rome in the year 99 before Christ. He is said to have been

brought into the world by being cut out of the body of his mother; and hence this operation is still called among surgeons the *Cæsarian operation*. At the age of seventeen, he obtained the office of high priest of Jupiter; and by his great abilities, as well as by his marriage with Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, he soon excited against himself the enmity of the infamous tyrant Sylla; and to escape assassination, he was obliged to conceal himself for a time amongst the vestal virgins. The first military honour which Cæsar obtained was a civic crown, at the siege of Mitylene, when the Roman army was commanded by Thermus, the prætor. By his valour and eloquence he soon acquired the highest reputation in the field and in the senate, and successively obtained the important offices of Quæstor (Treasurer), Edile (Comptroller), Pontifex Maximus (Supreme Priest), Prætor (Chief Magistrate), and Consul (Chief Commander). Beloved and respected by his fellow-citizens, he thus enjoyed successively every magisterial and military honour the republic could bestow, consistently with its own free constitution. Of all the Roman citizens of those times, Pompey possessed the greatest power, Crassus the greatest riches, and Cæsar the greatest abilities. Amongst these was formed a coalition or conspiracy against the liberties of Rome, and they solemnly swore that nothing was to be done in the state but by their common consent. This combination is known in history by the name of the first *Triumvirate*, from its consisting of three individuals; but shortly the state came to be wholly managed by Cæsar, and the violence of his proceedings at length rendered the *Triumvirate* an object of abhorrence to all classes of the community.

Cæsar is supposed to have set out for *Gallia Transalpina*, or Gaul beyond the Alps (that is, France), in the end of March, in the year 57 before Christ. Of his conquest of that country—his checking the inroads of the Germans—and his crossing over to the island of Great Britain, a great part of which he conquered or overran—his Commentaries of the Gallic War contain a rapid, but well-written account. The young reader must not infer, however, that all his engagements with these nations are there fully recorded, or every circumstance of his conduct with regard to them either minutely or faithfully detailed. Respect for his own character, perhaps, induced him to conceal many particulars, and to hint at rather than describe others. The precise time in which he conquered Gaul and Britain is not ascertained. Some make it ten years, others eight, but he himself seems to mention nine. The rivalry between him and Pompey at length came to a head; and Cæsar's crossing the small river Rubicon, the boundary between Gaul and Italy, which the laws did not permit him to pass while in command of an army, was an actual declaration of hostilities against those in authority at Rome. After this, as is well known, he drove Pompey out of Italy—conquered that general's best troops in Spain—totally defeated him at Pharsalia in Greece—subdued the kingdom of Egypt, which he bestowed on Cleopatra—and then defeated the king of Pontus, and subdued his country, with such ease and rapidity, that, in writing an account of it to a friend at Rome, he employed only three words—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I came, I saw, I conquered!

After this, Cæsar visited Italy, and then crossed over into Africa, where he defeated the republican forces under Scipio, in an engagement near Thapsus, and reduced the kingdom of their ally, Juba, king of Mauritania, to a Roman province. Returning to Rome, he triumphed, at the interval of a few days, four different times, in consequence of having conquered Gaul, Egypt, Pontus, and Africa, &c. Numidia and Mauritania. The plunder of so many countries enabled the conqueror of the world to glut his soldiers with presents, and the citizens with largesses, shows, and entertainments. But his boundless ambition soon began to efface the glory of his former actions; for, pursuing his favourite maxim, "that he had rather be the first man in a village than the second in Rome," he procured himself to be chosen perpetual dictator; and not content with this unconstitutional power, his faction had resolved to raise him to the imperial dignity. This, however, was prevented by the friends of the civil liberties of the republic, the chief of whom was Brutus, and Cæsar was by them rashly and basely assassinated in the senate-house, when they should only have seized him, and brought him to a legal trial for usurpation. He fell by the daggers of the conspirators, on the 16th of March, 44 before Christ, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, pierced by twenty-three wounds, after he had enjoyed the peaceful possession of the empire only five months.

To the talents of a consummate general, Cæsar added those of an elegant historian and a persuasive orator. Much of his commentaries, or journals of the Gallic and civil wars, were, it is said, composed on the spot where his battles were fought. The purity and neatness of his style, notwithstanding the rapidity with which he must have written, have not been surpassed by any Roman writer. His narrative is at once perspicuous, simple, and natural; and it is, at the same time, chaste and animated. Few passages occur in his writings which the most illiterate do not understand, and the most polished do not approve.

Besides a few juvenile pieces mentioned by Suetonius, and a collection of apophthegms, or remarkable sayings, Cæsar left, at his death, two books on grammar, and a poem which he called *Iter*, or The Jour-

ney. But these, as well as his letters to the senate and his friends, are lost. None of his writings now remain, except seven books of the Gallic war, and three of the civil war. The eighth book of the Gallic war is the composition of Aulus Hirtius Pansa; but it is not known who wrote the accounts of the Alexandrine, African, and Spanish wars, although the two first are by some also ascribed to Hirtius Pansa.

THE MODERN JEWS.

(Second Article.)

THE religious polity of the modern Jews was established during the Babylonian captivity, which followed the destruction of the first temple by Nabuchadnezzar, A. C. 587. The sacrificial service constituting the principal feature of the public worship of the Jews, ceasing with the destruction of the temple, left them without any religious system, or scheme for the regulation of public or private prayer. To remedy this evil, so dangerous to their existence as a distinct people, and to their pre-eminence as worshippers of Almighty God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, Ezra the Prophet, conjointly with his conclave, known by the name of the "Men of the Great Assembly," collected all the prayers that had heretofore been used, composed others, and arranged the whole into specific portions. They instituted the morning, afternoon, and evening service, in reference to the daily sacrifices in the temple at those stated periods; appointed additional services for the festivals, conformable with the additional sacrifices in the temple on those days, besides numerous other prayers to be said on all those special occasions in which it had been customary to offer special sacrifices. These prayers are universal among all the Jews of the known world, and are still repeated by them in the language in which they were composed, viz. the Hebrew. Their original arrangement for private and public worship continues till the present day, which makes the liturgy of their synagogues in all countries nearly the same. This uniformity of language and discipline in worship has this advantage, that the Jew, in whatever country his destiny carries him to, finds no difficulty in uniting with his brethren in that country in the performance of those several duties which his religion requires of him.

Although the daily liturgy was ordained as above stated, in reference to the sacrificial service of the temple, yet there can be no doubt that the practice which existed long previous to the formula of Ezra, of praying three times a-day, also influenced this arrangement—Psalm lv., v. 17, "Evening, and morning, and noon, will I pray;" and the Book of Daniel, vi. 10, "Daniel, with his face towards Jerusalem, kneeled upon his knees three times a-day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime," confirms this practice of daily prayer; but as it does not appear that these prayers were specially enjoined, or were other than the extemporary ejaculations of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God which piety prompted, the merit of the institution of these daily prayers must still rest with Ezra and his conclave, who, if they did not originate the practice of daily worship, rescued it from the corrupt Hebrew of the captivity, and gave it its present regular and established form.

The private devotions of the Jews commence with the morning prayers, which fill nearly fifty pages octavo, and occupy about an hour in their recital. These prayers are replete with the most devout piety, pure morality, and heavenly philosophy; the beauty of their composition stands unrivalled, and, taken altogether, are well calculated to perpetuate that enthusiastic veneration for their religion which centuries of persecution have never been able to subdue or overcome. The morning prayers open with a hymn by Mamonides, in which the existence of God, his eternity and immortality, are proclaimed; and reliance on his providence, rewards, punishments, and the resurrection, is expressed. It is, in fact, a poem expressive of their articles of faith, and is held in much esteem. Our limits will not permit us to go through the whole of these prayers, but we shall give a few short specimens, which will repay the reader's perusal.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL PROCLAIMED.

"My God! the soul which thou hast given unto me is pure: thou hast created, formed, and breathed it unto me: thou dost also carefully preserve it within me, and thou wilt hereafter take it from me, to restore it unto me in futurity. During the time that my soul continues within me, will I be making acknowledgments to thee, O Lord my God! and the God of my ancestors, Sovereign of all creation, Lord of all souls! Blessed art thou, O Lord! who restorest the souls unto the dead."

PRAYER, REMARKABLE FOR ITS SIMILITUDE TO THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"May it be thy will, O Lord our God! and the God of our fathers, to cause us to become habituated to thy law, and attached to thy precepts: O lead us not into the power of sin, transgression or iniquity, temptation or contempt: suffer not evil imagination to have dominion over us, but place us at a distance

from evil men and wicked associates; cause us to become attached to good intentions and good works, and coerce our passions to be subservient unto thee. O grant us this day, and every day, grace, favour, and mercy, in thy sight, and in the sight of all who behold us; and dispense kind favours upon us. Blessed art thou, O Lord! who bestowest gracious favours on thy people Israel."

DUTY.

"Man should ever feel an inward fear of God, declare the truth, and commune with truth in his heart; let him rise early and pray."

HUMILITY.

"Sovereign of all worlds! It is not on account of our righteousness that we presume to lay our supplications before thee, but on thy abundant mercies. What are we?—What our righteousness?—What is our help?—What our power?—What shall we say in thy presence, O Lord our God! and the God of our fathers? Verily, the mightiest heroes are as nought before thee; men of renown as though they had not existed; wise men as without knowledge; and the intelligent as if void of understanding; for the majority of their actions is emptiness, the days of their life but vanity in thy presence: even the pre-eminence of man over the brute is nought; for all is vanity."

The mind being thus prepared by prayer, and brought to a consideration of the awful presence, the ceremony of putting on the phylacteries follows.

They are worn by all male adults during the morning service. For all the purposes of ceremonious worship, a youth of thirteen years is deemed of age. The wearing the phylacteries may be termed his initiation. The phylacteries consist of the articles of Hebrew faith, written on vellum, and inclosed in a leathern case, and are bound round the left arm, so that the case containing the sacred writing lies next the heart, in obedience to the injunction in Deut. vi. 6, "And these words which I command thee this day shall be near thy heart." There is a second phylactery, in every respect the same as the one just described. The case containing the articles of faith is placed on the forehead, so as to be "as frontlets between the eyes" (Deut. vi. 8). The strap of the phylactery of the arm is then wound thrice round the middle finger, in reference to the command, "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand" (see the same verse), in doing which the following is said in a solemn low voice:—

"And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercy; I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord.

"Blessed is he who but spake, and the world was called into existence: blessed is he. Blessed is the primeval creator. Blessed is he who sayeth and performeth. Blessed is he who ordaineth and establisheth. Blessed is he who hath compassion on the earth. Blessed is he who hath compassion over all creatures. Blessed is he who graciously rewardeth those who revere him. Blessed is he who liveth for ever, and existeth eternally. Blessed is he who redeemeth and delivereth. Blessed is his name."

Portions of the psalms then follow in order, next the declaration of the unity (Deut. vi. 4) and the sacred prayer of the eighteen verses, during the recital of which it is not permitted to speak; it must be said standing, and with the face toward the east. In the 1st verse of this prayer God is blessed; the 2d, Immortality of the soul again avowed in the most touching language; 3d, Knowledge, 4th, Piety, and, 5th, Pardon, are prayed for; 6th, Temporal, and, 7th, Heavenly assistance, are prayed for; 8th, Blessings on the year, 9th, Freedom, 10th, The restoration of judges, and, 11th, Destruction of tyrants, are entreated; in the 12th, The pious of all nations prayed for, in the following words:—"May thy tender mercies, O Lord our God, be expanded over the just, the pious, and the elders of thy people, the house of Israel, the remnant of their scribes, and the virtuous strangers," as over us. O bestow good rewards unto all who faithfully put their trust in thy name; and grant that our portion be with them, that we never be put to shame, for we do trust in thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the supporter and the confidence of the just."

The 13th verse prays for God's presence in the holy city, its rebuilding, &c; 14th, 15th, and 16th, seek the exaltation of Israel, and pray for salvation; 17th contains acknowledgment of humility, petition for peace, and a blessing upon Israel. The touching sublimity of the 18th is beyond the power of description: we give it in full.

"18th, Oh, my God! guard my tongue from evil, and my lips from uttering deceit. Towards those who curse me be my soul as dumb; and towards all be it as humble as the dust. Open my heart to the reception of thy law, that my soul pursue thy commandments. O frustrate speedily, I beseech thee, the devices, and destroy the machinations of all those who imagine evil against me. O grant it, for the sake of thy name; grant it, for the puissance of thy right hand; grant it, on account of thy holiness; grant it, for the honour of thy law, that thy beloved may be relieved. Let thy right hand save, and then

answer me. May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy presence, O Lord my Rock and my Redeemer. May He who establisheth peace in his high heavens grant peace unto us, and all Israel. Amen."

THE WARDROBE OF THE DEAD.

Who has not heard of the green hills, the lofty woods, the deep dells, and silver stream of Yarrow; and of its many legends, its melancholy tales, and the numberless ballads and sweet songs they have given rise to; and who ever visited it without being deeply impressed by its magic scenes? This region of fancy, this land of romance, was the place of my birth; and to it the present little narrative is intended to add another feature of interest. I left it in my girlish days, for a distant country, where I remained an exile till the autumn of life began to steal upon me. It had been my fortune to journey in lands far famed for their beauty, where all that was lovely in picturesque scenery and genial in climate wooed the stay of the traveller; but no scene I had visited during thirty years could in my mind ever come into comparison with my native Yarrow. No one, I believe, ever felt more deeply the delight of revisiting the hallowed haunts of their childhood, than I did, when returned once more to my native vale. I made my way, on a bright ethereal morning in the beginning of June, through each well-remembered path, to the house of an early and much-valued friend. As I looked around me, I thought I had never seen, since I quitted this earthly paradise of my imagination, trees of such fresh and graceful foliage—groves so fitted for the dwelling-place of "heavenly pensive melancholy"—such green pastures—or, above all, a stream, which, as it glided along, seemed so to murmur through its deep recesses of a peace which the bustling world can never know. I had heard strange tales of the friend I was hastening to see—reports which grieved me to the heart, and which, though I found some comfort in the belief of their being exaggerations, still caused me a great degree of uncertainty and painful anxiety as to their truth. In short, I had heard in the neighbourhood that my old friend Mrs Haldane, who lost her husband and seven children before she had been ten years married, was supposed to be in a state of derangement.

It is not my intention to enter here into a minute history of either my friend's life or my own. I shall therefore only say, that her father and mine were schoolfellows, who retained for each other the strictest friendship through life. She and I each lost our mothers when very young; and on the death of her father, which happened when she was seventeen, being, like myself, an only child, my father brought her to live with us. At that time I was only ten years old, and it seemed the constant endeavour of the grateful Mary to repay my father's kindness, by restraining in me every perceptible tendency to evil, and by treating me with the most sisterly affection, which, together with the tenderness I experienced from my father, made those early days of my life one continued scene of happiness. No wonder, then, that these associations had kept alive an enthusiastic attachment to the place of my birth and the friend of my childhood, and caused me to return to them as soon as I set my foot on British ground. The peaceful days I had experienced under my parent's roof, were, however, cut short by his death, when I attained my twentieth year; and I went to reside in the south of England with a near relation, where I soon married, and went abroad with my husband. Previous to my father's death, our dear Mary had left us for a house of her own, having married a young man who had a long lease of an extensive farm in the vale of Yarrow. Her husband was said not to be the good character his wife had imagined. That their tastes were widely dissimilar, and that he frequently treated her with harshness, I could not fail to observe, though she never complained, and seemed so devoted to two sweet children, which were born before I left the country, that she appeared to me to enjoy a moderate degree of happiness. Eight years more, as I have said, had only passed over her head, when, after having given birth to seven children, she became a childless widow. It was the fear that her mournful fate might indeed have unsettled her reason, that filled my mind with the most nervous perturbation as I drew near to her well-remembered dwelling, which seemed in nothing altered from what I had left it, save that the trees which nearly surrounded it had extended their clustering foliage so shadingly over its roof, as to exclude from it the rays of the glorious sun which shone so resplendently on their outward branches, and thus gave it a more sombre cast than it was wont to have. But there were no signs of neglect. All around it looked neat and comfortable, and the roses and honeysuckles were as trimly trained against the walls as ever. My low and tremulous rap at the door was immediately answered by an old domestic, who, in spite of years and her grey locks, I recognised as the same Margaret who was my father's dairy-maid, and who went home with my friend when she married. I lost no time in making myself known to her, and inquired if I could see her mistress, which, after ex-

pressing her joy and wonder at my visit, she informed me I should soon do, as she was only taking her accustomed morning walk, from which she every instant expected her. Margaret then ushered me into a little parlour where she was preparing breakfast, and feeling glad to have this opportunity of hearing, before I saw her, something that I could depend upon about the state of my friend's mind, I gave some hints of the report which had caused me so much uneasiness. "She is nae mair beside herself than I am," said her faithful old servant; "though it is na to be wondered at that folks who have na the sense to understand her should raise sic reports," she continued, while an expression of indignation marked her intelligent features. "It is all because she has given up the world, having never gane off the farm since the last bairn died, and that's thirty years come next Martinmas. And mair especially because she makes herself sae happy in the thought that the weans are still about her."

"About her!" said I, repeating, with surprise and dismay, what I thought so extraordinary an assertion; "but is not that at least very strange?"

"I canna think there is ony thing strange in that," replied Margaret, "if ye mind how often the Holy Scriptures of truth tell us o' the visits o' angels to the earth, and how they are sent to attend and watch over us; and surely nane o' the angels in heaven can be sae sib till her as her ain bairns." Understanding from this that it was not their visible presence that was meant by their being about her, I willingly acquiesced in her ideas, and had just time to learn from her, before my friend appeared, that she had sub-let the farm to a person in the neighbourhood, making it a stipulation that she was not to remove from the house during her life, and that she received an advance of rent, which, together with some money left her by her husband, supplied her with ample means of beneficence to her poorer neighbours. Margaret met her mistress at the door, and having briefly informed her of my arrival, I was instantly folded in her arms, in one of those tender embraces which she had so often bestowed on me in my youth. I looked earnestly on her—she was much changed, but there were on her features none of those deep furrows, or harsh markings of time and intense mental suffering, which I had expected to see. On the contrary, her deep blue eyes beamed upon me with an expression of such ineffable peace, that, in spite of her melancholy history, I felt the conviction thrill through my heart, that I, with all my worldly attachments, was a much fitter object of commiseration.

We finished our breakfast, without either of us having alluded, in the slightest manner, to her trials; but I thought there was a degree of absence and restraint about her, foreign to her former nature, till she observed that my attention was attracted by several little chairs and stools that stood interspersed among the other furniture of the room, when, following the direction of my eye, she said, "they belonged to the children; I keep all their things about me. But come, and I will show you my treasury," she continued, as she rose, and then, stopping for an instant, she said with earnestness, "if you will promise me not to touch any thing." I gave the promise, and followed her along a passage, till, having unlocked the door of a small room, and opened the window-shutter, she directed my attention to seven pins, driven into the wall at a short distance from each other, on each of which hung, covered with dust, and so impaired by time that some of them were dropping to pieces, a full suit of child's clothes.

"These," said she, pointing to them, "are of greater value to me than all besides that the world contains. They are just as they were taken off from my dear ones the last time they wore them; no touch has come upon them since. I have many things that belonged to them, but these are more to me than all the rest, for they have embraced their bodies, and seem part of their mortal remains, that are still suffered to linger with me. I cannot help this feeling, though it might be supposed of little consequence to one who knows that she is always surrounded with their happy spirits; for of this," she said with solemnity, "I have full assurance. Yes," she continued, "they are ever with me." While she said this, an expression perfectly beatific passed over her countenance. After a moment's pause she pointed out the vestments of a little boy. "These belonged," she said, "to my sweet little William, with his blooming cheeks, and laughing eyes, and clustering sunny curls. O he was a joyous child, and, though sudden in passion, one look of love from me brought back the soft tones of his melodious little voice, and the buoyant laugh of happiness, while the big round tear still stood on his cheek. He seemed to me almost as much a cherub then as he is now; he died of croup at three years old. And these," she continued, "were my gentle Mary's, who was the very reverse of her brother in appearance and disposition, for her soft eyes were dark, and full of serious and pensive expression. She never seemed as if intended for this world, but only sent for a time to twine herself around my heart, and depart to become one of my guardian spirits while I am here, and to enhance my happiness hereafter. She was, indeed, a sweet child, that seemed entirely made of love. Her little pleadings were always irresistible, and she was ever listened to as the peace-maker in every childish dispute; for neither old nor young could withstand the witchery of her sweet tongue, or the glance of her

* Deut. x. 19, "Love ye, therefore, the stranger; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

full soft eyes, when, as I think I see her now, she threw back from them her bright brown ringlets, and fixed their loving looks upon you. And to the last look it still was love; for she died with her arms twined round my neck, and her pretty mouth pressed against my cheek as in the act of giving me her last kiss."

My tears fell fast; but, without noticing them, she still proceeded to name in rotation those to whom the clothes had belonged, and to describe their persons, and the varieties of disposition by which they were distinguished, in such graphic language that I seemed, while I stood in that sepulchral room, to become intimately and personally acquainted with each child who had worn the mouldering garments—they seemed almost visibly assembled round me. I remained several days the guest of my friend, glad of an opportunity of observing the effects of so singular, though it appears to me so natural, a belief in this lonely woman. To other mothers bereaved of their children, all is desolate; they look upon the places they were wont to occupy, and mourn. But her bosom was not oppressed by sighs, nor her eyes dimmed by tears, though she every where saw the traces of her beloved ones; for no circumstance had the power, after the lapse of so many years, to obliterate them from her remembrance for a moment. She lived constantly among the happy spirits of her children. Their joyous little faces surrounded her table—they gambled beside her in her walks—and when awake in the night, she seemed to hear their soft breathings, as she was wont to do in years long gone by, when they peacefully slumbered beside her. To her there was no such thing as solitude; wherever she moved, she was accompanied by this little band of domestic angels, encouraging and beckoning her on to regions of celestial gladness, from which they had returned to point the way, and where her spirit rejoiced that they were safely lodged, for ever freed from sin and care. She lived in an atmosphere of purity, guarded by those holy beings to whose mortal bodies she had given birth; and she awaited her own final departure in perfect peace and tranquillity.

REMARKABLE TRAVELS IN UNCIVILIZED COUNTRIES.

CARVER, IN NORTH AMERICA.

THE accounts brought home by travellers, regarding countries rarely visited and little known, have been always received with much incredulity by those who were little acquainted with the world; and the Persian proverb that "he who has seen the world has a right to tell lies," has been used rather too lavishly in judging of the details of travellers, that were afterwards found to be worthy of far different treatment. "We travellers," says Lady Wortley Montague, "are in very hard circumstances: If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull, and we have observed nothing. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic*, not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions." It is this which has led many men of high honour, who would not submit to have their veracity called in question, to continue entirely silent regarding many remarkable things seen by them in strange countries, and the relation of which would most probably have been received with evident incredulity by the hearers. A Hindoo scarcely thinks it possible that any nation can live without *rice*—a Greenlander thinks the same of *blubber*—a Persian thinks the same of the *date-tree*—an African of the *palm-tree*—a Maldivian of the *cocoa-nut*—an Arab of the *camel*—a Laplander of the *rein-deer*—and a Tartar of the *horse*—whilst the native of Terra del Fuego would be much astonished if he were told that any nation could live without *shell-fish*. It is only by attending to the accounts of respectable travellers regarding foreign countries, that the clouds of vulgar error and prejudice can be removed; and, in this way, it is now firmly believed by all sensible men that there is such a creature as a *camelopard* or a *kangaroo* in the world; and that there are some countries where *oysters*, and *bread*, and *milk*, grow upon trees—all of which would have been set down to the credit of *Aboufouaris*, and the Arabian Nights, at no very distant period. Accordingly, by way of fostering this vulgar incredulity, it is more than probable that the first accounts of the Patagonians furnished Swift with a hint for his *giants* in *Gulliver's Travels*; as the adventures of Baron de Tott, among the Turks, at a much later period, produced the memoirs of the unparalleled Baron Munchausen! Bruce's veracity regarding what he saw in Abyssinia was likewise called in question without ceremony; and it was not till a considerable time after his death, that the character of that high-minded traveller was proven to be without a flaw.

With the view of removing such prejudices as these, which are almost always based on ignorance, we shall,

in this and a few succeeding articles, bring forward the accounts given by some travellers of unquestionable authority, of their observations and adventures in uncivilized countries; taking care to select such as appear to be most uncommon, and such as may afford most amusement and instruction to our youthful readers in particular.

What AFRICA was to the ancients in the way of producing novelties, AMERICA has been to the moderns. Utopia, New Atlantis, El Dorado, Fairy Land, and the Painters' Wives' Islands, were all said by the wits of the sixteenth century to be portions of this lately discovered quarter of the globe. "The Painter's Wife's Island," says Dr Huelyn, "is an island of this tract, mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh in his *History of the World*; of which he was informed by Don Pedro de Sarmiento, a Spanish gentleman employed by his king in planting some colonies on the Straits of Magellan, who, being taken prisoner by Sir Walter in his going home, was asked of him about some island which the maps presented in those straits, and might have been of great use to him in his undertaking; to which he merrily replied, that it was to be called the *Painter's Wife's Island*, saying, that whilst the painter drew that map, his wife sitting by desired him to put in one country for her, that she in her imagination might have an island of her own. His meaning was, that there was no such island as the maps presented. And I fear the painter's wife hath many islands, and some countries too, upon the continent, in our common maps, which are not really to be found on the strictest search." Of such sort, also, are what are called the Lands of Chivalry; of which the Isle of Adamants, in *Sir Huon of Bordeaux*; the Firm Land, in the history of *Amadis de Gaul*; the Hidden Island, and that of the sage *Alart*, in *Sir Palmerin of England*; as also the Island of *Barataria*, of which the famous Sancho Panza was some time governor, and the kingdom of *Micomicona*; "which, as the ingenious author of the History of Don Quixote merrily observeth," says Dr Huelyn, "are not to be found in all the map."

Leaving these to take their place with the *Terra Australis Incognita*, or Southern Continent yet undiscovered, we shall at once introduce our readers to the acquaintance of our friend honest Jonathan Carver, who, in his veritable memoirs, inscribed to Sir Joseph Banks, has given by far the most interesting and rational account of the Red men, the inhabitants of the Western Wilderness, of any traveller with whose works we are acquainted. These original inhabitants of America, it must be observed, have very stupidly, all along from the time of their first discovery in 1492, received from Europeans the denomination of INDIANS, although they never had any thing more to do with the country called *India*, than they had to do with Sancho's island of *Barataria*, or Gulliver's island of *Lilliput*. This awkward mistake originated in the mere circumstance of Columbus's being in search of a road to India by the west, when he found his course interrupted by the islands and continent of America; to which was given forthwith the strange denomination of the *West Indies*—thus confounding under one appellation two most important portions of the globe, which were, in fact, as distinct from one another in their entire nature and productions, as they happened to be in their relative geographical positions. Yet such is the inveteracy of popular custom, after it once gets a firm footing in the world, that it would now be impossible to change these denominations; and, therefore, the term *Indian* must henceforth always continue to be the name of every one of the original inhabitants of the whole continent and islands of America.

The different tribes of Indians, or original natives, in that extensive portion of North America called Canada, were at one time almost innumerable; but they have been observed to decrease in population where the Europeans are most numerous, owing chiefly to their immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Ardent spirits, the most fatal present the old world ever made to the new, was no sooner known to the Indian tribes, than they grew passionately fond of it. It was equally impossible for them to abstain from it, or to use it with moderation. It was soon observed that this liquor disturbed their domestic peace, deprived them of their judgment, made them furious; that it occasioned husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, to abuse and quarrel with one another. In vain did some sober Frenchmen expostulate with them, and endeavour to shame them out of these excesses. "It is you," answered they, "who have taught us to drink this liquor; and now we cannot do without it. If you refuse to give it us, we will go and get it of the English. It is you who have done the mischief, and it cannot be repaired."

Canada was first discovered in 1497, by John and Sebastian Cabot of Bristol, and it was settled by the French in 1608. It was conquered by the English in 1759, and confirmed to them by the French at the peace of 1763; at which time the narrative of the travels of our present author, Captain Jonathan Carver, commences. "No sooner," says he, "was the late war with France concluded, and peace established by the treaty of Versailles, in the year 1763, than I began to consider (having rendered my country some services during the war) how I might continue still serviceable, and contribute, as much as lay in my

power, to make that vast acquisition of territory, gained by Great Britain in North America, advantageous to it. It appeared to me indispensably needful that government should be acquainted, in the first place, with the true state of the dominions they were now become possessed of. To this purpose I determined, as the next proof of my zeal, to explore the most unknown parts of them, and to spare no trouble or expense in acquiring a knowledge that promised to be so useful to my countrymen."

With the laudable design of accomplishing these objects, Captain Carver set out from Boston, in June 1766, with the full intention of penetrating to the Pacific Ocean on the west. He proceeded by way of Albany and Niagara to Michillimackinac, a fort situated between the lakes Huron and Michigan, and distant from Boston 1300 miles. "This," says he, "being the uttermost of our factories towards the north-west, I considered it as the most convenient place from whence I could begin my intended progress, and enter at once into the regions I designed to explore."

At the entrance of a bay, about ninety miles long, called Green Bay, on the north-western extremity of lake Michigan, are situated a string of islands described by our author under the name of the Grand Traverse. On one of these occurred his first meeting with one of the tribes of the Red men, the primitive hunters of the west; and he gives the following interesting description of the reception he met with from the Indians:—"On the largest and best of these islands stands a town of the Ottawaws, at which I found one of the most considerable chiefs of that nation, who received me with every honour he could possibly show to a stranger. But what appeared extremely singular to me at the time, and must do so to every person unacquainted with the customs of the Indians, was the reception I met with on landing. As our canoes approached the shore, and had reached within about threescore rods of it, the Indians began a *feu-de-joie*, in which they fired their pieces loaded with balls, but at the same time they took care to discharge them in such a manner as to fly a few yards above our heads: during this they ran from one tree, or stump, to another, shouting and behaving as if they were in the heat of battle. At first I was greatly surprised, and was on the point of ordering my attendants to return their fire, concluding that their intentions were hostile; but being undeceived by some of the traders, who informed me that this was the usual method of receiving the chiefs of other nations, I considered it in its true light, and was pleased with the respect thus paid me."

"I remained here one night. Among the presents I made the chiefs were some spirituous liquors, with which they made themselves merry; and all joined in a dance that lasted the greatest part of the night. In the morning when I departed, the chief attended me to the shore; and as soon as I had embarked, offered up, in an audible voice, and with great solemnity, a fervent prayer in my behalf. He prayed 'that the Great Spirit would favour me with a prosperous voyage; that he would give me an unclouded sky, and smooth waters by day; and that I might lie down by night on a beaver blanket, enjoying uninterrupted sleep and pleasant dreams; and also that I might find continual protection under the great pipe of peace.' In this manner he continued his petitions till I could no longer hear them."

"I must here observe, that, notwithstanding the inhabitants of Europe are apt to entertain horrid ideas of the ferocity of these savages, as they are termed, I received from every tribe of them in the interior parts the most hospitable and courteous treatment; and am convinced, that, till they are contaminated by the example and spirituous liquors of their more refined neighbours, they retain this friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers. Their inveteracy and cruelty to their enemies I acknowledge to be a great abatement of the favourable opinion I would wish to entertain of them; but this failing is hereditary, and, having received the sanction of immemorial custom, has taken too deep root in their minds to be easily extirpated."

"Among these people I ate of a very uncommon kind of bread. The Indians in general use but little of this nutritious food. Whilst their corn is in the milk, as they term it, that is, just before it begins to ripen, they slice off the kernels from the cob to which they grow, and knead them into a paste. This they are enabled to do without the addition of any liquid, by the milk that flows from them; and when it is effected, they parcel it out into cakes, and, enclosing them in leaves of the basswood tree, place them in hot embers, where they are soon baked. And better flavoured bread I never ate in any country."

"Notwithstanding the primitive simplicity of these wanderers of the wilderness, and their friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers, yet, from the remains of a regular fortification which Captain Carver saw, or at least thinks he saw, amidst the prairies of the Mississippi, it would appear that in former ages there must have been a population of remarkably scientific warriors located in this quarter. The following is our author's account of this important discovery:—"One day having landed on the shore of

* Vide Three Years' Travels through the interior parts of North America, for more than five thousand miles. By Captain Jonathan Carver, of the provincial troops in America. Edinburgh, 1798.

the Mississippi, some miles below lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing my dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little distance a partial elevation, that had the appearance of an intrenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breast-work of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover five thousand men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flanks reached to the river. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation, also, I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way that commanded it; a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places small tracks were worn across it by the feet of the elks and deer, and, from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself since for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an exact plan of it. To show that this description is not the offspring of a heated imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find on inquiry, since my return, that Mons. St Pierre and several traders have at different times taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed the same conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto (according to the general received opinion) been the seat of war to untutored Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breast-work, even at present, is the thicket, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and I leave to future explorers of these distant regions, to discover whether it is a production of nature or art."

We must confess that our philosophy is completely at fault here, and all the antiquarian lore of which we are possessed will not enable us to solve this difficult problem. It is a pity that the redoubted Edie Ochiltree is now no more, as, perhaps, he might have been able to clear up the mystery of this matter, in as easy a way as he did that of Monkbar's celebrated entrenchment.

The farthest point of Captain Carver's peregrination to the north-west was at the river St Francis, about sixty miles beyond the Falls of St Anthony on the Mississippi, which are situated in lat. 46° N., long. 95° W. from London, and at the distance of nearly 2000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. These falls, which, till of late, formed the farthest limit to which Europeans had penetrated into the wilderness in that direction, received their name from Father Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, who travelled into these parts about the year 1680, and was the first European ever seen by the natives. The body of waters which forms the fall is above 250 yards in breadth, producing a most beautiful cataract; it falls perpendicularly about thirty feet, and the rapids below, in the space of 300 yards more, render the descent considerably greater, so that, when viewed at a distance, the falls appear to be much higher than they really are. The country around them is extremely beautiful. It is not an uninterrupted plain, where the eye finds no relief, but it is composed of many gentle ascents, which, in the summer, are covered with the finest verdure, and interspersed with little groves, that give a charming variety to the prospect. "On the whole," says our traveller, "when the falls are included, which may be seen at the distance of four miles, a more pleasing and picturesque view cannot, I believe, be found throughout the universe."

The following description, given by Carver, of the behaviour of a young Indian prince, who went in company with him to view this celebrated place for the first time, presents a most interesting picture of the power which the natural sublime and beautiful are capable of exercising over the human mind in its unsophisticated state:—"We could distinctly hear the noise of the water full fifteen miles before we reached the falls; and I was greatly pleased and surprised when I approached this astonishing-work of nature; but I was not long at liberty to indulge these emotions, my attention being called off by the behaviour of my companion.

"The prince had no sooner gained the point that overlooks this wonderful cascade, than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he imagined this to be. He told him that he had come a long way to pay his adorations to him, and now would make him the best offering in his power. He accordingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists; next, an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of beads and wires; and, at last, the ear-rings from his ears; in short, he presented to

his god every part of his dress that was valuable. During this, he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions, that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear and untroubled waters: nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe, in honour of the Great Spirit.

"I was greatly surprised at beholding an instance of such elevated devotion in so young an Indian; and instead of ridiculing the ceremonies attending it, as I observed my Catholic servant tacitly did, I looked on the prince with a greater degree of respect for these sincere proofs he gave of his piety; and I doubt not but that his offerings and prayers were as acceptable to the universal Parent of mankind, as if they had been made with greater pomp, or in a consecrated place."

AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL.

[By Audubon.]

As I was lounging one fair and very warm morning on the *Levee* at New Orleans, I chanced to observe a gentleman, whose dress and other accompaniments greatly attracted my attention. I wheeled about, and followed him for a short space, when, judging by every thing about him that he was a true original, I accosted him.

But here, kind reader, let me give you some idea of his exterior. His head was covered by a straw hat, the brim of which might cope with those worn by the fair sex in 1830; his neck was exposed to the weather; the broad frill of a shirt, then fashionable, flapped about his breast, whilst an extraordinary collar, carefully arranged, fell over the top of his coat. The latter was of a light green colour, harmonizing well with a pair of flowing yellow nankeen trousers, and a pink waistcoat, from the bosom of which, amidst a large bunch of the splendid flowers of the magnolia, protruded part of a young alligator, which seemed more anxious to glide through the muddy waters of some retired swamp than to spend its life swinging to and fro among folds of the finest lawn. The gentleman held in one hand a cage full of richly-plumed nonpareils, whilst in the other he sported a silk umbrella, on which I could plainly read, "*Stolen from I*," these words being painted in large white characters. He walked as if conscious of his own importance, that is, with a good deal of pomposity, singing, "My love is but a lassie yet," and that with such thorough imitation of the Scotch emphasis, that, had not his physiognomy brought to my mind a denial of his being from "within a mile of Edinburgh," I should have put him down in my journal for a true Scot. But no. His tounure, nay, the very shape of his visage, pronounced him an American, from the farthest parts of our eastern Atlantic shores.

All this raised my curiosity to such a height, that I accosted him with, "Pray, sir, will you allow me to examine the birds you have in that cage?" The gentleman stopped, straightened his body, almost closed his left eye, then spread his legs apart, and, with a look altogether quizzical, answered, "Birds, sir, did you say birds?" I nodded, and he continued, "What the devil do you know about birds, sir?"

Reader, this answer brought a blush into my face. I felt as if caught in a trap, for I was struck by the force of the gentleman's question; which, by the way, was not much in discordance with a not unusual mode of granting an answer in the United States. Sure enough, thought I, little or perhaps nothing do I know of the nature of those beautiful denizens of the air, but the next moment vanity gave me a pinch, and urged me to conceive that I knew at least as much about birds as the august personage in my presence. "Sir," replied I, "I am a student of nature, and admire her works, from the noblest figure of man to the crawling reptile which you have in your bosom." "Ah!" replied he, "a-a-a naturalist, I presume?" "Just so, my good sir," was my answer. The gentleman gave me the cage; and I observed from the corner of one of my eyes that he was cunningly inspecting my face. I examined the pretty finches as long as I wished, returned the cage, made a low bow, and was about to proceed on my walk, when this odd sort of being asked me a question quite accordant with my desire of knowing more of him: "Will you come with me, Sir? If you will, you shall see some more curious birds, some of which are from different parts of the world. I keep quite a collection." I assured him I should feel gratified, and accompanied him to his lodgings.

We entered a long room, where, to my surprise, the first objects that attracted my attention were a large easel, with a full-length unfinished portrait upon it, a table with pallets and pencils, and a number of pictures of various sizes placed along the walls. Several cages containing birds were hung near the windows, and two young gentlemen were busily engaged in copying some finished portraits. I was delighted with all I saw. Each picture spoke for itself: the drawing, the colouring, the handling, the composition, and the keeping—all proved, that, whoever was the artist, he certainly was possessed of superior talents.

I did not know if my companion was the painter of the picture, but, as we say in America, I strongly

guessed, and without waiting any longer, paid him the compliments which I thought he fairly deserved. "Ay," said he, "the world is pleased with my work; I wish I were so too; but time and industry are required, as well as talents, to make a good artist. If you will examine the birds, I'll go to my labour." So saying, the artist took up his pallet, and was searching for a rest-stick, but not finding the one with which he usually supported his hand, he drew the rod of a gun, and was about to sit, when he suddenly threw down his implements on the table, and, taking the gun, walked to me, and asked if "I had ever seen a percussion-lock." I had not, for that improvement was not yet in vogue. He not only explained the superiority of the lock in question, but undertook to prove that it was capable of acting effectually under water. The bell was rung, a flat basin of water was produced, the gun was charged with powder, and the lock fairly immersed. The report terrified the birds, causing them to beat against the gilded walls of their prisons. I remarked this to the artist. He replied, "The devil take the birds—more of them in the market; why, sir, I wish to show you that I am a marksman as well as a painter." The easel was cleared of the large picture, rolled to the farther end of the room, and placed against the wall. The gun was loaded in a trice, and the painter, counting ten steps from the easel, and taking aim at the supporting-pin on the left, fired. The bullet struck the head of the wooden pin fairly, and sent the splinters in all directions. "A bad shot, sir," said this extraordinary person; the ball ought to have driven the pin farther into the hole, but it struck on one side; I'll try at the hole itself." After reloading his piece, the artist took aim again, and fired. The bullet this time had accomplished its object, for it had passed through the aperture, and hit the wall behind. "Mr —, ring the bell and close the windows," said the painter, and turning to me, continued—"Sir, I will show you the *ne plus ultra* of shooting." I was quite amazed, and yet so delighted, that I bowed my assent. A servant having appeared, a lighted candle was ordered. When it arrived, the artist placed it in a proper position, and retiring some yards, put out the light with a bullet, in the manner which I have elsewhere in this volume described. When light was restored, I observed the uneasiness of the poor little alligator, as it strove to effect its escape from the artist's waistcoat. I mentioned this to him. "True, true," he replied, "I had quite forgot the reptile; he shall have a dram;" and unbuttoning his vest, unclasped a small chain, and placed the alligator in the basin of water on the table.

Perfectly satisfied with the acquaintance which I had formed with this renowned artist, I wished to withdraw, fearing I might inconvenience him by my presence. But my time was not yet come. He bade me sit down, and paying no more attention to the young pupils in the room than if they had been a couple of cabbages, said, "If you have leisure, and will stay a while, I will show you how I paint, and will relate to you an incident of my life, which will prove to you how sadly situated an artist is at times." In full expectation that more eccentricities were to be witnessed, or that the story would prove a valuable one even to a naturalist, who is seldom a painter, I seated myself at his side, and observed with interest how adroitly he transferred the colours from his glistening pallet to the canvas before him. I was about to compliment him on his facility of touch, when he spoke as follows:—

"This is, sir, or, I ought to say rather, this will be, the portrait of one of our best navy officers, a man as brave as Cæsar, and as good a sailor as ever walked the deck of a seventy-four. Do you paint, sir?" I replied "Not yet." "Not yet! what do you mean?" "I mean what I say: I intend to paint as soon as I can draw better than I do at present." "Good," said he; "you are quite right; to draw is the first object; but, sir, if you should ever paint, and paint portraits, you will often meet with difficulties. For instance, the brave commodore, of whom this is the portrait, although an excellent man at every thing else, is the worst sitter I ever saw; and the incident I promised to relate to you, as one curious enough, is connected with his bad mode of sitting. Sir, I forgot to ask if you would take any refreshment—a glass of wine, or —." I assured him I needed nothing more than his agreeable company, and he proceeded. "Well, sir, the first morning that the commodore came to sit, he was in full uniform, and with his sword at his side. After a few moments of conversation, and when all was ready on my part, I bade him ascend this *throne*, place himself in the attitude which I contemplated, and assume an air becoming an officer of the navy." He mounted, placed himself as I had desired, but merely looked at me as if I had been a block of stone. I waited a few minutes, when, observing no change on his placid countenance, I ran the chalk over the canvass, to form a rough outline. This done, I looked up to his face again, and opened a conversation which I thought would warm his warlike nature; but in vain. I waited and waited, talked and talked, until my patience—sir, you must know I am not overburdened with phlegm—being almost run out, I rose, threw my pallet and brushes on the floor, stamped, walking to and fro about the room, and vociferated such calumnies against our navy, that I startled the good commodore. He still looked at me with a placid countenance, and, as he has told me

since, thought I had lost my senses. But I observed him all the while, and, fully as determined to carry my point as he would be to carry off an enemy's ship, I gave my oaths additional emphasis, addressed him as a representative of the navy, and, steering somewhat clear of personal insult, played off my batteries against the craft. The commodore walked up to me, placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and told me, in a resolute manner, that if I intended to insult the navy, he would instantly cut off my ears. His features exhibited all the spirit and animation of his noble nature, and as I had now succeeded in rousing the lion, I judged it time to retreat. So, changing my tone, I begged his pardon, and told him he now looked precisely as I wished to represent him. He laughed, and, returning to his seat, assumed a bold countenance. And now, sir, see the picture."

At some future period I may present you with other instances of the odd ways in which this admired artist gave animation to his sitters. For the present, kind reader, we shall leave him finishing the commodore, while we return to our proper studies.—*American Ornithology.*

ALBANIA AND ALI PACHA

[From an excellent work recently published, entitled, "Sketches in Greece and Turkey."]

EARLY in the spring of 1832, I visited, with one companion, the bleak and mountainous country on the eastern shore of the Adriatic Gulf, now known by the name of Albania. The wild and half savage character of its inhabitants—the dark and ferocious reputation of its late celebrated pacha—and perhaps still more, the description of its scenes which adorns the pages of "Childe Harold," combine to make this peculiar country one of the most interesting and romantic in Europe. We approached it from the Ionian Isles, on an evening most congenial to its cold and desolate character. The pestilential sirocco was blowing with great violence; and we sat on deck some hours after night-fall, watching the dark tempest as it slowly gathered on the snowy peaks of Chimari, and enjoying the bright flashes, as in quick succession they shot downwards to the shore, and the sublimity of the thunder, as it rolled in the distant gloom of the mountains.

The traveller who visits Albania must be satisfied with and thankful for whatever accommodations it may please Providence to provide him withal, and must not grumble even if occasionally he should find none at all. The first evening on our landing, we were hospitably received by some Albanians who farmed a little isolated custom-house on the shore; they assigned us our share of a small room or loft above the stable, and showed us every attention in their power. Being the first of their nation we had seen, their wild but eminently handsome countenances—their long black hair flowing down their shoulders—their large, shaggy, white capote—their voluminous kilts, or *fustinelles*, of white linen, reaching to the knees—their broad girdle, containing dagger, pistols, ramrod, and inkstand (which last must have been surprised to find itself in such company)—and the ensemble of their costume and appearance, afforded us much matter for interesting observation. They seemed to take equal pleasure in examining our persons and accoutrements; and after we had mutually gratified our curiosity, we spread our mattresses in a corner, and lay down to sleep. Five of these savages slumbered around us, though the room was somewhat diminutive for so large a number; and a lamp was left faintly burning on the table. The wind entered our dormitory between every board of the floor, and almost every stone in the wall; the horses and mules kept up an incessant kicking and squealing below us; the moon intruded her rays through the broken tiles, which were substituted for a real roof; and when day appeared, the light broke in upon us (to use an expression of Mr Burke's) "not through well-contrived apertures and windows, but through gaps and chinks—through the yawning chasms of our ruin."

The following morning we pursued our journey to Janina, the capital, through a number of mountain passes, all of which were striking, and one of them singularly beautiful. The Albanese villages, of which we passed several, are for the most part picturesque, and even elegant, though not generally clean. The cottages, often extremely miserable, are not built in rows, but grouped at some distance from each other, with trees and greensward in the intervals; a plan which gives at a distance an interesting appearance even to the meanest hamlets. Those of the Albanese who do not live in villages, and who are more peculiarly shepherds and mountaineers, make themselves small hovels of straw in the form of tents, and generally about four or five feet high, which cost them nothing either to construct or to abandon when circumstances induce them to change their habitation.

The different tribes of the Albanians vary in the minor features of their character, but the general outlines are in all nearly the same. They are violent, ferocious, and turbulent; attached to predatory habits, and cursed with an insatiable passion for gold. They seem to have little or no religion, but are kind to strangers, and remarkable for the savage virtue of hospitality. The Turks and Greeks of these parts hold them in equal dread and abhorrence; and certainly their conduct since the days of Ali Pacha has been such as amply to justify both these sentiments. Personally, we found little reason to complain; but

the character of a people must not be taken from the experience of a passing guest.

The second evening of our stay in Albania we rested at a wretchedly filthy and desolate *khan* among the mountains, where half a dozen natives had already taken up their quarters. We arranged our rude couches as well as we could, and amused ourselves with contemplating the wild scene before us. Ten of these fellows, all in full national costume, were squatting cross-legged round an immense fire, the smoke from which (as, of course, there was no chimney) curled in large volumes round the roof, in search of a legitimate exit. As the flame rose and fell, the red light glared fitfully across their savage features; and one of them roared out, for nearly an hour together, in a disagreeable nasal tone, one of their wild mountain songs, applying from time to time to the wine jug, which passed in rapid succession from hand to hand. I never saw a more characteristic or extraordinary scene. It was little different from that described in *Childe Harold*, cant. ii. st. 71.

We approached Janina in the evening. The rays of the setting sun gave a somewhat warmer tint to the snows of the mighty Pindus, and glimmered faintly along the still surface of the lake. This once celebrated city stands partly on the mainland, and partly on a promontory which projects into the lake, and contains the fortress. The minarets of twelve mosques enliven the scene, and form an agreeable contrast with the dark foliage of the cypresses which grow beside them. The scene at a distance is interesting and attractive, but the illusion vanishes as you approach. Two thousand houses of the most miserable construction, and a heap of ruins, are all that now remain of the seat of a powerful and wealthy government, which for a time was a rival to the Porte itself. The fort still exists, though in a ruinous condition; but the magnificent palaces of Ali and his two sons are a mere undistinguished mass of rubbish, and nearly three-fourths of the town are utterly swept away. The chief injury was committed at the time of Ali Pacha's assassination, in consequence of his obstinate resistance; but since his death, a period of eleven years, the city has been five times plundered by the Albanese, under the feeble sway of two successive pachas. The last time was in the autumn of 1830. In consequence of these repeated visitations, the city has lost all individual attraction; and it is now only interesting as having been the scene where, for many years, an extraordinary man exercised a barbarous but salutary dominion, and at length met with a tragical termination to his dark career.

The early part of Ali Pacha's history and government; the security of property which was afforded, and the excellent order which was established in every part of his jurisdiction; his avarice, ambition, and cunning; and the barbarous system which he pursued in order to augment and consolidate his power, and keep in check his wild and rebellious subjects, are already known to the public through the narratives of Dr Holland, Mr Hobhouse, and M. Pouqueville. In the latter years of his life, avarice and cruelty became his predominant passions, and increased to so inordinate a degree as to overpower his natural shrewdness and discernment, and altogether alienate the affections of his Albanese followers, who, as long as he had paid them liberally, were ardently devoted to his service, but whose fidelity was not proof against a diminution in the scale of their rewards. In the year 1820, the Porte, after being foiled in several attempts to release itself from this too powerful servant, set a price upon his head, and sent Reschid Pacha with a large army to take it. Janina was besieged, and reduced to great extremities. However, Ali's immense wealth, the fruit of half a century of rapacity, still afforded him great resources; and if he could only have resolved to distribute it with liberality, he might even then have turned away his fate. As it was, the siege was prolonged for several months, till at length the Albanians, disgusted with the increasing avarice of their master, deserted in great numbers. Ali then retired to a small fort which he had built on an island in the lake, leaving a faithful slave, with a loaded pistol and several barrels of gunpowder, in the cellars of his palace, where his treasures were concealed, with orders to blow up the building if he did not receive every day, at a certain hour, a written message from him to the contrary.

While on the island, Reschid Pacha continued to persuade the old rebel that he was his friend, and wished him well, and might perhaps be able, in case of immediate submission, to procure his pardon from the Porte. They had several interviews; and in the last of these, as Ali had accompanied his visitor to the door of the apartment, and was politely bowing him away, Reschid Pacha drew a pistol, and wounded Ali in the arm. Ali instantly drew his sabre, and made a cut at his assassin; but the weapon caught in the top of the door, and Reschid escaped. The unfortunate Pacha then shut the door, and retired to the divan, writhing with pain from his wound. He saw his hour was come, and, turning to Captain D'Angos, an Englishman, who had been with him for some time, and was present at the scene, he requested him most earnestly to poison Vasilika, his favourite wife, that she might not fall into the hands of the enemy; and at the same time gave him his large diamond, said to be worth £30,000, and desired him to pound it to pieces in his presence. Captain D'Angos took the diamond, and, in the simplicity of his heart, began

to pound away with great zeal and vigour; and it was not, he declared, till the gem was utterly destroyed, that he was struck with the idea how far more sensible it would have been to have put it into his waistcoat pocket, when there was no one near to see or to prevent him, and when Ali was lying on the divan almost insensible with pain.* He had not been long in this situation, when a shot which came through the floor below struck him in a vital part, and his assassins entering the room, cut off his head, and sent it, as is customary, to Constantinople. Ali's two sons, Muchtar and Veli, were soon after invited to Berat by Reschid Pacha, and there treacherously murdered. Vasilika his wife still survives; we saw her at Janina, as she was walking out to visit a friend.

Ali was certainly one of the most remarkable characters which have appeared in the present century. From a mere mountain robber, without money, influence, or friends, he raised himself to be absolute ruler of a large district, and, at the same time, elevated his province to an important political station among the secondary powers of Europe. By his shrewd intellect, and his vigorous and severe method of government, he established security and order through extensive dominions, which, both before and since, have been one incessant scene of anarchy and misrule. But his character was stained by two of the darkest vices which disgrace humanity. His avarice and cruelty brought about his ruin. He had collected enormous treasures, but he was too miserly to spend them, even when it became necessary for his own safety. His cruelty alienated the hearts of his most faithful followers, but for a time fear supplied the place of attachment. The number of persons he put to death judiciously and publicly, is said to have been unexampled in the annals of any former vizier; and, as we were assured by those who had watched his whole career, even these were far exceeded by the victims whom he had secretly drowned in the lake, which, by all accounts, must be actually paved with carcasses. There is a small chasm or fissure in the island of which I have already spoken, which communicates with the lake. Of this Ali made frequent use. His victims were enticed to the spot, and then precipitated into the cave, where a boat was in waiting to convey them to the deepest part of the water. This cavern was the scene of a tragical story which is still current in Janina. Muchtar's wife complained to her father-in-law of her husband's infidelity, and pointed out eleven of the most beautiful women in the city as accomplices in his guilt. They were all seized the same night, and drowned near this cavern, according to the Turkish custom in such cases. These unfortunate victims belonged to some of the first families in Janina. These individual murders, and one or two massacres on a larger scale, have stamped the name of Ali with a character of ferocity, which, even in Turkey, is thought of with abhorrence.

IRON STEAM-BOATS.

VESSELS constructed of sheet-iron have been sometimes tried in this country, but it does not appear that any essential advantage was gained by the change, as the use of metal for wood has never extended beyond the first experiments, except for track-boats on canals, where the lightness of the structure seems to have recommended its adoption in some cases. In warm climates, however, the case is different; the superiority of iron over wood is there evinced in many essential circumstances, and it is so decided, that, in the course of time, it must cause a total revolution in ship-building for these countries. The great changes, from excessive drought to heavy rains, which take place in hot climates, have a powerful effect in destroying the joinings and frame-work of the best built ships, as well as in wasting their timber. Sometimes, during wet seasons, the rains pour down for days together, till the whole decks and frame of the vessel are soaked with moisture; the sun immediately after breaks out with a strong cloudless heat, and the planks, which had been swelled with wet, now shrink from the penetrating drought, till their joints separate from each other, and leave large gaps and seams. During the next heavy shower, perhaps, these give free entrance to rain, and the cabins below are frequently deluged, in such cases, like an open shed. This takes place particularly on the coast of Guinea, but it is felt to a painful extent by all coasting vessels in tropical climates. This, however, is not the only inconvenience; wood, it is well known, is a bad conductor of heat, so that whatever warmth is generated within a wooden vessel, is likely to remain there, and even to increase, within certain limits, so long as the cause continues to operate. The breath of the sailors, therefore, when they sleep below decks, and the heat communicated through the planks by the vertical sun, frequently make the hold of a ship in warm climates so insufferably hot, that it is almost suffocation to remain in it; and though there are contrivances (called windsails) which are used to send down a current of cool air, the heat and effluvia are still injurious to health. The same warmth, however, which is hurtful to mankind, makes the hold of these vessels a favourite shelter for all the noxious vermin of hot climates: scorpions, centipedes, rats, cockroaches, and all abominations, delight in their recesses. Henry Martin, a well-

* The unlucky captain was so overwhelmed with a sense of shame at his want of *savoir-faire*, that, as he subsequently avowed, the diamond haunted him in his dreams for months after.

known and benevolent chaplain of the East India Company, who made a short passage in one of the native vessels, could compare it to nothing, on this account, but a sepulchre, full of every thing unclean and poisonous. The unpacking of boxes which have been any time on board of such craft is sometimes a work of great danger, and a person has to stand by with a sharp instrument to prick the scorpions to death. The vermin are sometimes killed by introducing a tube from a steam-boiler, and filling the hold (which is well closed down in the meantime) with hot steam; this kills them, and boils them down to a pulp; but the vessel requires much cleaning afterwards. The chief cause of the preference shown by such vermin to the holds of ships, is the heat generated in the confined atmosphere, which the non-conducting properties of their wooden sides do not allow to escape. All this would be avoided by having vessels constructed of iron; that metal is so complete a conductor, that the heat generated within the hold would be transmitted instantly through the sides of the ship, and abstracted by the cool sea water; so that the interior air of the vessel, instead of being kept at a suffocating heat, would never become warmer than the surrounding water. This result is not matter of conjecture or speculation; the experiment has been tried in steam-vessels on the Ganges, and found to answer perfectly; and it is also now under trial in the case of the steam-boat which went out with Mr Lander to explore the river Niger, and its eastern tributary, the Quorra. Accounts have been received from this interesting expedition, which dwell particularly on the advantages derived from the coolness of their metal steam-vessel, and its capability of resisting the effects of a tropical climate. Indeed, had it not been for this invention, it seems likely that the heat generated by steam-engines would have been a powerful bar to the employment of that power in warm climates, at least in vessels coasting along the hot sultry shores and rivers, where the health of European seamen already suffers sufficiently from the temperature. It is singular to consider how science enables mankind to defy the extremes both of heat and cold, and to carry on their enterprises in safety, under the pole or the equator. When our ships were sent to make discoveries near the pole, they were lined with non-conductors, cork and double planking, in order to preserve within them all the heat that was generated either by the people or by the necessary fires; while, under the equator, on the other hand, where the heat is in excess, snips are made entirely of a conducting substance, in order to carry away the heat as fast as it is generated.

OXFORD FLYING COACH.

The following extract is from Antony Wood's *Life*, written by himself, and is curious in many respects. It may be remarked, that Oxford is about forty-seven miles west from London.—“Monday, 26th April 1669, was the first day that the flying coach went from Oxford to London in one day. A. W. went in the same coach, having then a boot on each side. Among the six men that went, Mr Richard Holloway, a counsellor of Oxford (afterwards a judge), was one. They then (according to the vice-chancellor's order, stuck up in all public places) entered into the coach at the tavern door, against All Souls College, precisely at six of the clock in the morning, and at seven at night they were all set down at their inn at London.” This journey was then accomplished in thirteen hours. and was esteemed, if not a great, a considerable effort. The same journey is now performed in less than half the time.

MARBLE CURIOUSLY STAINED.

In the Bodleian Library are shown some specimens of marble representing landscapes and various figures. They are by many considered as *lusus nature*; but, in fact, they are nothing more than pieces of stained marble. This art was exercised in the seventeenth century by a Mr Bird, a stone-cutter in Oxford. Several were shown to Charles the Second soon after the restoration. They were broken in his presence, and found to correspond through the whole substance. Mr Wood's words are, “William Bird, of Hallywell, in the suburbs of Oxford, stone-cutter, did, in the latter end of this year (1657), find out the painting or staining of marble, a specimen of which he presented to the king after his restoration, as also to the queen, and, in 1669, to Cosmo Prince of Tuscany, when in Oxford.”

SPICES.

In the rolls, or accounts of some ancient religious foundations, we frequently find a sum of money charged for spices used in their entertainments; for in those days *spiced wine* was a very fashionable beverage. It appears from a passage in Froissart, that the spice for this mixture was served often separately, in what they called a spice-plate. In the account of Maxtoke Priory, in the year 1447, we have the following curious entry in Latin, of which this is a translation:—“Paid for cretic wine (cretic wine is supposed to be raisin wine, or wine made of dried grapes), with comfits and spices, when Sir S. Montford's fool was here, and exhibited his merriments in the oriel chamber.” An oriel was a recess in a chamber or hall, formed by the projection of a spacious bow window from top to bottom.

TABARD.

Stowe, in his survey of London, speaking of the

inns in Southwark, says, “Amongst the which innes, the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn by noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but, then, to wit, in the wars their arms were embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others; but now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and are called their coats of arms in service. For the Inn of the Tabard, the poet Chaucer, in the reign of Edward the Third, writeth thus—

‘It befell, in that season, on a day,
In Southwarke, at the Tabert as I lay,
Ready to wend on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury, with full devout courage.’

Within this inn was also the lodging of the abbot of Hide (by the city of Winchester), a fair house for him and his train when he came to the city to Parliament.” The name of the Tabard Inn is now corrupted into Talbot.

CRANMER, RIDLEY, AND LATIMER.

Though these three eminent men were placed in separate lodgings, yet they were suffered sometimes to eat together in the prison of Bocardo. A book of their diet every dinner and supper is still preserved. The following is an extract from it:—

The first of October dinner

Bread and ale	iid.
Item, oysters	id.
Item, butter	iid.
Item, eggs	iid.
Item, ling	viiiid.
Item, a piece of fresh salmon	xd.
Wine	iid.
Cheese and pears	iid.

From this book of their expenses, these few observations may be made:—They ate constantly suppers as well as dinners. Their meals amounted to about three or four shillings, seldom exceeding four. Their bread and ale commonly came to twopence or threepence. They had constantly cheese and pears for their last dish, both at dinner and supper, and always wine, the price whereof was ever threepence, and no more. The prices of their provisions (it being now an extraordinary time) were as follow:—A goose, 14d.; a pig, 12d. or 13d.; a cony, 6d.; a woodcock, 3d., and sometimes 5d.; a couple of chickens, 6d.; three plovers, 10d.; half-a-dozen larks, 3d.; a dozen of larks and two plovers, 10d.; a breast of veal, 11d.; a shoulder of mutton, 10d.; roast beef, 12d. From this brief specimen the price of provisions in England about the middle of the sixteenth century may be learned.

RICHARD HAYDOCK, WHO PRETENDED TO PREACH IN HIS SLEEP.

The following extraordinary instance of cunning, combined with hypocrisy, is taken from Stow's *Chronicle*, continued by How, for the year 1605:—

Richard Haydock, a professed physician, pretended to preach in his sleep; and having an imperfection in his usual or daily speech, yet by his nightly practice in his private chamber, he attained a very good delivery of his mind, and carried himself so cunningly, that he would often seem in his private chamber to preach in his sleep: and being divers times heard by such as were near him, who, though they called or spake unto him never so oft or earnestly, yea, though they stirred or pulled him by the hands and feet, &c., yet would he make no manner of answer at all, but persist smoothly on, keeping his countenance; whereupon his fame was spread throughout the land, by the name of the sleeping preacher. At last King James commanded him to be brought to the court, where his majesty sat up the most part of the night, attending the event; and at length the seeming sleeper began to pray, then pronounced a text, made his division of his text, and applying to his purpose, for in his preaching he used to inveigh against the pope, against the cross in baptism, and against the last canons of the church of England; and having ended his sermon, seemed to continue sleeping. His majesty having thoroughly observed what he had there heard and seen, departed to his lodging; and within a few days after called the said Haydock before him. After some conference, the king in his princely wisdom discovered all his drifts and practice. The offender being no way able to justify himself, acknowledged his abuse unto God, to his majesty, and the world, and humbly besought mercy of his majesty. The king most graciously pardoned him conditionally, that in all places he acknowledge and confess his offence, because the people greatly supposed, and many verily believed, his nocturnal preaching was either by inspiration or by vision.

His confession is thus expressed:—“I do, in the naked simplicity of a thankful and most penitent heart, ingenuously confess and acknowledge that this use of my nocturnal discourse, seeming to be in a sound and deep sleep, when indeed I was waking, and had perfect sense of that I conceived and spoke, than when by day I attempted the same, was, from the beginning, a voluntary thing done with knowledge, upon a discovery in myself of a greater ability and freedom of invention, memory, and speech, in that mild, quiet, and silent repose of the night, than in the day time I found.”

THE GUILLOTINE.

This instrument of judicial punishment in France derives its name from a Dr Guillotin, one of the most distinguished physicians in Paris, and a person who embraced with ardour the cause of the revolution, and was elected one of the Deputies to the National Assembly. It is supposed by many that Guillotin was one of the first sufferers by the instrument which bears his name; but it seems this was not the case. The following notice of him has been translated from the *Biographie Universelle*, by a writer in a London newspaper:—

“Guillotin conducted himself with moderation in the National Assembly: he directed his attention there to different objects of public utility, among others, to the plan for the organization of the Faculty of Medicine; and he took a part in the most remarkable resolutions of that body when it became the Constituent Assembly. After it had decided that crimes were *personal*, Guillotin proposed to substitute decapitation for other punishments, on the ground that, in the opinion of Frenchmen, that species of death did not attach infamy to the family of the criminal. The proposition was adopted: its author then pointed out a machine, which had been long known, as proper for the infliction of death, without giving any pain to the sufferer. Men of the best character at that time applauded the humane motives of the philanthropic deputy in selecting this instrument of punishment. Unfortunately for Guillotin, some wags gave his name to the machine, of which he was not the inventor, and which he had only brought into notice. Still more unfortunately, this machine became, in the hands of the ruffians who were masters of France during two years—the duration of which was equivalent to more than two centuries—the instrument of the most horrible vengeance, of the most odious crimes; and Guillotin, who was himself imprisoned, and ready to figure as a victim in the daily scenes of carnage with which our infamous tyrants glutted themselves, had a thousand times to grieve at seeing his name attached to the devastating axe with which the cannibals had armed their executioners. One feels astonished that Guillotin had not solicited permission from the government to relinquish a name which from that time must have been unsupportable to him. After the termination of his political career, Guillotin resumed the functions of a physician, which it would have been perhaps better for his own repose if he had never quitted. He enjoyed, up to his last moments, the esteem of all who knew him. Dr Guillotin died on the 26th of May 1814, aged seventy-six.”

POLLY PARTAN,

A BALLAD.

O, pretty Polly Partan! she was a damsel gay,
And, with a creel upon her back, she every night would stray
To the market-cross of Edinburgh, where singing she would stand,
While the gayest lords in Edinburgh ate oysters from her hand.

O, such a beauty Polly was, she sang the fish-wives a—
Her cheek was like the partan's back, her nose was like its claw
Oh how divinely did she look, when to her face there came
The blushes that accompany the taking of a draml!

Her love he was a sailor, a sailor on the sea,
And of a Greenland whaler the second mate was he;
But the Northern Sea now covers him beneath its icy wave,
And the ice-berg is the monument that lies upon his grave.

As pretty Polly Partan one night was going home,
And thinking of Tam Hallibuck and happy days to come,
Endeavouring to recollect if she was four or not,
And counting that night's profits in her kilted petticoat.

She had not gone a mile, a mile down the Newhaven road,
When the spirit of Tam Hallibuck before poor Polly stood;
The hiccup rose unheeded through her amazed throat,
And the shilling dropt uncouthed into her petticoat.

O, cold turned Polly Partan, but colder was the ghost,
Who shiver'd in his shirt as folks are apt to do in frost;
And while from out his cheek he spat the phantom of a quid
From the ghost of his tobacco-box he lifted off the lid

“Oh! Polly,” cried the spirit, “you may weep nae mair for me,
For my body it lies cold and deep beneath the frozen sea;
Oh! will ye be my bride, and go where sleeps your ain true lover,
The tangle-weed shall be your bed, the mighty waves its cover!”

“Oh, yes, I'll go!” cried Polly, “for I can lo'e nane but you!”
And she turn'd into a spirit, and away with Tam she flew;
And in her track, far to the north, a ghastly light there shone,
Her coats were like the comet's tail, her fish-creel like the moon.

And some folk about Buckhaven, that were lecturing that night
On th' aurora borealis and its beauties all so bright,
Saw the spiritual lovers, with the lightning's quickest motion,
Shoot down among the streamers like two stars into the ocean.

The first thirty-six numbers of the Journal, originally published in a folio shape, are now reprinted in the present small size, by which means sets of this work from the commencement may now be had, in every respect fitted for binding. A title-page and index are likewise prepared for the first volume, and may be purchased at the price of a number. Those who have not preserved their numbers as published, may have the first volume, done up in boards, from the publishers or their agents.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM OAR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER," AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 77.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CALLS.

THE subject of calls, though of late much discussed in various quarters, is not yet by any means exhausted. It is a subject of great importance to the community, especially the female part of it, and deserves to be treated with all the reflection and carefulness that can be had. "My dear," said Mrs Balderstone to me one fine day, "I am shamefully behind in my calls. That 'ladies' work,' and one thing and another, have kept me pretty close to the house for the better part of half a year, and during all that time my arrears have been accumulating in such a way that I now hardly know how to face my friends. I declare it would take a full week to pay off all the calls that I am owing. And then, as for yourself, you know you never have once paid a morning visit since you were married. That endless *business* of yours occupies you so much, that you neglect every thing else, and your own health into the bargain. I really must have you pulled out of the house to-day, to take a walk with me. Suppose you just for once accompany me on a round of calls, and see two or three of those friends of mine who have so long expressed an anxiety to see you, but whom you have never been able to see, either in their houses or your own. Yes, yes, you *will* come. It will be so delightful to have you out for a day. See how fine the day is! You cannot resist: it *will* do you so much good," &c. There was no resisting blandishments like these, particularly as I really had nothing better at the time to do. I therefore dressed myself somewhat punctiliously, and sallied out with Mrs Balderstone, who seemed to enjoy excessively the conquest she supposed herself to have gained over my propensity to stay at home. Under my left arm went the good lady herself. In my right hand hung her reticule, and, at all the shady places, her parasol was also committed to my charge. "Where 'shall we go first?" inquired I. "Oh, just leave it all to me," responded my spouse, in her usual absolute manner—a style of speech, be it remarked, which, though I generally tolerate it in matters indifferent, would not be submitted to in others of a graver nature. Only, I am always of opinion that it is best to keep up one's powers of resistance till there is a real occasion for them. Well, away we went; the sun shone gaily out; the streets were well watered; the great fashionable street was in a stir; and it was "so" delightful. The chief scene of our intended inroads was in the distant part of the town; so we walked, and walked, and better walked, as the nursery stories say, till we were at length so much fatigued that we could hardly hold out any longer without both rest and refectio. "It is so fortunate," remarked my wife, in reference to our exhausted condition, "the first call we have to make is upon honest old Mrs Davidson, who is never from home, and who always presses people to wine and cake. She is considered, you know, as a very plain kind of person; but she certainly is kind." No more respectable character could have at that moment been presented to me; and burning with prospective reverence for the good old woman, we approached her door. I had some notion of even taking the liberty of asking this worthy Christian for a glass of beer—that is, supposing that she should not herself offer it. What—what was our grief when we were informed that Mrs Davidson was from home! She had gone to spend a fortnight in the country, and was not to be back till Friday week. Friday week! echoed my spirit within me—or some other organ—the very idea of such a stretch of time before being able to partake of the anticipated hospitality, made me nearly faint upon her threshold. Women, however, are proverbially fertile in resources. "Though Mrs Davidson has

failed us," said my spouse, "there is Mrs Galloway, my old school-companion—Jessy Carmichael, you know—she that was married last year—lives only two streets off; and though it is out of our line of march, I think we had better go there before calling any where else, for I think she is sure at least to offer us a glass of wine. She returned my first call about the New Year, and I have not seen her since. She will be thinking, I dare say, that we have cut acquaintance." Of course I had no objection to try Mrs Galloway, being quite indifferent as to the port we should make for, provided only that *port* should be found after all. Pleasing intelligence! Mrs Galloway was at home. We were shown into a drawing-room, bearing that appearance of exquisite arrangement and perfect lustre of polish which strikes the beholder, so invariably, with an idea the opposite of eating or drinking. Oh, thought I, there is nothing for us here. And I was right. Mrs Galloway, who soon appeared, received us in a manner not at all peculiar for any thing, and, after the usual chit-chat, permitted us to take our leave unregaled. We now called on some other friends, but all were from home. "Is there no one you are sure of?" inquired I. "Oh, yes," said Mrs Balderstone; "just come along to the next square, and see the Stewarts; they have a hot lunch every day, you know, exactly at two, and we are just upon the hour. This cannot fail us." I acknowledged that, if she were quite certain as to the habit of the lunch and the hour when it took place, we had a good chance in this case; and accordingly we were soon at the door of the Stewarts. Oh transport!—not only were the good folk at home, but, at the very moment the door was opened, we became as assured as the olfactory sense could make us, of the fact we had just been debating. The lunch of the Stewarts, like the French charter under Louis Philip, was a reality, and to all appearance a pretty substantial one. Well, we were shown up stairs—not into the family parlour, however, but into a small speak-a-word room, where, after we had remained for about three minutes, we were joined by Mrs Stewart, all in a flutter of apparent pleasure at the unusual honour of a visit from *Mr*, in addition to Mrs Balderstone. Now, thought I, now is the time. The lunch cannot keep long. You must ask us down. What, what! no invitation—still all talk, talk, and no eat, eat? Immortal powers, it was so! There did Mrs Stewart sit for ten minutes, without ever seeming to suppose that either we or herself had either taste or smell. Strange mischances sometimes occur in domestic matters. There may be visitors in one part of a house, whom you cannot bring into contact with others who have arrived later. And such might be the embarrassing case of this lady; yet it was strange, passing strange, and went to a degree above all common precedent, that we should have been coolly conducted through the notorious fumes of this hot lunch, and permitted to depart with appetites almost savage, to seek somewhere else for the solacement which we had there so confidently expected. I now saw that calls were a business which did not support itself, and I proposed to my amiable partner, that, before proceeding farther, we should refresh ourselves by the only mode which presented a perfect certainty of effect—that is to say, by adjourning to a restorateur's. She was piqued, however, to make out her case without resorting to that expedient, and entreated me to accompany her on just one other call, where she felt quite certain of success, as she was on such an intimate footing with the lady, that she could take the liberty of asking for something. I consented, and, after traversing another street or two, we arrived at the house in question.

While I was knocking, Mrs Balderstone said, in an insinuating tone of voice, that, should this lady be from home, there were two others living within a few doors, upon whom she had intended to call, and who were equally certain to provide us with some refreshment. It was evident that my worthy spouse entertained little hope of my consenting to go any farther: she merely threw out the hint, intending to pull me on yet a little way, if I *would* go, but not otherwise. "Is Mrs Simpson at home?" inquired the dame. "No, Madam," answered the servant, "she is out." "Well, just one trial more. It is only across the street." I consented. Rat, tat, tat. "Is Mrs Paterson at home?" "No, madam, she is out." "Ay, ay," said I, after we had given our cards and retired, "and the children are out too, I could warrant, and the cat, and the dog, and the fire also. My dear" I added seriously, "it won't do any longer. This going about, leaving cards at doors, may answer very well for ladies; but men have something else to attend to. How it may be with you I know not; but I must fly to Doull's, or else I shall sink on the street." "Well well, go away," said Mrs Balderstone pettishly; "you men have no sense of what is required in society. For my part, I have at least ten other calls to make, and make them I will, though I should have to take a coach home. So adieu." We then parted, I to so-lace nature, and my wife to fulfil, as she called it, the ends of society. When we met again at dinner, I used some art to discover her adventures subsequent to our parting. It appeared that of the ten persons she had called upon, she had seen one, who, at her request, gave her a glass of wine. The other nine were all out, probably invited by that very excellence of the weather which had tempted forth Mrs Balderstone, and engaged, no doubt, in the same truly rational employment of leaving cards at the doors of all their missing acquaintance. Some of them had in fact been calling upon Mrs Balderstone in her absence, and I felt myself justified in forming a theory, that, on a fine day, all the world is abroad in the vain hope of finding each other at home. What was the most amusing thing of all, I discovered that there were a great many punctilious rules in the female world, in reference to this visionary kind of intercourse. The friends of a newly married lady call upon her first. She returns the visit as a matter of duty, after which, if the friend does not come again or invite the young couple to her house for a particular night, there is no more of it—the friendship is dropt. If it be proposed by the male friends of two ladies that they should become acquainted, the unmarried calls upon the married, or the junior upon the senior; that call is returned; after which, whether they actually saw each other or not, a friendship is supposed to be established: they have become friends by cartel. When a lady comes to reside for a time or permanently at a place where she knows several individuals of her own sex, those individuals are expected to pay her the first visit. And so forth. In fact, the political arrangements of the kingdom of Lilliput were not more amusing than the regulations of womankind on the subject of calls. A modern British lady walks literally by card, and the whole system resolves itself into a matter of paste-board. Seeing how often the card represents the lady herself, she generally takes care to have it of the very finest foreign fashion, and the engraving in Kirkwood's best manner, so that her other self may bear an appearance as respectable, comparatively, as her own. Cards and women have thus become convertible ideas; and if the cards be only preserved, it probably will not matter much, ere long, although the whole female creation should become extinct.

Columns for Schoolboys.

OVID—VIRGIL.

THE Roman poets now claim our attention, and of them the two here mentioned are those with whom schoolboys are generally most conversant; and concerning them, therefore, we shall now bring forward some observations, beginning with Ovid.

Publius Ovidius Naso, or, as he is called by us, Ovid, was born at Sulmo, a town in Italy, about ninety miles north-east from Rome, in the year 43 before Christ. He and Tibullus, the celebrated elegiac poet, are said to have been born on the same day. Ovid's parents were of equestrian rank, and in possession of a good estate; and, being thus able, it appears they bestowed upon him an excellent education. His uncommon progress in his studies was a natural consequence of great application, united with great genius. That levity, or rather dissoluteness of disposition, which disgraced his riper years, did not interfere with his youthful attainments in literary pursuits. He seems to have displayed his poetical vein at a very early period; and, like our Pope and Cowley, he may be said to have lisped in numbers. Warmth of affection and benevolence of heart, added to elegance of manners and brilliancy of wit, rendered him a most agreeable companion. His conversation was suited to all descriptions of men, cheerful, grave, lax, or rigid, according to the taste of those around him, or the train of thought prevalent in his own mind. The father of our poet appears to have been a man of strict morals, and his reproofs probably contributed to restrain the dissoluteness of his son. Intending him for the law, he directed his studies with that view; and to parental inclination, Ovid for a time submitted. His talents were no doubt well adapted for attaining to great eminence in that profession. Quickness of apprehension, felicity of language, and fluency of expression, which he certainly possessed in no ordinary degree, would have soon placed him high among Roman orators. But a few successful pleadings at the bar finished his career as an advocate; as the bent of his mind induced him to forsake every pursuit for the cultivation of poetry. From this period, in particular, the irregularity of his life is greatly to be lamented. The impurity of his mind appears in the indelicacy of his verses. It is impossible to read many of his poems, but with the deep regret inseparable from contemplating the prostitution of splendid talents to so vile and criminal a purpose. Who, without horror, can reflect on the character of that man, who has been wicked in proportion to the means which he had of excelling in virtue, and used the powers, which heaven had so abundantly conferred upon him, only to give allurements to vice, and lustre to crimes? He continued for a considerable time in great favour with the Emperor Augustus; but that monarch at last banished him to Tomos, a town situated in a very inhospitable region, in the country of Pontus, on the borders of the Black Sea. Ovid's fortitude entirely deserted him in adversity, and he meanly flattered Augustus to recal his edict; but neither the importunities of the poet, nor the urgent solicitations of his numerous and powerful friends, produced any alteration in the emperor's resolution. Nor did the accession of his successor, Tiberius, bring the smallest advantage to the unfortunate exile; as neither his effusions of sorrow, nor the claims of friendship, could procure his return, or even a change of residence. In justice to the natives of Tomos, it must not be forgotten that they treated the poet with every mark of respect, and exerted themselves to alleviate the miseries of his situation. After languishing among them for eight years and some months, grief and disappointment at length broke his heart, and he died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of the Christian era. The licentiousness of Ovid's verses was the ostensible reason why Augustus banished him, and treated him with such severity; but it is quite certain that this could not be the real cause of his punishment; and, accordingly, few events recorded by antiquity have often been subject of discussion than the true cause of Ovid's banishment. Some have alleged that it was his having made love to Augustus's daughter Julia; but this is quite uncertain, and, since he himself has not chosen to mention it, the truth of the matter will most probably never be discovered.

The works of Ovid are, *The Metamorphoses*, 15 books; *The Fasti*, 12 books; *The Tristia*, 5 books; *The Heriodes*; *Love*, 3 books; *The Art of Love*, 3 books; *The Remedies of Love*, 1 book; *Epistles from Pontus*, 4 books; *The Ibis*; *The Halieuticon*, or *Fishery*; *A Poem about Beautifying the Face*; and *Medea*, a tragedy. Of the last only a few fragments remain. The former two are also imperfect, and six books of the *Fasti* are lost. All the rest have been transmitted, without mutilation, to modern times.

The *Metamorphoses* is undoubtedly the greatest of Ovid's works. That he intended to rest his reputation as a poet on this performance, is manifest from the lines with which it concludes. But he was compelled to leave his native country, and go into exile amongst barbarians, before he had given the work his

last polish; and it is said, that before going away he destroyed his own copy; and had a friend not been in possession of another, that admirable production had been for ever lost. It ought, therefore, to be judged of with the leniency of a posthumous publication. He has performed, in this work, the difficult task of giving a connected account of the marvellous occurrences and adventures from the creation of the world to his own time; and this almost impossible task he has performed, without the appearance of art, in numbers extremely melodious, and in language highly poetical. The fertile genius of Ovid was requisite to form into a regular design histories so varied and insulated; yet this he has accomplished, in every instance, by one means or another, with almost mathematical precision. The felicity of invention, variety of imagery, exuberance of fancy, and adaptation of language, which the *Metamorphoses* display, cannot fail to command universal admiration. The diction and ideas are never at variance. He is equally master of the familiar, the sportive, the tender, the grand, the awful, and the sublime. His descriptions are not only lively, but enchanting; and he places the scene so distinctly before the reader, that he becomes, as it were, a witness of every action. The moral remarks are not very numerous, but they are both excellent and appropriate. He was a master of the passions; and it is to be regretted that his tragedy has not been handed down to posterity. We find him sometimes, however, weakening a noble idea by prolixity; and instances of false taste too often occur. Faults are also to be found not unfrequently in the structure of his verses; but this is to be attributed to the rapidity with which he composed; and the best Latin poets are perhaps chargeable with the like inaccuracy or negligence. These errors scarcely deserve notice in a work of so great and varied excellence. The first and second are perhaps the most finished books of the whole. His description of the creation is highly animated and poetical. Nor is this its sole merit. No philosopher of antiquity has given such a natural and rational account of chaos, the separation of the primitive elements, and the formation of things. It proves him to have been the best philosopher of the Roman poets; and it is evident that he must have read the works of Moses, most probably in the Greek translation of the Septuagint, as there is a striking coincidence between his account of the creation and that of the inspired writer. "After reading the first 415 lines of book first, it might form a very useful exercise to the young scholar to compare them with the first nine chapters of Genesis, and to point out the coincidence of sentiment and description between the inspired historian and the Roman poet." Indeed, in his first five books are evidently contained, as well the account of creation, as other matters mentioned in the Book of Genesis, down to the building of Babel; and in the seventh there is an account of the flood, the whole being disguised with poetical licences and fictitious names to conceal what source he had it from. The sages of those times admitted that there were great mysteries contained under the emblems of Phœton, Niobe, Deucalion, and Pyrrha, which are introduced by Ovid into his *Metamorphoses*. Phœton, they said, represented the burning of Sodom; Niobe the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; the deluge of Deucalion was that of Noah; and Phœronus was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea. These were all historical truths derived from the Jews, and taught the inhabitants of Egypt and Greece, most of whom considered them as real events in Grecian history.

Publius Virgilius Maro, by us called Virgil, was born at Andes, a village near Mantua, about the 15th of October, in the year 69 before Christ. Nothing certain is known as to his parentage; but his father is said to have been a potter of the name of Maro, and his mother's name Maia. He seems to have spent the first seven years of his life at Mantua, whence he removed, first to Cremona, and afterwards to Milan; in which places he prosecuted his studies with great assiduity. After Augustus had defeated the republicans, he found it necessary to make allotments of land to his troops in lieu of their pay; and these were assigned to them principally in the neighbourhood of Mantua and Cremona. From his own writings, and the concurrent testimony of antiquity, there is no doubt that Virgil was deprived of his paternal lands by this unjust settlement. Soon after this expulsion he went to Rome, where he was introduced to Augustus, but by whom is uncertain. He seems to have succeeded completely in gaining the emperor's favour, however, as it is certain that Augustus dismissed him with great marks of esteem, and recommended the charge of Virgil's affairs to Pollio, who is much celebrated by him in his *Eclogues*, and was at that time lieutenant of the Cis-Alpine Gaul where our poet's patrimony lay. It is most probable that the emperor restored him his lands on account of the excellence of his poetry; and it has been alleged that he has shown his gratitude in his first *Eclogue*, where part of his own history is recorded under the character of Tityrus. Being thus relieved of his domestic cares, Virgil went on a journey to Naples, in the neighbourhood of which were many delightful villas of the Roman nobility, and particularly the town of Baia, which is much celebrated as a favourite summer residence of the emperors and grandees of Rome. His abode here contributed much

to the re-establishment of his health, which was always delicate; and he here devoted himself entirely to the study of poetry, in preference to that of law, which, it appears, he had begun. In the cultivation of his poetical talent, he succeeded so well, that he formed an excellent style, and rendered himself master of that happy turn of verse, in which he is thought to surpass all the Latin poets, and, in a less advantageous language, to equal even Homer himself. It was during his residence at Naples that he is supposed to have composed his great work the *Æneid*. He visited Sicily, also, and frequently went to Rome, and other parts of Italy, along with the emperor, with whom he continued, through means of Mæcenas, the great patron of learned men of those days, in terms of the most intimate friendship and favour; but he always returned to his privacy at Naples. At length he took a resolution of travelling into Greece, with the intention of putting the last hand to his great poem the *Æneid* at Athens, and then proposing to devote the rest of his life to philosophy, which had always been his principal passion. At Megara he fell into a languishing distemper, and meeting with Augustus, who was returning from his eastern conquests, he accompanied him to Italy, and died at Brundisium, in the 51st year of his age, and in the year 19 before the Christian era. He was buried at Naples, according to his own desire.

Virgil's works consist of his *Bucolics*, or *Pastoral Eclogues*, of which there are ten; his *Georgics*, or *Poetical Treatise on Rural Affairs*, in four books; and his *Æneid*, or epic poem about *Æneas*, in twelve books. The refined excellence of the *Pastorals* of Virgil proves that they were not his first attempts at poetic composition. Both the language and the ideas rise greatly above the ordinary strain of pastoral poetry, and may be considered as a foretaste of the more laboured and finished strains of the *Georgics*, which is the most perfect poem of the didactic kind which the world has ever seen. He is said to have spent three years in writing the *Pastorals*, and seven years in the composition and revision of the *Georgics*; which is very likely to have been the case, since elegance so consummate as is displayed in these poems can only be attained by frequent and patient revisions, directed by great taste and great genius. He most probably composed the *Pastorals* at the desire of his friend Pollio, who is celebrated in the third, and referred to also in the fourth, which is commonly inscribed Pollio. It is said that Mæcenas suggested the subject of the *Georgics*, in which there may be some truth; but the bent of Virgil's mind must have been naturally turned to rural affairs, of which he discovers most extensive and accurate knowledge, and, indeed, his mind seems quite absorbed in the points of which he there treats, and the splendour of many passages has scarcely any thing resembling it in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry.

Virgil is thought to have begun his *Æneid* when he had finished the *Georgics*, and when he was past forty years of age; but that work had been, in truth, the subject of much earlier meditation. In the *Epic*, as well as in the *Pastoral*, he had no predecessor in the Latin language. The writings of Homer presented him with a very perfect model of heroic poetry, and of this he has taken advantage in various parts of his work; but the design of the *Æneid* is still very different from that of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. In the former, Homer sings the wrath of Achilles, and in the latter the voyages of Ulysses. The conception of the Mantuan bard, in dignity and national interest, surpasses both. His work bore anciently the title of the "Imperial Poem," or "Roman History;" and it certainly deserves the title, for all the most important affairs and persons of Rome are comprised in this poem. He deduces the history of Italy from before Saturn to the reign of king Latinus, and reckons up the successors of *Æneas*, who reigned at Alba for the space of three hundred years, down to the birth of Romulus; after which he speaks of the principal exploits of all the kings, till their expulsion, and the settling of the Commonwealth; and then the most remarkable occurrences of his own time, and particularly the exploits of Augustus, are recorded. Of the national vanity of the Romans, Virgil makes the happiest use, and interweaves with the destiny of his hero *Æneas*, who is conducted by the Fates from Troy to lay the foundation of the mighty Roman empire, a great many local, traditional, and family particulars, which commanded the attention and secured the favour of his fellow-countrymen. Happy in the subject of his poem, he was equally happy in its execution. In the numbers of Virgil the Latin language seems to assume a new form, and for the grandeur and sublimity of the *Æneid*, every other Latin writer may be searched in vain.

The characters of the *Æneid*, or the persons who form, as it were, the machinery of the poem, are *Æneas*, Turnus, Dido, Anna, Ascanius (the son of *Æneas*), Latinus, Lavinia, Amata, Juturna, Camilla, Evander, Pallas, Mezentius, Ufens, Messapus, and some others of less consequence. Of the celestials, Venus and Juno, the former in the interest of her son *Æneas*, and the latter against him, exert all their power, appealing in turn to Jupiter, and engaging others of the gods in their respective interests. The poem concludes with the death of Turnus, a Rutulian prince, whom *Æneas* kills in single combat, after a fierce war with the people of Latium, which forms the subject of the last six books, the first six being occupied with

the adventures of *Aeneas* during his voyage from Troy to the coast of Italy.

Translations of the works of Virgil are quite common, and, therefore, it is entirely unnecessary to give any thing of the kind here. Dryden's translation is the most popular in English.

Virgil, in his last illness, ordered the *Aeneid* to be burned, because he had not put his last hand to it; and the world must acknowledge obligations to the Emperor Augustus for not complying with this request. By his command it was revised by Varius and Tucca, two of Virgil's friends; but they had instructions not to add a single line, nor to cancel any one that they found defective, which accounts for the number of broken lines that occur in the *Aeneid*.

SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS.

FEAR is capable of producing the most distressing and irrational effects on the powers of man. Fear is a predisposer of the body to contagious disease, induces cowardice where nothing should be dreaded, and, under circumstances of great excitement, closes up the understanding. It is no less extraordinary than true, that fear arising from evident danger is less subduing than when produced by the powers of imagination. There are numerous occupations, surrounded by terrors, which lose their effect on the mind by frequency of recurrence. The pursuits of the soldier, the miner, the seaman, and others, will prove, that on hearts accustomed to look danger in the face, fear exercises no overwhelming powers, because, the senses being first to discover the danger, its effect is proportionate to the experience or intimacy with the cause. Ignorance is a cause of astonishment, and darkness heightens the effect of fear, only because the senses cannot act in conjunction with the understanding. If light be cast on the scene, the alarming objects, if there be any, are perceived, and resistance is calculated accordingly. That there are gradations of personal courage, is as certain as that there are various degrees of strength, or of experience; but timid persons, however they may have become so, have objects of terror ever prepared to destroy their powers of discernment. If an individual be selected, possessed of health, moral courage, and experience, in all cases of alarm his physical powers assist his mental energies, and he is not easily subdued: certainly there will be no evident prostration of his understanding. The cause of yielding to imaginary terrors, perhaps, may be traced through a morbid state of the nervous system, and an ignorance of the laws of nature, up to tales of supernatural appearances recited in the nursery, the effect of which is a mental slavery, and from which there is no relief, but in examinations of cause and effect in nature, as leading to a knowledge of nature's God, where it will be found there is so much to fill the mind with satisfaction and thankfulness, that there is no room for imaginary terrors, nothing to dread save doing wrong. Conscious in its integrity, the mind is unconquerable.

The following anecdote, founded on fact, may be related in illustration:—A young gentleman, whose name was Lowry, had been brought up without the intervention of a nursery-maid, because his parents had experienced the sad consequences of frightening children. They resolved that the dawn of their son's reason should not be overcast by the night of superstition, and that he should not become the slave of imaginary terrors. He was watched by his mother, and instructed by his father, with the greatest attention, until the age of fourteen. He then passed into the world, and, as he grew up, occasionally heard, from the tongues of the ignorant, the avowal of fears to which he was a stranger. He smiled at their tales, and laughed at the most horrifying incidents; they passed lightly across his mind; the time was past for mental degradation to be fixed. A ghost was no more terrific than a fairy, a griffin, a sphynx, or a punch. They were all productions of various imaginations.

Mr Lowry, when about twenty years of age, chanced to be at Hampton Court at a time when the place was crowded to excess. It chanced, also, that the chambermaid at the Toy Inn had a relative who was left in care of a suit of apartments in the palace. The girl, to oblige Mr Lowry, and to put a trifle into her relation's pocket, arranged the affair. The suit of apartments was in the front, on the left of the ancient part built by Cardinal Wolsey. The entrance was by a stair, in the cloister surrounding the first quadrangle.

To this lodging, about midnight, Mr Lowry was conducted by the Boots of the inn, and delivered into the care of old Mary, the chambermaid's aunt, who,

in order to render all comfortable as possible, had lighted a fire in the principal chamber, and placed a wax-light on the table. Mr Lowry was shown in, with assurances that all was perfectly aired, and bade good night. He proceeded to inspect his room, which was spacious, having tapestry in the different compartments of the walls, a lofty bed, with old-fashioned damask furniture, and the floor covered with modern carpeting. He sat down by the fire, and made a few notes in his pocket-book, during which he heard a noise, which he thought was occasioned by a movement of the bed-curtains: he looked around—all was quiet: he took the candle, examined round and under the bed—all quiet. He returned to his seat. The palace clock in the adjoining court struck twelve. He wound up his watch, and proceeded leisurely to undress; but as the moon was shining, he looked out at one of the ancient casements, and observed the shadows of the tall trees that grew in the front court, between the trunks of which he could see the recently painted wooden bridge that crosses the Thames to Moulsey: he felt the night air, and withdrew; put down the huge night-bolt at the door, and climbed into bed. He had not been accustomed to down, and therefore disliked being buried in luxuriance; but he was there, and anxious to sleep. A number of trivial circumstances presented themselves to his mind's eye, and prevented repose: in vain he endeavoured to free himself from the interruption—they passed and returned. He thought there might be too much bed-clothes, and threw off a weighty counterpane; but, while composing himself, he heard a gentle tapping: he listened attentively, and concluded it came from the spider-like insect called a death-watch. While he yet listened, it became louder, or approached the bed. He sat up to ascertain this. Being vexed by the annoyance, he lay down on the ear with which he heard most distinctly. Still the tapping noise continued. He left the bed, lit the candle, and approached the spot whence the noise proceeded: he could see nothing to cause it, and retreated to his bed. The continuance of the tapping became disagreeable and irritating—he could not sleep. Again he examined minutely every part, in the hope to discover and crush his disturber. Nothing could he find. He put out the candle, and slowly retreated to his bed again, convinced the insect must be in the lock of the door, and there it might remain hammering. He would endure the disturbance, since it could not be prevented—when, to his surprise, the bed-curtain moved! He fixed his eyes on the object. The fire had burnt low; yet a dim light, with an occasional flicker, enabled him to ascertain the fact. The curtain moved again. Well, thought he, this is too bad. Weariness and vexation were making powerful attacks on the equanimity of his temper. He felt this. Again he left the bed, lighted the candle, and examined the room without discovering a cause. Simple as these circumstances were, they destroyed his rest, and he contemplated calling to the old woman; but, on reflecting that he could not be relieved by disturbing another, he desisted. On a closer investigation, he found an upper portion of an old casement had been left open, the air through which had waved the bed curtain; and that the tapping at the door was an action of a small ornament on the key-hole, occasioned by a draught of air. He thrust a bit of paper into the key-hole, closed the window, and again retired to bed, wishing he were at home. Before his head was on the pillow, he distinctly heard footsteps in the gallery! He presently saw a part of the tapestry open, and two figures slowly enter the room! Who are you? demanded Mr Lowry in a loud voice, springing off the bed to defend himself. They were two soldiers, who had been directed, by the corporal of the relief guard at the palace gate, to discover the cause of lights popping in and out at those apartments in the absence of the family. They had alarmed the old woman, who had, in her fear, conducted them to the door in the tapestry. Mr Lowry explained, and passed the remainder of the morning in tranquillity.

To such a mind as Mr Lowry possessed, the moving of a curtain, the tapping like a death-watch, or the sudden appearance of two figures in his bed-room at night, were disagreeable disturbers of repose; but no dread of supernatural agency affected him, and he was free to act as became a rational being. To an individual whose energies had been palsied, whose understanding had been strangled by dread of unearthly visitations, those circumstances under which Mr Lowry was placed might have been fraught with most melancholy consequences. The frightened man, void of moral courage, driven to his last extremity, struggling with fearful events and associations of

chimeras dire, despairing yields, and becomes an idiot for the remainder of a miserable existence.

Parents, therefore, cannot be too cautious respecting persons to whom they entrust their infant offspring, since one breath of the mildew, superstition, may blight the fairest hope of manly understanding.

"THE MAN."

EVERY morning, either good or bad, both summer and winter, a personage passes our window, known by the significant term of "the man." I know not now for how long a period this has been the case; it has been for years, and custom has now so reconciled the periodical return of this object, that he is expected as regularly as the sun himself. Just as breakfast is finished, and while the tea equipage is in the act of being carried away, some member of the family loitering at the window is sure to exclaim "here goes the man." There can be no mistaking him—his dress, and figure, and gait, are invariably the same—his image is indelibly impressed upon the minds of all the household; nay, many pen-and-ink sketches of him, taken in playful hours, lie scattered about, or adorn the boards of portfolios. He is of a spare and rather tall figure, somewhat bent: his hat is worn somewhat slouched over his face, while the back rim is turned up by coming in contact with his coat collar: his coat is of a brownish hue, almost threadbare, long in the waist and tails, but bearing the marks of careful keeping: his vest is of the same: his under garments are drab colour, with garters of the same buttoned up to the knees: he invariably carries with him a large brown coloured umbrella, with round turned handle—in fair weather, snugly folded under his arm—in rain, widely displayed over his head: he has a slouching gait, but walks steadily and uniformly onward at a moderate pace: his countenance is spare, with rather large features: his eye is turned neither to the right nor to the left, but constantly onward, or on the ground before him: his expression might be called pensive or melancholy, suiting either deep and serious thought, or the absence of thought altogether. There are in it, too, one would think, the lines of subdued meekness and benevolence, or perhaps the absence of all passion whatever. I have said he is to be thus seen every day in the world, and year after year, thus only, and always the same. There is no change whatever in the appearance of his dress—it has always that half-worn shabby-genteel look, and never gets older: whether any part of it is ever renewed, I cannot tell; but, if so, it must be done with admirable keeping, as a painter would say, for I never can discover, from his hat to his shoes, any indications of change.

Who can this "man" be? has often engaged our eager curiosity. He is always alone, and never seen to mix in the business, or bustle, or enjoyments of the multitude. If the agitation of some new, or strange, or joyful event, engages the busy crowd of the city, this man holds on the usual tenor of his way unmoved and unconcerned. I have seen him pass by the gayest pageants, and scenes of the most melancholy bereavement, alike unperturbed and unexcited. He neither pauses to moralize with the old and the serious; nor, when the young and chubby groups of children dance mid their sports before him, is his countenance brightened by the contagion of one buoyant innocent smile. Sunday and Saturday are alike to him. When the Sabbath bells toll for morning worship, and the people crowd to their devotions, dressed out in their holiday attire, he never mingles with the throng, nor is any change discernible in the invariable disposition of his habiliments. I must confess that curiosity to know something more of this being has occupied my mind more frequently than perhaps many would deem the matter required. Even this, too, has been heightened by the reports of some of the younger branches of my family, who, having repeatedly followed his path, have always lost sight of him by some mysterious means, and returned foiled in their pursuit of his haunts or his employments. More than once I have, on accidentally meeting him, broken off from the pursuit of graver avocations, and fairly joined in the train of discovery. My attempts, however, were uniformly abortive. I have followed him through innumerable obscure streets and lanes, through many windings and doublings, and, at last, when perhaps my attention was drawn for a moment to something else, he has suddenly disappeared, and I could see him no more. After tracing him through the windings of many intricate streets, I at last one day saw him enter an obscure coffee-room. I followed into the same place, and, finding him seated with a newspaper of the day, I took my seat to wait his departure. After perusing the paper for about half an hour, he rose up, paid a trifle to the waiter, and departed. When he was gone, I eagerly inquired at the attendant whether he knew any thing of the person just gone out. He said he knew nothing farther of him than that occasionally he came there, looked over the newspaper, paid his penny, and departed. I next asked what particular paper he generally read; but here also my answer was equally unsatisfactory. The waiter said he took up indiscriminately any paper that happened to be disengaged. He is no political partisan, then, thought I: he is neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical, else he would be more particular in his selection. He has been seen sometimes to pause in his travels, and stand

for some minutes with his hand in his pocket opposite to some shop window, where goods for sale are exhibited; but these were never the windows where objects of art, such as sculpture, or paintings, or engravings, were displayed, to attract the eye of taste. He more commonly lingered before those where dried fish, herrings, cheese, &c., were piled up in profusion; but even here he never could be traced entering or making the least advance towards a purchase. He must have no relish for the fine arts, however, or his taste may be so exquisite as to look with indifference on all minor efforts, or his philosophy so profound as to banish such fancies from his thoughts. Is he a sensualist, then, or is his stoicism such as even to suppress the natural demands of appetite, and to make him pass by with unconcern the window of the drysalter?

The only time in my life that I ever saw him in company with another human being was once. While yet I was at some distance, I saw him seated on a bench in one of the walks, apparently in companionship with an elderly man, who sat beside him. My heart beat with a degree of exultation. I almost shouted out *Eureka!*—I have found you out at last. Here you are, in social converse with a friendly being: some communicative talk must assuredly pass on both sides; and, once in my life, I determined on playing the eves-dropper. I walked slowly, laying my plans ere I advanced to them; and while yet at the distance of a few yards, by good luck they both rose up, and proceeded in company on before me. I walked up in breathless expectation, till I was close behind them, and, by good management, sometimes keeping a little behind, sometimes by their side, or a little in advance, I remained within reach of hearing, without exciting the least suspicion of listening. In this way the two friends jogged on at an easy pace; but not a single word was exchanged between them. I am positive that neither of their lips once opened, except on one occasion, when a single monosyllable escaped the stranger, and a mere sound or humph seemed to echo back a reply on the part of "the man." I was terribly chagrined; and my disappointment increased, when, on coming to the end of the walk, where two streets led different ways, this Castor and Pollux separated, with a mutual wave of the hand, and I never saw them together more.

Years passed on; and although it cannot be supposed that "the man" engaged our thoughts so continually as the connected incidents here brought together might lead one to imagine, yet it is astonishing how often he became the theme of speculation, starting up to the dallying thoughts somewhat like the apparitions of the romancers; and, to show the hold that, in all that respected us, this mere automaton had taken of our minds, I may just mention, before concluding, a single incident. During the prevalence of a late awful calamity, a friendly physician who often forms a guest in our family circle was detailing to us one of those heart-rending scenes which he had just witnessed, and with all those powers of vivid description and simple pathos which make his narratives infinitely more striking than the best written works of fancy. The case was perhaps one of the most singular and awful which the ravages of that dreadful pestilence but too often afforded, and was, moreover, attended with the most mysterious circumstances. From a description of one of the principal actors, or rather sufferers, the whole circle immediately exclaimed, "That must be THE MAN!"

"Impossible," said one; "we certainly saw him pass this morning."

Doubts were started whether he had been seen or not, and much discussion and excitement prevailed during the evening, and I do believe a sleepless anxiety prevailed among some until the usual hour next morning should decide the fate of "the man," whether his mortal career was finished or not. The hour came, and "the man," with his umbrella, slouched hat, and bent figure, passed on, with unperturbed countenance, as usual, to the no small satisfaction of the eagerly watching group.

"He must be proof against the most malignant fangs of disease," cried one, "or else the doctor has been mistaken for once, and yet we cannot believe the doctor was ever mistaken."

"What, in the name of wonder, can this man be?" have I often thought within myself. Indeed, I have sometimes given way to the idea that he must be some mysterious murderer—perhaps he that murdered Begbie—the remorseless villain, who, in a dark and narrow alley, stabbed the innocent man to the heart with one deep wound, and rifled him of the bank treasure he was carrying to its destination. But no, no—one look again into the placid, subdued, I may say really innocent-like countenance of "the man," made me check all such thoughts, as wronging, most likely, the guiltless. Is he then some misanthrope, who drags along with him disappointed hopes, injured feelings, rejected affections? Is he some great-souled being, whose thoughts are above the thoughts of ordinary men, and who prefers converse with the Deity and his own heart, to the hum and buzz of the giddy and frivolous multitude? Or is he some low, grovelling, soulless, and penurious wretch, who, perhaps, with a pittance sufficient to supply the absolute cravings of nature, lives to himself alone, and never extends a feeling to his brethren of humanity—who walks out mechanically, to dissipate the day in brute exercise—who retires at night to his den, eats his solitary meal

in silence, chalks up day by day the computation of his expenditure, wrung out of his penurious heart by the demands of his landlady—who has gone on thus, and may yet continue to cumber life's busy scene of enjoyment, till one day he shall drop into the grave, unknown and unregarded, and the world shall never miss him from its active, energetic, and bustling millions?

CHELSEA.

AFTER visiting Greenwich, and ruminating on the architectural beauty of its hospital, and the pleasing appearance of its ancient mariners, there quietly anchored for the remainder of their lives, the stranger naturally wishes to pay a similar visit to Chelsea, an establishment adapted to the reception and maintenance of old invalid soldiers. But while Greenwich affords every thing to please, Chelsea offers little to admire or attract particular attention. The village of Chelsea, situated near the north bank of the Thames in a westerly direction from the metropolis, was once surrounded by open fields and gardens, having between it and the houses of Westminster an open heath famous from the number of its footpads and robberies, and interesting, in a newspaper point of view, for the murders committed at the "bloody bridge," as it is called, which crosses the dark rivulet as you enter the village. But all this is changed: London is now gone quite out of town, and projects its splendid stuccoed "streets," "places," and "terraces," across the heath, quite to the gates of Chelsea; and what with lines of iron railings, and police officers, the road has been divested of all pretensions to romance.

Chelsea Hospital, or College, is situated on a flat stretch of ground between the village and the Thames, though not so near the margin of the stream as the structures of Greenwich. The river is here still of considerable breadth, if at high water, and is enlivened by small boats with parties of young men sailing to and fro; but it wants the bustle of traffic which is seen below the city; the grounds do not rise into woody knolls as behind Greenwich; there is no proper landing-place for those who approach by water; and you are warned by an inscription, that those who enter the precincts of this military domain from the river will be prosecuted. As you enter the village, you speedily perceive, that, though not without good houses and streets, it has, generally speaking, a mean, dirty appearance, and is very unlike the sweet villages and neat small towns of the south. As you approach the hospital, through a street evidently far gone in a state of disrepute, you will most likely see drunkenness manifested in various stages, and hear sounds of revelry and debauch from the throngs in the numberless tap-rooms, bringing to your remembrance that you are not among a body of men conspicuous for their moral discipline, wherever they may be found.

To pass from this digression: the stranger now enters the gateway of the institution, within which he finds all decorum, neatness, and civility. The inmates, who do not number 500, are all old soldiers, having an air of considerable antiquity in their appearance. Individually, they are dressed in clothes entirely of a red colour, with a coat so large and flowing in the skirts as to put you in mind of the pictures of the battle of the Boyne, where the flaps of the coats of William's troops, as they pass the river, are seen floating on the stream; while their platted queues are also perceived to hang down the back, and touch the surface of the water. Such is the impression conveyed by these old military garbs, that one could almost imagine the wearers had every one been at least in Marlborough's wars, or seen the siege of Namur. The hospital, which was planned by Sir Christopher Wren, consists chiefly of one large edifice of red brick, several stories in height, forming a centre and two wings, or three sides of a square, with the open side towards the bank of the Thames. On the north, where is the main entrance, the style of architecture is simple, being ornamented with only a plain portico. The inner part of the centre building is more decorated, there being here a piazza of good proportions, suitable to yield protection from the weather. In the centre of the open square interval stands a statue of Charles the Second, a monarch whose figure, in painting and sculpture, is repeated to satiety here as well as elsewhere. The only parts of the house considered worthy to be shown to strangers are the chapel and old dining-hall, both in the centre building. The chapel is neat and plain in appearance, the rows of benches being furnished with prayer books and hassocks, and the floor being paved with marble in alternate black and white squares. The pulpit and communion table, at the east end, have been recently decorated with splendid covers of purple velvet, fringed with gold lace, presented to the establishment by his present majesty, William the Fourth. Above the communion table there is a painting of the ascension, containing some good figures.

The dining-hall is equally spacious, but is now disused as a refectory, though the tables stand ready covered for use. At the upper end there is a painting by Cooke, representing Charles the Second, with devices expressive of various attributes hardly historically correct.

The usual accounts of Chelsea mention that the ordinary number of in-pensioners is 476, and of out-pensioners not fewer than 80,000, who reside in all parts of the United Kingdom. The former are provided with all necessaries, and the latter have each pensions varying from L.7, 12s. to L.54, 15s. yearly.

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE.*

"Shall it be 'we,' then?"—*Story of the Organ-Blower.*

"THE PRESS" is a phrase occasionally applied, we believe, by persons little acquainted with the world, to the machine which prints all kinds of literary matter whatever, whether it be sheets of books, or sheets of newspapers, or sheets of any other kind of periodical work, from the highest to the lowest price. Individuals who know better what is what, limit the application of this phrase to the newspapers alone, as being the only part of literature which really deserves to be called the Press—seeing that no other kind of sheet does the least good to mankind, but might just as well remain in its pristine state of whiteness. On the same principle, when sensible people speak of "taxes on knowledge," they never think of the tax on paper, or the tax on pamphlets, or any other kind of tax than the stamp duty on newspapers—seeing that newspapers, in reality, are the only vehicles in the world, of a literary kind, for communicating knowledge. Some foolish people may have a recollection of certain books which they read in youth, and which they believed to contain something like knowledge; but these persons are altogether in a mistake. There is nothing worthy of the term "knowledge" except what is in newspapers; and it is really a shame, after the newspapers themselves have been so long endeavouring to impress the fact upon mankind, that any body should still be ignorant of it.

There used to prevail among our ancestors an absurd taste for what was called history, by which was meant the narration of past events, for the purpose of instructing nations as to their behaviour for the future. This same thing then called history was considered as a branch of human knowledge. There were other things, called geography, geometry, chemistry, natural philosophy, and so forth, which were also esteemed as knowledge by our forefathers; but all this proceeded from the ignorance in which these worthy people lived as to newspapers. They did not know what real knowledge was till they got newspapers into their hands. They then found that all the chit-chat about Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror, and all the prate about solids, and fluids, and machinery, and this thing and that thing, were mere stuff compared to what was now placed within their grasp. What was past history to present? What were the foundations of our constitution to the beautiful gingerbread pinacles which are every day rising upon it? And then they were admitted by the newspapers into a familiar acquaintance with all the mysteries of the state, and all the relations of foreign cabinets to our own, and all the intentions of ministers about various matters, before even ministers themselves, in some cases, knew what they intended. It is true, these same instructors often found it necessary to contradict the half of what they had said. But what was that?—they had erred only from their excessive desire of sending forth knowledge as soon as possible to the people. Knowledge, they thought, was the most precious of all things, and better give it in a somewhat crude state than let it get cool, and so disgust the people. There was even a kind of rivalry among these generous men, as to priority of intelligence; and when one was able to give

* This *jeu d'esprit* on the newspapers is called forth by the pretensions of that class of publications to be considered as exclusively liable to what are called taxes on knowledge. It would not, however, have been published in the Edinburgh Journal (which is generally devoted to so much more useful purposes), but for the burlesques and misrepresentations which are constantly issued, respecting our unpretending publications, by the political journals. In return for falsehood and burlesque together, we give only burlesque, which must be considered as no very immoderate revenge; while we have a sincere hope that the exposure of some of the weak and reprehensible points in these self-called "best of all instructors," may lead to their reformation. It may at the same time be stated, that, as the defence of our own integrity is all that is sought for, we should be sorry if any of the respectable persons connected with the political press, who have never attempted to injure us, should feel aggrieved by our remarks. The uses of a newspaper press, where it is conducted on honourable principles, are universally acknowledged; and it is only to be wished that in some particulars it had itself a better sense of its own dignity.

notice of an intended marriage between Lord Noodle and Lady Doodle before any of his brethren, what a triumph to his noble mind! what a depression to the equally noble minds of his neighbours! The desire of conveying knowledge became, in fact, an enthusiasm among them. In order, for instance, to be the first to communicate in London the important fact that a particular horse had won at Epsom or Doncaster, these great public instructors would put twenty horses to their speed, and spare no expenditure of money or trouble. To have been the first by two hours to tell such a fact, was enough for a newspaper to boast of for life. It could not be expected that the public would ever forget so splendid a benefit.

Entitled as the newspaper press is to be considered as the only real press, they would not hold that honour by such a powerful tenure, if they did not also decide in a schoolmasterly and authoritative manner as to the merits of the public questions which come before them. The newspapers, in reality, though they generally like to hear what the public thinks first, and do not consider themselves the worse of knowing which kind of opinions is permanently to be uppermost, are amazingly clever in giving their sentiments upon all kinds of subjects. Sometimes it will happen that the ministers—the very men that the king has chosen as the wisest of his subjects—will consider and consult, and consult and consider, about a thing for several months; and when they think they have got it all right, they will bring it forward for public discussion. Is it not astonishing?—the newspapers, who never heard of the thing before, and are completely ignorant of all the statistical facts on which it is grounded, will in a night or two, nay sometimes in a few minutes, come out with such a triumphant condemnation of the whole affair, that the ministers, who *did* know all about it, will pull it back with shame and confusion of face, and resolve to be a great deal more cautious for the future. What truly sage people these newspaper men are! And yet observe how, with the characteristic modesty of real wisdom, they never seek for any advantage to themselves—never even let themselves be personally known. It is all the public good they consult: they wish for nothing but porter, and the good of their country. It is fortunate, however, that the world does not permit their disinterestedness to wrong them. Those which tell the faults of statesmen most boldly, and are most zealous for the popular interest, are always very properly the best supported in return by the public. What a pity it would be if these sagacious and ingenious men, by whom alone the lamp of human knowledge is now sustained, were to be themselves left with an empty cruise! I am afraid, in that case, both their own cruises and the lamp of human knowledge would soon die out.

Having decided that the knowledge of passing events is the only knowledge in the world, the newspapers are surprisingly vigilant to let nothing, however small, escape them. Far from confining their attention to state affairs, they think nothing beneath their notice, even should it be the breaking of a poor man's leg upon a slippery street. If a chimney-sweep fall from a house-top, his bruises are immediately made known over the empire with the speed of lightning, so that his fate is perhaps exciting contemporaneous sighs on the banks of the Thames and amidst the highlands of Ross-shire. If a dissenting minister at eighty pounds a-year has a prospect of acceding to a congregation which will yield him ninety, the invaluable fact is caught up by these public instructors, and published for the edification of the whole of the three British nations. Does a thief break into the back window of a family who have gone to live in the country—does a new actor appear on the boards of a provincial theatre—does butter fall a halfpenny in the pound—does the king ride out an hour before dinner—is a bridge carried off any where by a flood—the newspapers at once seize upon the event, and in a moment make it part of the grand stock of human knowledge. When a great land-proprietor marries, or is blessed with a son and heir, or that son attains his majority, how eagerly the newspapers grasp at the important truth! and at what length, and with what unction, do they chronicle it! When two human beings meet together, and fight for three or four hours, for the amusement of other human beings that look on, then do the newspapers take care that all who were so unfortunate as not to be present shall fully know every thing that took place, not a bruise being left unrecorded. When some small city official gets his neighbours tired into making him a present of a silver snuff-box, as a testimony of their gratitude and esteem, how carefully the newspapers instruct the public as to the mighty fact! When a few gentlemen choose to dine

together under some general designation, with what attention do the newspapers note the circumstance—so important to those who were not there—that the dinner was well served, and the wines excellent! When any public body, however trifling, meets together to consult about its procedure, those vigilant instructors send an emissary to hear what goes on, and they would suffer much before they would keep the world ignorant for a single day of what that association means to do. Every thing, in fact, is sure to find a place in these depositories of knowledge, provided that it only be a thing of recent date—for knowledge, it will be observed, is very evanescent, and ceases altogether to be knowledge, whenever it gets the least musty, or, in other words, exceeds in age the space between the last publication of any newspaper and the present.

In their vehement desire of informing the people, the newspapers often take it upon them to advise their readers very strenuously to buy particular books—not that they believe that there is any such thing as knowledge in the books, for there is no knowledge any where except in newspapers, but because the publishers of those books support the newspapers, the only real fountains of knowledge, by giving and paying for advertisements. Thus, in correspondence with the advertisements, which generally appear in a page by themselves, there is always a train of little paragraphs, in which the editor assures the public that the books are excellent: he has not, perhaps, read, or even seen the volumes, but he knows very well that no bookseller who can occasionally advertise, ever publishes a bad book. At the very worst, if a number of people be deceived into buying a few wretched books, and thus cheated of a little cash, it is all in the way of good, nevertheless; for will not the perusal of these trashy volumes just serve to convince them the more effectually that the newspapers are the only publications now worth reading?—an issue eminently conducive to the support of real knowledge. On the same principle as the above, the conductor of a newspaper will pledge his credit for far more equivocal things than books. He will praise the wares of a puffing spectacle-dealer, as if he had the eyes of Argus, and every pair of a different age, to prove the value of each particular kind of the article referred to. He will recommend all the quack medicines that you choose to advertise, as if he had tried the efficacy of every one of them upon some particular disease in his own person. There is no adventurer, or showman, or travelling artist—no stuff, from Warren's renowned blacking to "thine incomparable oil, Macassar," whom or which he will not magnify in any terms that may be desired, if in the first place the party concerned shall prove his respectability, and show his generosity towards the cause of knowledge, by paying some half-crown for an advertisement. He will admit into his pages announcements the most shameless, the most demoralising: the delicacy of females, the morals of youth, may be blighted by the odious page; but what is morality to "knowledge!" Knowledge is now the chief, or rather the only good on earth; and provided that the newspapers, which alone contain it, be supported, society is perfectly safe from every kind of injury.

Take them for all in all, the newspapers are decidedly at the head of mortal affairs in this and every other well-regulated country: pity it is that the gentlemen conducting them should personally hold a rank so obscure, so unimportant, and even in many respects so despised, in comparison with the influence which they exert over society with their pens! Look at one of these mighty and noble men, as he appears in his sheet, pronouncing, with intuitive wisdom, upon the merits of kings, statesmen, authors, actors, artists, and every other sort of public persons—a concentration, in brief, of all earthly talent, taste, and knowledge—a man who makes it his noble ambition to aid in the selling of estates, and blacking, and books, and the thinning of a monstrously superabundant population by quack medicines—a man who, for his sagacity, might evidently make a far better premier than any we have yet known, and whose lightest word, wherever it goes, produces sensations among mankind of the most powerful kind, particularly when (as generally happens) he takes care to say nothing but what mankind already think, or what is pretty sure to square with their amiable prepossessions. Look at the man in this his great ideal character—mark his absolute "*we*"—and then turn to him as he sits, the night before publication, in his humble den, a porter jug at one hand, and a pen in the other! Alas, unhappy man! He is seldom able to live in a style superior to that of a second or third-rate shopkeeper, and, prostrate as mankind are before his written word, his spoken one is rarely so weighty as that of a citizen of two hundred a-year. It is a disgrace to mankind that they should, day after day, imbibe invaluable knowledge from its sole existing sources, and yet leave the sages who create that knowledge in so low a condition that they tremble at the loss of a single subscriber to their papers, and, in fact, are, in the most of cases, the slaves of popular passion and opinion. The nation should make a simultaneous rush to the foot of the king's throne, and implore his royal wisdom for once to do right, by selecting a ministry from the newspaper conductors by rotation, and thereby at once do honour to himself and to the cause of knowledge, save himself from all snarling about his measures, and secure, by the only possible means, the right guidance of the national affairs.

LITHOGRAPHY.

(Second article.)

BY SAMUEL LEITH, ESQ. BANFF.

It has already been shown, in a former article on this subject, that, for a series of years, Senefelder's patience and perseverance, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, were truly astonishing; and we shall now proceed briefly to detail such other particulars in further illustration of the preceding remarks, as may be deemed necessary for completing this part of our subject.

Satisfied as to the originality of his new discovery, Senefelder became anxious to turn it to account, by laying it before the world; and in order to raise the necessary funds for at once effecting this object, we find him, when all other means had failed, offering himself as a substitute for a friend who was then a soldier in the service of the elector of Bavaria, but with his usual want of success; for, on presenting himself at Ingolstadt for the purpose of being enrolled, it was discovered that he was not a native of the electorate, and, consequently, inadmissible to its army. His last hope seemed now to have failed him, and he describes his feelings as being at this time in a state "bordering on despair." However, it was not long ere his prospects began again to brighten a little; and he at length succeeded in publishing, in conjunction with the composer, a collection of music, the execution of which was greatly admired, and which obtained for him the patronage of the elector, and a promise of an exclusive privilege.

About this time, another candidate for the honour of having discovered the new art came forward in the person of M. Schmidt, professor of the Royal College; and although, for a time, the station which this gentleman filled helped to support his pretensions against his less fortunate rival, public opinion by degrees became less divided, and ultimately there prevailed, but one belief on the subject.

It was not till after having laboured a considerable time in his new profession, and experiencing innumerable inconveniences from being compelled to execute all his writings on the stone backwards, that he commenced another series of experiments, the object of which was to obviate the necessity of *writing* on the stone, by previously doing it on paper, and then transferring it from the paper to the stone, *reversed*. Some thousands of experiments were made before he was enabled to produce a composition for preparing the surface of the paper suited for all the purposes which he had in view, and it was this property of the new art which more particularly attracted public notice, from the incalculable benefits which it was foreseen would be conferred on all kinds of business when fairly brought into general practice. It was about this time also that he invented the lever press, which added greatly to the comfort and certainty of the operations in the printing department of lithography.

Having at length obtained an exclusive privilege for exercising his art in Bavaria, he did not consider it any longer necessary to keep the process a secret, and it soon spread over the greater part of Germany; but his experience enabled him for several years to outstrip all his competitors in so far as the execution of his work was concerned, although, in every other respect, he seemed to be almost the only one in whose hands the art did not give ample returns both for money and labour. In no other way can this uniform want of success be accounted for, than by supposing, that, while others were making the most of what he had already discovered, he was devoting much of his time to the *experimental* part of the business. This in fact was the case.

About the year 1800, Senefelder went to London for the purpose of establishing himself there as a lithographer, but a few months sufficed to convince him that he had little chance of succeeding in his undertaking; and he returned to his own country, where, on his arrival, he found that many attempts had been made in his absence to deprive him of the benefit of his privilege. Amongst the most forward in this scheme were two of his brothers, to whom he had communicated all the secrets of the art, and it took some time to counteract the bad effects of their ungenerous conduct. Finding that, in his native place (Munich), others were reaping many of the advantages which by right should have been the reward of his own industry, he was induced to go to Vienna, for the purpose of superintending a calico-printing establishment, the operations of which were to be conducted on the principles of the new art; and here, for the space of several years, his talents were entirely devoted to this new undertaking; but, at the end of which time, from a variety of causes over which he had no control, he was again thrown upon the world, destitute of every thing save the resources of

his own genius. It was not till about the year 1809 that Senefelder was extricated from the difficulties of his situation, by being appointed inspector of the royal lithographic establishment at Munich, which at once placed him above the necessity of exercising his profession as a means for gaining his daily subsistence, and enabled him to devote a portion of his time to the improvement of such branches of the art, as, in his former circumstances, he had never found it possible to effect.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to remark, that, in the case of Senefelder, we have another instance to the many recorded facts in the lives of eminent men, of the successful pursuit of knowledge under extraordinary difficulties—presenting an example worthy of our highest admiration and respect.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ROBERT HERON.

THE life of Robert Heron, a miscellaneous writer at the beginning of the present century, is not one of those examples of positive virtue and good conduct which we generally select for this department of our paper. It forms, however, an entertaining article, and cannot fail to have a good effect *negatively*, as showing the uselessness of talent where it is not guided by prudence, and the misery which must invariably result from an irregular and reckless course of life.

This extraordinary man was born in the town of New Galloway, in the south-west of Scotland, on the 6th November 1764. His father, John Heron, was a weaver, generally respected for his persevering industry and exemplary piety. By his grandmother, Margaret Murray, aunt of the late Dr Alexander Murray, he claimed no very distant relationship to that profound philologist. He was early instructed in his letters under the careful eye of a fond parent, and was not sent to the school of the parish until he had reached his ninth year. He soon became remarkable for the love he showed for learning, and the unwearied anxiety with which he pursued his inquiries after every point connected with his studies. This being early perceived by his parents, they resolved to give him the benefit of a liberal education as far as their means would allow. He had scarcely remained two years at school, when, at the age of eleven, he contrived to maintain and educate himself by mingling with his studies the labour of teaching and writing. From his own savings out of a very limited income, and a small assistance from his parents, he was enabled to remove to the University of Edinburgh at the end of the year 1780.

His hopes of preferment at that time being centred in the church, he first applied himself to the course of study which that profession requires. While attending the college, he was still obliged to devote a considerable portion of his time to private teaching, as well as writing occasional essays for newspapers and magazines, in order to provide for his subsistence. To quote his own words, "he taught and assisted young persons at all periods in the course of education, from the alphabet to the highest branches of science and literature." Being well grounded in a knowledge of the French language, he found constant employment from booksellers in translating foreign works. His first literary production, published with his name, appeared in 1789, "A Critique on the Genius and Writings of Thomson," prefixed to a small edition of the Seasons. It was highly spoken of, and reflected much credit on the judgment and taste of the author. His next work was a version of Fourcroy's Chemistry, from the French, followed by Savary's Travels in Greece, Dumourier's Letters, Gesner's Idylls in part, an abstract of Zimmerman on Solitude, and several abridgements of Oriental Tales.

In 1790-1, he says he "read lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, the Jewish, Grecian, Roman, feudal, and canon law, and then on the several forms of municipal jurisprudence established in modern Europe." These lectures, he says, were to assist gentlemen who did not study professionally in the *understanding of history*. Though he devoted much time and study to prepare these lectures, he was afterwards unfortunate in not being able to obtain a sufficient audience to repay him for their composition—they were consequently soon discontinued. A syllabus of the entire course was afterwards published. Still the sums of money he continued to receive from his publishers were amply sufficient to maintain him in a respectable manner, if managed with prudence and discretion; but his unfortunate peculiarity of temper, and extravagant desire of supporting a style of living which nothing but a liberal and certain income would admit of, frequently reduced him to distress, and finally to the jail. He might have long remained in confinement, but that some worthy friends interceded; and, on their suggestion, he engaged himself to write a History of Scotland, for which Messrs Morrisons of Perth were to pay him at the rate of three guineas a sheet, his creditors, at the same time, agreeing to release him for fifteen shillings in the pound, to be secured on two-thirds of the copyright. Before this arrangement was fully concluded, melancholy to relate, nearly the whole of the first volume of the History of Scotland was written in jail. It appeared in 1793, and one volume of the work was published every year successively, until the whole six were completed.

During that period he went on a tour through the western parts of Scotland, and from notes taken on the road, he compiled a work in two volumes octavo, called "A Journey through the Western Parts of Scotland." He also gave to the world "A Topographical Account of Scotland," "A New and Complete System of Universal Geography," "A Memoir of Robert Burns," besides many contributions to magazines and other periodical works. He was also engaged by Sir John Sinclair to superintend the publication of his Statistical Account of Scotland. He had now acquired great facility in the use of his pen, and, being extremely vain of the versatility of his genius, he flattered himself there was no range in literature, however high, that was not within the scope of his powers. Impressed with these ideas, he made an attempt at dramatic composition, and having some influence with the manager of the theatre, he contrived to get introduced on the stage an after-piece, written, as he says, in great haste, called, "St Kilda in Edinburgh; or, News from Camperdown;"—but as if to verify the adage, "things done in a haste are never done well," so it turned out with St Kilda. Being devoid of every thing like interest, and violating in many parts the common rules of decency, it was justly condemned before it reached the second act.

Our author's vanity must have on this occasion received a deep wound, being present in the house at the time. Overwhelmed with disappointment, he flew to his lodgings, and confined himself to bed for several days. Still blinded by vanity in the midst of his mental sufferings, he imputed the failure of his play to the machinations of his enemies. He therefore determined on "shaming the rogues" by printing. It is needless to say, it neither sold nor was talked of. The most amusing part of this affair was the mode in which he persisted in forcing his production on the public. We shall present our readers with an extract from his highly inflated preface. It commences with a quotation from Sterne's Tristram Shandy. "The learned Bishop Hall tells us in one of his decades, at the end of his Divine Meditations, that it is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself; and verily I think so; and yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a *masterly* kind of fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out, I think it is fully as abominable that a man should lose the honour of it. This is exactly my situation." In the following he quotes Swift:—"When a *true genius* appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—that the *dunces* are all in confederacy against him." Yet, though blinded by folly and weighed down by distress, still his filial affections were alive; and although he could not afford his parents any permanent support, he seemed anxious to promote the education of their family; which the following extracts from his letters will sufficiently prove:—

"I hope by living more pious and carefully, by managing my income frugally, and appropriating a part of it to the service of you and my sisters, and by living with you in future at least a third part of the year, to reconcile your affections more entirely to me, and give you more comfort than I have yet done. O forget and forgive my follies; look on me as a son who will anxiously strive to comfort and please you, and, after all your misfortunes, to render the evening of your days as happy as possible." And again—"We will endeavour," says he, "to settle our dear Grace comfortably in life, and to educate our dear little Betty and Mary aright." He brought his eldest brother, John, to Edinburgh, to study at the university, with the view of his entering the church; he was a youth of promising abilities, but of weak constitution, and sank into an early grave in 1790. As the other children increased in years, faithful to his promise he brought his favourite sister, Mary, to live with him in Edinburgh to complete her education. His irregularities, and consequent embarrassments, made her situation in town any thing but an enviable one. Her mortifications, however, in this life were not of long duration, as she died at his lodgings in 1798. To a mind of his quick sensibility this was a dreadful shock. Almost frantic with grief at the loss he experienced, he gave himself up to the wildest despair: every unkind action or word he made use of towards her rushed to his distracted memory, until life itself was almost insupportable. Neither the sympathy of friends, nor the consolations of religion, could mitigate his woes. At the same time his means of subsistence became every day more precarious; his literary labours were ceasing to pay, so that, added to his other misfortunes, starvation and a jail were hourly staring him in the face. Shunning as much as possible all his former companions, he might now be seen wandering about the suburbs of the city, with wasted cheek and sunken eye, a miserable victim of want and care. By degrees, however, he was recalled to a better state of mind, when, finding his views not likely to succeed any longer in Scotland, he was induced to go to London in 1799. For the first few years of his residence there, it appears he found good employment, and his application to study being very great, his profits and prospects were alike cheering. In a letter written to his father about the time we are speaking of, he says—

"My whole income, earned by full sixteen hours a-day of close application to reading, writing, observation, and study, is but very little more than three hundred pounds a-year. But this is sufficient to my wants, and is earned in a manner which I know to be the most useful and honourable—that is, by teaching

beneficial truths, and discountenancing vice and folly more effectually and more extensively than I could in any other way. This I am here always sure to earn, while I am give the necessary application; and if I were able to execute more literary labour, I might readily obtain more money."

He for a time pursued his literary vocations with an unwearied industry, and there was scarcely a publication then in London of any note but contained some of his fugitive writings. He realized in consequence a good income, but, unfortunately, for no great length of time. His former bad habits returned, and while money continued to flow in, he indulged in the wildest extravagance. Wishing to be thought an independent man of fortune, he would carry his folly so far as at times to keep a pair of horses, with a groom in livery. All this time his pen was laid aside; and until warned of his fate by the appearance of his last shilling, he seemed altogether devoid of reflection. Then he would betake himself to his work, as an enthusiast in every thing, confining himself for weeks to his chamber, dressed only in his shirt and morning gown, and commonly with a green veil over his eyes, which were weak, and inflamed by such fits of ill-regulated study.

In 1806, he addressed a letter to Mr Wilberforce on the *Justice and Expediency of the Slave Trade*. He wrote a short system of chemistry, and, a few months previous to his death, he published a small work called the *Comforts of Life*, which, it appears, met with a ready sale.

The last years of his life were spent in the deepest misery. His friends and associates by degrees deserted him—some offended at his total want of steadiness, others worn out by constant importunities, and not a few disgusted at the vanity and envy he displayed on too many occasions; added to all this, his employers found they could place no dependence on his promises, as he would only resume his pen when urged to it by stern necessity, so that he found, at last, it was with great difficulty he could procure even a scanty subsistence. Deep in debt, and harassed by his creditors, who were all exasperated at his constant want of faith, he was at last consigned to the jail of Newgate, where he dragged on a miserable existence for many months. From that vile prison he wrote the following pathetic appeal to the Literary Fund, which we derive from a most appropriate source, D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors."

"Ever since I was eleven years of age, I have mingled with my studies the labour of teaching or writing to support and educate myself. During about twenty years, while I was in constant and occasional attendance at the University of Edinburgh, I taught and assisted young persons at all periods in the course of education, from the alphabet to the highest branches of science and literature. I read lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, the Jewish, the Grecian, the Roman, and the canon law, and then on the feudal law, and on the several forms of municipal jurisprudence established in modern Europe. I printed a syllabus of these lectures, which was approved; they were as introductory to the professional study of law, and to assist gentlemen who did not study it professionally in the understanding of history. I translated Fourcroy's Chemistry twice, Savary's Travels in Greece, Dumourier's Letters, Gesner's Idylls in part, an abstract of Zimmerman on Solitude, and a great diversity of smaller pieces. I wrote a Journey through the Western Parts of Scotland, which has passed through two editions; a History of Scotland in six volumes 8vo; a Topographical Account of Scotland, which has been several times reprinted; a number of communications in the Edinburgh Magazine; many prefaces and critiques. A Memoir of the Life of Burns, which suggested and promoted the subscription for his family, has been reprinted, and formed the basis of Dr Currie's life of him, as I learned by a letter from the doctor to one of his friends; a variety of *jeux d'esprit*, in verse and prose, and many abridgements of large works. In the beginning of 1799, I was encouraged to come to London. Here I have written a great multiplicity of articles in almost every branch of literature, my education in Edinburgh having comprehended them all. The London Review, the Agricultural Magazine, the Universal Magazine, the Anti-Jacobin Review, the Public Characters, the Annual Necrology, with several other periodical works, contain many of my communications. In such of these publications as have been received, I can show that my anonymous pieces have been distinguished with very high praise. I have written also a short system of chemistry, and I published a few weeks since a small work, called the *Comforts of Life*, of which the first edition was sold in one week, and the second edition is now in rapid sale. In the newspapers, The Oracle, The Porcupine, when it existed, The General Evening Post, The Morning Post, The British Press, The Courier, &c., I have published my reports of the debates in parliament, and I believe a greater variety of fugitive pieces than I know to have been written by any one person. I have written also a great variety of compositions in Latin and French, in favour of which I have been honoured with the testimonials of liberal approbation.

"I have invariably written to serve the cause of religion and morality, pious Christian education, and good order, in the most direct manner. I have considered what I have written as mere trifles, and I have incessantly studied to qualify myself for something

better. I can prove that I have for many years read and written one day with another from twelve to sixteen hours a-day. As a human being I have not been free from follies and errors; but the tenor of my life has been temperate, laborious, humble, quiet, and, to the utmost of my power, beneficent. I can prove the general tenor of my writings to be candid, and ever adapted to exhibit the most favourable views of the abilities, dispositions, and exertions of others. For the last ten months I have been brought to the very extremity of bodily and pecuniary distress.

"I shudder at the thoughts of perishing in a jail.

"92, Chancery Lane, Feb. 2, 1807. (In confinement."

The life of this accomplished writer was now fast drawing to a close. With a mind bowed down by want and despair, and a body emaciated from increasing disease, he was incapable of farther exertion; and being removed to an hospital as his last and only hope, in one week after his entrance there he breathed his last, on the 13th of April 1807, without a friend to console or assist him. Thus perished Robert Heron in the prime of life, with talents and acquirements of a very rare description, which, if governed by prudence, were eminently calculated to gain for him an honourable independence in the world. It is difficult to estimate the true depth of his genius by his miscellaneous publications in prose; his style was of a mixed description—sometimes pompous and declamatory, at other times chaste and elegant. But it must be considered he was seldom allowed the choice of a subject, being all his life under the dictates of a publisher. He composed with great rapidity, and seldom made any corrections but in his proof sheets. His appearance was at most times impressive and dignified; his figure above the middle size, stately and erect, and his countenance had a benevolent expression, though pale and care-worn from study and confinement.

With all his faults he had still many redeeming virtues, and, above all, a strong sense of the respect which is due to religion and morality; but he committed the fatal error of being more a lover than a practiser of virtue, and his memoir affords a striking instance of the impossibility of shielding genius from poverty and disgrace when blinded by passion or perverted by eccentricity.—*Scottish Biographical Dict.*

MOO-WAT-TIN.

SOME part of the continent of New Holland was discovered by the Dutch in the year 1616, but little was known respecting it or its inhabitants till 1770, when the eastern part, which has since been called New South Wales, was discovered by Captain James Cook, the celebrated British navigator. The climate of this extensive island or continent is temperate and healthy. Frost is rarely known to produce any effect on vegetation: plants and shrubs attain a great degree of perfection; they are all evergreens, blooming at all seasons of the year, and, like the woods, display an astonishing luxuriance and magnificence: the level parts, or plains, are fertile and well watered: the hills are covered with lofty trees, their trunks closely interwoven with underwood: the precipices are tremendous; and, except where European industry has commenced, the country is an immensity of wilderness and exuberance, which the hand of nature alone could display.

The natives of this climate are slight made, from five feet four to five feet nine inches high, with projecting brows, broad noses, wide mouths, and thick lips; hair short and curly: altogether, their appearance is preferable to that of the African, yet inferior to that of the European. They are such strangers to cleanliness, that the true colour of their skin is rarely to be seen: it is, however, of a rich chocolate colour: some of the females are considerably lighter than others. Many of their ceremonies are discontinued, such as extracting the two foremost teeth from the right side of the upper jaw of the males, at the age of puberty, and the amputation of the little finger of the left hand of the females at their birth. When scarification is used, it is performed by cutting two lines through the skin, parallel to each other, and stripping off the intermediate skin: this operation is repeated till the flesh rises above the surrounding parts; it is then permitted to heal, and is considered very ornamental. Their expertness with the spear is remarkable: they construct this weapon of the stem of the yellow gum-plum, which often grows ten or twelve feet high; this is polished with great care, and barbs of shell or bone are inserted, five, six, or seven inches from the point, and each variety of spear has its name. To impel the spear with increased velocity, they use a short stick, with its end a little hooked, to fit a hollow formed in the base of the spear.

When the native is in the act of launching his spear, this stick is held firmly in the right hand, the finger and thumb supporting the spear in a line above it, the left hand directs the elevation; and instantly the aim is taken, the spear rushes on its object. It is usual for them to bring down a bird, or an opossum, at a distance of sixty yards! The natives are dexterous in taking the kangaroo, of which they are very solicitous, because the size of the animal affords a plenteous repast; it is found amid high grass or underwood, but so timid, that it is with great good ma-

agement approached near enough for a spear to be thrown with effect. The method by which the natives take the opossum, kangaroo-rat, flying squirrel, and various smaller animals found in hollow trees, is always attended with success. One of the party ascends the trunk to the upper outlet, and there waits with his club raised, while others below place burning reeds or grass to the lower opening, the smoke of which compels the animals to attempt an escape, in which they are dispatched by the club above, or by the spears below. The blue gum-tree, in which these animals often take refuge, affords the native scope for dexterity by the means he must adopt to ascend. The shaft of this tree will measure forty or fifty feet of smooth surface. His first and second notches are cut as he stands on the ground; when he is going to ascend, his hatchet is held in his mouth, his toes and fingers being inserted in the notches as his ladder: then he cuts a notch above on the right for the foot, on the left for the hand, alternately, raising himself from one to the other with surprising agility. The branches of the tree being gained, the animals are taken, or, if driven from the tree, are speared by his companions below. Catching fish with the hook and line is generally the occupation of the females. The hook is made with infinite labour from the pearly part of shells, but not barbed. The lines are made from the tough inner rind of trees, bruised with a stone until fibrous; the finer threads are then twisted into strands, and joined to the required length. The canoes are constructed of the bark carefully separated from the tree, securely fastened at the extremities; stretchers regulate the different widths, and the whole is cemented with gum. These canoes are managed by the natives very dexterously: both men and women are expert swimmers. When the men fish, they take an instrument which can be increased by joints to any manageable length, having at its point several prongs all barbed; with this, prepared to strike, one man lies across the canoe, with his head beneath the water; the other man, balancing by projecting himself on the opposite side, they rarely fail to secure a fish that glides within the striker's reach. Should a fish be speared too large to be hauled into the canoe, it is directly paddled into shallow water, and necessary assistance procured.

Notwithstanding the seeming facilities for obtaining food, the natives are frequently driven to such extremities as to satisfy their hunger with a species of worm or grub, fern roots, and berries of various plants. They have no idea of providing for the morrow, but eat so long as there remains any food, and then, stretching themselves in the sun, sleep till hunger calls them again into action. A branch of a species of fir is always to be found burning with every party, because they have great difficulty in recovering fire, should the fir stick be extinguished. Their amusements are few: amongst them dancing holds no distinguished place, for they have no regulated steps, no expression, no character, unless the imitation of the kangaroo may be called a kangaroo dance, in which all their actions appear to be the result of hilarity alone. When a number of the natives are assembled, an individual will start from amongst the others, leaping, bounding, and throwing his arms about in violent gesticulation and antic positions, till, from fatigue, he can stand no longer. Meanwhile, others have been singing songs, commencing at the top of the voice, the modulations lowering as long as the breath will permit. The lungs are then inflated with considerable noise, and the modulations repeated till hoarseness renders farther articulation impossible. On these occasions, the natives ornament themselves with red and white clay, by stripes on the forehead, circles round the eyes, waving lines on the breast and arms, and spots on various parts of the body.

On their warlike expeditions, they stripe the body with white clay in such a manner as to represent a skeleton. The head is decorated with grease, and covered with white down, feathers, and shells. On these occasions they are equipped with their best spears and shields; and though each tribe has its chief, instances have occurred where a great body of men have placed themselves under the direction of a youthful leader, not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, obeying him implicitly, because his previous conduct had evinced remarkable vigour of body, or intrepidity of mind, characteristics which qualified him for the highest honour and marked distinction. The skill in the use of the club, and the dexterity in throwing the spear, are their greatest acquirements. Agility in attack or defence, and the fortitude with which they endure sufferings, are first among their concerns of life, and confer on the possessors the greatest superiority. Injury or insult is ever resented on principles of retaliation. In their single combats, attention to points of honour is observed, and animosity ceases when satisfaction is obtained. When a native has selected a wife, who is generally of a different tribe, with the greatest secrecy he steals upon her when unprotected, stupifies her with blows, and drags her violently to a place of security. The females are indeed treated with great barbarity: instances have occurred where a native has speared his wife for an imaginary infidelity, and she has been left to perish without the least concern being shown by any of the tribe. Their attachment to savage life is unconquerable: wherever the colonists establish themselves, the natives retire. They have an utter abhorrence to re-

straint of any kind: no reward can induce them to prefer domestic enjoyment to roving in their native woods and dells. Their indolence is equalled only by their heedlessness; at night they will supplicate for a covering, and cast it from them immediately the sun has risen. The idea of their being the original possessors of the country has long since ceased to be acted upon, yet there are evidences that the knowledge of it is retained with an intensity of feeling.

Two instances have occurred of natives having been brought to England—one, whose name was Be-ne-long, in 1793, another in 1811, whose name was Moo-wat-tin. The general conduct of these men was so similar, that the particulars relating to the last-mentioned individual may be sufficient to show the character and disposition of both, perhaps of all. Moo-wat-tin was a chief, and, though acting occasionally as a servant while in England, never forgot a seeming consciousness of importance. Moo-wat-tin spoke English so well as to excite surprise at the power with which he would use the monosyllables. He became an object of great curiosity to many, and was closely observed during several visits he made with the gentleman who brought him to England. On some occasions ladies were of the party, who were pleased with the decorum, or it may be said, the politeness with which the savage chief from New South Wales behaved. At the dinner-table he was desirous to oblige others, by passing what might be required; was never confused, but acted as though he had been accustomed to the routine of mixed society. He ate and drank very moderately, preferring sherry to any other wine, of which he never took more than three glasses. It was supposed he had received directions for his conduct, or that he was merely an imitator of others; however this might be, his behaviour was such as to command approbation. He was particularly pleased at hearing a lady sing "No, my love, no." He sat with strongly marked expressions of attention and delight, and when asked to sing, consented with a smile. His articulation seemed indistinct, the sounds having great similarity to each other, as, rah-rah tah, wha-rah rah, bah-bah tah-rah hah. The tune was occasionally changed; the ditty was divided into three parts or verses; the latter was particularly hurried and exulting. On being requested to put this song into English, he replied, "not well to do; but first we take fish, next take kangaroo, then take wife;" the particulars he declined translating. He always smiled at being waited upon by the servant, yet instantly resumed the knowledge that he was one of the company. He slightly bent when any attention was shown to him; and though numberless questions were put to him, he always replied with an evident desire to gratify, and, in his endeavour, never evinced the least impatience. He expressed great surprise at the extent of London; thought there were too many houses; trees were much wanted; could not imagine how all the people got food; thought the weather was "sower cold;" clouds too near the ground; horses fine, the men strong, the women beautiful; said none of his tribe would believe him when he told of what he had seen; that it would be of no use to take any thing to them except they could eat it; declared he would spear a native who had hurt a woman—this was expressed with powerfully-marked ferocity—and while one of the company was endeavouring to dissuade him from such an act, he sat with his hands grasping each other between his knees, his eyes bent on the ground, his teeth visible from an evidently assumed smile; after a pause he started, saying, "I must spear him, he hurt my mother." This was found to be a painful subject, and was discontinued; but it was some time before his emotion subsided. He seemed to appreciate the value of such trifling presents as are called keepsakes, and has been often heard to call them by the names of the donors. When the time arrived for him to sail, he made the round of his intimacies, and appeared to feel mental agony at separation, uttering, "Never forget, never forget." Moo-wat-tin was deemed by some persons a bright specimen of the natives of New South Wales. His observation was remarkably keen: a curved brow would distress him, a smile would elevate him, but a grasp of the hand enraptured him; by it he seemed to become one of a society amongst which he was anxious to be acknowledged, and which he strove to become by every means in his power. Although Moo-wat-tin might have been tutored to some extent, and though much may be attributed to his habit of mimicry, yet the tenderness and understanding he has so often displayed must have been the dictations of his own natural goodness of heart. These particulars are perhaps dwelt upon more than may seem necessary, the subject being so insignificant as a savage from New South Wales; yet he produced in the minds of many, who observed him while in England, very favourable impressions. They could not imagine him incapable of receiving the highest degree of cultivation.

The gentleman with whom Moo-wat-tin came to England had been a free settler under the auspices of the late Sir Joseph Banks. He remarked to some friends while here, that, during an intercourse of twenty years with the natives of New South Wales, he never saw an act or circumstance that partook of indelicacy. All other observances in well-regulated society were disregarded, or perhaps unknown to this inferior race of beings.

As in the case of his predecessor Be-ne-long, Moo-

wat-tin, for some time after his return to New South Wales, retained the manners of a European. He treated those of his tribe with the greatest disdain, and seemed to cultivate a friendly intercourse with the free settlers; but he possessed no habits of industry, and nature could not be subdued. Liberty amongst his native woods and wilds had charms that rendered irksome the kindness of strangers, and dulled every sense of the superior enjoyments of civilization. He returned to his original pursuits, to a state of nakedness and of precarious existence, and has rarely been seen since by any of the settlers in the colony.

SCRAPS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE COW-TREE.

Mr Laet was the first person who made known in Europe one of the most curious vegetable productions of the equinoctial regions—a tree which yields a kind of milk entirely analogous to that of a cow, and which, for that reason, has been called cow-tree. This singular juice, on account of its similitude to the milk of animals—in the place of which Baron Humboldt has seen it used for every domestic purpose on the farm of Barbulá—has been admired by every traveller.

This vegetable milk possesses all the physical properties of the milk of animals, only it is a little thicker, and mixes easily with water; it also becomes yellow, and thickens on the surface like cream. When boiled, it does not coagulate, but a thick yellow pellicle is formed on the surface. Acids do not form with this milk any coagulum, as with that of the cow.

If the juice of this valuable tree is so pleasant and nutritive to the natives, how much more grateful must it be to the traveller who penetrates to these high mountainous regions, when exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and thirst! On the road from Patito to Puerto-Cabello all the trees of this species which are met with exhibit numerous incisions, made by travellers, who anxiously search for them during a journey through these parts. But it is not for this pleasant and nutritious fluid alone that the cow-tree is valuable; because nature, ever bountiful, has given it a doubly useful property; for, besides the fibrin, it likewise contains in abundance an exquisite kind of wax, which may be extracted with great facility.

The cow-tree appears to belong to the family of *Sapotæ*, and is plentiful on the road from Ourmasé to the north-west of Maracovy, on the northern declivities of the Andes, in South America. It does not, however, appear to be peculiar to the Andes on this side of Caracacas, as it is said to be equally luxuriant in Choco.

This milk, when exposed to the action of the air, is altered, and acquires an unpleasant smell similar to that of sour milk; and a pellicle is formed on the surface, which, triturated with caustic potash, exhales ammonia. If some drops of an acid are added to this milk, it may be exposed to the air for a long time, without any alteration; if kept in a bottle with a crystal stopper, it does not decompose, but becomes only thicker; and if a bottle of water is added to this milk, it regains all its properties. In this manner it may be preserved for a considerable time. When this liquid is put on the fire, it presents exactly the same appearance as cows' milk, a pellicle forming on its surface, which prevents the expansion of aqueous vapours.

By repeatedly boiling this vegetable milk with alcohol, a white fibrous substance is produced, possessing the same properties as common fibrin; and although it may appear singular to meet, in a vegetable product, a substance which has usually been considered as peculiar to animal matter, it nevertheless does not differ from it in any thing; and although not identical with the fibrin extracted from animal matters, it seems to have the same relation to it as vegetable albumen has to animal albumen.

Recently a substance has been extracted from the fresh juice of the *Caraca papaya*, which appears to be similar to that from the milk of the cow-tree.

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS DERIVED FROM TREES.

Among the trees of India we observe the mowah, or *Bossia lutyraea*. It attains the height of an English oak; the beauty of the foliage and flowers makes it very ornamental to the plains; and its wood is precious on account of its being capable of withstanding the depredations of the white ants. The flowers of the mowah are dried, and are much used for acculating dishes, and especially for the distillation of arrack. They give a great degree of strength to this liquor, and arrack made with these flowers is distinguished by the name of *mowah arrack*. In a favourable season, a good mowah tree produces from two to three hundred pounds of flowers. A thick oil-like butter is obtained from the fruit, and used for domestic purposes.

The barb, or pamyra, grows upon the banks of the Nerbuddah, and other rivers of the Guzerat. A good tree of this species furnishes daily forty-three quarts of tars, or palm wine, for which a pound of *guggaria*, or coarse sugar, may be got. The sugar-cane is cultivated in several parts of this country; but in place of manufacturing sugar from it, they are contented with selling daily in the market the canes, of the juice of which the Hindoos are very fond.

The celebrated Danish chemist, M. Oerstad, shows that, of all the fruits which grow in Denmark, the apple is that which, together with a good quantity of

sugar, produces the drink approaching nearest to wine.

The sap of the trunk of the birch is, of all vegetable substances, that which furnishes the best means of imitating champagne. This wine is adulterated in London and Hamburg, in the manufactories, with different sorts of berries, and especially with whortles.

THE VARNISH TREE.

This tree has been termed by botanists the *Stagmaria verniciiflua*. It is a native of the East Indian islands, and also Sumatra, and grows to a considerable size. Its wood, Dr Jack says, is of a fine dark colour towards the centre, and lighter coloured near the circumference. From the bark is exuded a resin, which is extremely acrid, and, applied to the skin, causes excoriations and blisters. The natives of these islands consider it dangerous to handle any part of the tree, and even to sit or sleep under its shade. This resin, on exposure to the air, soon assumes a black colour, and becomes very hard and durable. It is collected and employed as a varnish, and sells for this purpose at a very high price. The celebrated naturalist Rumphius, who flourished about one hundred and thirty years ago, was of opinion that this was the tree which yielded the celebrated Japan lacquer, or varnish, and he considers it the same with that of Siam and Tonquin. Loureiro, however, who had better opportunities of observing the latter, represents the varnish of these countries as the produce of a different tree, which he has described under the name *Augie*. The varnish of Siam and Cochinchina is probably the best; but that of Celebes and Java—which is the produce of this tree—is also employed for the same purposes, and cannot be much inferior, as it bears a high price.

SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

When Ptolemy the Second, king of Egypt, looked forth one day from his palace window, afflicted as he was at the time with the gout, the consequence of his luxurious indulgences, and distracted with kingly anxieties, he observed a multitude of his poorer subjects reclining in festal ease on the sandy banks of the Nile—"Miserable fate," said the monarch, "that my fate hath not allowed me to be one of them!"

Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian philosopher, and preceptor of Socrates, being asked for what purpose he conceived he had come into the world, answered, "To see sun, moon, and stars!" The same philosopher, being utterly negligent regarding the politics of his town of Clazomene, was twitted for his indifference on that subject by some one of his more zealous fellow-citizens, who asked him whether he entertained no concern for his native country? "For my country," replied the sage, "I have always a great concern. My native city," pointing to the heavens, "is perpetually the subject of my thoughts."

Chilon, the sage of Sparta, inquired of Æsop what was Jupiter's employment—what was his regular daily business in the skies? "To humble those that are elevated, and elevate those that are humble," said the fabulist.

Anacharsis, though a Scythian, uttered sentiments as beautiful as those of Plato himself. Among his fine sayings is the one—"The vine bears three grapes: the first is that of pleasure; the second is that of drunkenness; the third is that of sorrow." A certain Greek poet, in a very ingenious distribution, gave the first bowl, or crater, to the Graces, Hours, and Bacchus; the second to other heathen deities; the third to Mischief.

When Mark Antony was fast fleeing from his conqueror, after the battle of Mutina, one of his acquaintances gave as a reply to some person that inquired of him what his master was about, "He is doing what dogs do in Egypt when pursued by the crocodile—drinking and running."

Cresus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and his riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendour of apparel and royal ornament, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer: "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court-yard, nor a cock on our dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory!"

THE PROSE STYLE OF POETS.

Mr Robert Pollok, a Scottish poet, while a student of theology, once delivered a trial discourse before the Secession Divinity Hall, Glasgow, the subject of which was SIN. His manner of treating it, in the opinion of his fellow-students, was rather turgid, and at those passages which they considered to be particularly outrageous, they did not scruple to give audible symptoms of the amusement they derived from Mr Pollok's high-flown phrases; at last one flight was so extravagant that the professor himself was fairly obliged to give way—and smiled. At this point the young preacher was just upon the point of a climax expressing the dreadful evils which sin had brought into the world, and he closed it with the following remark: "And had it not been for sin, the smile of folly had ne'er been seen upon the brows of wisdom." This anecdote

is related upon the authority of a person who was present; but it may be remarked that, perhaps, if Mr Pollok's discourse had been listened to with that decorum which the gravity of the occasion demanded, it might not, to an unprejudiced auditor, have seemed deserving of the derisive reception it met with; but when the speaker became sensible that his compeers were making merry at his expense, it must have produced in his manner a degree of confusion, or perhaps of vehemence, by which language and ideas, in themselves not inappropriate, might be rendered ridiculous. It is also to be kept in view that Pollok was not popular among his fellow-students; so that they may be supposed to have been on the watch for an opportunity to testify their dislike of him.

The incident is a curious one, if it were for nothing but because a somewhat similar one—similar at least in as far as its indication of the bent of the young men's minds is concerned—is related of two other poets, at the same stage of their career. "One of his fellow-students," says Sir William Forbes, in his *Life of Dr Beattie* (p. 19), "has informed me that, during their attendance at the Divinity Hall, he heard Beattie deliver a discourse, which met with much commendation, but of which it was remarked by the audience, that he spoke poetry in prose. It is told in the same manner of Thomson, who had also been a student of divinity, that when he produced as a probationary exercise the explanation of a psalm, the professor reproved him for speaking a language that would be altogether unintelligible to a popular audience; which so disgusted Thomson with theological pursuits, that he resolved to betake himself entirely to the cultivation of his poetical talents, by which he afterwards rose to such distinguished eminence."

The reader is requested to observe, that the whole of the present number of the Journal is the composition of the Editors, or of authors whom they employ, none of the articles having ever before been in print, with the exception of the Diographic Sketch, which is abridged from a work edited by one of the conductors of the present publication. This notice as to the originality of the articles of the Journal is found necessary in consequence of an impression which certain illiberal newspapers are assiduous in conveying to their readers, to the effect that the matter of the present work is week after week borrowed without acknowledgment from other works, and that its cheapness is solely owing to this supposed system of plagiarism. So far from this being the case, the Editors systematically refuse the gratuitous contributions which many able and ingenious persons throughout the country are in the habit of offering to them—having found it necessary, in order to accomplish the objects they have in view, to employ either their own pens, or those of some other practised writers, who, acting under their express direction, shape their labours to the peculiar nature and purposes of the Journal. In every case, they repeat, where quotation is not made—and these cases are now very rare—the articles are compositions prepared expressly for the work.

A fortnightly sheet, similar in appearance and price to the Journal, is published under the title of "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," of which the following ten numbers have already appeared:—

1. EMIGRATION TO CANADA, being a complete body of information on that country for the use of Emigrants, and precluding, in a great measure, the necessity of consulting other works.
2. HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN, down to the commencement of the Civil War—to be continued. The object of this sheet is to afford such a view of British History as may be suitable to the tastes and opportunities of the people at large.
3. HISTORY OF MANKIND—a view of the progress of the Human Race, and of the peculiarities of the various divisions of Mankind.
4. EMIGRATION TO NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, CAPE BRETON, &c.
5. EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.
6. ACCOUNT OF THE GLOBE—a complete view of the internal and external Structure of the Globe, comprising all the discoveries of modern geologists.
7. THE COTTON, WOOLLEN, SILK, AND LINEN MANUFACTURES—a condensed account of the progress and present state of those essential branches of our national industry.
8. AN ACCOUNT OF THE HUMAN BODY, being a Popular Sketch of the Physiological Structure of Man.
9. STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
10. EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

Articles are also in preparation on a variety of subjects generally interesting to the people, and will in due course appear. Every article is a careful original composition, generally the production of the Editors themselves, or of some other literary gentlemen of established character in the departments respectively assigned to them. In Edinburgh, as in the case of the Journal, it is regularly left every alternate Wednesday at the houses of subscribers, and it may be had of every bookseller and newsman throughout the United Kingdom.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTINE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 78.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

"HE THAT THOLES, OVERCOMES."

ONE can go nowhere without gaining wisdom, if he only hold himself open to receive it. The above sagacious aphorism is inscribed, in contracted and hardly intelligible characters, over the door of a very ancient house in the West Bow of Edinburgh, a street where we might expect to meet nothing now-a-days but spectacles of misery and vice.* He that tholes—that is, he who endures without flinching—overcomes: he who, however sorely afflicted, however sorely tried with calamity, suffers his pains with patience and manly fortitude, triumphs over them, and is in reality the same as if it were not his fate to be so tried. How profoundly philosophical is this maxim, or, to use a French phrase literally, which is applied metaphorically to something slightly different, this wisdom of the streets! † What, we cannot help reflecting, must have been those personal circumstances which induced the man who built this house—probably a burgher of the sixteenth century—to inscribe his property with a phrase breathing such a spirit! Whether he conceived it in his own mind, or adopted it from some other source, he must have been himself, one would suppose, a singular and conspicuous instance of the victory which patience ever achieves over all trials, those of the body as well as those of the mind. Perhaps the acquisition of the wealth which enabled him to build this house, was the result of some remarkable exertion of his powers of endurance; and, looking upon the house as the best monument of his achievement, he thus inscribed it in a modest spirit of triumph, and with the hope, perhaps, that a maxim enforced by such a story as his would occasionally prove a support to the sinking spirits of future sufferers. If such were his views, they have long been frustrated by the treachery of time; for not only is the history of this man now unknown, but the inscription is so obscure, both in language and orthography, that it must be a mystery to almost all who are in the habit of seeing it, notwithstanding that its sense could never have been so useful or requisite as in these latter times, when the house and all around it are inhabited by an infinitely poorer class of people than at any former period. It is for the purpose of reversing its fate, and rendering it as clear to the world as ever, that we have taken notice of it in this place.

At all periods of life we are liable to troubles, some of which we can partly obviate and alleviate by prudent management, while others are so entirely beyond our control, that we can neither prevent them from coming upon us, nor obtain relief from them after they have taken effect. The commercial schemes, which we have planned with the most guarded caution, and watched over with unremitting care, may be blasted by some casualty, either unforeseen, or which we had to lay our account with, at the commencement, as incidental to the mode which had been assigned to us of gaining our daily bread. Hopes still tenderer to the heart may be crushed and blighted: beings who were dearer to us than our own life may be reft from us by sudden or by slow decay: sickness may befall ourselves, or our frames may be stricken with some of those severe calamities which medical science can only look upon and despair. To

such and to many other calamities are we, in this imperfect state of being, daily and hourly exposed. Let us never forget, however, that all affliction is capable of being increased or diminished by the way in which we receive it; the weak suffering much additional distress from the reverberation of pain, so to speak, within their own agitated minds, while those possessed of fortitude, like travellers who stare a beast of prey out of countenance, turn off a great part of the danger by boldly encountering it. Do not yield to evils, says the classic maxim, but go the more daringly against them. In fact, the philosophy of this question is the same as that of a great battle, where there is always less aggregate danger to the party which stands firm than to that which gives way; the cowards being always cut down ingloriously in the flight. It may be said that many are not so framed as to encounter evils with firmness; but this is liable to great error. No one knows what degree of firmness he possesses till he musters it up by an exertion of the understanding. If he do not attempt to muster it up, he may sink needlessly into despair, and, consequently, into greater evils, for want of that which he really has. There can be no doubt that in these cases the will can be forced, if we will only try; for (if we may be allowed such an illustration) there is hardly any instance of a malefactor, who, timid in ordinary circumstances, did not display the most perfect resignation to the last award of the law, when assured that there was no hope of its being reversed. If the worst of evils can call up this firmness, why should we permit lesser distresses to overpower us? It is fairly allowable in such cases, we think, to call in the aid even of vanity, and, seeking applause from our fellow-creatures for the heroism with which we meet our trials, gain that patience of which the reverse is often called up through the same means. But it were better if we could uniformly derive our powers of endurance from an inward and unostentatious constancy of spirit, which, based upon conscious rectitude of intentions, regards calamity as only a trial of the better part of man. And, after all, there is no evil in the world, excepting remorse, for which there is not some immediate, and often a corresponding palliative. The genius of human suffering resembles the serpent, which is said to be always closely attended by another creature, bearing a balsam to cure its bites. As this stern spirit walks over the earth, casting her darts here and there, numberless beneficent geni hover over her path, whose duty it is to pour balm into the wounds which she has made. Wherever there is a deficiency in these remedial processes, it may be supplied by a religious patience, which is always at the command of a well-regulated mind, and the want of which may be described as almost the only calamity that is really to be deplored.

The maxim may be not only enforced in this general way, but there are many special circumstances in human life, and many classes of human beings, to whom its moral might be specially applied. We would particularly instance the young, who, from their ardent and effervescent character, are not apt to have much power of *tholing*. In this large and interesting class of persons, there are many whose natural sagacity and perseverance enable them to bear up with much patience against the obstacles with which almost every young man is tried before he can vindicate his title to consideration and employment. But, on the other hand, many more are of a soft, self-indulgent, and self-admiring character; and if they do not find every difficulty give way at their approach, their pride takes offence, they sink back into sloth or into equally fatal indecision, and perhaps are lost for ever. It should be impressed on every young person, that, in general,

much must be done, and long delay must be endured, before they can be even put into the way of accomplishing what they desire. There is no "Open Sesame," as they may imagine, to make the portals of prosperity fly open to them; but fortune must be wooed with a solicitude and a patience proportioned to her proverbial character as the most coy and coquettish of all beings, real or imaginary, who ever bore the female form. Far more is done in the world, by negative qualities, than they could suppose. Only hold on—*thole*—living as moderately in the meantime as possible—and it cannot fail that, as others die off, some vacancy will occur into which you will be admitted: or you will gradually be acquiring a preference, and accumulating reputation and respect, by mere *standing*, which is much the same thing. Every one must have observed that the brightest abilities at twenty have no chance against the consolidated reputation which may attend very moderate abilities at forty. This superiority, it is easy to see, has only been gained by *tholing*.

The precipitancy of youth is often shown in a very amusing manner in their affairs of the heart. When the human being arrives at about twenty, he gets dreadfully afraid that the world will run past him unenjoyed. As he grows older, he always becomes the more sensible that there is plenty of time for all the enjoyments of life, and therefore the less eager does he become to grasp them. Hence no bachelor at thirty-six is nearly so much afraid that he will be late in *settling in life*, as the generality of those who number exactly half that amount of years. And hence, after thirty-six, the chances of a bachelor changing his condition—at least in a way that will not excite the ridicule of society—always become less and less. This excessive eagerness in youth ought to be by all means controlled, so far as it does not conduce to real advancement in the world, for it is but too apt to be inconsistent with that patience which, without doubt, is the best part of the battle of life.

HAMPTON COURT.

IT is a beautiful morning in June; scarcely one little soft white cloud rests on the wide blue horizon; the smoke rising from the great world of houses, after hovering in mid air, is gradually dispersing in an easterly direction; the ladies assure you that the weather is delightful and settled, and that the party is certain to have a most beautiful day to go to Hampton Court. So off we set. One, two, three, four—we are all in the coach; the steps are drawn up, the door closed, and in a minute we find ourselves whirled along towards one of the western outlets of the town. In a westerly direction from London, the roads are excellent and pleasant: the long dull lines of brick streets cease, but detached houses and villages succeed in apparently endless variety for a distance of many miles, as if there were a struggle betwixt town and country for supremacy.

Hampton Court is one of the royal residences of England, and being situated at the distance of only thirteen miles from London, in a very beautiful part of the country, on the north bank of the Thames, it is a fit object of interest to be visited by strangers in the metropolis. In about an hour and a half after leaving town, you enter the village of Hampton Court, which consists of a few houses of brick, large and small, with barracks for horse soldiers; the whole being overhung and environed with tall trees, mostly horse-chestnuts, whose broad green leaves and shadowy recesses give a sylvan aspect to a scene essentially English. After alighting at the "King's Arms,"

* It is necessary, for the sake of the greater part of our readers, to mention, that, in the older part of the Scottish capital, many of the houses exhibit pious inscriptions over the doorways, generally texts of Scripture. The above is of a rare character, being a moral apothegm: it is noticed in "Traditions of Edinburgh," vol. i. 143.

† The French speak of what we understand by the term "common sense," as *le sens qui court les rues*—the sense which runs the streets.

where, I have no doubt, you will take care to bespeak dinner against the time you return from your walk through the royal domain, you proceed towards the palace by one of the large gateways, from which, through some fine shadowy shrubberies and open walks, you are introduced to the centre of the grounds, where the royal structure is situated.

The palace of Hampton Court, in external appearance, is a lofty and magnificent structure of red brick, ornamented with pale freestone cornices and edgings to the doors and windows, a row of the latter above the first floor being circular; and the whole contour conveying the idea of a house of William the Third's reign, in which time the edifice underwent nearly a total renovation and a very considerable extension. The palace altogether consists of three grand quadrangles, with open courts, one of which bears a close resemblance to, and I believe formed a model for, the inner court of Holyroodhouse at Edinburgh. Around this court are piazzas, with stone pillars, and from which covered ways, passages ascend to the apartments above. The grand staircase is one of the widest any where to be met with. The walls and roof are covered with continuous paintings of emblematic figures, illustrative of allegorical subjects, as well as representing the Roman Cæsars in their proper costume, but so gross and stupid in their appearance, that they would disgrace the walls of the meanest dwelling.

The visitor now enters a suite of lofty and large apartments, mostly panelled and floored with oak, and containing hardly any furniture. The only seats are a kind of footstools; the ample fire-places are destitute of grates, but in some the ancient fire-irons, called *dogs*, for the support of logs of wood, are still extant. What are called the "presence-chambers," or rooms in which levées are held, are decorated in better style, with wide canopies over the chairs of state. The beds in the royal sleeping apartments are lofty structures, with coverlets, hangings, and other furniture, of rich satin or silk, and velvet, of different colours. All these, and other apartments shown to strangers, form a suite going round the building, each room entering from the other without the intervention of passages, that is, not reckoning the numerous secret and partly concealed doors leading to various back stairs and private entrances.

You are first introduced into the guard-room, the walls of which are ornamented with ancient warlike instruments, and paintings of a number of English admirals, by Kneller and Dahl. In the next apartment are seen portraits of various beauties of the court of England, painted also by Kneller, who has here depicted several lovely countenances, though a sameness runs through the whole, and none are so striking as to leave any impression. In the third room is seen what we esteem the finest painting in the house—a portrait of Charles the First on horseback, by Vandyke—and which ought to be seen, in order to have a just appreciation of that great master's admirable style. There is also an excellent painting of Bandinelli in his studio, by Corregio. The third room, or audience chamber, has also some good pictures; among others, a painting of the family of Louis Cornaro, a person celebrated for his extraordinary temperance. The picture, which is from an original, by Titian, shows Cornaro and three generations of descendants, who appear in the act of adoration at a shrine. There are likewise portraits of Titian and his uncle, done by Titian himself, and a spirited battle piece, by Julio Romano.

The fourth apartment, or king's drawing-room, is enriched with an exceedingly fine painting of Charles the First, a whole length, by Vandyke, esteemed the best likeness we have of that monarch. It has been copied and engraved by Sir Robert Strange, a distinguished Scottish artist, who, though a staunch Jacobite and adherent of Prince Charles Stuart in 1745, had the good fortune to be warmly patronised by George the Third. In the next room, or state bed-chamber, the visitor will see a beautiful portrait of Anne Hyde, daughter of Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and mother of the successive queens, Mary and Anne. The king's dressing-room and writing-closet, and Queen Mary's state bed-chamber, which follow, contain many fine pictures, by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, Sebastian del Piombo, Louis da Vinci, Albert Duror, and others.

After having traversed these stately and silent halls, the visitor is led out through a long, dreary, ill-lighted apartment, the walls of which are ornamented with what at first sight he may suppose very wretched daubs of painting. Yet these faded colourless pictures are the famous cartoons of Raffaele—productions whose praises have resounded over the whole civilized world.* Whatever may be the merits of these famous paintings, they are quickly going to decay; and if not restored by applications necessary to preserve them, will ere long fall in tatters from the walls, or at least lose all character as emanations of the mind of him who has been enthusiastically termed "the Divine Raffaele."†

* They are called *cartoons*, because they are done on paper, the Latin name of which is *charta*.

† Unfortunately for the visitor of taste, little time is allowed to inspect these and the other works of art. To a pampered and mercenary menial, who does not even deign to look towards the portraits, which she coolly indicates with a key, the truncheon of her office, the duty of exhibiting this British gallery of paintings seems to have been committed. The visitor is not allowed to depart without paying a certain fee; and such is the rapidity with which party succeeds party, that we could estimate five pounds

Hampton Court palace was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey, and a portion of the structure which he reared is still extant in the northern quadrangle. Here was the scene of the humiliation and forfeiture of that favourite of Henry the Eighth, who at this place often held his court, and made it the scene of his Christmas festivities—here Edward the Sixth was born—here were held the masques, and mummings, and tournaments of Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth—here James the First held his court and famous meeting of controversialists—here Charles the First was immured as a state prisoner, and took leave of his children—here was celebrated the marriage of Cromwell's daughter and Lord Falconberg—here Charles the Second had occasionally his impure residence—here lived William and Mary after the revolution of 1688—and here, till the reign of George the Second, royal courts were sometimes held. In the present day, the private apartments are the residence of certain impoverished ladies of quality, and others connected with the royal household.

In front of the palace, to the south and westward towards the Thames, which flows in a sweep round the domain within a short distance, the grounds are laid out in extensive broad walks and parterres, having an air of courtly grace peculiar to some of the old baronial gardens. There are also various extensive avenues of tall leafy trees, which, in their cool shade, offer an acceptable relief from the glare of a summer sun on the flat gravel walks and borders. Just within one of the outer gateways is a labyrinth, formed by hedge-rows, and, by extending a mile in length in an almost inextricable though regular maze, affords an exquisite amusement to the parties of Londoners who come hither to spend a holiday.

THE OUTCAST,

A TALE.

SUCH of our Scottish readers as were personally familiar with the transactions and incidents during the late war, may remember a small building that stood at the end of one of the streets of Leith, at the door of which the union jack was seen flying from morning till night. It was the rendezvous of the "press-gang," whilst employed in their revolting occupation ashore, and where they were regularly locked in every night, to prevent the risk of collision between them and the citizens, to whom they were, as a matter of course, particularly obnoxious.

The commanding officer on the station, at the period of the following incident, was a man peculiarly unfitted, by *inclination* at least, for the duties imposed on him in the impressment proceedings, being of a most humane and kind disposition. He was, besides, a native of Leith, where he resided in a house of his own, unless when his presence was necessarily required on board. He had also a private room in the round-house (as it may be termed) above mentioned, where he attended with great punctuality, in order that his presence might prove a check to the brutal and licentious natures of the "press-gang"—the most reckless and desperate characters amongst the crew being, as is well known, always selected for the worse than slave-traffic in which they were employed.

In the above room, then, Captain Gillespie was seated one evening, when he was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with him, and, at his desire, the stranger was introduced. He was evidently a mere youth, slightly and elegantly made, and was very fashionably dressed. Captain Gillespie was particularly struck with the handsome, and, as he thought, feminine cast of his features—a peculiarity that corresponded well with the soft and silvery tones of his voice, when, after considerable hesitation, he stated the purpose of his visit. This was no other than to request that he might be taken on board a man-of-war to serve as a common sailor! Captain Gillespie expressed no little astonishment at one of his tender age and elegant appearance having adopted so strange a resolution, and begged to question him as to his motives for so doing—whether he had reflected sufficiently on the consequences of such a step, the hardships he must endure, and so forth. The youth declined giving any explanation on these points, and merely reiterated his determination of entering the navy. The worthy officer was exceedingly moved at the youth's situation. He was evidently of a superior rank in life, had been carefully and delicately brought

up; and his replies showed that he knew nothing at all of the world. The captain, however, secretly felt more compassion than surprise at the circumstance. He knew that instances were then of frequent occurrence, of young men of the very best families, whose ardent and untutored imaginations were blown into enthusiasm by the inflated and high-coloured accounts every day put forth of our splendid naval triumphs, and with heads filled with visions of glory, and hearts with patriotism, leaving all the comforts and elegancies of home behind, little dreaming of the rough ordeal they must undergo in the path to eminence or glory.

Such an instance did the kind-hearted officer conclude was now before him; and knowing from experience all the rough realities of his profession, he endeavoured to persuade the young enthusiast to abandon, or at least postpone, his resolution; but finding all his arguments unavailing, he determined to give him a foretaste, at least, of the sort of company he would have to associate with on board. When the junior officer, therefore, came on shore to relieve him for the night, he ordered him to lock the young man into the same apartment with the rascals of the press-gang; and directed, also, that he should be brought to his house next morning at breakfast time.

The youth accordingly appeared at the appointed hour, and Captain Gillespie saw, at a glance, that the experiment he had tried had not been without its effect, or rather that it had succeeded much beyond what he had intended. In fact, he was shocked at the alteration which he saw in the young man's features since the preceding evening, and almost repented the plan he had put in practice. He shook him kindly by the hand, and then, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, requested to know if he still adhered to his determination of becoming a sailor. For a while the young man sat mute and rigid as marble, and seemed totally unconscious of the meaning of the words addressed to him, but at last fell on his knees before Captain Gillespie, and in a passion of tears and sobs, so violent as seemed almost to rend his frame, disclosed—what his compassionate hearer had already begun distantly to suspect—that the unhappy young creature before him was—a female!

Captain Gillespie raised the suppliant before him, and endeavoured to soothe her by all the persuasion he was master of, but it was long before he succeeded. When at length she became composed enough to speak, she frankly told her short and simple tale.—She was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of considerable property in a neighbouring county. About six months previous to the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, a young relative, a lieutenant in the navy, had obtained leave for a short visit to her father's house. The young officer had but lately obtained his commission, was consequently in high spirits, and being quite an enthusiast in his profession, could speak of nothing else but the scenes and battles—for he had already seen a deal of hard fighting—in which he had been engaged, depicting them, of course, in the most glowing colours that a young and ardent imagination could suggest. In these details, although listened to with due attention, and perhaps interest, by the rest of the family, the young sailor found none who evidently sympathised, as it were, with his own feelings, but the youngest of his cousins, of whom there were four, all daughters. It was natural, therefore, that he should show a preference to her company in comparison with her sisters, although his predilection arose solely from the vain-glorious pleasure of having a ready, a delighted listener. Any thing like love-addresses he had never once offered to her (and it afterwards, indeed, appeared that his affections were pre-engaged), but his buoyant spirits, and joyous language—his aspirations after naval fame—his handsome and animated countenance, together with the decided partiality he displayed for her society—all these wrought upon the young and simple girl's imagination, to a degree of which she was not herself conscious until he was gone. It was then, and for the first time, she felt how much her happiness was at the disposal of another, and what a dreary blank the world appeared without his presence. Time, perhaps, might have enabled her to regain her equanimity, but she was subjected to distress from other sources. Her father—a cold, austere man, a stern disciplinarian in his family, and who regarded any unbending from that rigid demeanour of stately and ceremonious reserve which was the rule of his own department, as alike an infraction of moral propriety and a derogation from his rank—had observed with availing indignation his daughter's artless admiration of her cousin, and, at the departure of the latter, let loose the full measure of his wrath upon her. Her sisters, too, whose minds were formed on their father's model, and burned, moreover, with spite and jealousy at the preference shown by any eligible and marriageable man to one younger than themselves, persecuted her without mercy. The poor girl's life soon became so wretched, between her domestic troubles and her love for her absent cousin, that she at last determined to fly from her father's house, and follow her lover to sea. So ignorant was she of worldly matters, that, hearing that a "frigate of war" was lying in Leith roads, the name of which she never had heard of except from the lips of her cousin, she simply concluded he must be there, and had accordingly applied, as we have seen, to be accepted as his shipmate.

Such was the simple story of the poor girl, who

seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse at her folly, and with despair at the probable consequences of it. Captain Gillespie said all he could to console her; promised to write to her father for his forgiveness, which he was sure she would obtain; and tried to cheer her, by saying that her foolish prank would soon be forgotten. But her agitation and distress only broke out afresh. She knew, she said, her father too well to think there was any hope of his mercy; and even if he did forgive her, her sisters would break her heart with their taunts and reproaches. No other course, however, was left to her new and kind-hearted friend; and he accordingly wrote off the same day to Mr Hume (for such was his name), informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging all he could to deprecate his indignation, and palliate his daughter's conduct, which, he assured him, she most deeply repented. He also had the weeping runaway removed immediately to the house of a female relation in the neighbourhood, where every attention was paid her.

Captain Gillespie waited anxiously for a reply to his letter, which he felt quite confident would be in the person of Mr Hume himself, rejoiced to discover and to take back his erring daughter to his arms. The answer, indeed, came punctually by return of post—his own letter enclosed in a blank cover! Captain Gillespie was thunderstruck. His honest and unsophisticated mind was quite unable to comprehend the possibility of such a thing. It presented human nature to him in a light which was perfectly new to him; and he examined his own letter and the envelope more than once, to make sure that the fact was really true. A parent to refuse forgiveness to a penitent child for such a mere act of youthful folly! Was it in the heart of erring man to do it? It was impossible. There must be some mistake—some misconception: he would write again. He wrote again accordingly, repeating what he had stated in his former letter, and adding every thing else he could think of in mitigation of his fair charge's indiscretion. He concluded by remarking—which was the fact—that she seemed fast sinking under her misery; and begged him, as a Christian and a parent, to hasten to her relief, and save her life by pronouncing his forgiveness. It was in vain. His letter was again returned to him as before, with, however, the following laconic note in the envelope:—"Mr Hume knows no such individual as that referred to in the enclosed, and begs that no more communications may be sent to him regarding that individual." Captain Gillespie was staggered at this epistle, and certain suspicions began to arise in his mind. Could she be an impostor? Was it possible that one so young, so modest, and so heart-broken, could be deceiving him with a fabricated story? This he could not bring his mind to believe; but, on the other hand, reckoned it still more improbable that a parent could thus abandon his child to starvation or infamy. Was it that she had been guilty of some worse indiscretion than she had confessed, and was afraid to reveal it to him? He was puzzled for some time what to do or think, but he felt he had proceeded too far to let the matter rest where it was; and he concluded by determining to sift it to the bottom, and that without delay. He immediately made arrangements, therefore, for a day's absence from duty, and set out in a post-chaise for Mr Hume's residence.

He found that gentleman at home, and was received by him with that cold civility of aspect and manner with which he would have welcomed equally his warmest friend and his bitterest foe.

"My name is Captain Gillespie, of his Majesty's frigate the *Wasp*, stationed at Leith."

"Ah!—pray be seated, sir."

"I have written to you twice within the last week, upon a very painful subject to you, I dare say, Mr Hume. May I ask if you received my letters?"

"I did, sir."

"And pray, sir, may I beg to know what answer you have to make to them?"

"I have already answered them, sir."

"A blank sheet of paper is no answer, Mr Hume."

"There was something more than that accompanying your last returned epistle, sir."

"Then am I to understand that this young person has been imposing on me, and that you are really not her parent?"

"That I was her father, sir, I grieve to acknowledge; but I now disclaim the title. She is no longer a daughter of mine."

"Sir!—Why, that is strange doctrine, and quite beyond my understanding. Pray, sir, if she was your daughter, how do you make out that she is not so now?"

"Her own conduct, sir, is a sufficient explanation of the paradox."

"Then it is her conduct, Mr Hume, that I wish to get explained. Let us understand one another, sir, on that point, before saying another word, and allow me, in the first place, to relate to you the statement made to me by the unhappy girl herself of the circumstances which induced her to act so indiscreetly as she has done."

The worthy officer then recapitulated faithfully the story told him by Miss Hume, softening nothing that related to her own thoughtlessness or folly, but touching as slightly as possible on her statements respecting her father's severe reproaches for her partiality to her cousin, in order not to irritate his auditor. He concluded by asking if the narrative were true or false.

"It seems to be all very correct, sir," was the cold reply.

"And was there no aggravating circumstance connected with it, previous to her leaving your house?"

"None, sir, that I am aware of."

"Had she not previously been guilty of any flagrant misconduct to call down your anger?"

"Never, sir; she had always behaved as a daughter ought to do."

"And, in the name of all that is sacred, do you consider yourself warranted, by this single act of youthful imprudence, to cast off your own child for ever!"

"She cast me off, sir, and may, therefore, find a home and a father where she may. But, sir," continued Mr Hume, rising from his seat, "I will not submit to have my conduct questioned by any one, far less by a stranger. If your visit had reference to nothing else but this topic, I have to beg that it may terminate."

"Do you not consider yourself bound, sir," pursued Captain Gillespie, also rising, but with a swelling heart and a glowing cheek—"are you not bound, sir, by the ties of nature, by the mere sense of decency, to take back your erring child to your heart? Should you not reflect, sir, that her present folly may perhaps be owing to some neglect on your part in the training of her young mind, and that it is only the more imperative upon you, from what has now happened, to endeavour to instruct her understanding, confirm her principles, and, by parental lenity and kindness, to make her penitence for her error more lasting and salutary? She is yet pure and unspotted as when she left her mother's bosom. Surely, surely, sir, you make some distinction between folly and crime?"

"You have my answer, sir," was the only reply.

"And do you really mean to abandon her thus to the mercy—to the cruelty and villany rather—of the world, without protection, without subsistence?"

"I see every reason for believing," replied the other, in a significant tone, "that she will be at no loss for either."

The honest-hearted sailor started at the insinuation conveyed by these words, as if a shell had exploded at his feet.

"Sir," said he, unable to repress his indignation, "but for these grey hairs I would strike you beneath my feet! But you say right, sir," continued he, recovering himself; "you poor mourner shall not suffer for the cruelty of her unnatural parent. While it is in my power, she shall neither want assistance nor protection; nor shall it be my fault if she does not cease to forget that she owed her being to so callous-hearted a monster as you have proved yourself to be!"

And he kept his word. Upon his return home, he imparted the result of his interview to the unfortunate girl in as gentle terms as possible, and begged her, at the same time, to look to him as her future parent. The poor outcast could but sob her gratitude.

Captain Gillespie in a few weeks received orders to proceed to a foreign station; and seeing the daily decreasing health of his charge, he sought out a residence for her in a respectable family in a country town not many miles from the metropolis; and, at the same time, aware of the uncertainty of life in a profession like his, he deposited sufficient funds to secure the unfortunate a comfortable maintenance for life. He set sail, and never saw her more, having, subsequently to his return from abroad, married, and settled in England. The object of his benevolence lived for many years afterwards, but gradually declined, and at last sunk into the grave, there can be little doubt, from the effects of a broken heart. Not one of her relatives had ever deigned to inquire after her—and they even carried their vindictiveness beyond the grave. Upon being informed of her death, her generous benefactor hastened down to Scotland, for the purpose of seeing the last rites paid to her remains, and thought it but his duty to send a notification of the event to her parent, who was still alive; but no notice was taken of the intimation. Captain Gillespie, therefore, laid her head in the grave himself, assisted by a few friends, who were aware of all the circumstances that originated the connection between them, and who pitied the dead no less than they honoured the living.

It was from one of these mourners that we learned the particulars of this mournful tale, which in every part is related exactly as it reached us. In saying so, we are not practising one of those arts by which the writers of narratives, probable and otherwise, so often attempt to abuse the confidence of their readers. The story is positively true, and such, in our opinion, is its chief value, as its publicity in this place may perhaps raise a feeling of repentance in THAT UNNATURAL HEART, hitherto so obdurate. Such an anecdote cannot fail to suggest in every mind a reflection upon the guilt which may occasionally attach to a character, in every common respect held as above impeachment. A man may be, in the sense of the world, respectable, for the discharge of almost every obligation of life—may be, in fact, both moral and religious to the full degree required by the eye of the world; and yet he may, in a mere excess of certain feelings, which, in a moderate degree, might be laudable and beneficial, do that which all ordinary men would shudder at, or, as in the present case, make such omissions of duty, as, in a later and better state of heart, are fit to raise within him the most

exquisite tortures of remorse and despair. At the same time, the moral may be fitly drawn by the young and inexperienced, that one false step in life—one trifling aberration from the strictest rules of propriety, may be visited with a degree of punishment which no previous calculation could have anticipated, and which even on general principles of justice may be condemned.

THE DRAMA IN OLD TIMES.

SOPHOCLES.

THE Greek drama seems to have got such an impulse from *Æschylus*, that, in the very next age, it attained its greatest degree of perfection. During this period, although the country was distracted with the Peloponnesian war, which lasted nearly thirty years, there flourished two tragic writers of the greatest eminence, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, besides *Aristophanes*, *Cratichus*, and *Eupolis*, as writers of comedies, which was a new style of dramatic composition, that now became conspicuous among the Athenians. At the same troubled period appeared *Herodotus* and *Thucydides* among the historians, and *Socrates* among the philosophers. Within the space of about half a century from the time when the regular drama commenced with *Æschylus*, there appeared *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Cherillus*, *Aristarchus*, *Empedocles*, *Ion*, *Nomachus*, and *Cepheodorus*, who disputed for the prizes of tragic genius at the Olympic games before assembled Greece. The fertility of the genius of these writers appears immense, when we are told that *Æschylus* wrote seventy or eighty plays, *Sophocles* a hundred and twenty, *Euripides* ninety, *Cherillus* a hundred and fifty, and their rivals above mentioned nearly as many. The entire works of none of those authors have come down to posterity; but from those which have reached us of the three first, the great masters of the art, the general opinion has assigned the palm of sublimity to *Æschylus*, of pathos and sentiment to *Sophocles*, and of tragic art to *Euripides*.

Sophocles, the second of these great masters, was born at Calone, a village in the neighbourhood of Athens, about 497 years before Christ. His father, *Sophilus*, it appears, exercised the humble occupation of a blacksmith; but the education of his son was not neglected, as his early indications of genius were fostered, and his remarkable aptitude for the higher branches of literature were duly submitted to cultivation. At the same time, he devoted himself much to the accomplishments of music and dancing, in both of which arts he distinguished himself greatly, particularly at the time of the battle of Salamis, when, at the age of seventeen, he led a chorus of youths, in their musical performance, round a trophy erected in honour of that victory. At the usual age he chose the profession of arms, as being at that time more honourable, and probably more advantageous than any other, and had the honour to serve in the army under the celebrated commander *Pericles*. Here he soon became eminent for his valour and good conduct, so that he was appointed to a high military dignity, and is understood to have shared with his former leader, in several battles, the chief command of the Athenian armies. His services in the field were duly appreciated and rewarded by his fellow-citizens, who raised him to the high office of *Archon*, or chief magistrate of Athens, the duties of which he executed in a most efficient and creditable manner.

The first appearance of *Sophocles* as a dramatic writer left no room for doubting the splendour of his talents. The Athenians had captured the island of *Seyros*; and in order to celebrate that great event, a yearly contest for tragedy was instituted. *Sophocles* on this occasion, although he was but twenty-nine years of age, obtained the prize over many experienced competitors, in the number of whom was *Æschylus*, his former friend and preceptor. In domestic life he was not so fortunate as in his public career. His children, from an eager desire to get possession of his property, summoned him before the judges, for the purpose of proving him to be in dotage, and utterly incapable of managing his affairs. The old man appeared in court to repel this charge; and producing the tragedy of *Œdipus Coloneus*, which he had just finished, asked his judges if the author of such a work could be justly taxed with insanity. The judges, indignant at the imputation which had been preferred against him, confirmed him in the possession of his rights; his ungrateful children were covered with shame and confusion; and the people who were present conducted him home in triumph. He died at the age of ninety-one, 406 years before the Christian era, and his death is said to have been caused by excessive joy at the success of his last piece, which gained the prize at the Olympic games—as his master *Æschylus* is reported to have died of grief for being foiled by him in his first. *Lucian*, the Greek writer of *Dialogues of the Dead*, however, says that *Sophocles* died by being accidentally choked with a grape-stone.

Of one hundred and twenty tragedies which *Sophocles* is said to have written, only seven are now remaining, viz. *Ajax*, *Electra*, *Philoctetes*, *Antigone*, *Trachiniae*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and *Œdipus Coloneus*.

In his dramas we trace a wonderful progress of the art, from its crude though sublime immaturity in the works of Æschylus. His plays have a noble, not a desolate, simplicity, like those of Æschylus; and he is far more happy in the conduct of his plots, which he rendered more interesting by being more artful, so as to waken attention, and keep it alive by tender, as well as terrible, emotions. It is remarked that he never acted himself in any of his plays, as Æschylus and Euripides were accustomed to do, his voice being too weak and low for the stage; though he attended always at the representation of his dramas, and on these occasions received invariably the applauses of the audience. He was crowned twenty times; and though, like his brother poets, he often suffered from unjust censure, yet he never could be prevailed on, as his rivals were, to quit his native country, for which he always showed an attachment of the most devoted kind.

The drama is indebted to this great man for the important improvement of a third speaker to the dialogue, into which his genius infused greater ease and elegance. He likewise added the decoration of painted scenery; and he enhanced the effect of the drama much, by paying a stricter attention to probability and natural incident. From the sweetness of his style, he received among the ancients the appellation of the *attic bee*; and the Athenians erected a sumptuous monument to his memory, on which was engraved a swarm of bees, in allusion to the above name given to him on account of his verses, which are indeed wonderfully soft and harmonious.

THE LAND OF SCOTT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE small vale of Borthwick Water, which starts off from the strath of the Teviot a little above Hawick, contains a scene which cannot well be overlooked in an article bearing such a title as the present—namely, Harden Castle, the original though now deserted seat of the family of Scott of Harden, from which, through the Raeburn branch, Sir Walter Scott was descended. This, though neglected alike by its proprietor and by tourists, is one of the most remarkable pieces of scenery which we, who have travelled over nearly the whole of Scotland, have yet seen within its shores. Conceive, first, the lonely pastoral beauty of the vale of Borthwick; next, a minor vale receding from its northern side, full of old and emaciated, but still beautiful wood: penetrating this recess for a little way, the traveller sees, perched upon a lofty height in front, and beaming perhaps in the sun, a house which, though not picturesque in its outline, derives that quality in a high degree from its situation and accompaniments. This is Harden House or Castle; but, though apparently near it, the wayfarer has yet to walk a long way around the height before he can wind his way into its immediate presence. When arrived at the platform whereon the house stands, he finds it degraded into a farm-house; its court forming perhaps a temporary cattle-yard; every ornament disgraced; every memorial of former grandeur seen through a slough of plebeian utility and homeliness, or broken into ruin. A pavement of black and white diced marble is found in the vestibule, every square of which is bruised to pieces, and the whole strewn with the details of a dairy. The dining-room, a large apartment with a richly ornamented stucco roof, is now used as the farmer's kitchen. Other parts of the house, still bearing the arms and initials of Walter Scott, Earl of Taras, great-grandfather of the present Mr Scott of Harden, and of his second wife, Helen Hepburn, are sunk in a scarcely less proportion. This nobleman was at first married to Mary Countess of Buccleuch, who died, however, without issue, leaving the succession open to her sister Anne, who became the wife of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, eldest natural son of Charles the Second. Through this family connection, the Earl of Taras was induced to join in the conspiracy which usually bears the name of the Rye-house Plot, for which he was attainted, only saving his life by giving evidence against his more steadfast companion, Baillie of Jerviswood, the great-grandfather of another Scottish proprietor, who happens to be an immediate neighbour of Harden. It may be asked why Mr Scott does not inherit the title of his ancestor: the answer is, that it was only thought necessary to invest the husband of the Countess of Buccleuch with a title for his own life—which proves that the hereditary character of the peerage has not always been observed in our constitution. While all of this scene that springs from art is degraded and wretched, it is striking to see that its natural grandeur suffers no defalcation. The wide-sweeping hills stretch off grandly on all hands, and the celebrated *den*, from which the place has taken its name, still retains the

features which have rendered it so remarkable a natural curiosity. This is a large abyss in the earth, as it may be called, immediately under the walls of the house, and altogether unpaved by running water—the banks clothed with trees of all kinds, and one side opening to the vale, though the bottom is much beneath the level of the surrounding ground. Old Wat of Harden—such is the popular name of an aged marauder, celebrated in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—used to keep the large herds which he had draughted out of the northern counties of England, in this strange hollow; and it seems to have been admirably adapted for the purpose. It was this border hero of whom the story is told somewhere by his illustrious descendant, that, coming once homeward with a goodly prey of cattle, and seeing a large hay-stack standing in a farm-yard by the way, he could not help saying, with some bitterness, "By my saul, an ye had four feet, ye should gang too!"

The house of Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott chiefly spent the last twenty years of his life, may be assumed as the centre of a great part of that region which we have styled *his*. This "romance in stone and lime," as some Frenchman termed it, is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at that part of its course where the river bursts forth from the mountainous region of the forest, into the more open country of Roxburghshire; two or three miles above the abbey of Melrose, and six-and-thirty from Edinburgh. Though upon a small scale, the Gothic battlements and turrets have a good effect, and would have a still better, if the site of the house were not somewhat straitened by the bank rising above it, and by the too close neighbourhood of the public road. Descriptions of the house, with its armoury, its library, its curiosities, and other particular features, have been given in so many different publications, that even a work circulating fifty thousand copies can hardly hope to find a reader to whom a new one would not be a bore. We shall, therefore, spare it. The house, if it be properly preserved, will certainly be perused by future generations as only a different kind of emanation of the genius of this wonderful man—though, preserve it as you will, it will probably be, of all his works, the soonest to perish.

All around Abbotsford, and what gave it a great part of its value in his eyes, are the scenes commemorated in Border history, and tradition, and song. The property itself comprises the spot on which the last feudal battle was fought in this part of the country. The abbey of Melrose and Dryburgh, the latter of which now contains the revered dust of the minstrel; the Eildon Hills, renowned in the annals of superstition; Selkirk, whose brave burghers won glory in the field where so much was lost by others, namely, at Flodden; Ettrick Forest, with its lone and storied dales; and Yarrow, whose stream and "dowie dens" are not to be surveyed without involuntary poetry; are all in the near neighbourhood of the spot. The love, the deep, heart-felt love, which Scott bore to the land which contains these places, was such as no stranger can appreciate. It was a passion absorbing many others which might have been expected to hold sway over him, and it survived to the last. We can, indeed, form no idea in connection with the decease of this great man, so very painful and so truly touching, as that of his parting with these fondly appreciated scenes. The sense that his eye must soon close for ever upon the hallowed region, which, from his earliest boyhood, he had surveyed with so many ardent feelings, was, perhaps, to himself, a thought more deeply melancholy than almost any other which beset him during the rapidly closing evening of life.

There is a romantic point in the life of Sir Walter Scott, which has never yet been made known, even by a hint, to the public. This was his marriage—an event which was attended by circumstances entirely out of common life, and in themselves forming something like a novel. Owing to the distance of time, and the delicacy which was observed respecting many of these circumstances, there are now very few persons in life who possess any knowledge upon the subject: the following narrative, therefore, which is derived almost directly from one of the individuals principally concerned, will probably be read with interest.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about fifty years ago, was about to proceed upon his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Reverend Mr Burd, Dean of Carlisle, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association was the elopement of Madame Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case was to transmit his two children, a boy and girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother, under the general protection of Lord Downshire, till

at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment to India, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalization as a British subject, to Carpenter. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that two hundred pounds of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpenter in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her from forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the marquis. His lordship, having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies who could spend two hundred a-year. Mr Burd, having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter, till, a few days after, as he and Mrs Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the delicate health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a post-chaise, being the persons alluded to by the marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only as a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr Burd. Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this was in itself the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on account of the militia act,* she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew any thing of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell intimately, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that, in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may be easily imagined that a desire of discussing the major was not now the sole bond of union between the parties. Mr Scott—for so he gave his name—had been impressed, during the earlier part of the evening, with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could have previously known nothing: she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day Mr Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and the next—in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened; and it is not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpenter had been recently en-

* The Tranent riots took place August 28, 1797.

gaged, that the effect was already in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was a vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr and Mrs Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction which Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr Scott was a respectable young man, and rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gilsland, wrote to this very Mrs Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and "what kind of a young lady was it, who was going to take Watty Scott?" The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter, and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four months of the first acquaintance of the parties.

The match, made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and amity. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she presided; and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to his children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully to his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

SKETCHES OF NORWAY.

To many, the name of Norway will convey only ideas of a bleak wintry region, almost deprived of every comfort, and fit only for the residence of a half civilized unrefined people. But ideas of this description, however natural they may be, from the general ignorance which prevails regarding the country, will be greatly modified or dispelled on perusing the Narrative of a Journey through Norway and part of Sweden, performed by Mr H. D. Inglis, a young Scotsman, who, under the fictitious designation of Derwent Conway, has presented the world with a very amusing work, forming one of the volumes of Constable's Miscellany. By way of extending still more widely a knowledge of this interesting portion of the north of Europe, we take the liberty of condensing the following details from the publication to which we refer:—

Norway is a mountainous, and mostly a pastoral country,* with extensive forests of huge timber, once a staple article of export to this country, and well known for its excellent properties. Its people are a Scandinavian or Gothic race, characterized for those simple virtues common to nations holding little intercourse with the more polished kingdoms, in their neighbourhood. Still retaining many of the ancient superstitious usages of their pagan ancestors, and being warmly attached to their country, they possess a variety of customs and peculiarities highly interesting to those who are unacquainted with them. Most people who have heard any thing of the state of manners of the northern nations, assign to them the practice of drinking deeply; and this, our traveller admits, is still the case among the Norwegians. All ranks, he tells us, drink freely, and the lower orders to excess. But it would appear that this originates, in a great measure, first, from the extraordinary cheapness of liquors, and, second, from the devoted patriotism of all classes of the people. In the enthusiastic love of country, every nation must yield to Norway. A Norwegian loves, reveres all that belongs to and distin-

guishes his native land—his mountains, his rocks, his forests, he would not exchange for the richest plains of the south. To a Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé*, which signify *Old Norway*, have a spell in them immediate and powerful. On festive occasions they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard in an instant repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus, "*For Norgé!*" the national song of Norway. In Scotland, "the Land of Cakes" is nearly an equivalent; but though Scotsmen drain their glasses to the patriotic toast, they do not, like the warm-hearted Norwegians, start to their feet, nor give that burst of enthusiasm which no circumstances have power to restrain.

The Norwegians possess in a high degree the primitive virtue of hospitality to strangers, and is described by our traveller as without a parallel. It is, in fact, looked upon as a national duty; and I believe, says he, that he who should omit to practise it, would be regarded by others in the same light as that in which a man is looked upon in England who commits an offence against the established proprieties of life. The hospitality of even the Highlands of Scotland—and to that we, at least, can bear ample testimony—he adds, cannot be compared with that of Norway, not only in the country, but in towns and cities. The arrival of a stranger in a town makes universal holiday; and the subject of deliberation is not "when shall we invite Mr —, for of course we must invite him," but "what contrivances can we fall upon to make this stranger recollect his stay in our town as the happiest time he ever passed." The cultivated tone of society in Christiania, the capital of Norway, is at the same time described as certainly quite equal to that which is met with in the cities of the south. It is here as invariably a rule not to appear at a party in which there are ladies, unless in full dress, as it is in the first circles in England. The Norwegians, however, have a custom at entertainments, which at first sight seems scarcely accordant with a refined state of society: it is that of every guest, as he rises from the table, saying, as he bows to the lady of the mansion, *tack for maden*—thanks for your entertainment. And if any circumstance should have prevented the guest from making this acknowledgment, it is not forgotten by him for a week or weeks afterwards—the first time, in short, he may happen to see his entertainer—and is received as a thing expected.

The condition of the Norwegian ladies is described as being by no means enviable. Eating and drinking being the great business of life, the females in all ranks are reduced to the character of cooks and scullions. The greater the establishment the greater the slavery. The servants of the household are merely the assistants of the mistress. It is she who cooks and dresses the immense loads of victuals; it is she (or the daughters) who carries the dishes to the table; she who changes the plates, wipes the knives, waits upon the guests, and performs other duties elsewhere committed to servants. All this seems odd, but the Norwegian ladies consider their occupations as agreeable, and not inconsistent with the ordinary and polite amusements of society.

The Norwegians, as appears from the author before us, are not what we would consider as a people attached to the observances of Christianity; partly because their country, until very recent times, was under the delusions and idolatries of a hideous mythology, and partly from the scarcity both of an intelligent clergy and of bibles. The parishes are so large, and the country so rough and difficult, that the mass of the inhabitants have few opportunities of public edification; while in some places the price of a single bible is as much as a pound sterling, which, from the scarcity of money in Norway, is perhaps equivalent to ten pounds in this country. Yet there is no want of good morals among the people; and their honesty and other virtues would shame those who live in more highly favoured lands.

The following account of the climate and seasons in Norway is among the happiest pieces in the volume:—"There is one respect in which Norway possesses an advantage to the traveller over every other country in Europe: it is this, the variety of season in Norway; and, consequently, the various aspects under which nature presents herself in these seasons may all be witnessed by the traveller in the course of four months, June, July, August, and September. The spring in Norway does not extend beyond one month, summer occupies two, and autumn about six weeks. The mild weather, from the middle of April till towards the middle of May, serves only to melt the snows. The change from winter to spring is like the work of enchantment; for the disappearance of snow is not, as it is in England, followed by weeks of gradual growth, but rather seems to be but the lifting up of a veil, beneath which earth's green and flowery carpet has been concealed. From spring to summer, and from summer to autumn, the change, though not so apparently miraculous, is yet infinitely surprising. The fruit trees bud, blossom, and bend beneath the burden of fruit, all within three months; and the corn springs up, and waves a golden harvest, in considerably less time. From autumn to winter, the transition is as rapid as from winter to spring. September is generally calm, and its frosty nights change the hue of the trees, and wither the stalks. One day, the woods stand in full foliage, changed in nothing

from their summer aspect but in their hues; the next, a rushing wind comes from the north, strips them of their leafy glories, and perhaps even changes their summer vesture to the raiment of winter. In England, we are apt to form very exaggerated notions of the degree of cold which is experienced in the northern countries. When there is little or no wind, intense cold is scarcely felt to be an inconvenience, provided one be suitably clothed; and during by far the greater part of winter, the weather is calm, so that even when the thermometer stands below zero, one is able to move about comfortably, and even to enjoy the fine weather which so generally attends intense frost. I have suffered ten times the degree of cold travelling on a stage-coach in England, in the face of a north-east wind, than ever I suffered in a sledge in Norway, when the thermometer has been forty-seven degrees below the freezing point. Sometimes, indeed, the frost is accompanied by wind, and then it is scarcely possible to stir out of doors; but in the southern parts of Norway the combination of a very intense frost and a scorching wind, is scarcely ever felt. It is true also, that, in the depth of winter, the shortness of the days does not allow many hours of clear bright sunshine; but then the houses are not built like summer houses, as many are in England; and stoves in the towns, and great wood fires in the country, and sometimes both, effectually oppose the power of the elements. There is not, in fact, a more comfortable abode than that of a substantial landowner or a thriving merchant on a winter's day in Norway. There are no cross airs blowing through the house, as in many of the unsubstantial dwellings in England; nor does one know what it is to have one part of the body scorched with the fire, while the other is suffering under the influence of cold; and I scarcely know any thing which can be compared to the luxury of sleeping between two eider-down beds." The purity of the atmosphere in Norway, and the exercise taken by the people, keep at a distance many of the complaints common to our population. Common coughs and colds, as well as rheumatic complaints, are extremely rare, which we esteem as a blessed peculiarity of any country; for colds are the commencement of a vast proportion of the diseases and deaths which occur in this island. It is further related, that the air has the effect of giving a keen appetite; and though the consumption of victuals is carried to a greater excess than in England, indigestion with its train of evils is unknown. The cure for diseases in Norway is simpler for fever, and every species of indisposition for which there is no definite name, the universal remedy is brandy, with a quantity of pepper mixed in it. If a man recover from a fever, it is the brandy and pepper that has accomplished the cure; if he die, his friends console themselves with the idea, that, if he had drunk it faster, or in greater quantities, he would still have lived. Hard drinking, it seems, does no injury to the hardy Scandinavian, who lives to a hale old age, till the last quaffing cups of his favourite brandy, and conscientiously believing that in every cup there is a drop of the true elixir of life.

Such is the character of the Norwegian climate, which, it is perceived, is much more pleasant and productive of longevity than is generally supposed. It is also remarkable that here garden fruits and vegetables come to high perfection, especially in sheltered situations. The most favourite, and one of the most useful fruits in Norway, is the cherry, the crop of which is scarcely ever known to fail: when ripe, the cherries are preserved in great quantities, for condiments and culinary purposes. Agriculture is still conducted in a slovenly manner; consequently the crops of corn are generally poor, and the quantity produced is very much diminished by the landowners devoting a considerable proportion to the distillation of what they term corn-brandy—a liquor in extensive requisition. Near Christiania, the district is fertile, and much better cultivated, a large portion of the land being under tillage, indicating abundance and industry. Many of the valleys in this quarter are described as presenting as rich harvest prospects as are to be seen in Wilts or Somersetshire.

Nothing astonishes a stranger in Norway so much as the extreme cheapness of various articles, especially edibles. In the neat and beautifully situated city of Christiania, which stands on an arm of the sea, studded with pretty woody islands, in the most pleasant part of the country, the expense of housekeeping bears no comparison with what is experienced in any part of Great Britain. For instance, we are informed that mutton is sold at from 3d. to 4d. per lb.; beef, 4d. to 5d.; butter, 8d.; a capon, 8d.; a hare, 4d.; a pheasant, 1s.; a wild duck, 6d.; eggs, 4d. a dozen; salmon no more than a penny or a penny farthing per lb., and the salmon is delicious in flavour at this low price; sea fish is still lower; apples of the best quality 8d. per 100. As for the best French brandy, it can be had for 1s. per bottle, and common brandy at half that price. Game is abundant, and there being no game laws of any kind, it is always a cheap article of food; indeed, every peasant may enjoy it if he pleases. Vegetables, while in season, are also very low in price. We have heard not a little of the various places of cheap living in different quarters of the United Kingdom and on the Continent, but no place can come into comparison with the capital of Norway in this respect. This is certainly a place suited above all others for the residence of retired annuitants, whose incomes are limited, and who are not bound to reside in any

* It is bounded on the west and north by the Northern Ocean, and extends from 57 to 71 degrees north latitude. Politically, it is now joined to Sweden, of which Bernadotte is king.

particular part of the world. Here an excellent and commodious house, fit for the residence of a genteel English family, may be had at a rent of £20 per annum, without almost any vestige of additional taxation. We presume that for £100 a-year, a family might live as well in Christiana, or its charming environs, as they do in an English town at more than double that sum. In the remote parts of Norway, especially where fish abounds, the general charges are much lower. The outlays in travelling over this romantic region are not less reasonable. The charge for a couple of horses is about threepence an English mile, and a third in addition to the driver; so that we may post with two horses a hundred miles for 3s., instead of upwards of £10, which it would cost in England. To those fond of wandering with a dog and gun, or who take delight in the sports of the field, Norway, of course, offers additional advantage.

The stranger in Norway will not find those comforts in travelling which he experiences in this country, but neither will he see that mercenary spirit exercised, which every where predominates in England. For less than what he would here have to give the servants of an inn, he will pay the whole expenses of the road, and, if necessity requires, his application for shelter in the cottage of the peasant will not be answered gruffly, or refused. The Norwegians are an ingenious and worthy people, though too much addicted to the ancient and unprofitable practices of their forefathers. "A Norwegian (says our author), in his own cottage, with his few goats, his cow, his rye-field, his potato patch, and, above all, his fir log, is an industrious and ingenious member of society. One day you will find him building or repairing his boat; another day, constructing a little cart, or a sledge; a third day, he will be employed making a table, or carving a bowl, or thatching the roof of his cottage with turf or bark, or making a pair of boots, or mending a jacket, or embroidering a button-hole; or, if not in his cottage, or at the door, he is employed in the culture of his bit of land, or feeding his live stock, or catching fish for dinner. The Norwegian peasant possesses little of that knowledge which in England would be esteemed proof of the 'march of intellect.' He knows no theory that he cannot practise; but he can practise every thing that is requisite for his comfort. He can build his house, and construct hedges, and make his implements of husbandry, and yet he knows no principle of architecture, no problem in geometry, nor the name of any one of the five mechanical powers. He can distil his corn-brandy, and birch-wine, and make dye and use it; yet he knows nothing of chemistry." Such are the peasantry in this interesting northern land.

We conclude these sketches with a recommendation to our readers to procure and read the volume from whence they are drawn, being convinced that its perusal will afford them much both of entertainment and instruction.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

THE object of the present sketch was by birth an American, and, like his contemporary and countryman Benjamin Franklin, whose philosophical pursuits were somewhat akin to his own, he deserves the attention of our youthful readers, from the circumstance of his having risen by application, and the strength of his genius, from an obscure station in society, to take an honourable place among the most distinguished men of his day.

David Rittenhouse, whose name has been celebrated in the annals of astronomical science, was born near Germantown, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of April 1732. His family, which was of Dutch extraction, were the first who engaged in the manufacture of paper in this country. The father of David Rittenhouse abandoned the occupation of a paper-maker, when about twenty-nine years of age, and commenced the business of a farmer, on a piece of land which he had purchased in the township of Norriton, about twenty miles from the city of Philadelphia. It seems that he very early designed his son for this useful and respectable employment. Accordingly, as soon as the boy arrived at a sufficient age to assist in conducting the affairs of the farm, he was occupied as a husbandman. This kind of occupation appears to have commenced at an early period of his life. About the fourteenth year of his age, he was employed in ploughing in his father's fields. His brother Benjamin relates, that while David was thus engaged at the plough, he (the informant), then a young boy, was frequently sent to call him to his meals; at which times he repeatedly observed, that not only the fences at the head of many of the furrows, but even his ploughs and its handles, were covered over with chalked numerical figures. Astronomy was a favourite pursuit. He also applied himself industriously to the study of optics, the mechanical powers, &c., without the advantages of the least instruction. About the seventeenth year of his age, he made a wooden clock, of very ingenious workmanship; and soon after, he constructed one of the same materials that compose the common four-and-twenty hour clock, and upon the same principles. He had, much earlier in life exhibited proofs of his mechanical genius, by

making, when only seven or eight years old, a complete water-mill in miniature.

With many valuable traits of character, old Mr Rittenhouse had no claims to what is termed genius. Hence he did not properly appreciate the early specimens of talent which appeared in his son David. He was for some time opposed to the young man's earnest desire to renounce agricultural employments, for the purpose of devoting himself altogether to philosophical pursuits, in connection with some such mechanical profession as might best comport with useful objects of natural philosophy, and be most likely, at the same time, to afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. At length, however, the father yielded his own inclinations, in order to gratify what was manifestly the irresistible impulse of his son's genius. He supplied him with money to purchase, in Philadelphia, such tools as were more immediately necessary for commencing the clock-making business, which the son then adopted as his profession. About the same time, young Mr Rittenhouse erected, on the side of a public road and on his father's land, in the township of Norriton, a small but commodious workshop; and after having made many implements of the trade with his own hands, to supply the deficiency in his purchased stock, he set out in good earnest, as a clock and mathematical instrument maker. From the age of eighteen or nineteen to twenty-five, Mr Rittenhouse applied himself unremittingly, both to his trade and his studies. Employed throughout the day in his attention to the former, he devoted much of his nights to the latter. Indeed, he deprived himself of the necessary hours of rest; for it was his almost invariable practice to sit up at his books until midnight, sometimes much later.

When Mr Rittenhouse's father established his residence at Norriton, and during the minority of the son, there were no schools in the vicinity at which any thing more was taught than reading and writing in the English language, and the simplest rules of arithmetic. Young Rittenhouse's school education was therefore necessarily bounded by very narrow limits. He was in truth taught nothing beyond those very circumscribed studies which have been named, prior to his nineteenth year. The zeal with which he pursued his studies will be seen from the following extract of a letter, written in September 1756, being then little more than twenty-four years of age. "I have not health for a soldier" (the country was then engaged in war), "and as I have no expectation of serving my country in that way, I am spending my time in the old trifling manner, and am so taken with optics, that I do not know whether, if the enemy should invade this part of the country, as Archimedes was slain while making geometrical figures on the sand, so I should die making a telescope."

It was during the residence of Rittenhouse with his father at Norriton, that he made himself master of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, which he read in the English translation of Mr Motte. It was here, likewise, that he became acquainted with the science of fluxions, of which sublime invention he believed himself for a while to be the author; nor did he know for some years afterwards that a contest had been carried on between Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz, for the honour of that great and useful discovery. Mr Rittenhouse's early zeal of his practical researches into astronomy, prompted him to desire the greatest possible accuracy in the construction of time-pieces adapted to astronomical purposes; and uniting, as he did, operative skill with a thorough knowledge of the principles upon which their construction depends, he was enabled, by his own mechanical ingenuity, to gain a near approach to the perfection to which the pendulum-chronometer may be brought.

The great accuracy and exquisite workmanship displayed in every thing belonging to the profession which Mr Rittenhouse pursued, that came through his hands, soon became extensively known in that portion of the United States where he lived. This knowledge of his mechanical abilities, assisted by the reputation which he had already acquired as a mathematician and astronomer, in a short time procured him the friendship and patronage of some eminent scientific men. In mechanics he was entirely self-taught. He never received the least instruction from any person, in any mechanic art whatever. If he were to be considered merely as an excellent artist, in an occupation intimately connected with the science of mechanics, untutored as he was in any art or science, he would deservedly be deemed an extraordinary man.

In the year 1767, among other things he contrived and made a very ingenious thermometer, constructed on the principle of the expansion and contraction of metals by heat and cold respectively.

About this time also he made a very ingenious orrery. Though no description in words can give an adequate idea, yet we subjoin a part of the philosopher's own account of it. "This machine is intended to have three faces standing perpendicular to the horizon; that in the front to be four feet square, made of sheet brass, curiously polished, silvered, and painted, in proper places, and otherwise properly ornamented. From the centre arises an axis, to support a gilded brass ball, intended to represent the sun. Round this ball move others, made of brass or ivory, to represent the planets. They are to move in elliptical orbits, having the central ball in one focus; and their motions to be sometimes swifter, and sometimes slower, as nearly according to the true law of an equable de-

scription of areas as possible, without too great a complication of wheel-work. The orbit of each planet is likewise to be properly inclined to those of the others; and their aphelia and nodes justly placed; and their velocities so accurately adjusted as not to differ sensibly from the tables of astronomy in some thousands of years.

"For the greater beauty of the instrument, the balls representing the planets are to be of considerable bigness, but so contrived that they may be taken off at pleasure, and others, much smaller, and fitter for some purposes, put in their places.

"When the machine is put in motion, by the turning of a winch, there are three indexes which point out the hour of the day, the day of the month, and the year answering to that situation of the heavenly bodies which is there represented; and so continually, for a period of five thousand years, either forwards or backwards."

Another most important service which he rendered for the world was the observation of the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which took place on the 3d of June 1769. There had been but one of these transits of Venus over the sun during the course of about one hundred and thirty years preceding that of 1769; and for upwards of seven centuries, antecedently to the commencement of that period, the same planet had passed over the sun's disc no more than thirteen times. The next transit of Venus will take place on the 8th of December 1874.

The great use of the observation of the transit of Venus is to determine the sun's parallax, or apparent change of its place. Only two of these phenomena had been observed since the creation of the world, and the first had been seen by only two persons—Jeremiah Horrox and William Crabtree, two Englishmen. As the time approached when this extraordinary phenomenon was to manifest itself, the public expectation and anxiety were greatly excited. The American Philosophical Society appointed thirteen gentlemen, to be distributed into three committees, for the purpose of making observations. The Rev. Dr Ewing had the principal direction of the observatory in the city of Philadelphia; Mr Owen Biddle had the charge of superintending the observations at Cape Henlopen, and Mr Rittenhouse those at Norriton, near his own residence, on an elevated piece of ground, commanding a good range of horizontal view. It was completely furnished with the necessary instruments, owing very much to the liberality of some scientific gentlemen in England.

"We are naturally led," says Dr Rush, in his eulogium, "to take a view of our philosopher, with his associates, in their preparations to observe a phenomenon which had never been seen but twice before by any inhabitant of our earth, which would never be seen again by any person then living, and on which depended very important astronomical consequences. The night before the long-expected day was probably passed in a degree of solicitude which precluded sleep. How great must have been their joy when they beheld the morning sun, and the 'whole horizon without a cloud!' for such is the description of the day given by Mr Rittenhouse, in his report to Dr Smith. In pensive silence and trembling anxiety, they waited for the predicted moment of observation; it came, and brought with it all that had been wished for, and expected, by those who saw it. In our philosopher, in the instant of one of the contacts of the planet with the sun, there was an emotion of delight so exquisite and powerful as to induce fainting; such was the extent of that pleasure which attends the discovery or first perception of truth."

The observations of Mr Rittenhouse were received with great favour by the whole philosophical world. Mr Ludlam, one of the vice-presidents of the Philosophical Society of London, and an eminent astronomer, thus writes:—"No astronomers could better deserve all possible encouragement, whether we consider their care and diligence in making their observations, their fidelity in relating what was done, or the clearness and accuracy of their reasoning on this curious and difficult subject. The more I read the transactions of your society (the American Philosophical), the more I honour and esteem the members of it. There is not another society in the world that can boast of a member such as Mr Rittenhouse; theorist enough to encounter the problems of determining, from a few observations, the orbit of a comet, and also mechanic enough to make with his own hands an equal-altitude instrument, a transit-telescope, and a time-piece."

Rittenhouse now pursued an honourable and distinguished career as an astronomer. As a testimony of the high sense which the legislature of Pennsylvania entertained of his mathematical genius and mechanical abilities, it presented him the sum of three hundred pounds. In 1791, on the death of Dr Franklin, he was elected president of the American Philosophical Society, and in 1795 he was elected a member of the Royal Society of London. But he did not live long to enjoy his distinguished honours. He died in June 1796, soon after his entrance upon his sixty-fifth year. He was a very modest and unassuming man, and in this strikingly resembled Sir Isaac Newton, for whose character and works he had the highest veneration. His usefulness, though great, was considerably circumscribed by his want of an early education. In consequence of this, he felt an unbecoming diffidence in his own powers, and failed to commit his discoveries and thoughts to writing, which, in a

published form, would doubtless have eminently increased his usefulness, and the honour of the country which gave him birth.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DOG.

THE services of this truly valuable animal have been so eminently useful to the domestic interests of man in all ages of the world, that to give a history of the dog would be little less than to trace mankind back to their original state of simplicity and freedom, to mark the progress of civilization through the various changes of the world, and to follow attentively the gradual advancement of that order which placed man at the head of the animal kingdom, and gave him a manifest superiority over every part of the brute creation.

Of all animals, the dog seems most susceptible of change, and most easily modified by difference of climate, food, and education. Not only the figure of his body, but his faculties, habits, and dispositions, vary in a surprising manner. Nothing appears constant in them but their internal conformation, which is alike in all; in every other respect they are dissimilar: they vary in size, in figure, in length of the nose and shape of the head, in the length and direction of the ears and tail, in the colour, quality, and quantity of the hair, and in other particulars. To enumerate the different kinds, or to mark the discriminations by which each is distinguished, would be a task as fruitless as it would be nearly impossible. To account for this wonderful variety, or investigate the character of the principal stock from which they have sprung, would be attended with no less difficulty. Of this we are certain, that in every age dogs have been found possessed of qualities most admirably adapted for the various purposes to which they have been from time to time applied. We know, in the history of the cow and sheep, that those animals which have been long under the dominion of man never preserve the stamp of nature in its original purity. In wild animals, which enjoy their natural freedom from restraint, and have the independent choice of food and climate, this impression is still faithfully preserved; but those which man has subdued, transported from climate to climate, and their food, habits, and manner of living changed, must necessarily have suffered the greatest alterations of form; and as the dog, of all other domestic animals, is most accustomed to this influence, is endowed with dispositions the most docile and obedient, is susceptible of every impression, and submissive to every restraint, we need not wonder that he should be subject to the greatest variety.

Naturalists suppose that all the different varieties of dogs had their origin in the colley, or shepherd's dog.

The acute intelligence and keenness of observation in the dog are well illustrated by the following moving anecdote from the pen of Dibdin:—"The grandfather of as amiable a man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valued friends, had a dog of a most endearing disposition. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe once a month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when he first lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time for his return approached, which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on the road, at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom, away he ran, and, to a certainty, met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran, or rather flew, home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, he again darted out of the house, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home. I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however, till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journeys. The dog by this time was also grown old, and became at length quite blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from other persons, and for whom his affections and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman after a short illness died; the dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed it being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a stranger come into the house, and rose to meet him. His master, when old and infirm, had worn ribbed stockings for warmth. This gentleman had stockings on of the same kind. The dog, from this resemblance, thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but upon

farther examination, finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where in a short time he expired."

THE WOLF.

The specific characters of the wolf and dog are so nearly the same, that a particular description of its form is unnecessary. One of the leading distinctions is, that the eyes of the wolf are placed more obliquely than those of the dog, which gives it a character of savage fierceness; its tail is long and bushy, which it never carries erect, but always in a hanging position, rather bending inwards between its hind legs.

Wolves differ considerably in colour and size, according to the species and variety. They inhabit every quarter of the globe, and have great strength. Their disposition is fierce and cruel; they associate in large packs, and frequently spread desolation in the districts they invade.

Notwithstanding this savage and malignant disposition, the wolf is a cowardly and sneaking animal: he is jealous that every object which he meets with is a snare to entrap him. In Lapland, if he comes upon a rein-deer tied to a post to be milked, he will not venture to approach it, lest the animal should be placed there as a decoy for him; but no sooner is the deer set at liberty than he commences a pursuit, and seldom fails to destroy him. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the deer gets irritated, and stands at bay, in which event the wolf instantly becomes intimidated, and desists from the attack. Hunger alone can stimulate him to determined courage. In that case he will then brave every danger, and attack animals which are under the immediate protection of man; and even man himself frequently falls a victim to the united attacks of wolves. It is said, that, after having tasted human blood, he prefers it to all other. This has given rise to many superstitious stories regarding him.

In all ages of the world, the wolf has been regarded as the direct or indirect enemy of man, and many schemes have been invented to get rid of this ferocious animal. Pitfalls, traps, and other engines of destruction, have been employed for his capture, and poison has also been successfully used. He has long since been expelled from Britain.

In early times, wolves were very plentiful in England, and committed great havoc amongst the flocks. King Edgar, to encourage their destruction, in many cases commuted the punishment of criminals into a requisition of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each, according to the degree of the offence. A Welsh prince who paid tribute to him was oppressively ordained, instead of money, to produce annually three hundred heads of wolves.

According to Hollinshed, the flocks in Scotland suffered much from the ravages of wolves in 1577; and it was not till about a century afterwards that they were wholly extirpated. The last wolf known in Scotland was destroyed at Lochaber, by Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, who died in 1719. They infested Ireland many centuries after their extinction in Britain; the last presentment for killing wolves was made in the county of Cork, about the year 1710.

The female goes with young about three months and a half, and brings forth five or six young ones.

Sir Ashton Lever had a wolf whose savage propensities were entirely subdued, and there are many other instances on record. Buffon procured several while young, and brought them up, and by using gentle means they were soon domesticated. During the first year they were generally very docile, and fawned upon him like a dog; but at eighteen months or two years their savage nature began to betray itself, at which period it became necessary to chain them, to prevent their escape. Before this they were allowed to range at large, and he always kept them in a yard associated with poultry, which they never touched; however, one of them, when eighteen months old, for his first essay, attacked and killed the whole of his poultry in a single night, which seemed to arise from pure mischief, as he did not eat one of them.

A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy-le-Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day looking through the hedge of his garden, noticed a wolf walking round about his mule, but was unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the mule ran off to a neighbouring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory. But in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spouted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leapt upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

On the 10th of January 1830, a frightful event spread terror throughout the neighbourhood of Eaux-Bonnes, in the department of Basses Pyrenees. The

curate of the little village of Aha, situated on the mountain, was returning home on horseback after administering the sacrament, when he was surrounded by wolves, which precipitated themselves upon him and his horse with all the ferocity occasioned by hunger. A number of bones and fragments of flesh which were strewn about, as well as the traces of blood with which the snow was crimsoned, left no doubt of the horrible fate of the unfortunate clergyman, who fell a victim to his pious zeal.

The wolves driven by the cold and hunger from their haunts in the Pyrenees, having spread themselves in vast bands over the country, at the time the above occurrence took place, orders were given at Pau, by the prefect of the department, for a general battue, or chase, on the 22d of January. The country magistrates, having received the instructions requisite for this chase, set out accordingly, accompanied by all and sundry, for the general chase, and relieved the extensive district from these dangerous visitors, by killing many, and driving the rest to their native fastnesses.

M. F. Cuvier relates the following instance of the fidelity and affection of a tame wolf, which was brought up like a dog, and became familiar with every person he was in the habit of seeing. He followed his master every where, seemed to suffer grief for his absence, was obedient to his voice, and differed in nothing from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the royal menagerie at Paris. Here he was shut up in a compartment, and remained for many weeks, exhibiting every mark of grief, and almost without eating. In time, however, he attached himself to his keepers, and seemed reconciled to his fate, when, after an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. He took the earliest opportunity of visiting the menagerie, to see his favourite. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, though it did not see him in the crowd, recognised his voice, and testified his joy by motions and cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his master with caresses, like the most attached dog. His master being obliged to quit him a second time, the same melancholy symptoms appeared in the wolf, which gradually wore off in time, and he resumed his wonted placidity. At this time a young dog was given him as a companion, of which he became doatingly fond. His master again returned, and in most dogs all remembrance of him would have been lost in so long an absence. He again visited the menagerie to see the animal. It was evening when he reached it, and all was shut up. He spoke through the shutters, and the instant he heard the voice of his master, he intimated his recognition of it, by long and repeated howling, indicative of his desire to get released. The door to his cell being opened, the wolf sprung out, leaped with his forepaws on his master's shoulders, licked his face all over, and when his keepers offered to approach, he indicated his displeasure by exhibiting his teeth, to whom but a few minutes before he had been evincing the most kind affection. Circumstances again rendered a separation necessary, which seemed more deeply to affect the attached animal than on any of the former occasions: he became sad and immovable, refusing all kind of food for so long a period that his death was apprehended. At the end of a week he was literally reduced to skin and bone. He however again rallied his spirits; time softened his grief; and his keepers re-acquired their wonted ascendancy and his attachment.

In the commencement of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, in the depth of winter and of the snows, a large party of dragoons were attacked, near Pontcharlier, at the foot of the mountains of Jurat, by a multitude of wolves: the dragoons fought bravely, and killed many hundreds of them; but at last, overpowered by numbers, they and their horses were all devoured. A cross is erected on the place of combat, with an inscription, in commemoration of it, which is to be seen at this day.

In the summer of 1824, a singular equipage was seen for upwards of six months in the streets of Munich. It was a calash, drawn by two enormous wolves, which M. W. K., formerly a merchant at St Petersburg, found very young in a wood near Wilna, and which he had so well tamed, that they had all the docility of horses. These animals were harnessed exactly like our carriage horses, and had completely lost their ferocious instinct.

In the Duke of Wirtemberg's castle at Louisburg, is to be seen, among other paintings on sporting subjects, a picture of a black wolf. This wolf was called Melac, which was the name of a French robber, well known at Wirtemberg and the palatinate. Melac used to be the constant companion of the duke, and always slept at his bed-side. He once followed him upon a campaign in the countries beyond the Rhine; but as the armies kept the field till late in the autumn, the wolf was found one day at the duke's chamber in the castle of Louisburg, without any one being able to conjecture how he had crossed the Rhine. In the year 1711, he followed his master to the coronation of the emperor at Frankfurt; but being annoyed by the frequent discharges of artillery which took place upon that occasion, he set off privately, and arrived in safety at Louisburg. He remained faithful to his master till his death, but it was not safe for any other person to trust him. Once he bit a piece out of an officer's cheek, without any provocation; and in various other instances he displayed similar ferocity.

* As we design to devote a whole number of our "Information for the People" to "The Dog," it is unnecessary to extend the above sketches with anecdotes of that faithful and valuable animal.

* Abridged from Biography of Self-taught Men. Boston, 1832.

CELEBRATED LIBRARIES.

It is well known to every scholar how intimately connected with the progress of literature is the history of the institution of those great public libraries in which the works of the learned, both in ancient and in modern times, were deposited. Whilst these establishments preserved in safety the writings of those illustrious authors, they afforded the best, and, on many occasions, the only opportunity that mankind possessed of obtaining information. Besides, before the invention of the art of printing, it was commonly in libraries that persons were to be found who were capable of transcribing correctly the works of eminent writers. Copies were thus multiplied, and in such places they were in general only to be purchased.

Books were so dear that hardly any persons, unless such as were possessed of extraordinary wealth, durst attempt to form a library. The most celebrated libraries of antiquity were those of Alexandria, and their history is as disastrous as can well be imagined. The first was founded by Ptolemy Soter about three centuries before the Christian era. It was for the use of an academy he instituted in Alexandria, and by continual additions made by his successors, it at last became the finest library in the world, containing no fewer than seven hundred thousand volumes. In the war carried on by Julius Cæsar, more than the one half were destroyed. Another library in the same city, however, still remained, and here Cleopatra deposited two hundred thousand volumes of the Pergamean library, with which Marc Antony had persecuted her. Though often plundered during the revolutions of the Roman empire, yet it was again and again repaired. Towards the middle of the sixth century, Alexandria was taken by storm by the Saracens; and for six months the library served to supply fuel to the fires in the city. By this means it was altogether consumed, and the modern world deprived of almost all that the wisdom and genius of the ancient world had produced.

ITALIAN LIBRARIES.

It appears from ecclesiastical history that some Christian churches early began to form libraries. It is probable that the books thus collected principally consisted of the Scriptures, though in process of time some of the works of the most popular fathers of the church might be also included. The places where these books were kept were not called by one name. Sometimes they were called *Archivia*, *Scrinia*, or *Bibliotheca*. These three words seem to have been indiscriminately used, but are always applied to denote the same purpose—a place where books or records were preserved. When the views of the ecclesiastical rulers began to extend, and they aspired to the possession of civil influence and power, they saw the utility and necessity of having some place of safety where their valuable papers might be lodged. They could then be arranged under general heads, and when there was occasion, they could be consulted without much trouble. Libraries did not solely consist of books or treatises upon theology, general literature, history, &c., which was the original design of their being founded, but were also repositories where papers of every description were laid up. Some of the more enterprising popes issued the most express and peremptory commands, that all papers of a certain description (and of which the titles were published) should be deposited in the libraries of the church. The list is by far too long to introduce in this place, but the following is a very brief specimen of the nature of this curious document: It was ordered, that in such places there should be laid up all bonds, bills, deeds, charters, papers regarding donations, exchange of property, traditions, authentic writings of agreements, contracts, &c.

Very considerable expense was necessarily incurred in erecting the building, and in the preservation of the library in some places. Besides, searchers for books, who were called *conquistadores*, were hired at a very high price. It constituted a distinct profession, and none could practise it successfully who had not character, interest, as well as money to advance to the proprietor of the work, as a security that the manuscript should be returned in the same condition in which he received it. The money paid to transcribers amounted in some instances to large sums. According to Eusebius, the Emperor Constantine was very munificent in rewarding both the collectors and the transcribers of books, particularly the sacred writings. For this purpose, money was drawn from the imperial treasury.

By far the largest Italian library, and that which was first founded, was called the Lateran. It was built upon Mount Cælius at Rome. It is much controverted by different writers in what year it began to be erected. It seems to be impossible to ascertain this, but it does not admit of a doubt that it was very ancient. In the fourteenth century, however, when Pope Clement the Fifth removed to Avignon, in France, he carried this library along with him. After the lapse of many years, Pope Martin the Fifth regained the authority which his predecessors had lost, and a great part of this library was brought back to Rome. It was not placed on the Lateran, but on the hill called the Vatican, where he chose to fix his residence. The books were in the greatest confusion, no steps having been taken to make out a proper catalogue of them; neither was there suitable accommodation for so large a collection. Pope Sixtus the Fourth, who had a taste

for literature, being sensible of these and other disadvantages, set himself to correct the abuses which had been allowed to creep into the management of the library, principally through the carelessness of those who had the charge of it. Many of the most valuable manuscripts had been allowed to run to waste through want of air, dampness, &c., but many more had been entirely abstracted, or much mutilated by the hands of men.

Sixtus may be considered as the founder of the Vatican library, for it was he that erected the present building in a convenient situation, so as to be easy of access, and made it of such a size as to be capable of containing the great collection which had been accumulated by his predecessors, as well as the additions that he himself was determined to make to it. He fitted it up with proper book-presses, and other accommodations not only necessary for the preservation of the books, but also suited to the convenience of the learned men who might consult them.

Having proceeded thus far, his next object was to store it with the choicest books which the library most needed, and that he could collect throughout Europe. No person had equal opportunities of doing this to the best advantage as Sixtus. He was at the head of the Catholic church, and was in those days not only supreme in ecclesiastical affairs, but in civil also. He entered with uncommon ardour and zeal upon the enterprise, and his endeavours were accompanied with corresponding success. In a short time, comparatively, it excelled, beyond any sort of comparison, every thing of the kind that had ever been in Europe. It was well furnished with the works of the best and most ancient authors, written on parchment. Their number exceeded six thousand. That the books might be preserved with care, and additions made as opportunities offered, besides liberal donations in his own lifetime, he for ever set apart the sum of one hundred crowns, which the College of the Writers of Apostolic Letters was accustomed to present yearly to the Roman pontiffs. This sum was in that age considerable, and it was to be divided among the chief librarians, the keepers, the correctors, the transcribers, and him whose office it was to sweep the library; but the proportion which each was to receive is not mentioned.

He who presided over the library had originally various duties to perform. He was generally called bibliothecarius, and sometimes cancellarius, or chief scribe, or notary. His business was most carefully to watch over the library, and all the volumes it contained; in short, all its manuscripts, on whatever substance they might be written; also, to write the bulls of the pope, that is, his briefs, mandates, or licences, called bulls, from the leaden and sometimes golden seals affixed thereto; his diplomas or decretals, which was the name given to the letters of popes, and, if necessary, to dictate them; to copy out and preserve the acts of councils and synods; and, in short, to perform all the offices to the Roman pontiff that are now performed by his chancellor. He was considered to be the pope's chief amanuensis, or secretary.

The pope's librarian occasionally received great marks of favour from his employer. Thus, in 1475, Pope Sixtus issued a leaden bull, constituting the celebrated Bartholomew Platina perpetual keeper of the library, and allowed him a monthly salary of ten crowns, besides board for himself and his three servants, and food for one horse. He also annexed to his office the royal perquisites which it was the custom to bestow upon the members of the pope's household. These consisted of firewood, salt, vinegar, candles, oil, brushes, and such like. The same Pope Sixtus, about forty years after the art of printing had been invented, appointed a Latin, a Greek, and a Hebrew librarian, who had each separate departments assigned to them. Pope Paul the Fourth doubled the salary to a transcriber of Greek manuscripts, and added other three librarians—two who had the charge of the Greek, and one of the Latin department. To each of these he assigned a small salary. He also added a corrector of the Greek books, to whom he allowed ten crowns monthly.

Before and at the revival of learning in Europe, the Vatican library was the place of the daily resort of learned men. No library in Europe contains so great a number of very ancient manuscripts of the best authors who have treated of the different arts and sciences. They are written in very various languages, but chiefly in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Many of these are of an older date than any manuscripts which are known to exist, and some of them are unique, or to be found no where else.

When literature began to revive, innumerable applications were made to the pope, soliciting him to publish a catalogue of the manuscripts in the Vatican library. The publication of such a work, it was strongly urged, would incite learned men to apply their minds with greater ardour to the illustration of the writings of the ancients. Multitudes would flock to Rome—many Greek and Latin authors whose works had lain hid in obscurity would be discovered—and the errors of such of the editions as had been printed, but were very corrupted, mutilated, and imperfect, would thus be corrected. It is a curious fact in literary history, that the first work of this kind was published at Ausburg, in Germany, but it was after printing was invented. It contained a catalogue of the Greek and Latin classics, as well as of the fathers whose works had seen the light, and the learned were invited to compare the readings in the common

editions with those that were to be found in manuscripts. Something similar was also performed by order of Francis the First and Henry the Second, Kings of France, as well as by Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Besides the Vatican, there were other distinguished libraries at Rome—such as that of the College of the Canons of St Peter, in the Vatican; that of the very learned Cardinal Sirletus, which was particularly well stored with Greek authors—this library was valued at 20,000 crowns; that of Cardinal Columna; the Sforzian and the Farnesian libraries, which abounded in Greek books. There were also a very great number of private libraries, containing many rare books and precious curiosities. Of this description was that which belonged to Fulvius Ursinus, a native of Rome, and an eminent Greek and Latin scholar. Another was the property of Aldus Manutius, the son of Paulus, and grandson of Aldus, and had been chiefly collected by himself. The learned had at all times ready access to these vast collections. Aldus, who was only a middle-aged man, at his death left his library, which consisted of 80,000 books, to the university of Pisa, in Tuscany. That which belonged to Sirletus was purchased by Cardinal Columna for 14,000 crowns. He appointed keepers to take care of it, with a liberal salary, and also provided perpetual funds for its increase.

There were two other celebrated libraries in Italy, the one founded by the Duke of Florence and the other by the Duke of Umbria—the former remarkable for its excellent collection of Greek books, and the other for its mathematical. The Medicean library at Florence is dedicated by Pope Clement the Seventh to God and the holy guardians of the family of Medicis. The books, he says, were collected from every quarter, and are intended for the honour of his native country and the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Cosmo de Medicis, the grand duke, completed this library upon the 11th July 1571.

MISCELLANEA.

LANDING IN INDIA.—Nothing can be more ludicrous than a young Englishman's first landing in Calcutta. The shore is thronged with the swarthy natives eagerly awaiting his arrival. Innumerable palanquins are brought down to the boat, and the bearers, like the stage-coachmen where rivalry exists, are all violently struggling to procure a passenger. The bewildered stranger is puzzled which to choose; and when he has made up his mind, he finds it no easy matter to jostle through the countless conveyances which completely surround him. He is also sure to make some laughable mistake in entering the palanquin. It requires a certain tact to steady the vehicle as you throw yourself into it, or it is apt to turn over like a sailor's swinging cot. Another ridiculous error which a stranger is liable to, is his endeavouring to seat himself on the little drawer inside, supposing it to be intended for that purpose. But he soon finds, after having doubled himself up like people passing on a coach-top under a low gateway, that it would be utterly impossible to remain long in that position, unless the human back were as pliable as a piece of whalebone. After all, perhaps, the bearers are compelled to rest the palanquin on the ground, and the abashed stranger, creeping hastily in, is glad to escape from the ill-suppressed smiles of the surrounding multitude.

MAGNA CHARTA.—It is remarkable that the original of this great charter was suffered to remain in private hands. When Archbishop Laud was committed to the Black Rod, it is thought that Warner, Bishop of Rochester, whom he sent to secure his important papers, removed this among the rest. However this may have been, it was given to Burnett himself by Colonel Lee, a descendant of Warner. What has now become of it?

ATHENIAN SOUP.—The Athenians sometimes had their soups served up in the stewing-pans in which they were made. The form of these utensils resembled that of our tureens, and the material was a kind of porcelain. It appears also from Plato, that the spoons were of sycamore, as that wood was thought to communicate a better scent and flavour to the soups.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—When Alexander was suing for divine honours, and the Athenians wished to testify their independence by refusing him a place in the skies—"Have a care," said Demades to them advisingly, "lest, when you seem to guard heaven, you in reality lose earth!"

REPLY OF ARCHELAUS.—A garrulous barber, happening to be called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "How shall I shave you, sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 79.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

GRATITUDE.

HARDLY any bad thing is so much exclaimed against as ingratitude. It seems to be not only very ill faken by those who are its direct objects, but also by all who hear of any instance of it, as if every human being were interested in the exhibition of a contrary feeling, and felt injured when it was not shown. "Ingratitude!" nine out of every ten persons will cry, when the subject is but mentioned; "it is the basest of all sins. Do not let me ever hear the name of an ungrateful person." Certainly, to be so common a sin, it is one which meets with amazingly little excuse or allowance. In this, of course, there must be some fallacy, some blindness, something of some kind or other, which prevents men from seeing the fault in its proper light; for how, otherwise, should every one be ready to condemn a sin, which, from its universality, must in all probability be as characteristic of himself as of his fellow-creatures?

The truth seems to be, that, if there is much ingratitude in the world, there is as much of an unreasonable expectation of the reverse—and hence a great deal of the disappointment when the reverse is not shown. Favours are not often conferred in a right spirit. They are sometimes given from a mere want of estimation for the things bestowed, sometimes for the sake of inducing greater favours in return, sometimes in the vain hope of procuring a greater friendship from the person favoured than what he has in his nature or in his convenience to bestow, and very frequently that is given which the other party did not want, did not seek for, and cannot be benefited by having. To make these facts quite clear, let us just recollect the difference between what we generally give for charitable purposes, or when a person really in need of a favour applies for it, and what we are in the habit of expending when we are anxious to entertain or give a present to a person of our own or a superior rank, who neither requires nor requests it. It is not unreasonable to say, that we give to the necessitous in copper and silver, to the non-necessitous in gold. But, indeed, the remark is much older than our day, and must be familiar to every one, that the surest way to obtain a favour is to seem not to need it; the converse of which is, that, if we really need, we never get, all mankind being bent only on favouring those who can make a suitable return, or upon whose minds, at least, they desire to make an impression favourable to themselves. Now, if favours are not conferred in a right spirit, how is it to be expected that in a right spirit they should be received?

No doubt, many persons who were succoured in need, and from a spirit of pure benevolence, have made an ungrateful return. But then we should recollect, that the very circumstance of having been obliged to accept a favour, however put up with in the moment of need, is almost sure afterwards to produce a feeling of such an uneasy kind, that men naturally endeavour to lessen the favour in their own recollection, and, upon any feasible excuse, to throw it off altogether. Persons in the way of conferring favours tell us that there is always enough of gratitude at the time when the favour is conferred, or so long as its beneficial effect is felt, but that it always grows fainter and fainter, until at last it dies quite away, or even degenerates (and this is what surprises them most) into a feeling of absolute dislike and hostility. It may be said, in palliation of this charge, that the perpetual homage which is implied by gratitude is a price so dear, that men cannot be properly expected to pay it for any kind of favour. There ought most unquestionably to be a limit to the duration of this deference of spirit, proportioned to the value and be-

nefit of the action by which it was called for; otherwise, accepting a favour becomes equivalent to a selling of the soul into slavery. Now, is it not as often from an undue desire to continue this painful yoke upon the necks of those we have benefited, as from an undue desire on their part to shake it off, that we complain of ingratitude? Is it not in general from actual suffering under this yoke that the persons benefited have at last conceived a feeling of dislike towards their benefactors, and expressed it in actions the very reverse of those which were expected? And, after all, is it clear, in any instance of a favour being conferred, which is the party from whom the gratitude is due? May not one man sacrifice more of his sense of dignity and independence in being the apparent receiver, than the other sacrifices of a meaner kind of property in being the apparent giver; and may not the latter have the most pleasure and benefit in proportion to the expenditure? At the very best, the thing bargained for by the giver is of a vague and indefinite nature, and there is nothing so natural, as, where the price is not exactly defined, for the parties afterwards to fall out about the settlement.

The spirit in which favours ought to be conferred, and in which they are conferred by all really good and rational persons, is one which in a great measure precludes the expectation of gratitude. Good should be done for its own sake, and not from any paltry motive of interest; neither from a desire of bringing back good to ourselves, nor from a wish to acquire a sense of superiority over those we benefit, nor for any other reason or object whatever, than simply that evil may be obviated, and that the great ends of the Giver of all Good may be served. In order to make a good action perfect, it would almost be requisite that we did not know what individual was the better of it, so that it might run no risk of being diminished or depreciated by our afterwards solacing ourselves with the incense of a humbled man's thanks. Let us be as much as possible the unseen instruments of good; and the benefited persons, though they might have fretted under a sense of obligation to us their fellow-worms, will repay it a hundredfold by the devotion which it will excite in their hearts, towards the Deity who gave us the means and inspired us with the wish to aid them.

DRESS.

IN dress, man is entirely subservient to custom; in almost every other thing he exercises his freedom of thought and free will, and ventures to act for himself: He will have a government after his own mind—a religion according to his conscience—he changes the form of his houses and grounds as his fancy dictates—he leaves off one particular department of study, and resumes another, according to inclination—he even makes a total change of his food according to the caprice of his appetite—and yet this same man continues, month after month, and year after year, to put on just such a cut of coat, or figure of other habiliments, as are sent home to him. In short, he is the mere creature of the caprice of his tailor, or, if of the other sex, the implicit adopter of the more fantastic fancies of the milliner.

When we say that the dress of this country is never varied, we mean in all that constitutes its essential and general features; as to minor details, the variations are never-failing and endless; and yet, perhaps, there is no dress throughout the whole world which will be found less comfortable, less appropriate, or less graceful, than that which now and for several centuries has prevailed in modern Europe. In all the

essentials of dress, it is inferior even to that of the rudest nations made known to us by modern discoveries. It is inferior, as being stiff and uncomfortable, as being decidedly ungraceful, and as being little suited to convenience or health. Compare the dress of an Otaheitan savage as described by Cook, and how superior in every point of view it is to that of their more civilized visitors and discoverers! How flowing and graceful were the vestments of the ancients, as handed down to us by the descriptions and paintings of cotemporary historians and artists—such, for instance, as those of the Greeks and Romans—and what a dignity and simplicity is embodied into the cartoons of Raphael, by his adoption of this mode of dress for his figures!

Although the human body is the most graceful and most majestic object that nature presents to our contemplation, yet it is evident, that, unlike all other animals, man was formed destitute of any external covering, in order that he might clothe himself by his own ingenuity and labour; and neither decency nor convenience allow the state of complete nudity. A covering of some kind or other, then, is necessary; but its form and proportions being left to the general taste, depend upon opinion and circumstance. That sort of clothing which fits the limbs and other parts of the body exactly, and shows their natural form and proportion, is not unbecoming, although it must in some degree tend to impede the full play of the muscles and action of the body. That which floats in light drapery around the body, and rather shades than conceals its outline, is highly graceful, at the same time that it allows of the utmost ease and freedom. That which covers the person entirely, and folds the whole man up in his garments, is cumbrous, and, if not managed with unusual art, borders on deformity.

The first or close dress was, according to Tacitus, the manner in which the nobles among the ancient Germans were clothed, and is still, to a certain extent, the national dress of the Hungarians, which is imitated in the uniform of our hussars. The second, and most elegant, was the dress used by the Greeks and Romans, and, as far as we can understand, seems to have been the prevalent dress among the nations of antiquity. The Roman dress consisted of the toga, a flowing robe of white woollen cloth, which covered the whole body, drawn up and suspended over the left arm, but leaving the right at liberty; below this was worn a tunic, or closer garment, reaching to the knees, and bound round the waist by a belt. The third, or full and flowing dress, enveloping the whole body, is that of the oriental nations, and is seen to this day among the Turks and Persians. After the revival of civilization and commerce in the middle ages, a richness and magnificence of dress was in vogue in Europe, without much regard to taste or elegance, and consisting of a combination of some parts of the ancient Roman, with modern innovations. The Spanish dress prevailed in Europe and in England during the reigns of the last Henries and Queen Elizabeth, but after this period the French costume was introduced, and has ever since prevailed, and continues to extend over the civilized globe. If we take a dispassionate view of this dress, and especially as it prevailed in the last two centuries, nothing can appear more unnatural, constrained, or ungraceful, and nothing more at variance with the graceful and flowing outline of the human form. Indeed, our modern dress is so managed as to conceal all the bendings and waving lines that naturally grace the human exterior, and to replace them by numerous angles, bundles, and knots. Thus the neck is wrapped up in a bundle of linen, or encased in a stiff collar of buck-

ramed and padded stuff, that completely destroys its free and graceful motions. The shoulders, arms, elbows, and wrists, are all rendered of one uniform thickness, by a stiff-out or preposterously wide sleeve. The knees are stiffened and cramped by buttons and buckles, or long shapeless trousers take away all figure or proportion from the waist down to the sole of the foot. The coat is the most ridiculous thing imaginable. It has neither length nor breadth to answer the purpose of drapery, and it is marvellously so contrived as to hide all proportion of figure. Its extremities are all straight lines and angles; its collar is a monstrous and superfluous appendage to the neck; its breasts are nicked out into triangular ornaments, and stiff rows of buttons run up and down both fronts, while behind, two perfectly superfluous ones stare out like the glittering eyes of an alligator. The waist-coat has the same defects, in a smaller degree. Shoes are most ingeniously contrived to cramp the toes, thereby disfiguring the natural shape of the foot, and causing incurable lameness, or they are raised on high heels, with a narrow instep, as if to aid in walking were not at all a requisite in their adoption. As for the head, which is confessedly the crowning glory of the human figure, and which nature has so beautifully shaped and adorned—which is the seat of grace in youth, of reverence in age, of beauty in the softer sex, of command and majesty in the other—the head is encumbered with all the deformities which human grossness can devise. What, in the whole works of art, is more unnatural, stiff, and uncomfortable, than a modern hat—a mass of glue, paper, and wool, formed into a cone or circle, with hard lines, and stiff and unyielding corners, presented to the view on all sides, without beauty, or grace, or comfort, or even use, liable to be blown off with every gust of wind, cramping the head, and serving not only as a complete attraction for the rays of the summer sun, but forming a reservoir of heated air, which continually annoys the wearer. If we turn for a moment to the bonnets of the other sex, here matters are no better, but even worse. Here huge unshapely masses of silk and pasteboard, or stiffened or plaited straw, tower upwards and around for many feet, without beauty, or grace, or proportion, presenting a mark for every gale to waste its breath on, and enveloping the countenance beneath in disfiguring shade and oblivion. We need not speak of the barbarism of modern caps, laces, and ribbons, arranged with all the profusion and bad taste but too often conspicuous. But if we turn back for half a century, we come to even greater follies. We then come to an age of painted faces, hardened hair, overflowing wigs of horse hair, curled and twisted into all the most fantastic modes, and tied up into lengthened tails, like that of a monkey: then was the age of hoops, furbelows, and high-heeled shoes, and of bag wigs, cocked hats, and swords. That such absurdities existed, could scarcely be believed even in this age, when taste in dress is yet at a low ebb, did we not see the proofs of it in the portraits of the day, and in the mimic representations of the stage, handed down faithfully from one generation to another.

Now, nothing can be more absurd than this perpetual tampering with dress, and alternation of fashion in our habiliments—this changing of the simplicity and beauty of the human outline into the likeness of a monkey. As there is a standard of the human figure and proportions which nature uniformly preserves, so there must be an appropriate standard of dress suited to these proportions, which ought to be beyond the innovations of false taste, caprice, and professional cupidity. We doubt not that all ridiculous fashions have had their rise from two sources. In the first place, the deformed, ugly, and ill-shaped, invent dresses to conceal their defects, and, if they are of sufficient influence in society, impose these dresses upon the well-proportioned and beautiful, in order to reduce them to their own standard of deformity. How else can we account for large ruffs round the shoulders and neck, stuffed and padded clothes, paint and patches for the face, powder for the hair, artificial curls and wigs, hooped petticoats for the fat, high-heeled shoes for the lame or dwarfish, and all those unaccountable freaks which the history of dress and the experience of the present day point out to us? The second cause of fashions arises from the cupidity of tailors and milliners, who drive a lucrative trade in their monthly alterations of the cut or colour of their various commodities, aided in their fancies by the extravagant tastes of silly and empty-headed ladies of fashion, and gentlemen of the ton, who pant for distinction in the only field open to their capacities. In this way, it is humiliating to the dignity of human nature to witness how wise men and fools, mighty senators and judicious matrons, as well as empty block-heads and uninformed misses, are all brought to a uniform level of absurdity. A man of sense either does not give himself the trouble to dictate about the cut of his coat, or has not courage to be so singular as to dress according to his inclinations, and hence becomes the prey and tool of his tailor. As we have already remarked, while the church and state, and arts and sciences, are daily receiving amendments, the consideration of dress has never yet been projected. How can we ever expect any indications of taste or elegance in dress, then, when the imposers of the fashions are such as we describe? As long as there is no standard, all must join the current of the day—as well those who have taste and discern-

ment, as those who have neither. For instance, one of the chief beauties of the female figure is the smallness and roundness of the shoulder, compared to the breadth and muscularity of those of man; but in our present dresses, every pains is taken to swell out and amplify the female shoulder, until the figure becomes an inverted cone, with the broadest end upwards; thus doing away with that beautiful and appropriate distinction which nature has set between the two sexes.

In the reformation of dress, then—an event which will perhaps take place as soon as common sense is sufficiently diffused—the circumstances to be attended to are, comfort, healthfulness, elegance, and propriety; happily, all these are compatible with, and indeed arise out of, each other. Females, above all others, especially those who take little exercise, should be warmly and comfortably clothed; the same is the case with children, they, as well as the aged, being peculiarly subject to injury from cold. As little difference as possible should be made in the principal parts of dress in summer and in winter, for in this climate summer may prevail during the day, and the chill of winter succeed in the evening. The great elegance of dress generally consists in its simplicity, and this applies to shape, colour, and ornaments. The most appropriate colours are the subdued, and a dark colour generally sets off the human figure to greater advantage than a light. Mixtures of gaudy colours should in every case be avoided. If we were asked the most appropriate colours for a beautiful person, we would say, either snow white or black, very slightly relieved; and in its fashion we would again inculcate simplicity; for beauty needs not the aid of ornament.

ELIZABETH LATIMER.

It is hard, that, with man, talent, combined with perseverance, should be almost omnipotent to overcome obstacles the most numerous and formidable, while in the hands of woman, it is often wholly useless, unless fortunate circumstances, such as wealthy or literary connexions, obtain for the possessor the opportunity of gaining by its display, fortune and fame. Few and rugged are the paths by which her genius, unaided and alone, may climb even to competence.

Such an isolated being was Elizabeth Latimer, who, at twenty-four, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest development; and this, with a graceful person, and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not, like some of the merchants of Boston, draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses, who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect.

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue, and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire any thing like a pedantic one.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a stepmother who was jealous of her. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning. But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at a loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have shone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt.

We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. Elizabeth retired from the world, and devoted herself to her father and to the education of Louis, her brother, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were

only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr Latimer had ventured his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity for ever.

After many months' suspense, the news reached Mr Latimer that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, gripping fingers on us; and, in the present excited state of her feelings, the prospect of maintaining herself did not appear so difficult as she afterwards found it.

Mr Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had consented to his plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility every thing she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule, which are necessary to all who walk the world, however required be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in Darton Street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of every thing. The window of the little sitting-room was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labour to cheer the prospect. "A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene," thought Elizabeth, "but I hope I shall not stay here long." Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs Graham's assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructress whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs Graham's letter.

Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau ideal* of a governess is that of a being with every talent and every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. "That might do for artists," said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her to teach embroidery and shoemaking to six daughters; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined, with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well, for he had been a frequent visitor at Mr Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dullness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocketbooks and newspapers, and wearied his friends by commonplace remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He proposed—and how infamous the proposal—that Elizabeth should write papers for him, of which he should appear as the sole author; and in the meanwhile left her to make up her mind.

"He has made me laugh, at least," said Elizabeth, after his departure. "I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man."

She then threw down her pen, and abandoned herself to despondency.

By the time Warren returned, Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its objections, as to give him the assent he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dullness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of acceding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor. However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named

the probable sum. "You rate intellectual labour very low," said she; "but no wonder. However, that, four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate." He professed himself willing to be guided by her in every thing, begged her to try and catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundancies, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand. Greater still at sight of the subject; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonyme with dullness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming, "Mr Warren! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr Warren, is this yours?" The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr Leslie hastened to apologise. "Leave it with me for an hour or two," said he, "and you shall hear from me to-morrow."

Elizabeth had once before charmed Mr Leslie by the playfulness of her conversation, and the occasional acuteness of her remarks. There was a nameless something in her style that pleased him, and he accepted Warren's production without hesitation, determining, at the same time, to vindicate him from the charge of ignorance and stupidity.

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight, he hastened, in a transport of generosity, to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first fruits of her industry to his master.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the fame he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr Leslie strongly doubted his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility, that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the meantime, Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share to a third, and then a fourth of the whole. "She cannot want much," he argued with his conscience, "living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage."

People who are extravagant themselves are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud. "I have overrated my own productions," said she, "and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them."

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis's school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health, too, was impaired by constant application, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. She felt her health languish; her head ached incessantly; but still she went on for several months. On one occasion she called at Mrs Graham's, where she expected to meet her early friend Mrs Leslie, but was disappointed. In a conversation which ensued in her presence between Mrs Graham and her husband, relative to the pieces she had written, and which were said to be by Warren, she overheard Mr Graham remark, that Warren had boasted to him, in Mr Leslie's library, of having made two hundred dollars in six months by his productions—a sum far greater than she had received.

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer "lend him my pen."

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether

he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr Leslie's library. "Now, Mr Warren, after this it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labour; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expense. Find somewhere else a pen that will be at your service; mine writes not another word for you." It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting.

And now, what was to become of Elizabeth? She thought of sending her papers to Mr Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. "He has behaved ill to me, certainly," said she, "but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snowball. I must not think of such redress; but what am I to do? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,'"—and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet, and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator. In this species of writing she had the good fortune to find some employment from Mr Carlier, a bookseller. But her task proved tedious and difficult. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigour of her mind, and injured a frame that had never been robust. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr Carlier she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation. She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book-shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where. And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts, till Mr Carlier came in.

"Ah! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last," Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears. "Nay, do not suppose," said Mr Carlier, distressed at his own abruptness, "that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labours."

He unlocked a desk, and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying, "I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press."

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home, and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr Carlier, saying, in a voice of hopelessness, "Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting"—she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers, and she hurried away.

Mr Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth's distress, took up the manuscript that lay on the table. "A singular young person, that," said the bookseller; "I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you?" for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the handwriting, he recognised that of Warren's manuscripts. Every thing was the same—the folding of the paper—the very silk with which it was fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover. "Latimer!" he exclaimed: "surely this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B— and T—."

Upon making inquiries, Mr Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect had once been among the favourites of fortune. He described to his wife the scene in Mr Carlier's parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth. But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and, throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for some time hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down. Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and every thing he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to

her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect. The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression, that, had the honours and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr Leslie. "Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing the first wish of my heart will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune; but I have a brother dependent upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one of Heaven's best gifts, were I to repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances." "This, indeed," thought Leslie, "is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood—a promise as deceitful as the winds or waters."

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of re-action came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes; and on the morrow, when Mrs Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to hear removal, Mrs Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slopes made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits; but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long gloomy hours in Darton Street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn, a season she had always loved. But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December. Elizabeth felt that her race was run; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love. Mrs Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affections as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure.

"Look, dear Elizabeth," said she to her languid pale companion, as they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful villages on the Connecticut; "Look! that is Mount Holyoke. He overlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when we shall climb his rugged sides together." Elizabeth shook her head. "Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be no more. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for I am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, shrinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer to it, much of the fear that it once excited subsides, and, perhaps, before my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. Poor Louis! if I could have lived a few years longer."

Mrs Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her heart. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that very evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own son. She could only weep, and press their hands.

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would not part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object of it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her delightful powers seemed renewed; when the treasures of her memory and imagination charmed away the winter evening; but the flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of life was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawing-room earlier than usual. Mrs Leslie saw with alarm the extreme paleness of her countenance, and, after a few moments' hesitation, followed her to her chamber. She paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her knees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side, her head had fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs Leslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward; but the hand she grasped was icy cold. The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle for ever.*

* Abridged from "The Legendary, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Scenery, and Manners. Edited by N. P. Willis. Boston, 1828." Vol. II.

BALLATER.

OUR readers are aware that we have lately made some pretty excursions in the North Highlands, and especially along the banks of the Dee, noticing such remarkable matters as have come in our way. It has, perhaps, been remarked, that on these occasions we have not paid due respect to the celebrity of the village and watering-place of Ballater, the capital of Deeside; and we hasten to make up the deficiency. Ballater is a village situated forty-two miles west from Aberdeen, and is placed on a plain of considerable dimensions, far wider and flatter than such as are generally to be met with in the Highlands. Being now resorted to by real or supposed valetudinarians as a watering-place, and of late erection, it forms a striking contrast in its neatness and regularity to Highland villages in general. It is indeed quite an "oasis in the desert." There is something gratifying in its sweet lowland appearance, as you approach it after the dreary wilds you have just traversed. The steeple of the village forms a prominent object; then through the trees you remark neat white regular rows of small houses; and, with the assistance of the stream and a noble bridge—now, alas, a victim to the floods, but soon to be rebuilt—the extent of the wild plain on which it is situated, and the mountains around, might have given you the conception of a trans-Atlantic city suddenly reared in the midst of the desert. On the north side of the village is the steep round rock called Craigendarch, and on the opposite side of the river is a line of steep banks covered with pine to the height of some eight hundred feet. But the background towards the west is the most striking portion of the landscape. The highest and most marked object is the princely brow of the great Lochin-ye-gar looking down with calm majesty on the lesser hills, over which it is so much raised as to appear visible from its summit to its base. It is of considerable length, and the front is a flat wall of precipice here and there streaked with snow, while the outline rises at each end with a fine sweeping curve, terminating near the middle of the ridge in a sharp peak. From Lochin-ye-gar the hills descend by a sort of gradation, until they sink into the plain on which Ballater is situated. They are of great variety of form, and we might tire you by describing the numberless beautiful curves in their outlines. Let us add to this picture the Dee wandering round the bases of the smaller hills, here gurgling, there calm and smooth; with the pine, the weeping birch, and the dwarf oak, hanging over its edge, and casting on its waters a deep and solemn shade. The avowed and ostensible object of the persons who every summer gather into a small knot of fashion in this village, is the very simple and innocent one of "drinking water." The Pananich wells were discovered some sixty years ago, from the circumstance, it has been said, of an old woman having cured herself of sores from dipping herself in the spring; since then, the number of visitors has increased yearly; coaches are driven betwixt the village and Aberdeen, and a communication has been opened through Glenshee to Edinburgh.

The wells of Pananich, which are about a mile from Ballater, peep prettily over the trees on the high bank on the opposite side of the river, looking down upon the stream; the establishment consists of a bathing-house and pump-room; and there is a sort of small hospital, very little inhabited by the class of persons in the habit of frequenting Ballater. There are here two descriptions of water: that of one of the springs has the credit of curing scrofulous complaints; that of the other of being of a diuretic quality, and affording relief in cases of gravel, &c. The water in many places springs from the sides of the bank; and it is quite gratifying, in a hot summer day, to see a band of sturdy idlers lolling round these springs, and drinking deep for relief to their numerous disorders. We remember once approaching one of these parties, who appeared extremely boisterous and jovial over deep draughts of the water; we made some remarks on the peculiar virtues of the chalybeate, and on its astonishing effects on the herculean figures before us, when one of the sturdiest of the party, lifting a queich to his lips, remarked, with a peculiar turn of his eye, "Och ay, sir; it's to huz that it does queude; it's no to nane but them that taks a good curm o' whusky in't that it does queude." We have always held in mind the advice so solemnly delivered, when we made any application to the waters of the Pananich wells. But having now brought the reader to this spot, he may very probably ask what he is to do with himself for a week or two. In the first place, as to stowing himself away, there is a capital newly built inn, where there is a daily ordinary, and where he will find himself as comfortable as in a city hotel; and the place is filled with lodging-houses. Then, as to the matter of amusement, if he is not content with perambulating and looking at the scenery, we hardly know what to do with him. For our own part, we can scarcely describe the mere indolent pleasure we have felt, after some months of labour and annoyance in the crowded dusty city, in seating ourselves down, in a hot summer afternoon, on a tuft of fresh heather, the shadow of Craigendarch, with its

beautiful birches and small oak trees, over our heads; the small plain studded with a few houses, and the winding Dee, at our feet; with the beautiful outlines of the hills gilded with the sun, and the enormous precipices of Lochin-ye-gar stripped of their terrors, sleeping calmly against the unclouded sky, and looking like a soft object outlined and coloured on the blue ground. Perhaps there is a slight hum of children amusing themselves, and now and then a citizen, freed from his eleven months' toil, crosses your path. These, and the houses, and the curling smoke, and a few cultivated fields, are the pleasing signs that you are in the inhabited world, but otherwise you are alone with nature.

The chief amusement of Ballater is in circumambulation. You can hardly walk a few hundred yards without seeing something curious, and the natural grandeur which surrounds the place has been lately added to, while the beauty has been somewhat subtracted from by the devastations of the floods; but there are some peculiar scenes which may admit the term "lions" being applicable. There is first Lochin-ye-gar, which we have already tried to describe. Then there is the Lin of Muich, a thundering waterfall of some fifty feet or so. Then there is the whole of Glenmuic, a very wild glen; and Lochmuic, a lake deeply seated among the mountains, about two and a half miles in length, and one in breadth. Then, a little higher in the mountains, is the smaller lake called Dhu Loch—a cold-looking sheet of water, deeply seated among precipices, and visited by the eagle. As a contrast, take Loch Kinord, a calm sedgy lake, in a deep peaceful hollow among the hills, with a small island in the middle, presumed to be artificial, on which are some ruins, given by tradition as the habitation of Malcolm Canmore. Not far from this is the great hill of Morven, at the foot of which rambles a stream characteristically termed the Burn of the Vat. In one spot, the burn enters on the premises of a large rock, which time has enabled the water to hollow out in such a manner, that the spectator, entering a narrow crevice through which the stream passes, feels himself within a great well or vat, with high smooth circular stone sides, from which spring a few birch trees, looking, from their height and stuntedness, like greenhouse plants. Then, if you are fond of such things, you may look at the house of Ballatrich, where Byron lived when he

—"roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, oh Morven, of snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Of the mist of the tempest that gathered below."

Not far from this you may see Colbleen, of which the same poet has said,

"When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen."

This is a singular line of mountain, of which the stone seems to have a constant propensity to force its way through the mould and heather.

LISTENERS.

GOLDEN opinions are often to be gained by discreet silence. Some people delight exceedingly to hear themselves talk, but above all things are captivated with the respectful attention of a steady listener; and whoever has the patience to sit and hear them out (that is, not absolutely to wait until they stop of their own accord—for perhaps there is no well-authenticated instance of any thing of that kind—but till something occurs to interrupt them), obtains their good will far more certainly than if he had communicated to them a vast variety of important information, or taken a world of pains to correct their mistaken notions. A character for the most engaging modesty falls inevitably to the lot of him who possesses the power of holding his tongue; the praises of his discernment are every where sounded; nay, he often acquires a reputation for conversational abilities: it is true, with regard to this latter point, that doubts are sometimes expressed by some who have been whole nights in his company without hearing him utter more than a few syllables; but the interminable talker—the never-failing patron of silent gentlemen—forgetful of his own fame in his zeal for that of his client, declares that good talents for conversation do not consist in the multiplication of sentences, but in speaking succinctly to the purpose. Advantages more substantial than favourable regards do also frequently accrue to the possessor of this qualification: it were endless to recount how many large fortunes have been secured by persons, male and female, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh degrees of kin, who day after day for years had the fortitude to submit their ears to the recital of the same stories and remarks from an old invalid bachelor relation. And far be it from us to maintain that in this respect the effect did not most naturally and most justly follow the cause. People who have become rich in this manner enjoy indeed no high repute with the world; they are commonly reproached with having meanly subjected their minds for a number of years to a servile acquiescence with all the ca-

prices of him whom they courted through no attachment to his person, but with the precarious expectation of coaxing from him a munificent legacy. This no doubt is more or less the case. We believe, however, that when two persons live long together, their intercourse for the most part assumes a kinder character than that between a haughty lord and an obsequious dependent. The wants to which we daily administer beget in us pity for him who needs assistance—satisfaction with ourselves in being able to relieve them—and a degree of affection for the individual who thus engrosses so much of our care. Gratitude in the other party for dutiful services and increased comforts is a still stronger and more obvious bond of union. This is true, whether the services performed have regard to the case of a decayed body, or the amusement of a mind that cannot find employment within itself. If single gentlemen who have made quarter-plums, half-plums, and plums, without cultivating elegant tastes, the exercise of which might relieve the weariness of an unoccupied old age, were to retire from the bustle of action or business, and to find nobody upon whom to bestow their garrulity, their days would be dreary and wretched in the extreme. Whoever, therefore, lightens the tedium of their afternoons confers upon them whatever happiness they enjoy, and they cannot extend their liberality to any one who better deserves it.

Valuable listeners are seldom to be found of an advanced age. When people get established in life, and have amassed a share of substance and experience, they begin to feel their own weight—to think their opinions merit consideration as well as those of others, and that they are entitled to "deliver their sentiments at length on the subject." As their wealth and wisdom are farther increased, what they say assumes the tone of incontrovertible maxims rather than that of persuasion or argument. By and bye they cannot bear to be contradicted, and in a little time longer you will hear it whispered that they have become intolerable prosers. This gradation is not in every instance true to the letter: multitudes of veterans retain the candour, the simplicity, and almost the vivacity of youth, to their latest years. But somehow or other a man of that period of life is never pitched upon as a person proper to receive the full details of a very long story, which in general cannot be heard with a zest of attention and admiration sufficient to gratify the narrator, unless by the inexperience of the young, which "holds each strange tale devoutly true."

Yet there is a method by means of which talkers frequently contrive to enlist auditors of any age: you have a piece of urgent business, and, going to the person with whom it is to be transacted, lay the whole affair before him: it may be of equal importance to him; but perceiving of what consequence it is to you, and being a proser, he answers, "Well, well; we'll talk of that presently: but did you hear of our famous dinner last night?" You in vain endeavour to get off by saying that you read a full account of the proceedings in the newspapers this morning; he protests there never was such a negligent or partial set as the reporters—they have omitted or misrepresented the whole of his speech: and he goes on mercilessly to inflict upon you the entire oration, from the—"Gentlemen, unacquainted as I am with public speaking," down to the resolution which he in-vain attempted to persuade the "numerous and respectable company" to adopt; concluding with a supplementary address to yourself, to prove the ruinous consequences that must inevitably ensue from the rejection of his proposal. Having fully disburdened his mind upon you, notwithstanding your looks of agony, and the unsettled manner in which you occupy your chair, he then perhaps recurs to the matter in dependence between you and him, and you obtain a satisfactory arrangement, which would certainly have been postponed if you had been altogether refractory, and declined to hear the mighty matter with which his mind was labouring. I remember hearing the advice of a wine-merchant, in very extensive business, to his son, which is very much to the present purpose. It is very well known that many of the transactions of wholesale merchants with their country customers are managed by "travellers," as they call themselves, or "bagmen," as they are derisively termed by those whose wit is not too refined to prevent them from making a joke of a man's profession. The sons of the merchants themselves are often employed in this manner, not only to give them a knowledge of every part of their profession, but to introduce them to a personal acquaintance with those who deal with "the house." From a journey of this kind the young man alluded to had just returned; and his father asked him, among other things, "Well, Tom, and how much are we to send to my friend the Provost of Sybo?" "He did not favour me with an order," replied Tom, evidently a little chagrined to confess his want of success in that quarter. "Did not favour you with an order!" exclaimed his father. "There must have been some very particular reason for that." "Why," was the answer, "when I told him our vintages, he would talk of nothing but provincial politics. The conduct of Deacon Farlane at the last election, he assured me, was perfectly infamous. I begged him to look over the catalogue, and select such supplies as he required. He begged to refer it to me if it was not a most base thing in a man first to pledge himself to one party, and then to vote for the other; and went on to enumerate a host of his fellow-citizens who had been guilty of

that delinquency. Perceiving there was no end to his vehemence, I informed him civilly, that, as I had a number of other calls to make, it would be obliging if he would honour me with any orders he had to give. "Very well, young man," he said, "nothing is wanted at present; but give my respects to my old friend your father, who did not use to speak of making other calls the first night he came to my house." And so," concluded Tom, "I took my leave." "Tom, Tom!" said his father, on hearing this explanation, "I don't know what you'll make of the business when it comes into your hands; but if you wish to sell wine with success, you must be content to listen to a great deal that people have to say on other subjects; and if you do so respectfully, ten to one but they will take a larger quantity than they at first intended. It will not do to go about, and cry, 'Wine, wine!—how much shall we send you?' I must set out to Sybo to-morrow, and keep the worthy Provost a customer of the house, as long at least as I am a partner in it."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES LACKINGTON.

My young friends, the Boys, may remember, that, in my leading address in the first number of the Journal, I promised to give them interesting stories of men who were at one time poor little boys like themselves, but who, by being always honest and industrious, as well as ambitious of rising in the world, came at last to have fine houses and parks, and to be distinguished above all ordinary persons. I am now therefore going to give the boys one of these instructive biographies, namely, the life of James Lackington, a famous London bookseller, who began the world with no more than a single halfpenny, and yet, by his extraordinary perseverance and integrity, became one of the most opulent and respected men of his time. The memoir is in the words of the author himself, except where abridgement is necessary.

"I was born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, on the 31st of August 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker, and a person of such dissipated habits, that the whole charge of rearing his family fell upon my mother, a woman of extraordinary industry, and one who had a very hard fate in being allied to a husband who spent upon liquor all that he could earn. Never did I know or hear of a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did to support eleven children; and were I to relate the particulars, they would not gain credit. I shall only observe, that, for many years together, she worked nineteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Out of love to her family, she totally abstained from every kind of liquor, water excepted. Her food was chiefly broth, which was little better than water and oatmeal, and her children did not fare much better. When I reflect on the astonishing hardships and sufferings of so worthy a woman, and her helpless infants, I cannot but denounce, in the strongest possible terms, that abominable love of drinking, by which my father, as is too often the case, neglected his family, and brought upon himself premature death.

Before my father had fallen into these disgraceful and expensive habits, I was put for two or three years to a day-school, kept by an old woman, who taught me to read the New Testament; but my career of learning was soon at an end, when my mother became so poor that she could not afford the sum of twopence per week for my schooling. Besides, I was obliged to supply the place of a nurse to several of my brothers and sisters; the consequence of which was, that what little I had learned was presently forgot. Instead of learning to read, &c., it very early became my chief delight to excel in all kinds of boyish mischief, and I soon arrived to be the captain and leader of all the boys in the neighbourhood. From this profitless course of life I was rescued at fourteen years of age, when a Mr Bowden, a respectable shoemaker at Taunton, seven miles from Wellington, having seen and taken a liking to me, proposed taking me as an apprentice, offering, at the same time, to seek no premium, and find me in every thing. This offer being accepted by my father, I was immediately bound for seven years to Mr George and Mrs Mary Bowden, as honest and worthy a couple as ever carried on a trade. They carefully attended to their shop six days in the week, and on the Sunday went with their family to a place of public worship.

I had been an apprentice about twelve or fifteen months, when, having been led to attend the pious lectures of a Methodist preacher, a religious fervour overspread my mind, and engrossed all my faculties. The desire I now had of talking about religious mysteries answered a valuable purpose—it caused me to embrace every opportunity to learn to read, so that I could soon read the easy parts of the Bible, and every leisure minute was so employed. In the winter I was obliged to attend my work from six in the morning till ten at night. In the summer half year I only worked as long as we could see without candle; but, notwithstanding the close attention I was obliged to pay to my trade, yet for a long time I read ten chapters in the Bible every day. I also learned and read

many hymns. I had such good eyes, that I often read by the light of the moon, for my master would never permit me to take a candle into the room.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship, my master died, but as I had been bound to my mistress as well as my master, I was, of course, an apprentice still; but after my master's death I obtained more liberty of conscience, so that I not only went to hear the Methodist sermons, but was admitted into their society, and I believe they never had a more devout enthusiastical member. For several years I regularly attended every sermon, and all their private meetings; but, alas! my good feelings at length suffered interruption. The election for two members of parliament was strongly contested at Taunton just as I attained my twenty-first year; and being now of age, the six or seven months which I had to serve of my apprenticeship were purchased of my mistress by some friends of two of the contending candidates, so that I was at once set free in the midst of a scene of riot and dissipation. Here I had nearly sunk for ever into meanness, obscurity, and vice; for, when the election was over, I had no longer open houses to eat and drink in at free cost; and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash. I began the world with an unsuspecting heart, and was tricked out of about three pounds (every shilling I was possessed of), and part of my clothes, by some country sharpers. Having one coat and two waistcoats left, I lent my best waistcoat to an acquaintance, who left the town and forgot to return it."

Lackington seems now to have fallen into profligate habits, which he afterwards looked back upon with deep regret. However, he continued to work hard, at Bristol and other places, as a journeyman shoemaker, and spent a good deal of spare money on all kinds of books, particularly works of poetry, for which he imbibed a strong attachment. After describing the course of life he led for some time, he thus proceeds:—

"I had not long resided a second time with my good Bristol friends, before I renewed my correspondence with an amiable young woman whom I had formerly known, named Nancy Smith. I informed her that my attachment to books, together with travelling from place to place, and also my total disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any; and that while I remained in a single unsettled state, I was never likely to accumulate it. I also pressed her very much to come to Bristol to be married, which she soon complied with; and married we were, at St Peter's Church, towards the end of the year 1770, near seven years after my first declaring my attachment to her.

We kept our wedding at the house of my friends, the Messrs Jones's, and retired to ready-furnished lodgings, which we had before provided, at half a crown per week. Our finances were but just sufficient to pay the expenses of the day; for the next morning, in searching our pockets (which we did not do in a careless manner), we discovered that we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with. It is true, we had laid in eatables sufficient for a day or two, in which time we knew we could by our work procure more, which we very cheerfully set about, singing together the following lines of Dr Cotton:—

'Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies:
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.'

After having worked on stuff-work in the country, I could not bear the idea of returning to the leather branch, so that I attempted and obtained a seat of stuff in Bristol; but better work being required there than in country places, I was obliged to take so much care to please my master, that at first I could not get more than nine shillings a-week, and my wife could get but very little, as she was learning to bind stuff shoes, and had never been much used to her needle; so that, what with the expense of ready-furnished lodgings, fire, candles, &c., we had but little left for purchasing provisions. Having, besides, to pay off a debt of near forty shillings, it took two months to make up that sum, during nearly the whole of which time it was extremely severe weather; and yet we made four shillings and sixpence per week pay for the whole of what we consumed in eating and drinking. Strong beer we had none, nor any other liquor (the pure element excepted); and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread; at other times we fried some wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee; and as to animal food, we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made broth of. But we were quite contented, and never wished for any thing that we had not got.

Unfortunately, our health failed under these circumstances, and we were both together taken so ill as to be confined to our bed; but the good woman of the house, our landlady, came to our room and did a few trifles for us. We had in cash two shillings and ninepence, half a crown of which we had carefully locked up in a box, to be saved as a resource on any extraordinary emergency. This money supported us two or three days, in which time I recovered, without the help of medicine; but my wife continued ill nearly six months, and was confined to her bed the greatest part of the time. It is impossible for words to describe the keenness of my sensations during this long term; yet, as to myself, my poverty, and being obliged to live upon water-gruel, gave me not the least uneasiness—it was the necessity of being continually in the sight and hearing of a beloved object, a young and innocent wife, who lay in a state of acute suffering.

Thinking that nothing could relieve my wife but change of air to her native place, I removed from Bristol to Taunton; but here I could not procure so much work as I could do, and, with a view of having a better price for my work, I resolved to visit London; and as I had not money sufficient to bear the expenses of both to town, I left her all the money I could spare, and took a place on the outside of the stage-coach, and the second day arrived at the metropolis, in August 1773, with two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. Next morning I procured a lodging in Whitecross Street, at the house of an acquaintance, and Mr Heath, in Fore Street, supplied me with plenty of work.

In a month I saved money sufficient to bring up my wife, and she had a tolerable state of health: of my master I obtained some stuff shoes for her to bind, and nearly as much as she could do. Having now plenty of work and higher wages, we were tolerably easy in our circumstances, more so than ever we had been, so that we soon procured a few clothes. My wife had all her life before done very well with a cloth cloak, but now I prevailed on her to have one of silk: until this winter, also, I had never found out that I wanted a greatcoat, but now I made that important discovery. At this time we were so lucky as to receive a small legacy of ten pounds, left by one of my wife's relations, and this assisted us to purchase some household goods; but as we had not sufficient to furnish a room, we worked hard, and lived still harder, so that in a short time we had a room furnished with articles of our own. It would not be possible for any one to imagine with what pleasure and satisfaction we looked round the room and surveyed our property. I believe that Alexander the Great never reflected on his immense acquisitions with half the heartfelt enjoyment which we experienced on this capital attainment. After our room was furnished, as we still enjoyed a better state of health than we did at Bristol and Taunton, and had also more work and higher wages, we often added something or other to our stock of wearing apparel. Nor did I forget the old bookshops, but frequently added an old book to my small collection; and I really have often purchased books with the money that should have been expended in purchasing something to eat. On one occasion, when presented with half a crown to buy a joint for our Christmas dinner, I could not resist the temptation of purchasing a copy of Young's Night Thoughts with the money, and my wife thought, on reflection, that I had acted wisely, for had I bought a dinner, we should have eaten it to-morrow, and the pleasure would have been soon over; but should we live fifty years longer, we had the Night Thoughts to feast upon.

Some time in June 1774, as we sat at work in our room, a friend called and informed me that a little shop and parlour were to be let in Featherstone Street, adding, that if I was to take it, I might there get some work as a master. I without hesitation told him that I liked the idea, and hinted that I would sell books also. He then asked me how I came to think of selling books? I informed him that until that moment it had never once entered into my thoughts, but that, when he proposed my taking the shop, it instantaneously occurred to my mind, that for several months past I had observed a great increase in a certain old bookshop, and that I was persuaded I knew as much of old books as the person who kept it. I farther observed, that I loved books, and that if I could but be a bookseller, I should then have plenty of books to read, which was the greatest motive I could conceive to induce me to make the attempt. My friend on this assured me, that he would get the shop for me, which he did, and, to set me up in style, recommended me to the friends of a person recently deceased, and of whom I purchased a bagful of old books, chiefly divinity, for a guinea.

With this stock, and some odd scraps of leather, which, together with all my books, were worth about five pounds, I opened shop on Midsummer-day 1774, in Featherstone Street, in the parish of St Luke, and nothing could exceed the pleasure I felt in surveying my little shop with my name over it. At that time Mr Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, without interest, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was of great service to me. In our new situation we lived in a very frugal manner, often dining on potatoes, and quenching our thirst with water; being absolutely determined, if possible, to make some provision for such dismal times as sickness, shortness of work, &c., which we had been frequently involved in before, and could scarcely help expecting not to be our fate again.

I lived in this street six months, and in that time increased my stock from five pounds to twenty-five pounds. This immense stock I deemed too valuable to be buried in Featherstone Street, and a shop and parlour being to let in Chiswell Street, No. 46, I took them. This was at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, a very dull and obscure situation, as few ever passed through it besides Spitalfields weavers on hanging days [proceeding towards Tyburn]; but still it was much better adapted for business than Featherstone Street. A few weeks after I came into this street, I bade a final adieu to the gentle craft, and converted my little stock of leather and tools into books. My business now increased considerably,

many persons buying books from me under the idea of purchasing cheaper than they could at respectable shops; but a considerable number of these kind of customers, which I had in the beginning, forsook my shop as soon as I began to appear respectable, and keep things in better order. I went on prosperously until some time in September 1775, when I was suddenly taken ill of a dreadful fever; and eight or ten days after, my wife was seized with the same disorder. I was a considerable time ill, but at length recovered; my wife, however, sunk under the disease, and her loss involved me in the deepest distress.

During the illness of my wife and myself, we were gratuitously and kindly attended by a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, by the misfortunes of her father, had been reduced to keep a school, and work very hard at plain work, by which means she kept her father from want. Now, this old gentleman died shortly afterwards; and being acquainted with his daughter's goodness, I concluded that so amiable a daughter was very likely to make a good wife. I also knew that she was immoderately fond of books, and would frequently read until morning, which turn of mind in her was the greatest of all recommendations to me. I embraced the first opportunity, therefore, to make her acquainted with my mind, and being no strangers to each other, there was no need of a formal courtship; so I prevailed on her to be my wife, and we were married on the 30th of January 1776."

Some time previously, Lackington abandoned the Methodist connection. From the period of his second marriage, success attended him in all his business arrangements, as a dealer in old books; and he mentions, that nothing did him so much good as the practice of selling only for ready money. He also adopted the plan of publishing catalogues of his books; the first catalogue, he says, contained twelve thousand volumes, and the second, put forth in 1784, thirty thousand volumes. From buying small quantities of books, he rose to be able to purchase whole libraries, reversions of editions, and to contract with authors for manuscripts of works. This extensive and lucrative business now enabled him to live in a very superior style. "I discovered," says he, "that lodgings in the country were very healthy. The year after, my country lodging was transformed into a country house, and, in another year, the inconveniences attending a stage-coach were remedied by a chariot." As usual in such cases, the envy of the world pursued Lackington for his supposed extravagance; but it appears he was strictly honourable in trade, and spent only what was his own. He assures his readers that he found the whole of what he was possessed of in "small profits, bound by industry, and clasped by economy." In 1792, the profits of his business amounted to £5000.

The success of Lackington enabled him, in 1798, to retire from the bookselling business with a competent fortune, the reward of his own ingenuity, industry, and tact, in the way of reprinting books at a cheap rate, leaving Mr George Lackington, a third cousin, at the head of the firm, which still exists in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square. Lackington at first took up his residence in Gloucestershire. Subsequently, he purchased two estates in Alvestone, on one of which was a gen'el house, in which he made various improvements, and took up his abode, keeping a carriage, and living in great style. In his retirement, he again joined himself to the Methodists, for whom he built and endowed different chapels, and, till the last, expressed his great sorrow for the manner in which he had spoken of that body in his published memoirs. He finally retired to Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire; but soon after, his health declined, and he became subject to epileptic fits. At length his decease took place on the 22d of November 1815, in the 70th year of his age.

SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

[From the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures, by Charles Babbage.]

AMONGST the forests which flank many of the lofty mountains of Switzerland, some of the finest timber is found in positions almost inaccessible. The expense of roads, even if it were possible to make them in such situations, would prevent the inhabitants from deriving any advantages from these almost inexhaustible supplies. Placed by nature at a considerable elevation above the spot on which they are required, they are precisely in fit circumstances for the application of machinery; and the inhabitants constantly avail themselves of it, to enable the force of gravity to relieve them from some portion of their labour. The inclined planes which they have established in various forests, by which the timber has been sent down to the water-courses, must have excited the admiration of every traveller; and these slides, in addition to the merit of simplicity, have that of economy, as their construction requires scarcely any thing beyond the material which grows upon the spot. Of all these specimens of carpentry, the Slide of Alpnach was by far the most considerable, both from its great length, and from the almost inaccessible position from which it descended. The following is the description of that work given in Gilbert's Annals, 1819, and translated in the second volume of Brewster's Journal:—

"For many centuries, the rugged flanks and the deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofty precipices encircled them

on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them; and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore permitted to grow and to perish, without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber. The most intelligent and skilful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores. It was not till November 1816, that M. Rupp, and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the commune of Alpach for 6000 crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818.

The Slide of Alpach is formed entirely of about 25,000 large pine trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about 160 workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly 100,000 francs, or £4250. It is about three leagues, or 44,000 English feet long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut out in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places, for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about 2000 supports; and in many places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight, and sometimes zig-zag, with an inclination of from 10° to 18°. It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes under ground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffolds 120 feet in height.

The boldness which characterises this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut several thousand trees, to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and, as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances, in order to point out the road for their return, and to discover, in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established. M. Rupp was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and, in the first months of the undertaking, he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labours of the workmen, which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all; the rest having been hired by accident, without any of the knowledge which such an undertaking required. M. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry. He was supposed to have communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise, which they regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of observing the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of *three leagues, or nearly nine miles, in two minutes and a half*, and during their descent, they appeared to be only a few feet in length. The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and as soon as every thing was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, '*Lachez*' (let go). The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top of the slide in *three minutes*. The workmen at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, '*Il vient*' (it comes), and the tree was instantly launched down the slide, preceded by the cry which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom, and plunged into the lake, the cry of *Lachez* was repeated as before, and a new tree was launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, M. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated by their thickest extremities no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and one of the trees having by accident struck against the other, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning.

After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the Aar to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut

by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea when it was necessary.

In order that none of the small wood might be lost, M. Rupp established in the forest large manufactories of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels, for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter, when the slide was covered with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized, was heaped up and burnt, and the ashes packed up and carried away, during the winter.

A few days before the author of the preceding account visited the slide, an inspector of the navy had come for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber. He declared that he had never seen any timber that was so strong, so fine, and of such a size; and he concluded an advantageous bargain for 1000 trees.

Such is a brief account of a work undertaken and executed by a single individual, and which has excited a very high degree of interest in every part of Europe. We regret to add, that this magnificent structure no longer exists, and that scarcely a trace of it is to be seen upon the flanks of Mount Pilatus. Political circumstances having taken away the principal source of the demand for timber, and no other market having been found, the operation of cutting and transporting the trees necessarily ceased."

Professor Playfair, who visited this singular slide, states, that six minutes was the usual time occupied in the descent of a tree, but that in wet weather it reached the lake in three minutes.

Column for Schoolboys.

HORACE—CICERO.

AMONG the Latin poets, Horace, or more properly Quintus Horatius Flaccus, although accounted the most difficult, has been without doubt always the most popular; and accordingly we find more frequent quotations from him than from any other. "He is in Latin," says Dr Francis, "what Pope is in English; and the reason is honourable to his talents, to the refinement and elegance of his sentiments, and to the universal range he took through the extensive provinces of manners, morals, and criticism."

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusia, a city on the confines of Apulia, in the south of Italy, on the 8th of December, in the year 64 before Christ. His father was a freedman, and the son of a slave. His principal occupation seems to have been that of a tax-gatherer, and it is said also that he was a fish-monger. Notwithstanding that his income, derived from a small farm in that unproductive part of the country, must have been but scanty, and his other occupations mean and unpopular, it appears that he found means to send his son in early life to Rome, where he obtained a liberal education and an extensive knowledge of mankind, many proofs of which occur in his poetical compositions. On completing his course of education at Rome, Horace went to finish his studies at Athens, which possessed almost the only schools of philosophy at that time in the world. At Athens he contracted acquaintance with many of the young Roman nobility, and became particularly intimate with Brutus, the celebrated republican leader, who appointed him a tribune in his army, an office corresponding nearly to that of colonel. He was at this time twenty-three years of age, and without the least experience in military affairs, as was shown immediately at the battle of Philippi, where, like the great Demosthenes before him, he allowed unmanly terror and shameful flight to deprive him for ever of the reputation of heroism. These circumstances the poet himself has not endeavoured to conceal. Any property which he possessed was at this time lost by confiscation, and necessity then compelled him to exercise his talents for poetry. The excellence of his first attempts gained him the friendship of Virgil, and of Varius, another great poet of those times, but whose works have unfortunately all perished. By these two friends he was introduced to Mæcenas, one of the most celebrated patrons of learned men that ever lived, by whose liberality he was not only relieved from the distresses of poverty, but also enriched even beyond what he formerly possessed. From this period he lived in affluence, enjoying the society of the learned and the patronage of the great. Augustus honoured him with his friendship; and it appears that learned men then lived easy and familiarly with the great, since it is mentioned that the emperor would sometimes send himself betwixt Virgil and Horace, and say, jestingly, that he sat betwixt sighing and tears—aluding to the asthma of the one, and the rheumatic eyes of the other. Our poet formed one of the party who went from Rome to negotiate a peace between Augustus and Marc Antony, at Brundisium, of which journey he has given a very humorous account in the fifth satire of his first book.

Horace was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, both to Augustus and his ministers, and therefore impartiality cannot blame the poet for the manner in which he has spoken of Augustus in preference to his rival, Marc Antony. To defend him against the charge of extreme flattery towards the emperor, would perhaps be a fruitless attempt; yet much might be said in extenuation. Flattery is found generally to

keep pace with liberality; and men of genius seldom show a want of adulation when favours have either been received or are expected from the rich or noble. A stronger objection, and one which admits of no palliation, may be brought against several passages in the writings of the Venusian bard. It is grieving to meet with effusions of imagination, conveyed in the grossest language, amidst the finest turns of thought, delicacy of feeling, justness of sentiment, and unrivalled felicity of expression. The moral truths which Horace has mixed with high poetic sentiment and description, would almost form a system of ethics; but these very truths are debased by vicious intermixture. These passages, however, although considerable in number, form but a small proportion of his works, and it would be difficult to name a lyric poet who could with advantage be set in opposition to Horace.*

It would be difficult to add to the praises which every judge of Latin poetry has bestowed on the writings of Horace. There is an indescribable charm in them which gives fresh pleasure to the classical scholar at every new perusal. This is the indubitable test of genuine poetry, and is, perhaps, nowhere found in higher perfection than in the enchanting pages of Horace. According to his own account, his personal appearance had not been any thing of the most prepossessing, particularly from his being afflicted so much with sore eyes; and the cheerfulness of his disposition seems to have deserved greater commendation than the mildness of his temper. He is understood to have been an epicurean in his philosophical sentiments; and, with the love of ease and tranquillity for which he was noted, he set a very moderate value on riches and splendour. He died in the year 7 before the Christian era, in the 57th year of his age, leaving his property to Augustus, from which some have inferred that he outlived his great patron Mæcenæ. He was buried in the neighbourhood of the Esquilian hill at Rome, and not far from the sepulchre of Mæcenæ.

The works of Horace consist of his Odes, in five books; the poem on the Secular Games; the Satires, in two books; the Epistles, in two books; and the Art of Poetry. His satires and epistles have had many imitators in modern times, and great genius and considerable success have been displayed in many of their performances. Of all the classical writers, Horace is by general consent allowed to be the most difficult to translate; yet so universal has been the ambition to perform this task, that scarcely an English poet can be named, in whose works we do not find some part of Horace. These efforts, however, have not so frequently been directed to give the sense and local meaning of the author, as to transmute his satire, and adapt it to modern persons and times. Of the few who have exhibited the whole of this interesting poet in an English dress, Dr Philip Francis is thought to have succeeded best in that which is most difficult, the lyric part, and likewise to have conveyed the spirit and sense of the original, in the epistles and satires, with least injury to the genius of the author.

An edition of the works of Horace, Virgil, and some other of the Latin authors most commonly used in schools, was formed for the use of the dauphin in France, in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Each author is illustrated with a series of very useful notes, and an easier collocation of the words is given in the margin, with other matters well calculated to assist that prince, and other ingenious youths, in their study of the Roman writers. The first of these, being the works of the Latin historian Florus, was published at Paris, in 1674, by a lady who calls herself Anna, daughter of Tannaquil Faber; and the others were given afterwards by the dauphin's classical tutor, Daniel Crispin; and these constitute what is called the *Delphine* edition of the classics.

The genius displayed by the historians and poets of Rome, evidently entitle her to stand on a level with Greece, in regard to such literature; and we come now to consider her claims to the palm of Eloquence, where, by the genius of Cicero, we find her placed at once on an equality with her great rival in this respect also.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the father of Roman eloquence, was born at Arpinnum, a small town not far from Rome, on the 2d of January, in the year 106 before Christ. Plutarch alleges that the surname *Cicero* took its rise from the circumstance of one of the family having had a flat excrescence on the nose, resembling a *velch* (in Latin *cicer*); but Pliny supposes that the name was first given to one remarkable for the culture of *velches*, a certain kind of pulse.

In early life, Cicero gave proofs of those talents which afterwards procured him the highest offices in the state, and conferred honour on the nation to which he belonged. He appears to have made poetry his chief study in his boyish days, and in that pursuit he displayed a strength of mind, and a precocity of genius, of very rare occurrence. He wrote a poem called *Glaucus*; translated the works of Arctus, a Greek poet, into Latin verse, at the age of seventeen; sung the praises of Caius Marius; and in the latter years of his life he recorded in verse the history of his own consulship. These formed the whole of his poetical works, but, unfortunately, no portion of

them has been transmitted to posterity. He acquired his knowledge of oratory under Philo, the academic philosopher, of law under Mutius Scævola, and of military affairs under the celebrated leader Sylla. His father, although of equestrian rank, had not obtained any public magisterial dignity, and on that account Cicero frequently calls himself a *new man*, an appellation which his enemies used in reproach. After completing his studies, being disgusted with the tendency of the civil wars, he retired into private life, spending his time in the pursuit of philosophy, and in conversation with men of learning, chiefly natives of Greece. His defence of Roscius, the famous actor, the greater part of which oration is still extant, procured his first mark of distinction as an orator, and prudence dictated the propriety of his travelling immediately into Greece, under pretence of delicate health, in order to escape the resentment of Sylla, whose indignation was roused by the acquittal of the man whom he had accused. In Greece, Cicero attended the lectures of various celebrated masters; and, at the suggestion of Apollonius of Rhodes, he declaimed publicly in Greek, and received high approbation from all present, except Apollonius himself, who remained for some time thoughtful and silent. At last, to remove the uneasy feeling of the young orator, which his behaviour had excited, he said to him, "Cicero, I cannot but admire and praise you, only I am concerned for the fate of Greece. She had nothing left her but the glory of eloquence, and you are carrying that likewise to Rome."

On returning home, Cicero applied himself to public affairs, and his eloquence soon raised him above all the Roman orators. He exercised the office of quaestor in Sicily, with great reputation; after which he held successively the dignities of edile, prætor, and consul, at the regular times when he was fitted by age for these offices. His society consisted chiefly of literary men, and he lived in a genteel but frugal manner. To a frame naturally slender, weakness of stomach added other disadvantages, which he overcame by regularity in study and exercise, and by moderation in eating and drinking. His house stood on Mount Palatine, and he held a levee every day, which the most distinguished men in Rome attended, amongst whom was Pompey the Great. His integrity in the administration of justice during his prætorship was rewarded by the approbation of his fellow-citizens, who united in raising him to the consulship, to crush the conspiracy of Cataline. The ability with which he formed, and the vigour with which he executed, the measures of administration at that dangerous conjuncture, would have placed him high as a statesman, although no other action of his life had entitled him to distinction. Vanity, the inherent failing of this great man, now appeared in its most offensive form, and excited greater enmity against him than so trivial a weakness should have provoked. Publius Clodius, and others, amongst whom history mentions Julius Cæsar, contrived to excite so much odium against him, on account of the arbitrary manner, in which he had put some of Cataline's accomplices to death, that at last they procured his banishment from Italy. He went and settled at Dyrrachium in Macedonia, and the cities of Greece vied with each other in showing civility to the distinguished exile. Here, however, his fortitude deserted him, and his spirits sunk in deep depression. By the exertion of Pompey the Great, and a decree of the senate, that no business should be done until Cicero was recalled, it was soon proposed to the people that they should invite him to return. The citizens in some degree effaced the stigma of their former decision by their unanimity in his recall. The senate decreed their thanks to all the cities which had treated with respect the illustrious exile, and ordered his town and country houses, which Clodius had destroyed, to be rebuilt at the public expense. Such multitudes accompanied him from his landing, that he says, Italy carried him on her shoulders to Rome, an expression which Plutarch considers short of the truth.

Soon after his return from banishment, Cicero undertook the defence of Annus Milo, who had killed Clodius, as is fully set forth in his orations; and on the death of Licinius Crassus, the son of the triumvir, he succeeded to the appointment of augur, and afterwards obtained the government of the province of Cilicia. The justice and moderation which he displayed in the exercise of this important office, gained him the highest approbation from all; and the senate ordered a public thanksgiving for his routing a band of robbers who infested Mount Amanus, for which victory his army saluted him *imperator*, or general-in-chief. On his way home from Cilicia he visited Rhodes and Athens. By the time he reached Rome, the flames of civil war, between Pompey and Cæsar, were ready to burst forth; and he took part with Pompey, as thinking that the public liberty lay on that side; but although he approved of the murder of Cæsar, it does not appear that he took any part in the conspiracy against him.

Hatred of Marc Antony, and the love of glory, now induced Cicero most violently to espouse the cause of Octavius, afterwards Augustus, against Antony, which ended in Octavius most meanly and ungratefully sacrificing the orator to the resentment of the latter. This is one of the many indelible stains in the character of Augustus, which even the excellence of his government, in the latter years of his reign, can neither remove nor lessen.

As soon as Cicero heard of his being proscribed, he and his brother Quintus resolved to take shipping, and join Brutus in Macedonia. After being on board for this purpose, he again landed, and many places of retreat having been suggested, but none fixed upon, his servants, at last, to prevent his being murdered, partly by persuasion, and partly by force, got him into a litter, and were carrying him to the shore, when Herennius, a centurion, and Popilius, a tribune, whom Cicero had defended on a trial for parricide, came up with the litter, on which the orator immediately stretched out his neck, and Herennius severed his head from his body. He likewise cut off both his hands, which, together with the head, Antony caused to be fixed up over the rostrum, or public pleading place at Rome; and the Romans, while gazing on these mangled remains, thought they did not so much see the face and hands of Cicero, as the soul of the dissolute and malignant Antony. "But in vain," exclaims Dr Littleton, "didst thou wreak thy malice, O Antony! upon the author's life, whose immortal writings, to thy perpetual discredit, shall last as long as the world does, which shall always admire his, and curse thy memory." He was cut off in his 63d year, in the 43d before the Christian era.

In regard to the works of Cicero which have come down to us, consisting of his orations, his epistles, and various treatises on important subjects in morals and philosophy, they may be looked upon as comprehending by far the most interesting portion of the Latin language. He is not less to be admired in philosophy than in eloquence, as is testified by his many writings of that kind on several subjects, wherein he has highly approved his great abilities in all sorts of learning, and has made it manifest that the depth and compass of his understanding, together with the solidity of his judgment in his moral and other treatises, equalled the powers and glories of that inimitable style he showed himself master of in his orations. "There is," says Addison, "as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun." As in eloquence he made Demosthenes his pattern, so in philosophy he principally followed Plato; for though he shows himself well acquainted with the tenets of the stoics, and the other sects, yet he seems to have adhered chiefly to the opinions of the academics, or sect of Plato. His epistles ought to be read over by the Latin student with great care, as they contain not only the whole history of his private concerns, but of the affairs of state also as they were managed in his time.

Cicero's treatise *De Officiis* is said to have been the first work printed in Europe, after the invention of metal types by John Gutenberg of Mentz, in 1450. A long lost work of this author was brought to light, rather unexpectedly, a few years ago, at Milan, where it had lain for many ages, buried amongst monkish rubbish, in a half obliterated state. It is known that the monks had a custom of obliterating manuscripts, to make room for their own homilies and expositions; and these twice-prepared parchments, or, as they are now technically called, *Pulimpsestic MSS.*, have, through means of a fortunate discovery made by the Abbé Mai, librarian at Milan, become a subject of interesting investigation, and the probable source of many important recoveries of lost classic authors. In Rome, the Abbé has already made some valuable discoveries, and recovered the other half of a MS., of which a portion only was found under a work which lay in the Ambrosian library at Milan. Among the works of most importance thus brought to light are a part of Cicero's treatise, *De Republica*, and some commentaries of Frontinus.*

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

POLYNESIA is a name of Greek derivation, signifying *many islands*, by which geographers distinguish those countries and clusters of islands situated in the Pacific Ocean, and which have been denominated by them the sixth division of the globe—New Holland being now usually considered as the fifth. It would be out of place here to enumerate the various isolated groups, or detail the history of their discovery, as we have at present only to do with two of them—the GEORGIAN and the SOCIETY ISLANDS. The first of these were discovered by Captain Wallis, who crossed the Pacific upwards of a century and a half ago; and subsequently by Captain Cook, who affixed the native name of Tahiti to the principal island of the group. Another cluster was afterwards discovered by Cook, about 70 miles to the westward, which he called the SOCIETY ISLANDS, in honour of the Royal Society, at whose suggestion the expedition was undertaken. The two clusters extend from 16 to 18 degrees south latitude, and from 149 to 155 degrees west longitude. The Georgian Islands include Tahiti, Eimeo, Tabuae-manu or Sir Charles Sanders' Island, Tetuaroa, Matea, and Meitia. The Society Islands include Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, Borabora, Maurua, Tubai, Monipha or Lord Howe's Island, and Fenuauroa or

* Vide Dymock's "Bibliotheca Classica," an excellent work of first-rate authority, lately published, and to which we acknowledge ourselves much indebted in the drawing up of these articles on Roman literature.

* Lady Morgan's "Italy," vol. i. p. 153.

Scilly Islands, with various other small isles surrounding them. The entire population of these two groups of islands is calculated at the present time to be about 50,000; but it is certain that at one period they must have far exceeded that number. Captain Cook, indeed, estimated the population of Tahiti alone at 200,000. The devastations of disease, infanticide, frequent wars, human sacrifices, and the depopulating influence of vicious habits, have undoubtedly been the causes of this great decrease in the population; and it is not irrationally supposed, even by the islanders themselves, that, but for the humanising and meliorating influence of Christianity upon them, the inhabitants at no distant period would have been totally annihilated. Before presenting a relation of the manner in which these remarkable islanders were reclaimed from barbarism, we shall offer a few sketches of their peculiar customs and primitive condition.

There are two tribes of men of a totally distinct caste in the islands of the South Sea, the one designated oceanic negroes, strongly resembling those of Africa, particularly in the darkness of their skin and the wooliness of their hair. The others are more akin to the European model of frame and physiognomy; and of the latter sort the inhabitants of the Georgian and Society Islands consist. They are generally above the middle size, muscular and well formed, and graceful and unembarrassed in their deportment. Their countenance is open and prepossessing, the forehead generally high and finely formed, and the structure of the other features what by Europeans is generally reckoned handsome. Their complexion is an olive or bronze, their hair black or dark, and neither very nor woolly. Specimens, indeed, of all that is reckoned beautiful and symmetrical in the human form and face, may be frequently met with amongst these islanders. There is one remarkable fact in their physiology, that all their rulers and chiefs—all of whom, be it observed, are *hereditary*—are uniformly taller, stronger, and more dignified than the peasantry or common people, inasmuch that they have been reckoned a distinct race of men by more than one traveller. The mental capabilities of these islanders are of a much superior cast to almost every other savage nation hitherto known; and, in this respect, together with their hospitable disposition, and docile temper and cheerfulness, present a most favourable specimen of the human being in his primitive and uncultivated state. Their aptness for receiving instruction, indeed, and the facility with which they make themselves acquainted with every art introduced amongst them, together with their naturally acute and logical powers of ratiocination, warrant us in believing, that, although shut out so long from the means of moral enlightenment, they are *originally* behind no nation of the earth as regards intellectual capacity. That they must have existed as a nation for many ages is evident, from the many rude but ingenious rules common amongst them for computing time, measuring distances, calculating numbers, &c. Their native science of notation, indeed, is in principle precisely similar to the Roman system of numerals, that is to say, reckoning from *one* to *ten*, and proceeding upwards by a combination of these numbers, as ten and one, ten and two, &c.

It seems somewhat strange, that, in a people whose unaided native energies had carried them so far on the path towards civilization, their moral habits should have been found so depraved as they were. No portion of the human race, however, were perhaps ever so sunk in that licentiousness which is generally found to distinguish those least removed, in disposition, from the brute creation. The influence of Christianity has of course, amongst its other beneficial consequences, tended to remove this moral blot from their character. In other respects, their private habits were far from being vicious or exceptionable, unless perhaps in a disposition to indolence—a uniform characteristic of the natives of all tropical climes. They are extremely cleanly in their persons, and are particularly fond of bathing, in which they indulge several times every day; and it is something curious that, unlike the natives of other countries, they prefer the fresh water of the mountain streams to the sea, for that purpose. Since the introduction of razors amongst them, almost every one, high or low, shaves regularly once or twice a week. In taking their food, the South Sea islanders pursue that mode which would seem at first sight to be the one indicated by nature, but which civilized nations have denominated “irregular”—namely, eating when they are hungry, and drinking when they are dry, at whatever time of the day or night the inclination may seize them. They take a much larger quantity of food than Europeans in general, but it is by no means of an equally nutritive quality, consisting principally of fruits and other vegetables common in their kind to almost all tropical countries, and therefore not requiring here particular enumeration.

Their staple article of food, and what may be denominated with them, as the wheat loaf is with us, “the staff of life,” is the breadfruit, of which they are very fond, and which is found to be highly nutritious. Two or three of these breadfruit trees, or *artocarpus*, are generally found round every rustic cottage in the interior, at once the shelter and subsistence of the inhabitant. The tree bears two, or sometimes three crops in the year. The fruit is never eaten raw but

is baked in an oven of heated stones, and, after the outer rind is scraped off, is cut into slices and served up. It is of a pure white, but very tasteless.

The principal occupations of the Polynesians are agriculture, fishing, building, clothmaking, and cooking. In the former, their implements are still very primitive and simple. Neither ploughs nor harrows are yet used amongst them, there being no horses or oxen; and they cannot be brought to use the English spades, hoes, and other implements. Their principal tool is something like a large, broad, iron chisel, fixed on the end of a stick, and is found to serve their purpose remarkably well. The vegetables chiefly cultivated are the *ubi*, or yam, the *u-ma-ra*, or sweet potato, arrow-root, the plantain, and the sugar-cane.

Fishing is a great pursuit amongst the islanders, many of them being fishermen by profession. They are well acquainted with almost all the known modes of fishing—the net, the spear, the hook and line, &c., besides many other ingenious plans not practised elsewhere. In no part of the world, perhaps, are they surpassed as fishermen; and the variety and excellence of their fishing apparatus is astonishing. Their native hooks are made of wood, shell, or bone; the latter being extremely curious, and answering the purpose both of hook and bait. The method of using them somewhat resembles our fly-fishing, and a short description of it may at once be found amusing, and will show the ingenuity of these isolated people. The shank of the hook used in catching dolphins, albacores, and bonitos, is made with a piece of mother-of-pearl shell, five or six inches long, and three quarters of an inch wide, carefully cut and highly polished, so as to resemble the body of a fish. On the concave side a barb is fastened, with a firm bandage of finely-twisted flax. The barb is usually an inch and a half in length, and is of shell or bone. To the lower part of this the end of the line is securely fastened, and being braided along the inner, or concave part of the shell, is again attached to the upper. These pearl-shell hooks are considered much finer than any manufactured in Europe. The line is fastened to the hook, or bait, in a curious manner, and is attached to a bamboo cane, twelve or fifteen feet long. Two or three persons then go out in a light canoe, and when they perceive a shoal of the above fish, the person angling throws the hook, keeping the rod at such an elevation as to allow the hook only to touch the edge of the water. When the fish approach it, the rowers ply their paddles, and make the canoe fly rapidly along, the fisherman always keeping the hook skimming on the surface of the water, so as to resemble a flying-fish, the similarity to which being also increased by a number of strong bristles attached to the end of the shell, in imitation of the tail of that fish. The dolphin or bonito dart after it, and is soon hooked. Two men will sometimes catch twenty or thirty of these large fish, by this ingenious contrivance, in the course of the forenoon. Since their intercourse with Europeans, English hooks have been introduced; but still the natives would rather have a nail, or piece of wire, out of which to fashion one for themselves; and the pearl-hooks are still preferred to all others.

The islanders display great neatness in the erection of their buildings, which are constructed, in general, in the exact form of the English houses—that is to say, with a sloping roof, and square or parallel gables and sides. They are built, of course, entirely of wood, and are thatched with the leaves of trees in a manner that would do credit to the most experienced thatchers in Britain. Many of the chiefs' houses are exceedingly large, some of them being capable of containing two or three thousand people: some of them are a hundred and fifty feet long.

The manufacture of native cloth was formerly one great source of occupation and subsistence amongst the islanders. It is composed solely of the fibrous bark of various trees—chiefly that of the wanti, or paper-mulberry, the aou, and the breadfruit tree. When the latter is used, the outer rind is scraped off with a shell; it is then slightly beaten, and allowed to ferment in water. A large beam of wood is then laid on the ground, and the bark laid lengthwise across it. The *manufacturer* then takes a square wooden mallet of ironwood, about 18 inches long, grooved on two sides, one side being very coarse, and the other very fine; a third side is cut in chequers of a lozenge form. With this implement he beats the bark, first with the coarse side, and then with the finer ones, keeping the bark all the while saturated with moisture. By this beating the fibres of the bark are completely interwoven, the resinous matter in it rendering them perfectly adhesive; and when the piece is finished, the texture is often fine and even, while the inequalities occasioned by the lozenge-cut side of the mallet gives it the appearance of woven cloth. This is the whole process of manufacture; and yet it is almost incredible that they will thus make bales containing 200 yards in a piece, and four yards wide! The cloth is afterwards bleached, dried, and rolled up. That made of the paper-mulberry is capable of being bleached beautifully white. The natives of the Society Islands have a variety of vegetable dyes, which they use so as to produce beautiful patterns or figures on the cloth. The cloth is all manufactured by the women, with all classes of whom it is a point of competition to excel in it; and it is customary to remark, on seeing a superior piece of cloth, “it is as fine as if it had been made by the queen.”

Even in their native games, exercises, and amuse-

ments, the South Sea Islanders approximate more nearly to the customs of civilized nations, than, from their utterly barbarous and untutored state, could possibly have been imagined. They know, it is true, little or nothing of music, almost their only instruments, whether in war or festival, being the drum, and a *bu* or trumpet; the latter being merely a large conch shell sounded through a bamboo cane inserted near its apex. They have also a flute, used in their domestic festivities, which is played with one hand, and blown—by one nostril! The notes are of course few, but soft and pleasing.

(To be continued.)

NATURE.

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O, NATURE! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Twinner of bowers for lovers' meet;
Smother of sods for poets' feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face,
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far-worshipp'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives;—
O! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darken'd sight
Thy hand, which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees;
The ring where last the fairies danced—
The place where dank Will latest glanced—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song;
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.
Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lust'rous light;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling;
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling;
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws;
And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child, and silent praying;
With Thee in hallow'd mood I'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe;
Thy looks inspired, thy chaste'n'd speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach;
And much that's gross, and more that's vain.
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parched flower;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume.
A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.

—Edinburgh Literary Journal.

MANNERS.

With virtue, capacity, and good conduct, one still can be insupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgments. There is scarcely any thing required to be believed proud, uncivil, scornful, disobliging—and still less to be esteemed quite the reverse of all this.—*La Bruyere.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Ayrill Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

In DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 80.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE PARTED.

THOUGH nothing can be more honourable than opulence acquired by industry, it often happens in a large manufacturing town, that individuals spring from a penurious origin to the possession of enormous wealth, without acquiring those generous habits of thinking and feeling which alone can render affluence respectable. Pinched and scorned in their early days, they contract a notion that the opposite of all evil is in the mere exemption from poverty, that all men who do not make money are either imbecile or dissolute, and that they are in no danger of offending against any of the rules of life, if they only keep their gold from waste.

Old James Bisset was a person of this kind, who flourished a considerable number of years ago in Glasgow—a city which, though containing many men who have alike gained fortunes by honourable means, and enjoyed them in a creditable manner, must necessarily be the habitation of some others, characterised in the way we have described. The individual we are alluding to had originally been a small shopkeeper. Lucky turns in trade, joined to indefatigable industry, ultimately enabled him to become the principal shareholder and director of a bank, in which line of business he realised a fortune which was literally beyond calculation. Day after day, with the most pertinacious regularity, did he assume his seat in a small screened space in the telling-room, where he was ready, without appearing publicly, to be consulted on all occasions of difficulty. With what a knowing air would he handle any odd kind of bill that was presented to him! How keenly, and yet at the same time coldly, would he inspect signatures which he was not very much in the habit of seeing! Were the presentee a somewhat embarrassed trader, struggling, by means of bills, to avert the destruction which they only rendered the more certain and deadly, James was sure to have heard some *inkling* (to use one of his own phrases) of what was going forward, and the answer accordingly was given, with a polite smirk, enough to sink the victim into the earth—"It is not just convenient." Were the applicant a young man recently entered into business, and not very well off for capital, then, whatever might be his personal merit, whatever his industry, whatever his prospects in trade, it was—"We do not know the parties." The first time I saw Bisset was in his own bank. He happened to come forth from his den, to say something to a clerk, and I took him fully into my eye as he crossed the floor. There he was, with his neat person, marked with a dash of the antique—his substantial west of England black *stand of clothes*, small silver buckles at the knees, clear black shoes, and white scanty hair—the very beau-ideal of a close careful man, of rigid uprightness and propriety in all things, but—no feeling. If, thought I, this man hath a daughter, how difficult to get a man good enough for her! If he have a son, how impossible for that son to "be every thing that his father could desire!" In this man's estimation, the world must be a scene of almost unmixed unworthiness. Not one man in five hundred will be any thing in his eyes. If the whole of mankind were worth a plum each, it would be paradise once more. But there being few so very *good*, it must be like the doomed city, with not nearly a sufficient exception of respectability to save it from general contempt. How, thought I, would this man act if he had a child in the situation of Belvidera, or Juliet, or Ophelia!—for, strange as it may seem, even this hardened mass of feelingless clay might quite well, in the course of nature, be the father of some being, matching, in softness, and affection, and sensibility, all or any one of those creatures of the imagination.

No. 28. VOL. II.

There were, as I afterwards learned, some circumstances in the family of Mr Bisset, which had tried his heart in a way not far different from what I was supposing—but found it wanting. He had but one daughter, Anne, who had married a person of her own rank some years before, when her father was as yet but a rising and struggling man. This person, whose name was Inglis, prosecuted business for years with success, but eventually, owing to the rise in his style of living, which the ambition of his wife demanded, in order to keep pace with her father's advancing greatness, while that father would never render his son-in-law the least assistance, he became—to use a well-understood phrase of delicacy—unfortunate. The ruin of the son-in-law produced hardly a changed muscle in old Bisset. He only remarked, one day, that he had never had any very good opinion of that frequent advertising practised by Mr Inglis, and had often told him so, but without effect. "And then his own extravagance," said the old gentleman, with a generous forbearance of all further explanation. This coldness, however, would not do. Bisset soon found, that, if Inglis could not support his wife and his children, he would be obliged to support his daughter and his grandchildren; and he therefore allowed himself the luxury, and claimed from the world the merit, of doing his son-in-law the great kindness of setting him once more up in business. His advances, however, were in such a form as to give him a complete dominion over Inglis, so long as they were not repaid—a power he exercised to its fullest extent, in pestilent and querulous interferences in every movement made by his son-in-law. The consequence was, that the young man lost heart, and really became guilty of the very errors which Bisset wished him to avoid. His business, which at first showed some symptoms of revival, began to decline; ordinary obligations were answered with some difficulty; and application was made for further advances to Bisset, who, so far from granting them, was only incited to look the more sharply after what he had already given. Finally, to gain some paltry preferences upon the estate of his son-in-law, he forced him a second time into the pit of ruin, from which, of course, a second redemption was not to be hoped for. "Far better," said Bisset, "to support my daughter and her family by a direct outlay, than vainly endeavour, at an infinitely greater cost, to keep her up through the means of that rascally dog of a husband."

Inglis, who was in reality a man of good dispositions, though of soft and rather indolent character, was never able, after this event, to hold his face up in the world. Mortified more by the cruelty of his wealthy relative than even by his disagreeable position in mercantile society, he sunk for a time into dissipated habits, and was accordingly given up for lost by all his former friends. The world was at the same time partly aware of the severity with which he had been treated, and seemed fully disposed to pity and befriend him; but, as it invariably happens, any good that might have arisen from this state of public feeling, was neutralized by the impossibility of relying upon the conduct of the man himself—for how can any employer, or any one who has credit to dispense, depend upon the behaviour of a tippler?—a man who may to-day contract obligations with the full and conscientious design of fulfilling them honourably, but whose best resolutions may be dissipated to-morrow before the temptation of that meanest of all indulgences, a dram! Thus Inglis went down, and down, and down, without the least power, apparently, to avert his own decline. His father-in-law had never seen him since the period of his second failure. He pretended that he could not endure to look upon a

man who had injured him so much, and whose conduct was so far from reputable. His daughter he proposed to take home into his own house, along with her children, amounting to four in number, but only on the strict understanding that she was never again to meet her husband.

Mrs Inglis was one of a somewhat uncommon class of women, but who, nevertheless, *are* a class—cold, tame, and self-indulgent; capable of discharging carefully the most of the minor duties of life, and even, perhaps, notable for good general behaviour, but who are totally unfit, when called upon, to act upon high and self-denying principles. Her husband she liked well enough; but then she liked her father too. She would have been well content to continue living with her husband; but then his circumstances were not such that she *could* live with him. And the children—what was she to do with them? Ought she not rather to leave her husband, in order to ensure their support and comfort, than stay with him, and see them subjected to all conceivable hardships? In short, she found far more than the requisite excuse to commit the *great sin* of parting with her husband on the terms proposed by her father. She went to the enjoyment of every luxury that tongue could name or heart desire, to bring up her children like the sons of princes, and to be the fondled pet of a doating father, who could never see wrong in either her sayings or her doings; while he, whom she had sworn never to part from, for any thing that the world could either give or take away—the father, too, of those children—the being with whom she had once seemed to share an absolute community of existence, was shred away from her like a noxious weed, and left to find his own solitary and cheerless way through the world, with no hope except in the correcting vengeance of that Deity whose laws she had so shamelessly violated.

Inglis now became a thorough prey to fortune. For a while, but only a little while, after their parting, his wife was worked upon by his written solicitations to send him small sums of money, which she had saved off the allowance made to her by her father; and she even ventured on one occasion, at the risk of being turned out of her splendid house, to pay a stolen visit to her unhappy partner, at a time when he was supposed to be dangerously ill. Soon, however, even this intercourse ceased. Exposed every day to hear her father's sentiments respecting Inglis, she insensibly became hardened towards him, looking upon herself, and her children, and her father, as forming a particular system by themselves—one of great magnificence and unimpeachable virtue and propriety—and her husband as a poor and disreputable object, which was quite alien to the former. Then came a time when the sight of her shabby husband would occasionally cross her sight on the streets, to wither all the enjoyments amidst which she lived, and she would shrink away from the accusing spectacle, like a murderer from the sight of blood—thinking that every eye in the surrounding crowds was intent in estimating the contrast between her own luxurious condition and the abject misery of one who was still, let her do what she would, a part of herself. Then came a time when her children, growing up to observation of the world, would ask if they also, as well as their companions, had a father?—and where was he?—and would they ever see him?—and would he bring them home playthings, like other fathers whom they named, who were long from home?—questions that, like lashes, brought each away a piece of the very flesh along with it, though rather by the humiliation they inflicted, than any feeling of remorse. One day, the eldest girl, who, contrary to custom, had been permitted to wander into the town, came home quite breathless

with surprise and haste, saying that she had been seized on the street and hurried into an alley by a horrid-looking man, who called himself her father, and insisted on kissing her several times, which, when she resisted, with cries that alarmed some people who were passing, he set her down hurriedly, and ran away out of sight, leaving her, she said, with her face all covered with his tears. Still greater care was taken thereafter to prevent the children from wandering out of sight; but not long after, as the gay and gorgeous lady was stopping in her carriage at a shop in Argyle Street, with her four beautifully dressed children around her, Catherine suddenly started up, and, pointing to some one on the pavement, cried, "There, mamma! there is the bad man who called himself my father!" And, on her involuntarily turning to the object thus indicated, her eyes were met by another pair, so wild, so mournful, and so full of painful meanings, that she had hardly breath to ask the coachman to drive on.

A time at length came when this very child was seized with what appeared a mortal illness. Both mother and grandfather were watching over her in a state of inexpressible grief, and every moment was expected to be her last. At the height of their sorrow, a hurried but subdued knocking was heard at the outer door, and presently after there arose the sound of a scuffle between the servant and some one who wished to make a forcible entrance. "Shall I not see my own child?" cried a hoarse and broken voice, which, all altered as it was, they knew too truly to be that of the unfortunate Inglis, and presently after he burst wildly into their presence. The lady fainted, and, while Bisset stood trembling with rage in the middle of the floor, the desperate man approached the bed of the dying infant, whom he took tenderly in his arms, and kissed with the most affectionate fervour. "What right—by what—what right," cried Bisset, almost choking with passion, "do you make this intrusion? Sir, I tell you, you have no right to be here." And he stopped from absolute inability to command his voice. "I have a right to be here," replied Inglis, after having carefully laid down the child. "Your house, perhaps, and yourself, and these staring servants there, are not in any way under my control; but to this child, sir, I have a right. She is mine, by the laws of both God and man, and I could this moment take her for ever from your sight, even were you to see her gasp her last in my arms before we reached the door. You know this, sir; and, cruel and base as you are, you cannot dispute it. Nor that lady there," he added, with a bitter sneer, "when she revives from her amiable trepidation, could she deny it either."

"In the name of God, then," said the miser, awed by the very wrath of his wronged son-in-law, "what do you mean to do? Your violence, however we may bear it, must be most distressing to this dying innocent, and may even prove the immediate cause of her death. Would it not be better that you quietly retired, now that you have seen what you wanted to see?"

The unhappy man could make no answer. His eye was fixed in silence upon his child, whose countenance at this moment began to exhibit the unequivocal symptoms of coming dissolution. "My Catherine—my Catherine!" he cried, and next moment clasped a lifeless corpse. A few minutes thereafter, rendered unresisting apparently by his intense grief, he permitted himself to be led peaceably to the door, and gave the afflicted house no more trouble.

It is often of advantage to a man who has entered upon evil courses, that something should occur to give an agitation to his whole system of feeling. The shock of some tremendous grief, like a thunder-storm in the elements, seems to clear the mental atmosphere, and fit him for once more commencing, if his passions will permit, the career of virtue. Inglis, apparently reformed, now proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had no evil reputation to contend with, and, on the strength of a small sum communicated to him, in a letter of partial kindness, by his wife, opened a school for such branches of education as he found himself qualified to teach. The attempt, though unprosperous at first, was beginning to be attended with some small share of success—his manners being, at the same time, observed to continue quite irreproachable—when he was seized by a severe chronic disease, which disabled him for a whole winter, and left him, at the return of spring, without a penny in his pocket, or a pupil in his academy. His life, after this disaster, was one unbroken scene of distresses, pecuniary and otherwise, and, but for the slender succour which was occasionally rendered to him by the good will, rather than the ability, of his poor neighbours, he must have died of hunger. The unfortunate always herd with the unfortunate; the unfortunate are to the unfortunate almost a sole refuge and shelter; the unfortunate alone can judge of and feel for the unfortunate; while no other can properly be to them either a companion, or a benefactor, or a judge. Inglis, while deserted by a wife, the crumbs of whose luxury would have been to him an ample furnishing, and overlooked by all men who were once his equals, found in those who were nearly as destitute as himself, the only friendship he ever experienced, the only true sympathy for his condition, the only alms that any one would give. Blessings, double blessings, be on the generous poor!

It happened in the revolutions of life, that an intimate friend of the writer of this narrative became acquainted with the story and circumstances of the

unfortunate Inglis, and was able to do something for the alleviation of his many troubles. He found him to be, upon the whole, a man of an inoffensive character, of some acuteness of mind, and more than the average of information, but outworn with past excesses, and the attrition of a perpetual grief. He spoke little of his misfortunes or of his family; but one day, being rather more depressed than usual, and the cause being asked, he said he had just heard that his second son, whom he had not seen for many years, was about to come to the capital, for the purpose of studying for the bar, and being certain that the young man would be there without ever inquiring for his father, or perhaps being aware of his existence, he had experienced more than usual distress of mind from the consideration of his extraordinary circumstances. My friend could not help acknowledging, that, even after enduring so much, a new circumstance, involving so unnatural an association of ideas, might well be expected to give him additional uneasiness.

This ill-used man at length died in a humble lodging, where he existed solely upon charity; and his wife, being written to on the occasion, replied by the simple transmission of a sum of money sufficient to bury him and discharge his little debts. No notice was taken of the event by his family. His widow wore her usual gay dresses; his children were not even informed of their loss; his name was "never heard."

God, however, in due time, seemed (as far as mortals might be permitted to interpret his decrees) to manifest his sense of this unholy violation of one of his earliest and most solemn injunctions. The children, in whom the mother and grandfather took so much delight, were one after another snatched away by the various diseases of childhood and youth, till not one was left to console their age, or inherit the wealth which had so absurdly been hoarded for them. The loss, it may well be supposed, was mourned with tears of double bitterness, for it was impossible to take such a calamity as an occurrence altogether within the ordinary course of nature. The lady was so much exhausted by her exertions for her children, that she took ill immediately after the death of the last, and, mental anguish aiding in the progress of her malady, she did not live many weeks. Bisset, who apparently had never thought it possible that he could be pre-deceased by his daughter and so many blooming children, was, by this event, struck with a kind and degree of grief altogether foreign to his nature. He yet survives—but only as a spectacle to excite the pity of those who know him. Palsied, fatuous, and blind, he is nothing but a living block; nor can all his gold, immense as it is in amount, reflect one consoling ray on his decline. His wealth, which, if well used, might have spared him the life of the only being he ever loved, and kept other hearts besides from breaking, will speedily be dispersed among a number of distant relatives, who neither care for its present owner, nor will be advantaged, perhaps, by its possession.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.—No. I.

WE have not hitherto introduced much of chemistry into our columns, and perhaps many of our readers will be frightened at the very outset with the abstruse word, not knowing the real meaning of the term. The fact is, however, there is none of the sciences the operations of which are more familiar to us in every-day life than that of chemistry. We are all chemists more or less, though we may not be conscious of it. The cook, the baker, the brewer, the artisan of almost every description, daily and hourly are performing some nice and intricate chemical experiments of some kind or other; and perhaps no science has contributed in modern times so much to the comfort and convenience of man, or served, by the full light which it has shed upon familiar objects, to banish vague superstition, or correct the false notions which we had formed of things. Perhaps, too, there is no species of science better fitted for awakening the youthful mind to thought, and for training it to activity and precision. We found it so with ourselves, and it happened thus:—

In the dawn of our college life, we found ourselves, like nine-tenths of our companions, idle, listless, and ignorant of every thing around us, past, present, and to come, with the exception of some crude notions about the Greeks and Romans, gleaned from the repeated connings of our daily school tasks. Our mind seemed active, too, poking about, and seeking for exertion; but it had nothing with which to busy itself; no end, or aim, or palpable materials to work upon: perhaps it would lose whole hours in a wild reverie of the imagination, or expend its energies in the grotesque phantasmagoria of a fairy tale. In this state, we by mere accident accompanied a senior student to a chemical lecture. Immediately, as if by magic, a new spark of fire was elicited within us; we were introduced to a new region of existence; that which the eager mind had sought for, it found, and henceforth,

for many a day, whether we waked or slept, or ate or drank, we lived a chemist: our little room was forthwith converted into a laboratory; every shelf and cranny was stuffed with phials and gallypots; glass tubes, blowpipes, and air-troughs, occupied floor and table; all boyish follies and triflings were laid aside, every spare hour was devoted to deep, but delightful and soul-abstracting study; and hence the young chemist led the life of a genuine philosopher. Of all pleasures, perhaps the greatest and most intoxicating is the taste of the first-fruits plucked from the tree of science. It undoubtedly renders even the most modest youth at first ridiculously inflated by the shallow draughts of a little knowledge; but as he drinks deeper, all this passes off, and he sinks into the sober philosopher again. It was usual for the young chemist in those days to lecture his brothers and sisters seated round the breakfast or dinner table—to show them that table-salt was not the vulgar thing they had all their lives supposed, but that it was a *muriate of soda*, or a mixture of muriatic acid and the common alkali soda. He demonstrated to them, too, that sugar was not a simple substance, and, under all its changes, characterised as the sweetener of tea or coffee, but that it could be separated into three distinct parts—carbon, or a substance exactly the same as burnt wood, and two airs, hydrogen and oxygen, which were as transparent and invisible as the air around us that we breathe. He showed that what we termed cold, was nothing, in reality a mere empty name; and that bodies were cold just because they did not possess the principle of heat; that when we touched the cold marble slab, it was not the cold coming to our fingers which we felt, but the heat running from our body by the fingers, and passing into the slab. In short, whether the family circle ate or drank, were cold or warm, wet or dry, the young chemist could give them a philosophical reason for all. It is true, mamma and the elder sisters of the group were sometimes terribly alarmed at strange bursts of flame, suffocating smells, and repeated loud explosions that not unfrequently issued from the room of the chemist; and stained clothes and disfigured linen were circumstances not unfrequently of regret and vexation; yet, on the whole, they used to declare that they would much rather have a dozen of young chemists than half that number of idle, mischievous, and stupid or unintelligent boys. We believe the young chemist was, on the whole, a source of secret pride, and esteemed a source of infinite amusement, and the vehicle of no small rational instruction to his happy family group.

But we have not yet exactly told what chemistry is. All substances on the face of the earth have certain properties. They are either sweet, or sour, or bitter, or they have no taste at all: they are hard and solid as a piece of metal or stone, or they are fluid like water, or they are light and transparent like air. Many substances, too, when you put them together, mix instantly and form one; but many, on the contrary, will not so mix. Thus, if you drop a lump of sugar into a glass of water, it immediately dissolves, and you have a thin sweet liquid; but if you drop a pebble into this water, you have still tasteless water, and an undissolved pebble at the bottom. Again, if you take a glass of lemon juice, and about a teaspoonful of common soda in powder, and mix them together, you have a violent bubbling up, or effervescence, while the whole of the soda is dissolved in the lemon juice; but if you examine and taste this liquid now, you will find that it has neither the sour taste of the lemon, nor the peculiar taste of the soda, but a distinct sharp taste, different from either: these two substances have combined, and formed a third, a salt, having peculiar properties of its own. In this way you may go through every substance in nature; and inquiries of this kind into the mixture or combination of substances into their properties of dissolving or not dissolving in certain fluids, and, in short, every circumstance relating to them and their actions in this way, has been called the science of chemistry. It will thus be seen that it is a wide and interesting field, embracing an acquaintance with every thing around us, whether of earth, or water, or air, or the solid and fluid parts of vegetable and animal bodies.

Now, chemists are an active, poring, and indefatigable race, from the very youngest to the oldest of them; and by their labours for the last hundred years (for within this period we may say the great bulk of chemical knowledge has been acquired), it is made manifest, that, however various and innumerable may be the different forms of things around us throughout the world, yet not much more than fifty distinct kinds of matter exist; that is, we have about fifty-four simple substances, by the mixture of which in a variety of ways, and in different proportions, all salts, and sweets, and sour, all rocks, and gems, and water, and air, and vegetables, and animal bodies, are produced. These substances are called simple, because, having been subjected to all sorts of trials, they cannot be farther separated, and may be said to be the essence or first principles of matter. Thus, if we take a little common salt, and subject it to various operations, we can separate it into two distinct substances, an acid and an alkali, or the common soda; again, by mixing these two substances, we reproduce common salt. It

is evident, then, that it cannot be a simple substance. But if we take a piece of gold, and treat it in all manner of ways, we can never separate it into any thing more simple than just gold; or if we take a little pure sulphur, we can never make it less, or other than pure sulphur. Hence these substances have been termed simple.

We have, then, about fifty-four of these simple elements in nature; and did they always remain in their simple state, we would have a condition of things very different from what is before us. But this is not the case. Rarely, indeed, are they found separate: they like to join, and intermarry, and keep companionship; and hence proceed daily new shapes and ever-changing variety. The modes in which bodies unite are innumerable, and the metamorphoses which they undergo are beyond all the changes which have excited the juvenile wonder at a Christmas pantomime. Thus, one would not readily believe that the same substances when mixed in one proportion would form the mild and transparent air of the atmosphere, while the very identical substances under a different mode of mixture constituted the well-known substance aqua foris, or nitric acid; and yet such is the fact, the substances being oxygen, or vital air, and nitrogen. The circumstance, at first, no doubt, appears incredible, that common river water is composed of two airs, oxygen and hydrogen—the latter so highly inflammable that it bursts into explosion on the first touch of fire. Yet such is the fact, and it can be easily proved; for if a small jet of hydrogen gas or air be set fire to within a jar of oxygen gas, the burning will produce many drops of pure water on the sides of the jar. Moreover, if water be passed drop by drop through a gun barrel heated red-hot in the middle, it will be decomposed, or separated into parts; one part, the hydrogen, will escape at the end of the barrel, and may be set fire to; the other part, the oxygen, enters into combination with the heated iron. On examining a rocky mountain, the young chemist has seen his audience stare as he explained to them, that of those rocks perhaps a fourth part, or in some instances nearly a third, was composed of oxygen, or the pure light and transparent air of the atmosphere, or that the limestone mass at their feet could easily be separated into a somewhat heavy air, and pure or quick lime, the volume of the former being so great in proportion, that a piece he could hold in his fingers will contain as much air as would fill a large room. The proof of this, however, is as simple as possible. Take a wine glass half full of water, into which drop another half of muriatic acid; then place into the mixture a small knot of chalk; immediately a copious action takes place, and innumerable bubbles of air mount upwards, which, if collected, would show the volume of the gas as compared to the small ball of chalk. All substances, then, of whatever kind, can exist in three states—the solid, fluid, and the æri-form; and, in fact, all substances on the face of the earth are constantly shifting and changing into all these different conditions. The cause of these changes is the great and important agent, heat, called, in the language of chemistry, *caloric*. Thus water, if it has a small allowance of heat, becomes a solid piece of ice; with a little more heat, it becomes the common fluid water; with a still greater heat it passes into vapour or air. Thus, also, lead is a solid at the usual temperature; if heated to a great degree, it melts into a fluid; if still farther forced by caloric, it rises into a vapour or air. It is the same with every body in existence. And before treating farther of chemical subjects, we must pause to consider something of the laws of heat, and the influence which this agent or substance, or whatever it may be, exercises on this wonderfully constituted globe. We must, in concluding for the present, remark, that, in chemical, as well as all other sciences, certain hard names do occasionally occur, and many circumstances must be mentioned at the first outset, without full explanations of their meanings being given; for it is only as the student advances, and his knowledge increases, that he can comprehend explanations of those, and of many other minutæ of the science. For the sake of joining amusement with instruction, we may often ramble a little as we tread the pleasing field; yet the reader who follows us attentively will always be sure to find method in our ramblings.

A GENTLEMANLY DOG.

I was once in possession of a very fine house-dog, which had formerly belonged to Covent Garden, but, for killing a man accidentally in the dark, was discharged. Pasquin came to my house one Saturday morning, to get "my bones;" but Mrs Bernard and myself were out, to give the servants free dominion with their mops and buckets. The door being open, Pasquin walked in, and intended to enter the parlour; but the dog was lying on the mat before it, who, mistaking the former either for the dustman or a coal-heaver, rose on his hind legs, with a sense of the impropriety, and placing his paws to the stranger's shoulders, actually walked him back to the threshold, where he dropped to the ground, and looked him up in the face. The maid was descending the stairs at this instant, and perceived the whole affair. Now, this was not a more extraordinary proof of the good-breeding of the dog, than the unpleasantness of Pasquin's appearance—here was a gentlemanly dog turning out a dirty one.—*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

HISTORY OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE term Assassins has been long familiar in Europe, but little information has been given of the singular sect from which the name was derived. According to M. Von Hammer (a native of Germany, who, from sources purely oriental, has with great labour and research produced the latest and the best work on the nature and organization of this most extraordinary order), they were an order, at once military and religious, like the Templars, and like them, too, subject to the control and guidance of a grand master, who was named the Sheikh-el-Jebel, corruptly rendered, the old man of the mountain, who, from his seat at Alamoot, in the north of Persia, like the general of the Jesuits from Rome, directed the motions of his numerous and devoted subjects, and made the most haughty monarchs tremble at his name. From the work which he has composed on this novel and interesting subject, we shall attempt to give our readers some idea of the organization of the sect, and expose the mighty ills which may be brought on the human race, by the agency of secret associations, in the history of one of the most powerful and destructive which ever existed.

In the stormy period which succeeded the death of Mohammed, numerous sects sprang up among the believers of Islamism. One of these, the Mazdekee, professed universal freedom and equality, the indifference of human actions, and the community of goods; and, strange as it may appear, it numbered among its adherents Cobad king of Persia. The imprudence of this monarch cost him his crown, and his son Noosherwan, convinced of the pernicious influence of the sect, endeavoured to eradicate it with fire and sword. In this attempt he did not completely succeed, and the immoral opinions continued to exist in secret, until an opportunity offered, when they were again publicly promulgated, and Persia became the scene of blood and devastation.

At this period there lived at Ahras, in the south of Persia, a man named Abdallah, who had been educated in the maxims of the ancient religion and policy of Persia, and whose national animosity induced him to attempt the overthrow of the faith and the empire of the victorious Arabs. The only path to ultimate success, he saw, was to undermine them by secret means; and to effect his purpose, he enveloped his design in the veil of mystery, and in imitation of the schools of India and Pythagoras, communicated gradually his doctrines to his disciples. These consisted of a denial of all religion, with the belief that all actions are indifferent, and that neither here nor hereafter will they be rewarded or punished. With the greatest zeal, by means of missionaries, he disseminated his opinions, and augmented the number of his disciples, until at length one of them was placed on the throne of Egypt, and the new system was established in Africa. But it contemplated farther triumphs, and its missionaries overflowed Asia, in the hope of overturning the throne of the caliphs of Bagdad. Lodges of men and women were formed in different places, and the principles of the sect were taught in regular succession, according to the progress made by the members, or the confidence placed in their discretion. To believe nothing, and to dare every thing, was the sum and substance of this doctrine.

One of the converts to this abominable system was Hassan ben Sabah, who founded, some years after, the society which, during a century and a half, filled Asia with terror and dismay. Hassan was one of those characters which appear from time to time in the world, as if sent to operate some mighty change in the destinies of mankind. Endued with mental powers of the first order, conscious of his own superiority, filled with the most immoderate ambition, and possessed of the courage, patience, and foresight requisite for the accomplishment of his deep-laid schemes, he had been sent by his father, whose orthodoxy was suspected, to Nishaboor, to be educated by one of the most learned men of the East; and there he formed an acquaintance with several noble youths, who afterwards raised themselves to the highest dignities of the state. Even at this early period, the ambitious mind of Hassan, and his sanguine expectations of future advancement and dignity, displayed themselves, and he was not long of seeing them realised. He was taken notice of by the Sultan Melek Shah, and was soon after made his principal confidant. By one of those intrigues common in courts, he was, however, in a short time deprived of the favour of his sovereign, and was dismissed with disgrace. Burning with rage and disappointment, he retired to Rei, and thence to Ispahan, and after a short stay there, he proceeded to Egypt, to join the grand lodge of the Ismaelites, a name which the secret society had assumed, and of which society he had for a long time been a member.

Hassan, whose fame had preceded him, was received in Egypt with the highest honours; but soon after, happening to take an active part in a dispute relative to the succession, his enemies prevailed against him, and he was sent into banishment. He disembarked in Syria, and spent several years in travelling in the different nations of the East, zealously spreading his doctrines, and acquiring proselytes. His ambition now was to possess dominion as well as power, and he fixed his eye on the castle of Alamoot (the vulture's nest), a lofty and impregnable fortress in the district of Roodbar, to the north of Kasveen. This he gained partly by force, and partly by stratagem. So soon as he got

possession of this hill-fort, Hassan changed his plans, and instead of publicly treating all religious belief as the effect of a disordered imagination, he determined to maintain among his followers the religious discipline of Islamism in all its rigour. The most minute observance of the most trivial ordinances was exacted from those who, generally unknown to themselves, were leagued for its destruction; and the veil of mystery behind which few were permitted to enter shrouded the secret doctrine from the eyes of the major part of the society.

The Ismaelite doctrine had hitherto been disseminated by missionaries and companions alone: a third class was required, which, ignorant of the secret doctrine, would blindly obey the orders of their superiors. This class was named Fedavee, or the Devoted. The members were clothed in white, with red bonnets or girdles, and were armed with daggers. These were the men, who, reckless of their lives, executed the bloody mandates of the Sheikh-el-Jebel, the title assumed by Hassan. As a proof of the fanaticism which Hassan contrived to instil into his followers, we give the following instance. In the year 1126, Hasim-ed-devlit Absoucar, the brave prince of Mosul, was, as he entered the mosque, attacked by eight assassins disguised as dervises; he killed three, and the rest, with the exception of one young man, were cut to pieces by the people; but the prince had received his death-wound. When the news spread that Hasim had fallen by the daggers of the assassins, the mother of the youth who had escaped painted and adorned herself, rejoicing that her son had been found worthy to offer up his life to the good cause; but when he returned, the only survivor, she cut off her hair and blackened her face, through grief that he had not shared the glorious death of martyrdom.

A display of the means by which the chief of the Assassins succeeded in refusing this spirit of unbounded faith and devotion into his followers, forms an interesting chapter in the history of the human race. Those who reflect on the follies of the disciples of the various fanatics and impostors who have deceived mankind, will not be surprised at the blind devotion of the Fedavee. Even in our own days, the chief of the Wahabees could persuade his followers that he had it in his power to dispose of the mansions of eternal bliss.* It is not undeserving of remark, that the two powers which waged war simultaneously upon Islamism, were both stimulated, by their spiritual heads, with the same prospects of reward. Those who fell in the crusades were pronounced by the Pope to be martyrs, and entitled to the kingdom of heaven; and to the Fedavee who fell in executing the mandates of his superior, the gates of paradise were thrown open, and he entered into the enjoyment of the ivory palace, the robe of silk, and the black-eyed houries. This, it is said by Marco Paolo, was no ideal reward. At Alamoot and Masiat in Syria were the most delightful gardens, into which the young novice was, while in a state of stupefaction, the result of some narcotic, introduced; and there, amid a succession of pleasures, presented with a foretaste of the joys of a Mahometan paradise. Ever after, the rapturous vision possessed the imagination of the deluded enthusiast, and he panted for the hour when death, received in obeying the commands of his superior, should dismiss him to the bowers of the celestial paradise.

Here we have the true origin, according to De Saey, of the term Assassin. Hyde derived it from Hassa, to kill; others from the Jewish Essenes; the prevailing derivation, which is also adopted by Sir John Malcolm, is from Hassan, the first chief; Lemoine was nearer the truth when he derived it from a word signifying herbage, and consequently gardens; but, according to De Saey, whose opinion is adopted by Von Hammer, the true root is hashish, which signifies the bangle, or opiate of hemp leaves; and that the Assassins obtained their appellation from the use they made of the opiate prepared from that plant.

The power of the order now began to be exhibited. By force or by treachery, the castles or hill-forts of Persia in succession fell into their hands. A bloody period ensued; the doctors of the law excommunicated the adherents of Hassan, and the Sultan Melek Shah gave orders to his generals to reduce their fortresses; the daggers of the Assassins were opposed to the swords of the orthodox, and the first victim to Hassan's revenge was the companion of his youth, the great and good Nizamul-mulk, the prime minister of the sultan, who fell by the dagger of a Fedavee. His death was followed by that of his sovereign, who was suddenly carried off, not without strong suspicion of poison.

At the period of the crusades, the Assassins appeared in Syria, and, by means of Riswan, prince of Aleppo, acquired fortresses in that country. In Syria, as in Persia, they were persecuted and massacred; and there, also, the dagger amply avenged those who fell by the sword. After a protracted contest in Persia, a dagger was one morning found stuck in the ground by an unknown hand, at the head of the Sultan Sanjer. This reminded him of continued enmity, and induced him to seek for peace. A treaty was in con-

* A follower of the modern Wahabee, who, a few years ago, stabbed an Arabian chief, near Bassora, not only refused to save his life, but anxiously courted death, grasping in his hand a paper which he seemed to prize far beyond his existence. This, when examined, proved to be an order from the Wahabee chief, for an emerald palace and a number of beautiful female slaves, to be given him in the delightful regions of eternal bliss.

sequence entered into between the sultan and the sheikh of Alamoot. The Ismaelites agreed on their part to add no more to the strength of their forts, to purchase no arms or military machines, and to make no more proselytes, and the sultan released them from certain taxes, and assigned them a portion of his revenues as an annual pension.

After a reign of thirty-five years, Hassan ben Sabah saw his power extended over a great portion of the Mohammedan world. Three grand missionaries presided over the three provinces of Jebel, Cuhistan, and Syria, while, from his chamber at Alamoot (which apartment he left but twice during his long reign), Hassan directed the operations of his followers, and employed his leisure hours in drawing up rules and regulations for the government of the order. He died at a very advanced age, leaving no children, for he had previously put both his sons to death, the one for the crime of murder, and the other for trespassing some trifling precept of the Koran. When he felt the approach of death, he summoned his two superintendents, Keah Buzoorg and Abou Ali, before him, and appointed them his successors; Buzoorg to direct the civil and military, and Ali the spiritual affairs of the order.

Buzoorg trod in the footsteps of the founder of the order. Hostilities were renewed between him and the sultan, and Alamoot fell for a time into the hands of the enemy. But the power of the order had taken too deep root to be easily overthrown, and it soon recovered from its disasters. In Syria, too, though violently opposed, it extended its influence, and it was thus situated when the crusaders first came in contact with its followers. Their first approaches were of a friendly nature, for we find that Aboul Wefa, the Ismaelite Grand Prior, as we may call him, and at the same time chief judge of Damascus, entered into a treaty with Baldwin the Second, king of Jerusalem, to deliver Damascus into his hands, on condition of receiving the city of Tyre as his reward. The enterprise, however, failed; the governor got timely information of the plot; the vizier, the great friend and protector of the Assassins, was put to death; and an indiscriminate massacre of the Ismaelites took place, in which 6000 fell victims.

Buzoorg departed from the maxims of the founder, by appointing his son Mohammed as his successor. He was a weak and inefficient prince, but his son and successor, Hassan the Second, was of a more enterprising character. His vanity induced him, contrary to the prudent counsels of the founder, to set himself up as a teacher and illuminator, and by his foolish disclosures of the mysteries of his sect, he justified the curses of the people, the excommunications of the church, and the persecution of the order by the surrounding sovereigns. He was, after a short reign, murdered by his brother-in-law and his son Mohammed, who succeeded him. This prince rivalled his father in knowledge, and in the open disregard of all religion and morality. At this period, when the brave Saladin and the crusaders maintained a bloody war in Palestine, the grand prior of the Assassins was Sinan, one of those personages who have at various times in the East gained, by an extraordinary appearance of austerity and devotion in the eyes of the credulous multitude, the reputation of divinity. He gave himself out to be an incarnation of the Deity; wore no clothing but sackcloth; was never seen to eat, drink, or sleep; and, from sunrise to sunset, preached from the top of a lofty rock to the assembled multitude, who listened to him as to a god. Notwithstanding the risk he ran, on one occasion, of being murdered by his followers, who discovered him to be only a mere mortal, he retained his influence over them during his life, and at present his writings are held in high veneration by the remnant of the sect, which still lingers in the mountains of Syria.

Sinan had read the books of the Christians, and whether from conviction, or, what is more probable, from a wish for peace and exemption from tribute, he sent an ambassador to Almeric, king of Jerusalem, offering, in his own name, and in those of his people, to submit to baptism, if the Templars, their near neighbours, would remit the annual tribute of 2000 ducats which they had imposed on them, and live together in future in peace and amity. The king received the embassy with joy, agreed to all the conditions, offered to reimburse the Templars from his own coffers, and, after having detained the envoy and his suite some days, dismissed them with guides and an escort to their own frontiers. But as they approached their castles, Walter of Dumesnil, with a body of Templars, had lain in ambush, assaulted them, and in the fray murdered the ambassador. Almeric, incensed at this treacherous and cruel action, assembled the princes of the crusade, and, by their advice, sent to demand satisfaction of the grand master, Odo de St Amande. The haughty priest gave an evasive answer, which so enraged the king, that he ordered the murderer to be dragged from the habitation of the Templars, and thrown into a prison in Tyre. The perfidious grand master was himself soon after made a prisoner by Saladin, and in the same year perished unlamented in a dungeon. Almeric had no difficulty in exculpating himself in the opinion of Sinan; but all hopes of the conversion of the Assassins were now at an end, and the dagger, after a truce of forty-two years, was again brandished against the crusaders.

Its most illustrious victim was Conrad, marquis of

Tyre and Montferrat, the guilt of whose death, both oriental and occidental writers agree in ascribing to the gallant Richard Cœur de Lion. Conrad was attacked and murdered in the market-place of Tyre, by two of the Assassins. The king of England was known to be his enemy, and Albericus Trium Fontium says expressly that the murderers were hired by him. Bohadin, the Arabic historian, thus writes:—"The marquis went to visit the bishop of Tyre. As he was going out, he was attacked by two Assassins, who slew him with their daggers. When taken and stretched on the rack, they confessed that they had been employed by the king of England. They died under the torture." He also observes, that nothing could be settled with Richard, "because he always broke off what he had arranged, by continually retracting what he had said. May God curse him!" Cœur de Lion, however much his countrymen may have wished to make him appear so, cannot, we are sorry to say, be declared innocent of the murder of the marquis. We shall not, however, insist upon this point, which has proved a subject of no little dispute, but only revert to the curious circumstance, that we should be beholden to an Arabic author for the knowledge of certain points in the character of a king of England.

The reign of Jellal-ed-deen, who succeeded his father Mohammed, was a period of repose for Asia. He directed all his efforts to restore religion and piety; sent circular letters for this purpose to the caliph and sultan, and other princes; was dignified by the doctors of the law, who were convinced of his sincerity, with the appellation of New Mussulman, and obtained from the caliph the title of Prince, which had never been granted to any of his predecessors. His harem made the great pilgrimage to Mecca, and the caliph gave precedence to his banners over those of many other princes. But his reign was too short to be productive of much benefit to mankind, and on his death, occasioned by poison, the dagger was again unsheathed by his kindred, at the command of his son, Ala-ed-deen, a boy of nine years of age, and the murder of the prince was avenged amid torrents of blood.

Ala-ed-deen, after a disastrous reign, was murdered in his turn, and was succeeded by his son, Roken-ed-deen, who had joined in the conspiracy against him. In his time, the caliph of Bagdad and other princes invoked the mighty Mangoo Kaan to rid the earth of this band of murderers, who rendered life wretched to those who dared to provoke their resentment, and the conqueror of the world gave orders to his brother Hulagoo to exterminate the hated race. His orders were obeyed. The treachery of the chief astronomer and vizier of the Assassin prince facilitated the operations of the Tartars; Alamoot surrendered; and Roken-ed-deen was brought a prisoner to the camp of Hulagoo. The other fortresses of the order followed the example of Alamoot, except Kirded, which for three years resisted the efforts of the Tartar troops, when it fell into their hands. Orders for the indiscriminate massacre of the Assassins wherever found, were given by Mangoo, and, without distinction of age or sex, they fell by thousands beneath the sword of justice and of vengeance. Fourteen years afterwards, the Syrian branch was destroyed by Bibars, the great Mameluke sultan; and though the sect, like the Jesuits, still clung together, in hopes of once more attaining to power, the opportunity never presented itself. And the merchants and peasants who at this day still hold the speculative opinions of the order, are scarcely aware of the bloody part it once enacted on the theatre of the world.*

DESTRUCTIVE KISSING.

Cicero speaks of a bronze statue of Hercules which had the features worn away by the frequent osculations of the devout. Several instances of the same kind have occurred in modern times. The face of a figure of the Saviour among the bronze bas-reliefs which adorn the Casta Santa at Loretto, has in this way been quite kissed away. The foot of the famous statue of St Peter, in the Vatican, has lost much of its metal by the continual application of the lips and foreheads of votaries; and it has been found necessary to protect the foot of the statue of the Saviour by Michael, in the Minerva, from similar injury, by a brass buskin.

BUSINESS.

Business, says a celebrated writer, is the salt of life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it. Let a man be sure to drive his business rather than let it drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs. Reason and right give the quickest dispatch. All the entanglements that we meet with arise from the irrationality of ourselves or others. With a wise and honest man a business is soon ended, but with a fool and knave there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning.

REPLY OF DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

Diogenes the Cynic being interrogated what benefit he reaped from his barbarous philosophical researches, and his pursuit of wisdom—"If I reap no other benefit," says he, "this alone is sufficient compensation, that I am prepared to meet with equanimity every sort of fortune."

* From the "Literary Rambler" (a periodical work published at Glasgow), 1832.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FOX.

THE fox inhabits almost every temperate country in the world, and in each he is distinguished for craftiness of character. There is great diversity of opinion respecting the different varieties of foxes; some considering them simply as varieties, changed and modified in their form from local circumstances, while others rank them as distinct species. These differences, however, are not so conspicuous as in the great varieties of the common dog.

Of the distinctive properties between the fox and dog, the most striking is in the structure of the eye. In dogs, the iris uniformly contracts around the pupil, in the form of a circle; while, in the fox, if observed under the influence of a strong light, it is seen to close in a vertical direction, the pupil assuming the figure of a section of a double convex lens. The object of this provision is obviously to exclude the rays of light.

The fox is of a wild and ferocious disposition, so much so, that it is hardly possible to render him wholly tame. Perhaps there is no predatory animal more cunning than he is, not only in providing himself with a secure retreat wherein to repose and rear his young, but also in the stratagems he employs for catching his prey. He feeds indiscriminately on lambs, geese, fowls, hares, rabbits, and small birds of all kinds: his fondness for grapes renders him a great annoyance to the vineyards of France.

The fox seldom fails to establish his habitation near some farm or village, so that he may the more easily attack the poultry, which appear to be his favourite food; and he often commits great depredations in poultry-yards, destroying in a single evening every thing that has life. When all other kinds of food fail him, he will destroy serpents, lizards, toads, moles, frogs, rats, and mice; and when extremely pressed by hunger, like the dog he will feed on roots and other vegetable substances; but this is only in cases of extreme necessity: he is also known to eat crabs, shrimps, or other shell-fish.

The fox sometimes runs down his prey, and at others he slips cautiously forward, like a cat, dragging his body on the ground, and then makes a sudden bound at his booty, seldom missing his aim. He either conceals it among bushes or herbage, or carries it off to his burrow. In this manner, he returns repeatedly to his work of destruction, and generally keeps a considerable supply of provisions in store, but always in different places, to serve him under his various necessities; but it is seldom he prolongs these excursions after sunrise.

Fox-hunting has long been a favourite British field-sport, and in no other country is it pursued with such ardour and intrepidity. Both our dogs and horses are bred with particular care for this pastime, and are justly prized by all neighbouring states. The instant the fox finds himself pursued, he makes for his hole; but when it is intended to hunt a district, the huntsman or earth-stopper takes care to fill up the entrance to his burrow when he is out in search of food, so that he can only have recourse to his speed and cunning for his safety. He does not double, like the hare, but takes a straightforward course with strength and perseverance, and sometimes leads his pursuers a distance of fifty miles at a stretch, without the smallest intermission. Both dogs and horses, particularly the latter, frequently fall victims in such arduous chases. His strength is so great that he frequently escapes the utmost efforts of his enemies to take him, and returns to his hole in safety. But when all shifts have failed him, and he is at last overtaken, he defends himself with great obstinacy, and silently fights till he is literally torn to pieces by the merciless dogs.

On the 28th of October 1815, the hounds belonging to the Newry hunt started a fox at Tamary. After a short chase, reynard disappeared, having cunningly mounted a turfstack, on the top of which he lay down flat. Finding himself at last perceived by one of the hounds, he left his retreat, closely pursued by the pack. Being again hard pressed, he ran up a stone ditch, from which he sprang on the roof of an adjoining cabin, and mounted up to the chimney top. From that elevated situation he looked all around him, as if carefully reconnoitring the coming enemy. A cunning old hound approached, and, having gained the summit of the roof, had already seized the fox in imagination, when, lo! reynard dropped down the chimney, like a fallen star into a draw well. The dog looked wistfully down the dark opening, but dared not pursue the fugitive. Meantime, whilst the hound was eagerly inspecting the smoky orifice of the chimney, reynard, half enrobed in soot, had fallen into the lap of an old woman, who, surrounded by a number of children, was gravely smoking her pipe, not at all expecting the entrance of this abrupt visitor. "Emiladh deonil!" said the affrighted female, as she threw from her the black-red quadruped. Reynard grinned.

growled, and showed his fangs; and when the sportsman, who had secured the door, entered, they found him in possession of the kitchen, the old woman and the children having retired, in terror of the invader, to an obscure corner of the room. The fox was taken alive, by William Gordon of Sheepbridge, Esq.

Some years ago, in Dumfriesshire, a fox was fairly hallooed from a hiding-place, amidst a ledge of rocks, high, secluded, and inaccessible, yet withal conveniently enough situated for those nightly forays by which he had laid half the hen-roosts in the district under repeated contribution. As the hounds were at hand, the felon bounded away through brush and brake, distancing his pursuers in the first instance, and holding out the promise of an excellent day's sport. These exertions, however, were too violent to be long continued, and the hunters knew, from the increased yelling of the pack, that it was gaining upon the enemy every moment. At this juncture, a gentleman who rode foremost in the chase observed the animal pause, look round, and then bound away, apparently with fresh vigour and greatly increased speed. Attracted by this circumstance, he rode up to the spot, and there found a very young cub, which the affectionate mother had carried at least two miles in her teeth, and which she did not abandon till the very last extremity. Situated as they were, the party had no means of restoring the cub, but as a reward for the fidelity of the mother, the whipper-in was immediately ordered to call off the dogs, and recommence the sports of the day in a totally different quarter.

The fox generally brings forth from three to six at a litter, and only once a-year. They are blind, and of a dark-reddish brown. They do not reach their full size till eighteen months old, and live to the age of from fourteen to sixteen years.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Picturesque Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland," relates a curious anecdote of a fox-hunt, in which he was himself concerned. The hounds, which belonged to the Duke of Buccleuch, had had a long chase, and at last the fox made for Crichton Castle, and, leaping in at a window, endeavoured to find refuge in some of the *holes or bories* of that vast ruin. The hounds followed him, however, and soon compelled him to take his departure by a channel similar to that by which he had entered. It was then, Sir Walter informs us, one of the most singular and striking sights he ever witnessed, to see the long stream of dogs pouring out of a high window upon the ground, as if it were a cascade of animated creatures, variegated by numerous colours.

In the autumn of the year 1819, at a fox-chase in Galloway, a very strong one was hard run by the hounds, and finding himself in danger of being overtaken, made for a high wall at a short distance, and springing over it, crept close under the other side; the hounds followed him, but no sooner had they leapt the wall, than he again sprang over it, and, by this cunning device, gave them the slip, and got safe away from his pursuers.

Mr Hawkins of Pittsfield, an American gentleman, was in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by two blood-hounds; the dogs soon found a fox, and pursued him for nearly two hours, when suddenly they appeared at fault. Mr Hawkins came up with them near a large log of wood lying on the ground, and felt much surprised at seeing them take a circuit of a few rods without having an object in view, every trace of reynard seeming to have been lost, while they still kept yelping. On looking about him, he discovered the sly fox stretched upon the log apparently lifeless. Mr Hawkins made several unsuccessful efforts to direct the attention of the dogs towards the fox. At length he approached so near the artful object of his pursuit as to see him distinctly breathe. Even then reynard exhibited no alarm, and Mr Hawkins seizing a branch of a tree that lay hard by, aimed a blow at him, which the fox evaded by a leap from his singular lurking place, having thus for a time effectually deceived his pursuers, and got clear off.

When the old Duke of Grafton had his hounds at Croydon, it was his custom to have foxes taken occasionally in Whittlebury forest, and sent up in the venison cart to London. The fox thus brought was carried down the next hunting morning in a hamper behind the duke's coach, and turned out for the sport of the day. In pursuance of this plan, a fox was taken in a coppice in the forest, and sent up as usual. After a certain time, a fox was taken in the same coppice, whose size and appearance was so strikingly like that caught on the same spot before, that the keepers employed on the occasion expressed their suspicion that it was the same fox; and the man whose office it was to go to London with the venison, was directed to inquire whether the fox hunted on such a day was killed, or escaped. The latter having been the case, the suspicion of the keepers was at least considerably strengthened.

After a short time, a fox was again taken in the same coppice, which those concerned in taking it were well assured to be the same as was caught there before. To be, however, better able to identify their supposed old friend, if another opportunity should offer, before sending him off the third time he was marked in several places, and in different manners, his lip being cut, one ear slit, and several holes punched through the other. Thus marked, reynard was again dispatched to London, again hunted, and again escaped, and, within a very few weeks, was again taken in the same coppice, when his marks justified their former con-

jectures in spite of the seeming improbability of the fact. This poor animal was destined once more to put his strength and sagacity to the test, when the one or the other failed him, and he was caught by the hounds after a good chase, bearing the marks of his former escapes, which ought to have entitled him to the privilege formerly granted to a stag who had been fortunate enough to escape from his royal pursuers.

The following singular occurrence took place in the end of May 1829. As the forester on the estate of Auchenroch, parish of Campsie, Ayrshire, proceeded to a field about seven in the morning, he was unexpectedly saluted by the howling of two full-grown foxes, which obstructed him in his course with so determined a resistance, that he was glad to call another man to his aid before he could drive them off. On proceeding a short way, a third fox was discovered hanging from a young ash tree, about three feet from the ground, with its shoulders firmly wedged between the forked branches. So hard had reynard struggled for liberty, that one of its fore-legs was broken; they succeeded, however, in taking it alive.

PHYSICIANS.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE relates the following anecdote of Dr Rujean, the most celebrated man of the medical profession in his time:—A certain great lady came to him in much distress about her daughter, and the physician began the investigation of the case by asking, "Why, what ails she?" "Alas! doctor," replied the mother, "I cannot tell; but she has lost her humour, her looks, her stomach—her strength consumes every day, so as we fear she cannot live." "Why do you not marry her?" "Alas, doctor, that we would fain do, and have offered her as good a match as ever she could expect." "Is there no other that you think she would be content to marry?" "Ah, doctor, that is it that troubles us; for there is a young gentleman we doubt she loves, that her father and I can never consent to." "Why, look you, madam," replied the doctor, gravely, being among all his books in his closet, "then the case is this: your daughter would marry one man, and you would have her marry another. In all my books I find no remedy for such a disease as this."

This story is an apposite illustration of the preposterous circumstances under which some people expect to derive benefit from medicine; but it is not often that they have the candour to explain the real state of the case. Many have a delicate tenderness for their own feelings, which withholds all information that might assist the physician in detecting the origin and nature of their disease; while, at the same time, they are so unreasonable, and have so little consideration, not only for the feelings but for the character of another, that they expect he will not misapprehend a single symptom, and exclaim vehemently against him if his treatment do not prove successful. Yet, where maladies depend upon the passions and affections so much as they must always do in a highly cultivated state of society, it is impossible to remove them, unless, besides the present bodily sensations, a faithful account be also rendered of the incidents in the patient's history which first disturbed the tranquillity of his mind, and thereby disordered the functions of his body. It is true that such communications would lead to a disclosure of family and personal secrets almost as unreserved as was formerly exacted at the confessional; it cannot, therefore, be expected that they should be made to any great extent; but people should at least learn not to be disappointed, and not to be angry because a cure is not performed, when they have themselves prevented it by concealing particulars that the medical attendant ought to have been made aware of.

But it is not in this way alone that unmerited censures are heaped upon the professors of the healing art. Such is our love of life, that we can scarcely ever persuade ourselves that any illness is our last; and when a friend is cut off, we are apt to imagine that a more skilful treatment might have saved him. Those, in particular, who belong to the lower classes, seldom see a young person, whose loss they regret, carried to the grave without remarking, that some old woman or other, experienced among sick-beds, "didna think the doctor ever rightly took up (comprehended) his trouble." Undoubtedly this is sometimes the case; both because many diseases are too complicated to be thoroughly understood, and because some practitioners are not so well informed nor so careful as they ought to be; but the allegation is made nine times wrongly to one where it is just.

Physicians receive very unfair play from another class of persons who call in their aid, and expect to be benefited by it instantaneously, at the same time that

they by no means follow the injunctions laid down for their observance. A prescription is left; but the patient, felicitating himself upon his own sagacity, disregards it. The next day he does not hesitate to assert that the drug was duly taken: another medicine is ordered; and for once he makes himself a "good child," and allows it to be administered; but the efficacy of the second depending upon the previous operation of the first, and the first never having been used at all, the system, instead of being set to rights, suffers of course a farther derangement—a deterioration which is unscrupulously attributed to the doctor's ignorant treatment of the disorder. It never for a moment enters the patient's head that this treatment is not the doctor's, whose orders were disobeyed at the very outset; on the contrary, he observes to all who visit him, how fortunate a circumstance it was that he threw the first prescription aside, else matters might have been as bad again with him! We know an honest woman in the country, who, during a long illness, was attended by a regular practitioner, whose advice she sometimes followed and sometimes not, just as her caprice happened to suggest; but all the time she assiduously swallowed the doses of a certain celebrated empiric. If she enjoyed a day of ease, the quack was sure to get the credit of it: "it was untelling," she said, "the good she had gotten of his pills." Her intervals of suffering were with equal confidence ascribed to the mismanagement of the physician.

It is no wonder if medical men, not suspecting such gross deceptions in their patients, and seeing their prescriptions produce, as they are led to suppose, effects so different from what they have always seen them do in similar cases, begin to think they have mistaken the nature of the disease, and modify their treatment according to the misrepresentations of their employer. The consequence is, that no satisfactory result is obtained; the sick person, peevish and discontented, lays the whole blame on the doctor, whom he has from the beginning made it his business to mislead; calls in, in succession, four or five more, whom he deludes and discharges in the same manner; and ultimately, as the proper punishment for such a train of disingenuous proceedings, falls into the hands of a quack, who protests there never was such a set of impostors as the regular members of the medical faculty, declares that he will accomplish a cure in a month—he could have done it in a few days but for previous mismanagement—and, to use a vulgar phrase, "does for him" in considerably less than that time. The relatives take the tone of their opinion from the unwarranted assertions of this interloper, and the remark flies about—"Poor man! he was killed by the doctors. The man he at last consulted had some skill, and did a little for his relief; but he was over far gone afore—clean wasted away wi' the drugs he had swallowed."

It is in China, we believe, where physicians are not paid unless they effect a cure, and this fact is often quoted by unthinking persons, with the comment that it would be well if the same practice were introduced into this country. But though a disease be not overcome, the sufferings it occasions may often be greatly lightened, and it would certainly be cruel in the extreme to deny to a man, of whom it is certainly known that his last hour is at hand, that alleviation of his expiring pangs which the use of medicine may procure. The doctor, after seeing that a case was hopeless, could have no motive to remain any longer by the sick-bed, unless humanity prompted him to do so; and if the friends of the sufferer would not part with a few shillings to obtain this kindness for him, it is not to be thought that strangers would often voluntarily stay to perform it. Yet the statement we have alluded to, passing from mouth to mouth, fills the auditors with a high idea of the shrewdness of the people among whom the custom is found, while at the same time they feel as if their own intellect were of an inferior order. We hope enough has been said to convince every one who reads it that there is no occasion here for any such mean opinion of ourselves, but that, on the contrary, the advantage is wholly on our side.

The above remarks have been thrown together principally for the use of our readers in the humbler walks of life, who, whatever may be their merits in other respects, are frequently—we had almost said habitually—too harsh in the construction they put upon the conduct of their medical advisers—a class of men whose daily and nightly task it is to visit the house of mourning, and whose lives are spent in alleviating the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. If we were asked to name any profession, the members of which performed their duties in a more faithful and conscientious manner, we could not do it; and if it were inquired which of all classes of men, as a class, performs the greatest number of benevolent actions, and does most, gratuitously, to lighten the general burden of human misery, we would answer—the PHYSICIANS.

REMARKABLE TRAVELS IN UNOCCUPIED COUNTRIES.

CARVER, IN NORTH AMERICA.
(Second Article.)

A MULTITUDE of theories have been started by different authors, to account for the origin of the native population of America, prior to its discovery by Europeans. By far the most plausible theory, certainly, is that which is adopted by Captain Carver, that the progenitors of these people, most probably, found their way originally into America from *Chinese Tartary*, by the way of Kamschatka; and, in accordance with this idea, some authors have denominated the Peruvians the *Chinese of America*. "It appears plain to me," says our author, "that a great similarity between the Indians and Chinese is conspicuous in that particular custom of shaving or plucking off the hair, and leaving only a small tuft on the crown of the head. This mode is said to have been enjoined by the Tartarian emperors on their accession to the throne of China, and, consequently, is a farther proof that this custom was in use among the Tartars, to whom, as well as the Chinese, the Americans might be indebted for it. Many words also are used both by the Chinese and Indians, which have a resemblance to each other, not only in their sound, but their signification. There might possibly be found a similar connection between the language of the Tartars and the American aborigines, were we as well acquainted with it, as we are, from a commercial intercourse, with that of the Chinese."

The above theory has been completely followed out, on the principles here stated, by the celebrated Humboldt, and published by him, some years ago, in his "Researches in America." In that work he observes as follows:—"The nations of America, except those which border on the polar circle, form a single race, characterised by the formation of the skull, the colour of the skin, the extreme thinness of the beard, the straight and glossy hair. The American race has a striking resemblance to that of the *Mongol* nations, which include those known formerly by the name of Huns, Kulans, and Kalmucks."

Owing to various causes, the Indian population of North America could never be very great, and ever since the commencement of their intercourse with Europeans, it has regularly and rapidly decreased. The Red Men at present within the bounds of the United States are stated to be about 120,000. Of these, 20,000 belong to the only five nations that are recognised as such, eastward of the Mississippi. The Chickasaws, a people of about 4000, which have been lately bargained off to the west of the Mississippi, are said to have increased ten per cent. in six years. It is very probable that in the course of another century at farthest, the whole progeny of the primitive occupants of the North American continents will be driven into the Pacific Ocean, or quietly absorbed by the flood of civilised population which is spreading, in every direction, so rapidly around them. This was remarked by Justamond, a French writer, more than sixty years ago. "When we consider the hatred," says he, "which the hordes of these savages bear to each other, the hardships they undergo, the scarcity they are often exposed to, the frequency of their wars, the scantiness of their population, the numberless snares we lay for them, we cannot but foresee, that, in less than three centuries, the whole race will be extinct. What will posterity then think of this species of men, who will exist no more but in the accounts of travellers? Will not the times of savages appear to them in the same light as the fabulous times of antiquity do to us? They will speak of them as we do of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. How many contradictions shall we not discover in their customs and manners! Will not such of our writings as may then have escaped the destructive hand of time, pass for romantic inventions, like those which Plato has left us concerning the ancient Atlantics?"

The stature of these people is described as being, in general, beautifully proportioned; but they had more agility than strength, and were better calculated for swiftness than hard labour; and hence their bitterest imprecation against an enemy was, that he might be reduced to till the ground. Their features were regular, with that fierce aspect which they contracted in war and hunting. Their complexion was copper-colour, and they had it from nature, as all men become tawny when they are constantly exposed to the

open air. This complexion was rendered still more disagreeable by the absurd custom which all savages have of painting their bodies and faces, either to distinguish each other at a distance, or to make themselves more agreeable to their mistresses, or more formidable in war. Besides this varnish, they rubbed themselves with the fat of quadrupeds, or the oil of fishes, which prevented the intolerable stings of gnats and other insects that swarm in uncultivated countries. These ointments were prepared and mixed up with certain red juices, which were supposed to be a deadly poison to the mosquitoes. To these several methods of anointing themselves, which penetrate and discolour the skin, may be added the fumigations they made in their huts to keep off those insects, and the smoke of the fires they kept up all the winter, to warm themselves and to dry their meat. This was sufficient to make them appear frightful to our people, though they undoubtedly imagined that it added to their beauty. Their sight, smell, hearing, and all their senses, were remarkably quick, and gave them early notice of their dangers and wants. These were few, but their diseases were fewer. They hardly knew any distempers but what were occasioned by too violent exercise, or eating too much after long abstinence.

The extreme ferocity manifested by these tribes, in the killing of their enemies, by scalping them and sucking their blood, as also their fiendish manner of torturing their prisoners to death, whilst the said prisoners seem to have possessed the power of almost entirely repressing the feeling of pain under the hands of their tormentors, are circumstances which have often been detailed, and, therefore, a description of such matters at present would have little of novelty to recommend it. "This method of tormenting their enemies," says our author, "is considered by the Indians as productive of more than one beneficial consequence. It satiates, in a greater degree, that diabolical lust of revenge which is the predominant passion in the breast of every individual of every tribe, and it gives the growing warriors an early propensity to that cruelty and thirst for blood which is so necessary a qualification for such as would be thoroughly skilled in their savage art of war."

"I have been informed that an Indian who was under the hands of his tormentors, had the audacity to tell them that they were ignorant old women, and did not know how to put brave prisoners to death. He acquainted them that he had heretofore taken some of their warriors, and, instead of the trivial punishments they inflicted on him, he had devised for them the most excruciating torments; that, having bound them to a stake, he had stuck their bodies full of sharp splinters of turpentine wood, to which he then set fire, and, dancing around them, enjoyed the agonizing pangs of the flaming victims. This bravado, which carried with it a degree of insult that even the accustomed ear of an Indian could not listen to unmoved, threw his tormentors off their guard, and shortened the duration of his torments; for one of the chiefs ran to him, and, ripping out his heart, stopped with it the mouth from which had issued such provoking language."

If any of the men-prisoners are spared, which is often the case, by their being adopted into the tribe, they are commonly given to the widows that have lost their husbands by the hand of the enemy, if there be any such, to whom, if they happen to prove agreeable, they are soon married. But should the dame be otherwise engaged, the life of him who falls to her lot is in great danger, especially if she fancies that her late husband wants a slave in the country of spirits, to which he is gone.

A tall handsome prisoner had lost several of his fingers in battle. This circumstance was not noticed at first. "Friend," said the widow to whom he was allotted, "we had chosen thee to live with us; but in the condition I see thee, unable to fight and to defend us, of what use is life to thee? Death is certainly preferable." "I believe it is," answered the savage. "Well, then," replied the woman, "this evening thou shalt be tied to the stake. For thy own glory, and for the honour of our family, who have adopted thee, remember to behave as a man of courage." He promised he would, and kept his word. For three days he endured the most cruel torments with a constancy and cheerfulness that set them all at defiance. His new family never forsook him, but encouraged him by their applause, and supplied him with drink and tobacco in the midst of his sufferings!

"How shall we account for this insensibility?" says Justamond. "Is it owing to the climate, or to their manner of life? No doubt, colder blood, thicker humours, a constitution rendered more phlegmatic by the dampness of the air and the ground, may blunt the irritability of the nervous system in Canada. Men who are constantly exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, the fatigues of hunting, and the perils of war, contract such a rigidity of the fibres, such a habit of suffering, as makes them insensible to pain. It is said, the savages are scarce ever convulsed in the agonies of death, whether they die of sickness or of a wound. As they have no apprehensions either of the approaches or the consequences of death, their imagination does not suggest that artificial sensibility against which nature has fortified them. Their whole life, both natural and moral, is calculated to inspire them with a contempt of death, which we so much

dread, and to enable them to overcome the sense of pain, which is heightened by our indulgences."

The Indians, as might be supposed, were never great adepts in astronomy, but, as Carver informs us, they seem nevertheless to have had a very rational method of dividing their time. They count their years by winters, or, as they express themselves, by snows. They generally divide their years by moons, and make them consist of twelve lunar months, observing, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the lost moon; and they then begin to count as before. They pay a great regard to the first appearance of every moon, and, on the occasion, always repeat some joyful sounds, stretching at the same time their hands towards it.

Every month has with them a name expressive of its season; for instance, they call the month of March (in which they generally commence their year at the first new moon after the vernal equinox) the worm month, or moon, because at this time the worms quit their retreats in the bark of the trees, wood, &c., where they have sheltered themselves during the winter.

The month of April is termed by them the month of plants; May, the month of flowers; June, the hot moon; July, the buck moon. The reason for thus denominating these is obvious.

August, the sturgeon moon; because in this month they catch great numbers of that fish.

September, the corn moon; because in that month they gather in the Indian corn, which is their only agricultural produce, and even that is managed chiefly by the women.

October, the travelling moon; as at this time they leave their villages, and travel towards the places where they intend to hunt during the winter.

November, the beaver moon; for in this month the beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient store of provisions for the winter season.

December, the hunting moon; because they employ this month in pursuit of their game.

January, the cold moon; as it generally freezes harder, and the cold is more intense in this than in any other month.

February, they call the snow moon; because more snow commonly falls during this month than any other throughout the winter.

When the moon does not shine, they say she is dead, and some call the three last days of it the naked days. The moon's first appearance they term its coming to life again. They have no such division as that of weeks; but days they count by sleeps, half days by pointing to the sun at noon, and quarters by the rising and setting of the sun, to express which in their traditions they make use of very significant hieroglyphics.

In regard to arithmetic, their ideas are extremely circumscribed; and though they are able to count, in general, as high as thousands, figures, as well as letters, appear mysterious to them, and quite above their comprehension.

"During my abode with the Nadowessies," says our author, "some of the chiefs, observing one day a draught of an eclipse of the moon in a book of astronomy which I held in my hand, they desired I would permit them to look at it. Happening to give them the book shut, they began to count the leaves till they came to the place in which the plate was. After they had viewed it, and asked many questions relative to it, I told them they need not to have taken so much pains to find the leaf on which it was drawn, for I could not only tell in an instant the place, without counting the leaves, but also how many preceded it. They seemed greatly amazed at my assertion, and begged that I would demonstrate to them the possibility of doing it. To this purpose I desired the chief that held the book to open it at any particular place, and just showing me the page, carefully to conceal the edges of the leaves, so that I might not be able to count them. This he did with the greatest caution; notwithstanding which, by looking at the folio, I told him, to his great surprise, the number of leaves. He counted them regularly over, and discovered that I was exact. And when, after repeated trials, the Indians found I could do it with great readiness, and without ever erring in my calculation, they all seemed as much astonished as if I had raised the dead. The only way they could account for my knowledge was by concluding that the book was a spirit, and whispered me answers to whatever I demanded of it. This circumstance," adds the captain, "trifling as it might appear to those who are less illiterate, contributed to increase my consequence, and to augment the favourable opinion they already entertained of me."

These Indian tribes used to go annually, in the month of April, to a great cave situated about thirty miles below the Falls of St Anthony, on the Mississippi, where, a grand council being held with the other tribes, they settled their operations for the ensuing year. At the same time they carried with them their dead, for interment, bound up in buffaloes' skins. On one of these occasions Captain Carver formed one of the company. When they arrived at the great cave, and the Indians had deposited the remains of their deceased friends in the burial-place that stands adjacent to it, they held their great council, at which a great number of speeches were delivered on both sides, the fluency of which would astonish an European.

THE CANONGATE OF EDINBURGH.

[From "Reekiana," a work by R. Chambers, just published.]

THE Canongate, which takes its name from the Augustine Canons of Holyrood (who were permitted to build it by the charter of David the First in 1128, and afterwards ruled it as a burgh of regality), was formerly the court end of the town. As the main avenue from the palace into the city, it has borne upon its pavement the burden of all that was beautiful, all that was gallant, all that has become historically interesting in Scotland for the last six or seven hundred years. It still bears an antique appearance, although many of the houses are modernised. There is one with a date from Queen Mary's reign,* and many may be guessed from their appearance to be of even an earlier era. Previous to the Union, when the palace ceased to be occasionally inhabited, as it had formerly been, by at least the vicar of majesty, in the person of the Lord High Commissioner to the Parliament, the place was densely inhabited by persons of the first distinction. Allan Ramsay, in lamenting the death of Lucky Wood, says—

Oh, Canigait, puir elrich hole,
What loss, what crosses does thou thole!
London and death gars thee look droll,
And hing thy head;
Wow but thou has e'en a cauld coal,
To blaw indeed—

and mentions, in a note, that this place was "the greatest sufferer by the loss of our members of Parliament, which London now enjoys, many of them having had their houses there"—a fact which Maitland confirms. Innumerable traces are to be found in old songs and ballads, of the elegant population of the Canongate in a former day. In the pitiable tale of Marie Hamilton—one of the queen's Maries—occurs this simple but picturesque stanza:—

As she cam down the Canongait,
The Canongait sae free,
Mony a lady looked over her window,
Weeping for this lady.

An old popular rhyme expresses the hauteur of these Canongate dames towards their city neighbours of the male sex:—

The lasses o' the Canongate,
Oh, they are wondrous nice;
They winna gie a single kiss,
But for a double price.
Gar hang them, gar hang them,
High upon a tree!
For we'll get better up the gate,
For a bawbee!

But even in times comparatively modern, this faubourg was inhabited by persons of very great consideration. Within the memory of a lady in middle life, it used to be a common thing to hear, among other matters of gossip, "that there was to be a *braw fitting* in the Canongate to-morrow;" and parties of young people were made up, to go and see the fine furniture brought out, sitting perhaps for hours in the windows of some friend on the opposite side of the street, while cart after cart was laden with magnificence. Many of the houses, to this day, are fit for the residence of a first-rate family in every respect but *vicinity and access*. The last grand blow was given to the place by the opening of the road along the Calton Hill in 1817, which rendered it no longer the avenue of approach to the city from the east. Instead of profiting by the comparative retirement which it acquired on that occasion, it seemed to become the more wretchedly squalid, from its being the less under notice—as a gentleman dresses the least carefully when not expecting visitors. It is now a secluded, and, in general, meanly inhabited suburb, only accessible by ways, which, however lightly our fathers and grandfathers might regard them, are hardly now pervious to a lady or gentleman, without shocking more of the senses than one, besides the difficulty of steering one's way through the herds of the idle and the wretched who encumber the street. The only decent approach is, indeed, by that very new road, along the Calton Hill, which has operated so grievously to the depression of this antique place. There is now (1833) only one person of condition in the whole street, Sir William Macleod Bannatyne (formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court, under the designation of Lord Bannatyne), who occupies a tall and elegant mansion on the site of the house of the Earls of Wintoun, built by the late Sir John Whiteford, and afterwards occupied by Professor Dugald Stewart.

THE HARE A NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

Coursing owes all its interest to the instinctive consciousness of the nature of inertia which seems to govern the measures of the hare. The greyhound is a comparatively heavy body, moving at the same or greater speed in pursuit. The hare *doubles*, that is, suddenly changes the direction of her course, and turns back at an oblique angle with the direction in which she had been running. The greyhound, unable to resist the tendency of its body to persevere in the rapid motion it had acquired, is urged many yards before it is able to check its speed and return to the pursuit. Meanwhile the hare is gaining ground in the other direction, so that the animals are at a very considerable distance asunder when the pursuit is recommenced. In this way, a hare, though much less fleet than a greyhound, will often escape it.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

* A little below the church.
† Removal.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD OFFICER.

THE LOOTIES WORSTED.

CAPTAIN JOHN GRANT, senior, 2d battalion 42d regiment (of Glenmorris, Inverness-shire), was second in command in the fort of Mangalore when besieged by Tipoo, in the early part of which he commanded a sortie or sally against the enemy's grand battery, and of another of four guns near it, of which he obtained possession; but the enemy collecting in great force, and finding their works of extraordinary thickness and strength, he deemed it prudent and necessary to return to the fort, without having completed his object, to which his detachment, as it turned out, was by no means adequate. His conduct was approved of: he was a gallant soldier, and an excellent good-tempered man.

In the year 1782, when the force under Lieutenant-Colonel Humberston was moving against Tipoo's fort of Paligautcherry, Captain Grant was principally concerned in a little adventure, which might have terminated very disagreeably, but from which he and his small party extricated themselves with great presence of mind, coolness, and gallantry, which did them much credit. He, Lieutenant Charles Sutherland, Sergeant Cummings, Corporal Munro, and a private whose name is not remembered, went out on a party from camp to shoot bullocks, a very common practice, the commissary not having it in his power to procure them regularly for the army. Just as the party had ascended a little hill, they saw advancing towards them a party of the enemy's irregular horse (termed *looties*), of about twenty in number, and brandishing their drawn swords. Captain Grant's party immediately formed, determined to sell their lives dearly; and he gave orders that one-half should only fire at a time, and that the other half should reserve theirs until those who had fired had again loaded. The whole party were armed. Their first fire brought down some of the horses and horsemen, which checked them; they again attempted to advance; the next fire produced a similar effect as the first, which so staggered them, that, after a little debate amongst themselves, they thought it best to abandon the enterprise, which they found more dangerous and disadvantageous than they had expected. In Tipoo's irregular cavalry, the horses were the property of the riders, the loss of which he did not replace to the owners, which will account for their not persevering in their attack on Captain Grant and his brave little party. The Malabar coast had been ruled by Hindoo rajahs, whom Hyder, Tipoo's father, had subjected, and tried to convert to the Mahomedan religion; the consequence of which was, that the inhabitants had forsaken the open country, and had retired to the fortresses and hills; and many of the cattle had been permitted to run wild, and had greatly increased.

A LANDSMAN TURNED NAVIGATOR.

Captain Dalyell, 2d battalion 42d regiment (of Largo, Fifeshire), was a man of talent and science; he was killed at Mangalore, and had been previously wounded at Paniera, when Tipoo attacked the force under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod. The colonel employed Captain Dalyell as chief engineer in erecting the field-works to strengthen his post, for which his education had qualified him.

The Myrtle transport, on board of which were the companies of Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, Captain Macdonell, and Captain Dalyell, 2d battalion 42d regiment, unfortunately separated from the fleet off the Cape of Good Hope; they put into St Augustine's Bay, in Madagascar, rendezvous. It was in a great measure owing to him that from this they shaped their course for St Helena, as his science enabled him to make the necessary observations, the captain being only a seaman, and no navigator. They had no charts on board, unless the maps in Guthrie's Gazetteer could be so called. At St Helena, they procured proper charts, from whence they made their way good to Madras, where they appeared long after they had been totally given up for lost.

EPIDEMIC.

In the year 1782, a most violent cramp, or a spasmodic affection, was so prevalent and severe, both amongst the Europeans of the troops on the Malabar coast, and amongst the seamen in Sir Edward Hughes' fleet, that it may be said to have been epidemic. It generally first attacked the lower extremities, but soon mounted to the vital parts, and proved mortal if not subdued and overcome by friction, the warm bath, and by the free use of opium and mullied spirits. On board the fleet, their coppers were always left full of boiling water, that they might immediately command the warm bath. It was a most fearful disease, and most distressing to witness the agonies of those suffering under it. We believe it had no connection with the cholera, and amongst the troops it was more prevalent during the monsoon, or rainy season.

TOUR OF DUTY.

On the evening of the 16th or 17th of October 1782, Lieutenant S—, of the 2d battalion 42d regiment,

according to the rules which then existed in favour of the king's service, being senior subaltern in the little army under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Humberston, proceeding against Paligautcherry, and being first on the list for that kind of duty, was ordered on detachment from Margaree Catah, in Ramgarree, a distance of about thirty miles, for a supply of ammunition, which was much wanted; and leaving this, he marched next morning with the determination of only taking a sufficient time to allow his little party to cook and eat their rice at noon. His small party consisted only of twenty-five Travancore sepoys (the king of Travancore, our ally, had sent two of his battalions to reinforce us); but a jemautdar of the Bombay troops (native lieutenant) accompanied him, to assist him, and to act as his interpreter—a very intelligent active little man, who had been repeatedly wounded in the service, to which he was faithfully and zealously attached. The lieutenant's friends, conceiving that the service he was sent on was one of much danger and uncertainty, took leave of him, evidently under the impression that they would not see him again, fearing his party would be intercepted and cut off by the enemy's cavalry. They were, however, mistaken. He met with no molestation, and successfully executed the duty with which he had been entrusted; for he rejoined the army with a loaded English waggon, a tumbril, and seventy boxes of ball-cartridges, carried on coolies' heads, and which they probably would have thrown down and fled had a single horseman appeared.

The English waggon (it had come out with the expedition under Commodore Johnston and General Meadows) was ill calculated for the kind of roads it had to travel through; and in lending his best exertions to assist it out of a rice field, the lieutenant lost his shoes, and was obliged to continue his march without any, and had it not in his power to replace them for eight or ten days after. Before he marched from Ramgarree, on his way back to the army, his party was reinforced by a havildar and twelve Bombay sepoys, and by eight or nine European soldiers who had been left there sick, had recovered, and had to join the corps to which they belonged.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Early in the month of February 1783, Lieutenant S—, of the 2d battalion 42d regiment, then an assistant commissary of provisions, was ordered forward from Biddaral to Fatta Hetta with his stores, and with directions to have beef ready for the Europeans of the detachment under the command of Major Campbell, 2d battalion 42d regiment, then proceeding by orders from Brigadier-General Mathews against the fort of Arrantpore. Fatta Hetta was only a few miles distant from Biddaral, and as no enemy was suspected to be near, so no guard or escort had been sent with the commissary. Six bullocks were unpacked, his stores lodged, and his butchers had just begun their work, when a small party of Tipoo's looties, of about from fifteen to twenty, suddenly made their unwelcome appearance, galloping into the village with drawn swords, and shooting, with the evident intention of cutting down and making themselves masters of the commissariat. Thus taken by surprise, and without the means of defending themselves, all hands immediately dispersed; and in his speedy retreat the commissary having most fortunately fallen in with some few soldiers of his own corps, who had been permitted to march on in advance of Major Campbell's detachment, with them he immediately ran back with all the haste he could, drove the horsemen off, saved all his stores, and rescued a drummer boy of the 100th regiment, whom a lootie, after having severely wounded him with his sword, had made prisoner, and had mounted before him. This poor lad was afterwards taken prisoner at Biddaral, with General Mathew's army, and died in confinement.

CELEBRATED LIBRARIES.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

BEFORE the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Oxford University Library consisted of a few tracts kept in the choir of St Mary's Church, and afterwards in the Old Convocation House, adjoining to the east end of that church.

The first collection of books in Oxford, worthy to be called a library, was left to Durham College, on the site of which Trinity College now stands, by Richard Augerville, Bishop of Durham, tutor to Edward the Third, and afterwards Treasurer and Chancellor of England. These books he had collected in his embassy to France, and they are supposed to have formed the largest collection at that time in England.

The divinity school, and the room above it, were built by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. This room he furnished with books, to which those in the Old Convocation House were added. The commissioners of reformation, under Edward the Sixth, plundered this library so completely, that it was determined, in full convocation, in 1555, to sell the seats and cases.

About the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Sir Thomas Bodley, who died on the 28th of January 1612, built the gallery by which we enter the library, as well as that for pictures. The former he furnished with books, as well as the room over the divinity school, which he was at the expense of refitting for

that purpose. Besides giving his books, which he had collected with great care and expense, he left an estate for salaries to the officers, and to keep the library in repair. For the government of it he drew up some statutes, which were confirmed in convocation, and which are preserved in his own hand-writing in the archives of the library.

After the death of Sir Thomas Bodley, the Earl of Pembroke, by the persuasion of Archbishop Laud, gave to the library almost all the collection of Greek manuscripts which Francis Baroccio, the Venetian, had collected with great pains and cost, and which is thought to be the most valuable that ever came into England at one time. The earl reserved twenty-two of them for his own use; but these were afterwards bought and presented to the library by Oliver Cromwell; and to these Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador to Constantinople, added another choice collection of Greek manuscripts.

Sir Kenelm Digby having sent into the east to purchase oriental manuscripts, and into Germany to buy curious books, presented a large collection to the library, among which were upwards of two hundred manuscripts.

At the desire of Archbishop Laud, the University erected a room over the New Convocation House, and which, by communicating with Duke Humphrey's library (that is, the room over the divinity school), brought the library into the shape of a Roman II, which is its present form. In this part of the library the excellent collection of Archbishop Laud, and that of the learned John Selden, are placed.

Besides these benefactors, the library has been greatly increased by many others—the principal of which are General Fairfax; Dr Marshall, rector of Lincoln College; Dr Barlow, bishop of Lincoln; Dr Tanner, bishop of St Asaph; Dr Godwin, Dr Rawlinson, Browne Willis. Dr Rawlinson, besides his manuscripts, bequeathed his valuable collection of English coins, seals, &c. to the Bodleian library. Browne Willis, many years before his death, gave his collection of English coins, which he had been forty years collecting. The university being apprehensive that such a present might injure his family, paid him for 150 gold coins, at the rate of four guineas an ounce. He paid a visit to the cabinet every year on St Friswilde's day, and besides enlarging it, gave 1200 tradesmen's tokens, and several manuscripts, exclusive of his own, which he left by will to this library.

These donations, together with several libraries purchased by the University of Dr Huntington, Mr Greaves, Dr Pocock, and many others, and the publications which are added to it daily, have made it one of the largest libraries in Europe.

SELDEN'S LIBRARY ADDED TO THE BODLEIAN.

It appears that Selden had originally intended to leave his books to the Bodleian library, but, upon being refused the loan of some manuscripts from thence (the university acting agreeably to the statute, which expressly forbids any books to be carried out of the library), he altered his design, and left them to the Society of the Inner Temple, upon this condition, that they, together with the students of the Middle Temple, should erect a proper library for their reception; otherwise his executors were at liberty to bestow them upon any public body. The societies of the Temple rejecting the terms above mentioned, several members of the university, and particularly Mr Thomas Barlow, head librarian, entered into treaty with the executors, and stating the case properly, requested the books, which, upon certain terms, were granted to them. One of them is, that the "books be forever hereafter kept together in one distinct pile and body, under the name of Mr Selden's Library."

In the beginning of September 1659, the library of the learned Selden was brought into that of Bodley. Anthony Wood laboured several weeks with Mr Thomas Barlow and others, in sorting them, carrying them up stairs, and placing them. In opening some of the books, they found several pairs of spectacles, which Mr Selden had put in, and forgotten to take out, and Mr Thomas Barlow gave Mr Wood a pair, which he kept in memory of Selden to his last day.

FOGS AND MISTS.

Fogs and mists, when they extend over large surfaces varied with land and water, are generally produced in fine calm weather, after the sun's rays have ceased to warm the earth by the higher masses of air, which have been rapidly cooled in the more elevated regions of the atmosphere, descending by their weight, and intermixing with the lower, and lighter, and still warmer strata. These are gradually chilled, until the undermost stratum is affected, first to dampness, then to a slight precipitation, scarcely visible to the eye, and, finally, to mist and fog. The earth, during clear nights, immediately on the withdrawing of the heat-imparting energies of the sun, begins to emit the particles of heat it had acquired during the day, or in ordinary language, to cool. The atmosphere does the same, but at a much slower rate. In the race, therefore, between the cooling powers of these two bodies, the start is usually made at sunset with the earth's surface warmer than the incumbent air. The first, by its more rapid descent, overtakes the latter at some point of equal temperature, and, passing its sluggish competitor, becomes colder, and, of course, instead of warming the stratum of air in contact, as it did in the first part of its course, it now, on the contrary,

becomes an absorber of heat, and, consequently, cools the contiguous bodies. In both these cases, the process is favourable to the formation of mist, but in different modes. In the first, it assists the intermixture of the two differently warmed bodies of air, by keeping up the temperature of the lower one, and by thus increasing its disposition to ascend, the mingling and the deposition are more rapid and complete. In the latter case, it is in the same condition with relation to the air near the surface as the strata above it, namely, cooler, and, therefore, it acts similarly; the surface-air being now between two cooling masses, the rate of its condensation and consequent precipitation of moisture is at least continued, and perhaps increased.

The phenomenon of mists forming over lakes and rivers, when the atmosphere of their banks and adjacent land is entirely free from visible vapour, is a very remarkable one, and has excited considerable attention. The late Sir H. Davy observed and communicated to the public some curious facts, which have contributed very much to our knowledge on the subject. The principal operating cause in producing this singular effect is the difference of the rate of cooling, in the absence of the sun in fluid and in solid bodies. In the surface of the former, the particles, as they cool, sink, and give place to those beneath, which then are warmer, and therefore lighter, producing thus a renewal of surface, and a very slow decrease of its general temperature compared with those of solid bodies, whose particles are motionless among themselves. When those on their surface are cooled, they remain in their place, and are affected by the superior warmth of the internal particles only in the degree of the conducting power of the body. And this conducting power is found to be extremely feeble in most of the substances which form the solid crust of our globe.

These conditions being understood, it will be easy to imagine that the portion of the atmosphere which reposes on the surface of the water, will continue warmer after sunset on a clear night, than the contiguous parts which rest upon the adjacent land. From its position, too, with regard to an aqueous surface, it will also obtain a greater load of moisture. If we now suppose the cooled air of a superior stratum to descend in the usual manner upon the masses of air lying upon the earth and the water, which, though closely adjoining, are, with regard to heat and humidity, very differently compounded, we shall find that its descent might produce little or no visible change in the land stratum, while, by its superior weight, it would fall into and partially displace that over the water, intimately intermixing with it, and condensing its moisture, and thus creating in the air a visible river or lake of vapour, whose boundaries in a still night would exactly coincide with the banks of the water beneath, however irregular their outline. Mr Harvey observed a mist of this kind hovering in a beautiful stratum over the stream which supplies Plymouth with water. The mist moved in the direction of the running stream, but with a velocity much greater, while it accommodated itself, in a most singular manner, in its course, to all the turns and windings of the channel. The breadth of the mist was nearly the same as that of the stream, and its average altitude about five feet. The water of the stream was observed to stand at 56°; the air over the water, 47½°; the ground near the mist, 45°; the air above it, 49°.—*Companion to the Almanack.*

TURNING A CORNER—CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

A carriage, or horseman, or pedestrian, passing a corner, moves in a curve, and suffers a centrifugal force, which increases with the velocity, and which impresses on the body a force directed from the corner. An animal causes its weight to resist this force, by voluntarily inclining its body towards the corner. As the velocity is increased, the centrifugal force is also increased, and therefore a greater inclination of the body is necessary to resist it. We accordingly find that the more rapidly a corner is turned, the more the animal inclines his body towards it. A carriage, however, not having voluntary motion, cannot make this compensation for the disturbing force which is called into existence by the gradual change of direction of the motion; consequently, it will, under certain circumstances, be overturned, falling of course outwards, or from the corner.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

LIGHT.

It is become matter almost of certainty, that the sensation of light is produced in a suitable nervous tissue in the eye, by a trembling motion in another fluid than air, which fluid pervades all space, and in rarity or subtlety of nature surpasses air vastly more than air does water or solids; and while, in sound, different tones or notes depend on the number of vibrations in a given time, so in light do different colours depend on the extent of the single vibrations. Can human imagination picture to itself a simplicity more magnificent and fruitful of marvellous beauty and utility than this! But, farther: As air answers in the universe so many important purposes besides that of conveying sounds—although this alone comprehends language, which almost means reason and civilization—so also does the material of light minister in numerous ways, in the phenomena of heat, electricity, and magnetism.—*Dr Arnot's Elements of Physics.*

NATURAL WOODS OF SCOTLAND.

The trees which predominate in quantity are the common birch, the oak, the hazel, and the mountain ash. These generally grow intermingled; but in many places entire forests are seen composed of single species. Of the trees which thus occur, the birch is the most common, and next to it the oak. But the oaks of the Highlands bear no resemblance to those of England. Hardly a single tree ever presents itself of the diameter of a foot, which is also the case with the birch. In general, the birch occupies the sides of mountains, while the alder most invariably fringes the streams. The fir is seldom met with in its native state in the northern, or along the coasts of the middle division; but in the central districts of the latter there are still magnificent forests of it. On the shores of Loch Maree, in Ross-shire, the scenery of which is of the most sublime order, the scattered remains of an extensive forest of this tree are still to be seen, and in many other places it is to be met with in small patches; but whenever it was possible to render the woods subservient to the purposes of commerce, the Highland proprietors have not scrupled to strip their estates, and in this desolate condition have they generally left them. The ash, perhaps the most beautiful of our trees, is hardly a native; nor do we remember having met with it in any place where we could suppose it of spontaneous growth, excepting the upper end of Loch Awe, the entrance of Loch Carron, and the sides of Loch Katrine. Next to it in grace and beauty is the mountain ash, which is of frequent occurrence. Many of the Highland glens are decorated by the bird-cherry, a tree whose beautiful clusters of white drooping flowers form fitting companions to the harebell, which is so frequently seen in the wild glens of the western coasts. The holly is of rare occurrence. The ivy and the beech we have never met with, and require better proof of their being natives than the circumstance of their having found a place in our Floras. Besides the above trees may be mentioned many species of willow, few of which attain any magnitude—the sloe tree, the wild cherry or gean, the hawthorn, the crab apple, and the white beam, together with the rare and beautiful dwarf birch, which occurs on some of the Highland mountains.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN.

It is not customary to publish any account of the robberies which occur almost daily. But to show their frequency and the boldness with which they are undertaken, it is enough to mention, that the diligence from Madrid to Barcelona, though escorted by several soldiers, was robbed at least ten times in the course of last year. The mail-coach from Madrid to Bayonne met with the same treatment either four or five times; the robbery being in more than one instance accompanied by the death or wounding of the postilions. * * * The state of society in Spain is such as fortunately cannot be matched in any other country, not even in Portugal or Tipperary. That there should, in a population of only 14,000,000, be, in the course of a single year, 1223 murders, and 1773 attempts at murder, accompanied by stabbing and wounding, exhibits a ferocity on the part of the people, and an imbecility on the part of the government, without a parallel, we shall not say in the history of civilized nations, but even among savage hordes. The population of England and Wales differs very little from that of Spain; and during the years 1826 and 1827, there were 74 individuals, being at the rate of 37 each year, convicted of murder, and of attempts at murder by stabbing, shooting, poisoning, &c. Hence it results, that for every individual convicted of these crimes in this part of the British empire, there were eighty-one convicted in Spain! Such are the comparative fruits of good government and of tyranny and misrule. Surely if there be any truth in the remark of Hume, that, when human affairs are sunk to a point of depression, they naturally begin to ascend in an opposite direction, the regeneration of Spain cannot be far distant.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, November 1829.

TO REMOVE A TIGHT STOPPER FROM A DECANTER.

It frequently happens that the stopper of a glass bottle or decanter becomes fixed in its place so firmly, that the exertion of force sufficient to withdraw it would endanger the vessel. In this case, if a cloth wetted with hot water be applied to the neck of the bottle, the glass will expand, and the neck will be enlarged, so as to allow the stopper to be easily withdrawn.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place, and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

IN DUBLIN, another Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Company, Upper Sackville Street, for circulation throughout Ireland.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 81.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

LONG LIVERS.

HUMAN life is not so short, but that very distant ages, or ages at least very different in character from each other, are sometimes strangely connected by the existence of an individual of the species. The progress of civilization, and the improvement of all the arts of life, is in this country so rapid, that no one who has survived to even middle life can fail to observe the great difference between his early and his latter days. How greatly, however, is the wonder increased, when we find persons who can look back for the better part, if not the whole of a century, and describe a state of things as having obtained in their young days, which is so entirely unlike any thing we now see around us, that it appears like a chapter of ancient history, narrated by an eye-witness who has, by some strange chance, survived the general wreck! At the present time, for instance, there must be individuals alive, who, in the midst of all the enlightenment, and all the conveniences, and appliances, for which the age takes so much credit—in this age of intellect, in short—recollect a time when there was *no intellect*, or at most *very little*, and when men of course lived a very strange sort of life. We are accustomed to regard the question of the Stuart dynasty as altogether a seventeenth century question—a thing quite foreign to our feelings and associations; yet people must still live, who not only recollect the pretensions of that family being defended by a respectable party, but saw a prince of the line invade the country, and, with a band of primitive people, who still kept alive manners, dress, and language, that had existed since before the days of the Romans, sweep through the island almost from end to end, in quest of the throne. We look upon Sir Robert Walpole as a man of quite a different day from this; and certainly one who was born in 1676, and suffered imprisonment in the Tower as an unruly member of Parliament in Queen Anne's time, is entitled to be so considered. Yet, if I am not mistaken, a daughter of his, Lady Katherine Walpole, appeared in our newspaper obituaries only about two years ago. Her father died in 1745. Our own present Duke of Montrose is but the grandson of a man who bore the family honours in the year 1684, before the death of King Charles the Second—nearly a hundred and fifty years ago—though it is curious, that, during the thirty-four preceding years, the same number of generations had borne them. What a difference between the circumstantial world of the grandfather and that of the grandson! Persons yet alive may recollect old Countess Margaret of Roxburghe, whose husband was drowned in the Gloucester frigate, coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York in 1682! She died so lately as 1753, a widow of seventy-one years. If I am not mistaken, Sir Ilay Campbell, who died in 1811, had conversed with an ancestor who had witnessed the execution of Charles the First: the space between the death of the monarch and that of the gentleman who had seen the witness of his execution, was a hundred and sixty-two years. Sir Walter Scott's mother, who died in 1820 or 1821, had spoken to a woman who recollected seeing Oliver Cromwell when in Scotland—or rather his nose, for she remembered nothing else about him. This was still more wonderful than the case of Sir Ilay Campbell, for the space between Cromwell's last departure from Scotland to fight the battle of Worcester in August 1651, and the death of the lady whose friend had seen him, was a hundred and seventy years! Such facts, though quite within the range of nature, and perhaps occurring not unfrequently, strike the mind with a kind of wonder—for they bring together into one idea, two ideas remotely different, and for a mo-

No. 29. VOL. II.

ment clasp the associations of a rude and unsettled age with those of one in every respect orderly and refined. It soothes us, moreover, with a pleasing notion of the extent of what we generally complain of as too short, namely, human life, and affords the encouraging idea that man or his immediate children may witness more of the effects of his own good works than is generally expected.

In the above instances, I have alluded to the phenomena which two long lives occasionally present. There are cases, however, in which one produces wonders almost as great. When George the Fourth visited Scotland, one of the individuals who came to bid him welcome and kiss his hand, was Patrick Grant, a Braemar Highlander, who had fought against his dynasty at Falkirk and Culloden, and been present at the melancholy embarkation of the defeated Chevalier for France. The old man remarked, with a tact worthy of a court, that he was perhaps the last of his majesty's enemies now alive. The king gave him a pension, which he enjoyed till his death, in February 1824, at the age of 111 years, when three pipers marshalled him to the grave, playing a tune which had been a favourite with his brethren insurgents in 1745. This civil war is still, on account of the curious contrast which it presents to the present state of things, a subject of constant allusion and recollection in Scotland. I may therefore refer to one or two other lives by which its wonders have been, as it were, brought into the presence of the existing generation. A venerable lady, Mrs K. of C., who died last year, and till her last displayed an almost juvenile vivacity and cheerfulness, remembered having been put into mourning for her cousin, a young gentleman of Prince Charles's army, who fell in the manner of the unfortunate Balmawhapple (though in no other respect did he resemble that personage), in the pursuit which followed the victory at Prestonpans. A distinguished ex-judge of the Court of Session, who still lives in Edinburgh, is the *cousin-german* of one of the chieftains who led out their clans in that memorable year, and nephew to a gentlewoman who was seized and taken prisoner to London for having concealed the Chevalier. This individual entered the faculty of advocates in the year 1765, and may consequently be said to have been nearly seventy years connected with the court. There also lives at the present time in the New Town, a lady who recollects having been taken, when a child of about seven years, to see the Stuart court revived at Holyroodhouse: a Highland chieftain came out of the porch, and, with infantine wonderment at his appearance, she took hold of his kilt; her maid was astonished, when, instead of killing her with his dirk, he stooped down and clapped the child on the head. This lady remembers distinctly many of the Gaelic phrases used by the soldiers to each other on the streets of the city, and especially at the Netherbow Port, where they kept a guard. *Greshort*—make haste—was one of those most frequently in use, as might be expected from the hurried and adventurous nature of the whole affair. For some years past, many recently deceased Highlanders have been successively chronicled in the newspapers, as the last survivors of all who were engaged in that enterprise. Every forty-five hero who died, was naturally supposed by all who knew no other, to be almost for certain the last. The last, however, would appear to be still alive, if even he be alone in this curious historical distinction. The person I allude to is Andrew Wallace, who lives, or very lately lived, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, at the age of one hundred and three. He was born at Inverness in 1730, fought at the battle of Culloden on the side of Prince Charlie, and, in 1752, emigrated to

America. He has since then fought in all the American wars, and was discharged so lately as 1813, after having been nearly seventy years a soldier. He enjoyed a pension of twenty-six cents per diem from the American government, and had a wife and two children, the youngest about fifteen years of age.

If we go back a few years, we find persons in extreme senility, whose association with proportionately earlier ages was equally remarkable. Dean Swift's curate died so late as 1797: the dean himself had expired at a great age in 1744. The widow of the famous Lord Lovat (born in 1666, and executed in 1748) died in 1796, a hundred and thirty years after the birth of her husband. In March 1787, Torquil Macleod died in the Isle of Lewis, at one hundred and thirteen: he had been engaged in every battle fought for the house of Stuart since the Revolution, nearly a century before, namely, Killiecrankie, Sheriffmuir, and those of the Forty-five. If he had lived to July 1789, he would have survived his first battle a hundred years! Martha Hanna, however, who died so lately as 1808, remembered hearing the shots fired in one of the engagements during the residence of King James in Ireland—an incident nearly contemporaneous with the first battle fought by this aged islander. What an interval of improvement in every thing (at least for Britain) between the event which Martha recollected, and her death! Not many years ago, a woman, named Margaret Wylie, aged one hundred and thirteen years, was assisting at hay-making, in a field at Lawston, near Newcastleton, Roxburghshire, when it suddenly occurred to her that she had tedded hay in the very same place, when she was, as she expressed it, a *gilpy lassie*. On considering the matter farther, it turned out, to the astonishment of all present, that the old woman had been employed exactly as she was now, on the same spot, and in the same day of the year, a *century before*! The scenery was the same; the hay was what hay always was and will be; there were also smiling rustics around her now as then. But how different herself!—a single withered leaf in the midst of a green forest. How much had passed notelessly since the former period! What a retrospection!—an eighteenth part of all the time since the birth of Christ! In 1735, there died at Dryhope, in Yarrow, a woman, named Marion Renwick: the American war was then just concluded, and men were beginning to talk about Mr Pitt, the singularly juvenile minister. Strange to say, this woman had been baptized in the year 1682, in the house wherein she died, by the good and famous Mr Renwick, who suffered death a fortnight after in the Grassmarket, on account of his religion! Thus were the reigns of Charles the Second and George the Third, so essentially different, brought by one particular life into conjunction. Marion Renwick must have lived under eight sovereigns, counting William and Mary as two; and she had seen the Revolution, the union of England and Scotland, the accession of the Brunswick dynasty, the various civil wars in favour of the house of Stuart, and other political events of signal importance. She had seen Poland defend Christendom against the Turks, and divided, like a spoil, among three of the nations which it had defended. Another of those ancient worthies was the old Countess of Loudoun, whom Dr Johnson visited on his tour to Scotland. She died in 1777, aged one hundred. Her father was that Earl of Stair who directed the massacre of Glencoe in 1691; and her father-in-law's father, the first Earl of Loudoun, had figured at the head of affairs in Scotland during the civil war, and is said by Burnet to have once been op-

* The Rev. Bellingham Swan. He died at 102.

dered for a secret death in the Tower by Charles the First. Her ladyship had survived her marriage seventy-seven years.

A very remarkable beggar appeared on the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1770. He had an uncommonly dignified and venerable appearance, and generally sat bare-headed under a dead-wall in the Canon-gate. On inquiry being made into his history, it turned out that he was an attainted baronet, named Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, who had early in life been an officer in the Scots Greys, but was broke for sending a challenge to the Duke of Marlborough, which he was provoked into by some expressions used by his grace in contempt of the Scottish nation. A subscription was opened on behalf of the venerable unfortunate; but we are not acquainted with its success, or with his subsequent history.

If we go back into a period somewhat earlier, we shall meet with stretches of human existence quite as remarkable. A clergyman, named James Ker, died minister of a parish in Roxburghshire, in 1694;—therefore might have been conversed with by Marion Renwick, who lived almost to our own times. Now, this man had been ordained as a clergyman a year before the death of James the First of Great Britain—that is, seventy years before—and, what is still more remarkable, he had for all this time been minister of but one parish, except during the triumph of episcopacy. As he could hardly fail to have been born before the king went to reign in England, we may assume that his life, and that of Marion Renwick, bring us almost into contact with those early days, so different from our own, when Scotland had a distinct king and court. All these instances, however, sink into insignificance compared with that of Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the age of 169. Jenkins must have recollected the reign of Henry the Seventh, who closed the wars of the Roses, and ended the feudal times in England. The events of the Reformation must have been the historical panorama that passed before his eyes in what is generally considered middle life, but which to him was as early childhood. He must have recollected every thing that happened in the sixteenth century, including all the glories of Elizabeth, and almost every thing in the seventeenth too. The lives and recollections of several generations of men were, in a manner, packed into the individual person of this wonderful patriarch: he was an epitome of several ages of history. He must have at length seen so many of the changes wrought by the passions and reason of mankind, that nothing they did would astonish him. "Ah," I can imagine him saying to a modern, who talked of the executions of the regicides, "if you had but seen the fires of Smithfield!" The friends of his early days must have been so long perished from the face of the earth, that they would look like the creatures of a dream; and his very descendants must have at length become almost as alien to him as ordinary strangers. He would seem to himself like a weed cast out upon the shore of human existence, which no returning tide had ever been able to reach; and his memory, like a lachrymatory, could be filled with only the relics of sorrow. In short, a man under Jenkins's circumstances would be the most solitary and friendless of created beings; and his protracted existence would only give him occasion to feel more acutely the inherent pains and drawbacks which attend the condition of mortal life.

A TALE OF THE RHINNS OF GALLOWAY.

It is now many years since my avocations led me, during the summer months, to journey through several of the western districts of Scotland—more particularly Ayrshire and Wigtonshire, and that long narrow neck of fertile land known by the name of the Rhinns of Galloway. I stopped for a week or two at the house of a gentleman, who, from being a "muir-land farmer," had, by means of paring and burning, liming, draining, fencing, and all the other modern devices of agricultural improvement, increased it in value to himself at least a hundredfold, during the currency of a long lease, and had finally become purchaser of it. As he was easy in his circumstances, and had his time at his own disposal, he made frequent excursions with me on horseback, sometimes inland, and at others along the interesting and rugged shores of the Solway—the region of so many scenes of death, peril, warlockrie, and witchcraft. During one of these rambles, we came to the ruins of an old tower, which stood on a high eminence about a mile from the rock-girdled beach, and commanded a splendid view towards the Atlantic, and of all the opposite English coast. The building had never been of any great extent or outward importance; but the strong massive walls and castellated style of architecture, together with its well-chosen situation, clearly indicated its having been a place of strength and consequence in former days. Being somewhat of an enthusiast in these matters, I was led to inquire its name and history, with those of its former and present owners, and of the property around. My friend informed me that neither the old turret nor the estate to which it belonged, which was of considerable extent, though in a neglected condition, had had any veritable owner for upwards of fifty

years; that it was in the meantime in the hands of the Court of Session, under whose authority the sheriff of the county acted as factor or trustee, and drew what little rent accrued from the pasturage. He added, that they formerly belonged to an Irish family of some note; that the last proprietor had disappeared, when a young man, in a very mysterious manner, and that no trace could ever be got of his fate, or the cause of his disappearance, until very lately, the result of which, if properly established, would be, that the estate and tower would become the property of a poor woman, who had long been supported by private charity in the house of a neighbouring farmer. My curiosity being still further excited by these particulars, my friend remarked, that the story was too long to be communicated in a forenoon's ride, but would inform me of all he himself knew of it over our bottle of port in the evening. At the fitting time, therefore, I reminded him of his promise, which he fulfilled, by detailing to me the following curious narrative:—

Kellholm Peel at one time belonged to a branch of the family of Douglas, but, about the end of the seventeenth century, became, by right of marriage, the property of an Irish gentleman of the name of O'Rourke. The possession came to him, it appears, at a very seasonable time, as his marriage had drawn on him the hatred of most of his Irish connections, with whom, in consequence, he lived in a state of continual strife and feud. The event had particularly excited the jealousy and malice of one of his poorer relatives, whose numerous family, in the event of his dying without heirs, would have come in for a great part of the family estates in Ireland. The new possessor, therefore, lost no time in removing himself and family from a society in which he found no comfort, and not a little danger, and took up his residence at the Peel, trusting to enjoy security and peace, at least, to compensate for the sacrifice of expatriation. In this he was not disappointed, and remained in undisturbed retirement for several years, until, by the death of the family representative in Ireland, the aforesaid property fell into his hands. It was then his troubles began. The same notification which announced his succession, also gave him to understand that the peasantry of the district were violently prejudiced against him, no doubt through the influence of his vindictive and disappointed relatives; that they had been heard to vow resistance to any attempt he might make to assume his inheritance, and even to throw out hints of a darker import in the event of his personally appearing to assert his claims. O'Rourke, however, had too much regard for the interests of his young family, calmly to submit to this unjust deprivation of his rights, and finding, after a time, that there was no hope of his deriving any benefit from his paternal estates by conciliatory means, he resolved to go to Dublin, with the view of laying his case before the legislature, and soliciting either assistance to enforce his claims, or liberty to dispose of the property to any neutral person who might be rash enough to risk his money in the purchase. He set out accordingly—but he never returned. His visit to Ireland, and the purpose of it, was soon bruited amongst his connections; and one night, shortly after his arrival in the Irish metropolis, he was found murdered in the street. It need scarcely be added, that no trace of the assassins was ever obtained, although the quarter whence the blow was struck was readily guessed at. The unfortunate man left a widow and five children, two of whom, twins, were mere infants at the breast; and as the lady had no near relative to assist her in prosecuting her children's claims, the attempting which had proved so fatal to her husband, she resolved to allow them to lie dormant in the meantime, and bring up her family as if they had no such pretensions, trusting to the occurrence of a more propitious period afterwards to revive them. Whether such a time would have arrived or not, must now for ever remain mere matter of conjecture, as an event shortly afterwards took place, which seemed utterly to preclude the possibility of it, and which long excited a deep sensation over the whole district of Galloway, even in those troublous times.

One dark stormy night in December, the few inhabitants who were scattered over that part of the coast were alarmed by the intelligence that Kellholm Peel was in flames. From the distance at which the tower stood from other habitations, it was long before any one arrived, either to ascertain the cause of the conflagration, or aid in extinguishing it. When assistance at last did come, it was found to be as vain as inquiry was useless. Not a vestige of the late inmates was to be found; and the black smouldering embers alone remained, from which to form a guess either at the origin or the extent of the calamity. Not a doubt at first existed that all had perished, and all were equally convinced that the fatal event had been entirely accidental. Several circumstances, however, transpired afterwards to raise doubts on the latter point, and excite suspicion of foul play having been at work. A short unsheathed sword, of very curious and costly manufacture, and bearing evident marks of having been lately worn by its owner, was found a short way down the ancient causeway that communicated between the tower and the beach—farther on, a few articles of infant's apparel—and a soft part of the shore, over which the tide had not flowed, was much marked with the recent impress of human feet. By and bye, it was recollected that a strange schooner had been observed, for several days

previous to the fatal event, hovering about the coast with more apparent sense of security than could have been felt by those engaged in a contraband enterprise, yet without any other evident purpose; and it had been suspected that she was a revenue vessel in disguise. But all these facts, however suspicious, led to nothing. The schooner had disappeared, and it was universally believed, that, if she was out at sea on the night of the conflagration, which was uncommonly dark and tempestuous, she must either have gone to the bottom, or been compelled to seek shelter in some of the havens on the coast; and as no intelligence of her was ever afterwards obtained, her destruction was generally considered certain.

If the burning of Kellholm Tower, however, was the work of incendiaries, and the murder or abduction of the family their object, their intentions were in part defeated. It happened that one of the infant twins, a boy, had at its birth been entrusted to the care of one of the tenants' wives to suckle, under whose charge it still remained at the above period, and thus escaped the unhappy fate of the rest of the family. At a crisis of this sort, in all legitimate tales of fiction, it generally happens that some "cruel uncle," or other rapacious relative, who had never been heard of before, suddenly appears on the field to claim the guardianship of the helpless orphan, and plot the means of appropriating all its inheritance to himself. No such obnoxious personage, however, obtruded himself in this instance. The nearest Scottish connection, on whom such a charge naturally devolved, was too actively involved in the many actual and suspected Jacobite conspiracies of the period, to have either time or inclination for taking any personal management of the infant heir or his property, and very readily consented to allow him to remain where he was, in the meantime, until it was seen whether any of his Irish relatives, who had a much nearer title to the office, should come forward. The young laird, therefore, continued in the house of the honest yeoman, and was reared, in all respects, like his own children, saving that, when the time arrived for the commencement of his education, he was sent to the next market town to reside during the summer for that purpose, and a teacher was hired into the house for his instruction in the winter months. From his earliest years, young Douglas (for, from the suspicion and dislike which attached to his Irish connections, his foster-parents had given him his mother's name) exhibited a singularly shy, morose, and eccentric disposition. He could seldom be prevailed on to join in the sports of his youthful compeers, but passed his leisure time in rambling alone about the rocky shore, exploring the caverns and recesses which there abounded. He shunned all intercourse with those he chanced to meet in his rambles, and resolutely refused to accompany his host or his family in any of their very rare visits amongst their neighbours. The only human being, indeed, whose company he was known to seek, and this he did almost daily, was one whom almost every one else avoided, and who was looked upon by the superstitious natives of the coast with mingled feelings of fear and dislike: this was a poor woman, who resided in a wretched turf hut on a bleak and unfrequented rock that hung over the sandy shore, and living no one exactly knew how. She had first appeared there a short while after the burning of Kellholm Peel, carrying a young infant in her arms; had constructed her rude abode with her own hands; and was maintained, to all appearance, solely by the charity of the country people, whose commiseration was excited by her forlorn condition. She was a native of Ireland, and, on her first appearance, could not speak a word of English, so that she was unable, even if she were inclined, to give any account of herself, or her reason for taking up her abode in so wild and strange a place. Not many months after she had fixed her residence as above stated, she was discovered early one morning by some fishermen wandering on the beach without her infant, and in a state of downright insanity. She was also covered with blood from deep wounds on her face, head, and arms, evidently from a sword or other sharp instrument. It was impossible to gather any thing from her at the time, in explanation of her condition, or the disappearance of her child; but after being taken care of, and becoming more composed, she gave them to understand, as well as she could, that several men had entered her hut in the night-time, and had carried off her infant to sea, and that she had received her wounds in trying to save it from them. In those days, the kidnapping of children for the purpose of sending them abroad to our American colonies to be reared as slaves, was carried on to a great extent in Scotland; and although those of age and strength enough to work were most sought after by the inhuman monsters who pursued this horrible traffic, even mere infants were frequently snatched away from the mother's breast. Such, it was at once concluded, was the fate of the poor woman's child, and of course it was thought useless to make any farther inquiry into the matter. Notwithstanding what had happened, however, she had no sooner recovered somewhat from her wounds and agitation of mind, than she returned to her solitary dwelling on the rock, and it was noticed that soon afterwards a remarkable change came over her. From a state of deep dejection and grief, her manner and deportment suddenly assumed that of joy and exultation. She was frequently observed at sunset standing on the rock that rose above her dwell-

ing, pointing with her fingers, and throwing out her arms to the westward, while she chaunted strange ditties in her native tongue. It was likewise remarked that she sometimes disappeared altogether, often for two months or more at a time, going no one knew where, and returning as mysteriously. From these and other equally unaccountable traits in her conduct, it began to be generally believed at last "that she was uncanny." Propitiatory gifts were made to her by the simple inhabitants on the coast, to insure success to their undertakings, whether on sea or shore, and she gradually acquired the denomination of the Witch of the Rock.

Such was the singular being whom the young laird of Kellholm, scarcely less singular, selected as his companion, and whose society alone seemed to have any charms for him. As time rolled on, his attachment for her, and indifference or rather dislike to all others, seemed only to grow more strong. There was evidently some tie that linked them together, and it was also equally plain that there was some over-powering object which continually engrossed the boy's thoughts; but what these were no one could possibly guess. From his solitary habits and eccentric character, it occasioned little surprise, that, when he became of age to take the management of his property into his own hand, he should take up his residence in the old Peel, which he got repaired and fitted up for that purpose. But it went much beyond the expectations even of those most ready to believe him capable of any strange action, when he selected as his housekeeper and sole companion in retirement the old woman we have just mentioned! Such was the fact, and their mutual habits of life seemed to undergo little change by their cohabitation. He continued still as misanthropic, and shunned all communication with his species which he could possibly avoid; and this propensity he had now an opportunity of gratifying to a greater degree than ever. The old female was still to be seen occasionally on her favourite rock at sunset, and periodically disappeared and returned again as formerly. On one occasion they were both missed from the Peel for several months, and when the old woman returned, which was some time after the arrival of the laird, she was accompanied by a young and very handsome woman. Scandal would probably have been busy at this circumstance, which excited no little surprise, had the fact not become known that the young laird had refused to allow her to remain even one night in the Peel. The one succeeding her arrival was passed by her mother and herself in the old hut on the rock, and an arrangement was next day made for her residence with a poor cottager, who was promised a handsome allowance for her maintenance. It was at first hoped that some information might be extracted from this young woman, to throw some light on the strange conduct of the two mysterious individuals at the Peel. But every attempt of this nature was found utterly vain. All that could be ascertained from her, was, that she was from Ireland; that the old woman was her mother, from whom she had been separated early in infancy; but how or where she could not tell. It was therefore unanimously concluded, that she must be the identical infant who had been carried off from the hut on the rock so many years before. From this time the old woman seemed to lose much of her eccentricity and flighty half-frenzied peculiarity of character. She almost daily visited her daughter; and although she still maintained as great a reserve as ever towards those she happened to meet, there was much less of that wildness of look, language, and manner, that had formerly given them so much alarm. A short while only had elapsed, however, after this event, when she again was missed from the Peel, and her absence was protracted much beyond the usual period. It was observed that the young laird appeared to become anxious and restless, resuming his rambles about the rocks on the beach, which, ever since his residence at the Peel, he had in a great measure left off; and repeatedly visited the old woman's daughter, who seemed much distressed at her mother's long absence. But a greater wonder and mystery than any that had yet happened, awaited those whose observation was directed to the strange occurrences at the tower. The young laird again set out on one of his mysterious journeys, and after an absence of several months returned—not alone, however, as usual, but bringing with him a young and beautiful female as his wife! Perhaps no other circumstance could have excited half the surprise which this event occasioned amongst those who had so long known the morose disposition and hermit life of the laird of Kellholm. But if it seemed at variance with all the former tenor of his conduct in one respect, it resembled it as much in another. No one could learn who the lady was, or where she came from! She was evidently of superior rank and manners, but when or by what means he had found time to prosecute his courtship and win her affections, was a complete riddle. There, however, she was, and to all appearance happy in the society of her strange husband, who, whatever he might be to her, maintained his usual repulsive demeanour towards all others. The only addition made to his household after her arrival was in the person of his old housekeeper's daughter, who was transferred from the cottage to the tower. No other person ever entered the door, nor indeed did any one in their own station in life feel inclined to court their society.

(We are obliged to postpone the remainder of this article till the ensuing number.)

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE contemplation of the heavens which are above us, naturally suggests reflections and feelings of the purest and most elevated nature, not confined alone to the accomplished philosopher, but enjoyed with equal intensity by the humblest and most unlettered peasant. It is not surprising that the Chaldean shepherd, tending his flocks upon the mountain, and the rude seaman, in the early ages of navigation, studied alike the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies—thence learning to predict the impending changes of weather, and the benign or adverse character of approaching seasons. But the truth is, that we so often witness the splendour of a glorious sunset, and are so familiar with the serene beauty of a starlight night, that we cease to contemplate either with any peculiar feelings of wonder or admiration. When, however, any unexpected or not frequently witnessed luminous meteor bursts upon the sight—whether it be the soft and silvery light of the aurora streaming athwart the azure arch, or some visible globe of fire descending with vivid flame through the surrounding darkness—the human mind becomes startled from its supine indifference, and imagination herself, wondering at the mystery, conjures up a thousand vague and superstitious surmises. The beautiful and often sublime spectacle presented by the aurora borealis has not failed among the vulgar to excite the most ominous predictions and apprehensions; indeed, the extraordinary meteors and appearances in the skies, related as prodigies by historians, are generally referable to the peculiar effects to which this meteor gives rise. Maupertuis remarks, "that in Lapland the sky was sometimes tinged with so deep a red, that the constellation Orion looked as though it were dipped in blood, and that the people fancied they saw armies engaged, fiery chariots, and a thousand prodigies, which were deemed presages of misfortune." In Siberia, between the Lena and Jenesei, on the confines of the icy sea, "the spectral forms," says Gmelin, "appear like rushing armies. The hissing crackling noise of those aerial fireworks so terrifies the dogs and the hunters, that they fall prostrate on the ground, and will not move while the 'ranging host is passing.'" Between Iceland and the Feroe Islands, Kerguelen describes the night as brilliant as the day, "the heavens being on fire with flames of red and white light, changing to columns and arches, until at length confounded into a brilliant chaos of cones, pyramids, radii, sheaves, arrows, and globes of fire." It is no wonder that such appearances in the heavens should give rise to superstitions, and be in an especial manner celebrated by Ossian and other poets. About the period when Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart family, died, an aurora appeared, which, by its brilliancy, attracted universal attention; and this was immediately regarded as a sign from heaven of the accession of a foreign race of princes. Even now, when the aurora presents a still and mild light, it is considered by the ignorant and superstitious as the precursor of famine; and when it darts forth brilliant crimson, and other coloured flashes, it is deemed ominous of war and pestilence. Truly has the immortal Shakspeare observed, that

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No common wind, no customary event;
But superstition, from its natural cause,
Construes awry, and calls them prodigies;
Signs, fatal presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance.

The aurora borealis in this country appears a little after sunset, and uniformly arises in the north, inclining generally a little to the west, and it occurs more frequently about the time of the equinoxes than at any other season of the year. Its manner of arising, and the general characters it assumes, vary extremely; indeed, so much so as almost to preclude any accurate description. Sometimes, an hour or two after dark, it seems to illumine the northern region of the sky with no more than a gentle and subdued twilight, which gives a soft relief to the surrounding darkness. Sometimes detached masses of light suddenly appear in different parts of the sky, from which silvery and tremulous beams shoot with dazzling and evanescent splendour. Not unfrequently, indeed, from one single spot of light, the beams vividly and rapidly extend. Sometimes the phenomenon is first discernible in delicate streaks or threads of light, which enlarge and shift with inconceivable rapidity, until a tremulous arch is formed, which completely spans the azure vault. Very often one general or principal arch is observed, with smaller ones at unequal distances, which frequently move laterally towards each other, and suddenly unite into one broad and brilliant mass. Often from the horizon, in the north, one limb or segment of the arch streams up into the heavens, and sometimes several of these arise at distances from each other. The varying splendour of the coruscations, and the rapid and playful movements which they display, as they sweep across the heavens, excite alike the wonder and admiration of the spectator.

Ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

Sometimes one broad majestic effulgent arch is seen to move slowly along, and then break into innumerable masses of detached light, or, streaming onward, this one general arch divides into several smaller ones, which

recede laterally from each other, leaving between them a soft faint light, or only the deep blue of the distant sky. Often the arch presents the curious appearance of being spirally twisted; and sometimes when several arches have at the same time been visible, they have appeared spirally twisted together. The degree of brightness they exhibit varies exceedingly. Very frequently the extremities of the arch emit a brighter and more vivid light than the centre; but sometimes the arch is brightest in the middle, and becomes fainter and fainter, until the whole is traced into extinction. Instead of the white silvery light which the aurora more frequently displays, sometimes it presents us with the beautiful primitive colours, which, as we have elsewhere explained, constitute, when combined, the white solar beam. The colour of the light of the aurora (says Dr Richardson, in giving an account of this meteor as it appeared in the higher northern latitudes) was generally steel gray; but when a particular modification of cloud was present (the cirro stratus), the light, for the most part, was a gold yellow colour, more or less deep; and when the sky was clear, or only a few fine threads or thin shoots of cloud were visible, the colours were vivid and prismatic." Mr Fisher, in describing an aurora seen by him in Baffin's Bay, says, "it presented distinctly red, orange, yellow, and green colours." The appearance of this phenomenon in Siberia has been compared by a traveller to "the unwinding of a piece of flame-coloured taffeta;" and not many years ago, in Shetland, during the continuance of one of these auroras, "the whole firmament seemed on fire." "On the 28th of September (says a Parisian paper, the *Journal des Debats*), towards eleven o'clock at night, all the northern part of the sky appeared in a blaze. It was supposed that a vast fire had broken out, and that the flames were devouring part of the metropolis. The reflection was as strong, and the reddened atmosphere as fiery, as on the occasion of the great fire breaking out at the theatre of L'Ambigue Comique. Several firemen were running with their engines, when it was ascertained that the fiery appearances affected only the celestial regions. This aurora continued for several hours." Again, a splendid aurora was observed at Gosport, of which we have the following description:—"When it had reached an altitude of several degrees above the Great Bear, it changed from a light yellow to a blood-red colour, which, with the more elevated and vivid flashes, gave it an awfully grand appearance. Its wide column remained perfect, alternately waving and increasing in brilliancy, and ultimately passed through the gradation of colours which is sometimes seen in the clouds near the horizon at sunset—lake, purple, light crimson, &c." In mountainous countries, such as the Hartz and Scottish Highlands, it is surely not surprising that such appearances as these should give rise to superstitious legends, and almost compel a belief in supernatural revelations; but as knowledge advances, the exposition of the real causes of such apparently wonderful and almost inexplicable phenomena, disperses all such superstitious dreams, and leaves us, while we do not admire them the less, to watch with intense interest every change and variation they exhibit. The most frequent colour which the aurora presents in this country, is that of a yellowish white colour; but in the higher northern regions, it displays a peculiar lustre like metals, whence we say it is metallic.

The rapidity and different kinds of motion displayed by the aurora scarcely admit of any description, so variable and uncertain are they. Sometimes we have observed the beams of light, with an arrowy and distinct rapidity, shooting upwards, and athwart the ethereal dome, with amazing and almost incredible celerity. Such very recently we observed from the rude and rocky coast of St Andrews, where, from the north-western part of the horizon, several isolated and distinct beams arose, which, spreading and uniting as they extended rapidly upwards, at length constituted a complete canopy of tremulous and vivid light. Sometimes the motion of the aurora presents a peculiar waving character. Thus, in Hudson's Bay it was said to roll over and over from one end of the arch to the other, as though a volume of luminous matter was unfolded, and rolled from one point over to supply that which escaped and vanished at the other. Farry also compares the waving motions of the horizontal bands of light to the sinuous impulse given to a long ribbon by a person holding it at one end. In the Orkneys, the streams and sheets of light, moving to and fro with peculiar and eccentric rapidity, are termed the "merry dancers." While this effulgent mass of light is moving in the heavens, the stars may frequently be seen distinctly shining through it. Mr Fisher indeed remarks, that the stars so seen display their usual brilliancy; but Captain Farry and Captain Sabine observed that they exhibit an appreciable diminution of lustre.

In the report of the splendid aurora which appeared at Gosport, the notice of which was taken from the Observatory, it is stated, that "the lustre of the stars, of the first, second, and third magnitude, was very little diminished in any part of the heavens where the aurora intervened." It is reasonable to expect, that, as the effulgence of the aurora increases, it will diminish, or, as it were, eclipse, the light of the fixed stars; nay, even the moon itself will sometimes "pale its ineffectual fire," surrounded by its vivid and far-flashing beams. But there is yet another phenomenon attendant on this singularly beautiful meteor, which remains for us to notice, and concerning which con-

siderable dispute has existed—we allude to the noise which is said to accompany it occasionally. By the older writers, both historians and poets, it has been noticed. Thus, Appian likens it to shouts in the air, clashing of arms, and rushing of horses; and an analogous description is given in beautiful language both by Ovid and Virgil. But during the late expedition to the arctic regions, and during Captain Scoresby's numerous voyages to Greenland, the northern lights were not heard to emit any sound; and hence it has been concluded all preceding observers must have been mistaken. As a general rule, all positive is better than negative evidence; for circumstances, very obscure in themselves, may often occur to prevent the repetition of the same phenomenon, when no adequate reason for its non-appearance can be ostensibly perceived. In Siberia, where the aurora appears in greatest perfection, Gmelin, whose description has been translated by Dr Blagden, says, "These northern lights begin with single bright pillars, rising in the north, and almost at the same time in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend a large space in the heavens, brush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent was expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies, and sapphires. It is attended (he adds farther), as I have heard from the relation of many persons, with such a hissing, crackling, and rushing noise through the air, as if the largest fireworks were playing off." The inhabitants, to describe what they then hear, make use of the expression, "*spolochi chodjat*," that is, "the raging host is passing." Again, Mr Henderson, describing the aurora as it appeared in Iceland, states, that, "when particularly quick and vivid, a crackling noise is heard, resembling that which accompanies the escape of sparks from an electrical machine." Dr Richardson, in his account of the aurora, appended to Captain Parry's interesting narrative, observes, "I have never heard any sound that could be unequivocally considered as originating in the aurora itself; but the uniform testimony of the natives, both Crees, Copper Indians, and Esquimaux, and of all the older residents in the country, induces me to believe that its motions are sometimes audible. Professor Hansteen, inspector of forests at Torsat, having read Captain Scoresby's voyage for the re-discovery of the east coast of Greenland, expresses his surprise that neither he nor any of his attendants had noticed the noise accompanying these northern lights; and adds, that, when very young, he heard, several times during their continuance, "a quick whispering sound." It is also stated by Dr Gisler, that he has "often heard the rushing of these, just as if a strong wind had been blowing;" and that the sound sometimes "resembled the whizzing heard in the decomposition of certain bodies to a chemical process." A mass of contradictory evidence might be adduced; the difficulty consists in determining whether or not such noises might not have accompanied the aurora, without having been produced by it.

The height at which this meteor occurs next claims our attention. "The most remarkable circumstance," says Dr Gisler, "attending the northern lights, is, that although they seem to be very high in the air, perhaps higher than our common clouds, there are yet convincing proofs that they are connected with the atmosphere, and often descend so low in it, that they seem to touch the earth itself, and on the highest mountains produce an effect like wind round the face of the traveller." The height at which the aurora occurs has not yet been satisfactorily determined, although very numerous observations have been made. The ingenious Dr Dalton assigns to it a great elevation: he calculated the height of one arch to be about 150 miles, and that of another to be 100 miles. This computation places the meteor above the ascertained limits of the atmosphere, or at least in regions to which, if the air does extend, it must be in a state of extreme rarity. Mr Cavendish computed the height of an aurora observed by him to be between 52 and 71 miles; and Lieutenant Hood and Dr Richardson, from their observations made during the northern overland expedition, concluded that it occurs in the region just above the clouds, which view has been supported by Mr Farquharson of Aberdeenshire. Captain Franklin observes, "The height of the aurora was not determined by actual observation, but its having been seen on several occasions to illuminate the under surface of some dense clouds, is conclusive that its elevation could not have been very great." There is no doubt that considerable variations in the range or elevation of the aurora must occur, which will indeed be rendered more manifest when we consider the causes which occasion this beautiful phenomenon. Although, to a zealous inquirer, there can be no pleasure so great as that of unveiling the causes of apparent mysteries, yet the chain of cause and effect is often involved in such intricacy, that it cannot be unravelled by any effort of human ingenuity. One of the first conjectures to explain the origin of the aurora, was hazarded by Dr Halley, who imagined that it was produced by inflammable sulphureous vapours, which were exhaled from the earth, and became visible when floating through the northern hemisphere. Euler, the celebrated German philosopher, supposed that the aurora borealis was occasioned by particles of our atmosphere being driven beyond its limits by the impulse of the light of the sun. Beccaria, and

many other philosophers, have attributed it to the electric fluid, which, in seeking the south pole, is supposed to become visible in its passage from the north; but neither of these theories are satisfactory. Against the theory of its being attributable to electricity, there are the following reasons:—The electric fluid never accumulates in visible masses; it is always dispersed through the earth and air, and, when its equilibrium is broken, seeks its restoration, by flashing, in the form of lightning, to the readiest conductor. The electric fluid never undulates, or waves to and fro in sinuous curves and motions as the aurora does; nor does it, like it, ever settle in banks of pure light, and remain at once luminous and stationary. Lastly, in the arctic regions the aurora does not affect either the magnetic needle or the electrometer—the instrument used for determining the electrical condition of the air. We are indebted for this latter discovery to the labours of Lieutenant Forster and Captain Parry, who observed, during their different voyages in the arctic regions, with very great accuracy, the relation which was supposed to exist between the aurora and magnetic needle. In Captain Parry's third voyage, in 1824 and 1825, "a most splendid aurora was seen, which actually shot its beams between the observer and the land, which was then distant only 3000 yards; yet did this aurora exercise no disturbing force on the magnetic needle." "Our variation needles (says he), which were extremely light, suspended in the most delicate manner, and, from the weak energy, susceptible of being acted upon by a very slight disturbing force, were never in a single instance visibly affected by the aurora, which could scarcely fail to have been observed at some time or other, had any such disturbance taken place, the needles being visited every hour for several months, and oftener, when any thing occurred to make it desirable." The observations on which Captain Parry and Lieutenant Forster found their conclusions are the most numerous and accurate that have ever been made; and in proof of the high value and the confidence attached to them, we may mention, that the Royal Society of London awarded to them the Copley medal for 1827, in doing which the president ranks among the most important contents of Lieutenant Forster's paper, his "Refutation of the supposed connection between Tremors of the Needle and the Aurora Borealis." Accordingly, there are many cogent objections against our adopting the electrical theory, in place of which it is more satisfactory to consider the aurora as a meteorological phenomenon, produced by the refraction and reflection of the solar light on the subtle vapour which floats in the higher regions of the atmosphere, in support of which opinion we may urge the following reasons:—It is to be remembered, that, some time after sunset, the rays of the sun continue to illuminate the upper region of the heavens; when they fall, therefore, on this refractive medium, it is reasonable to conclude they will be rendered visible upon the earth. Its commencing occasionally an hour or two after dark will depend on the unknown agencies which collect the vapour from which it is to be refracted at one time in preference to another. It will occur also only when the sun is in such a position that its rays can illumine the upper regions of the air, in consequence of which, in winter, before midnight in this country, the phenomenon always disappears. The splendour of its light will obviously depend on the quantity of vapour; and the beautiful colours occasionally displayed, arise from the particles of water being suspended in the vapour, which decompose the rays of solar light, exactly on the same principle upon which the rainbow and other halos are formed. From the extreme tenuity and lightness of this vapour, it must be susceptible of motion from the slightest breath that stirs the air; and thence doubtless arise the tremulous and irregular motions which attend the appearance of the aurora. Such we hold to be the most satisfactory theory in explanation of the origin of this meteor,* which has given rise to so many philosophical speculations.

The popular dogmas of the ignorant are very frequently founded on observation, and, as we have before premised, the appearance of the aurora has generally been considered as significant of approaching storms. "The natives in the high northern regions," says Dr Richardson, "pretend to foretell wind by the rapidity of the motions of the aurora, and say, that, when it spreads over the sky in a uniform sheet of light, it is followed by fine weather, and that the changes thus indicated are more or less speedy, according to the appearance of the meteor early or late in the evening." We may here observe, that this is in confirmation of the above theory; for winds (such as would produce the rapid motion of the vapour particles, and give the aurora the character described) are often observed to prevail in the higher regions of the air previous to their extending downwards. Hence stars are observed to twinkle, and the streaky cloud called the "mare's tail" is seen previous to such weather. The general fact that the northern lights indicate the nature of the approaching weather, is recognised by Captain Scoresby, who observes, that, from an intelligent old man, he received the following information:—"When seen in the north-west quarter resting near the horizon, without extending their

rays to the zenith, they are (in winter) considered indicative of calm frosty weather; when they appear in brilliant display extending towards the south-west, a gale of wind is to be expected; or extending towards the south-east, a southerly gale, with rain or sleet; and when they are seen at a considerable altitude above the horizon, having a red or copper colour, they are supposed to be indicative of a violent storm." Here, again, we observe the effect of the direction of the wind in giving motion to the vapour particles which reflect in the direction they are urged by the light of the aurora, and also the indication afforded by the decomposition of the light from coming in contact with drops of water suspended in the vapour. Indeed, on looking over numerous meteorological tables, we find, that, generally, the aurora has preceded the occurrence of storms of greater or lesser violence. We may conclude this article by observing, that although the aurora displays itself in its greatest brilliancy in the northern regions, yet it is often observed in the southern latitudes. On February 17, 1773, in south latitude 58°, Mr Foster, who accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world, observed a splendid aurora, which displayed various tints, particularly those of a fiery and purple hue. Captain Rellinghausen, also, who more recently performed a voyage towards the south pole, states, that, during the voyage, when navigating off the Sandwich Islands, the only amusement they had was in the contemplation of the southern auroras, which they always witnessed with pleasure and admiration.

Here, however, apprehensive that we have already exceeded our limits, we must pause, proposing in our next to entertain, and, we hope, instruct our readers, by a further account of other interesting luminous meteors.

LOGAN, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

IN an interesting work, entitled "Indian Biography, or an Historical Account of those Individuals who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, or Statesmen," published at New York in the year 1832, we find the following notice of LOGAN, a personage whose history is little known in this country, though many perhaps have heard of the touching nature of his oratory.

"Few Indian names have been oftener repeated than that of Logan, and yet of scarcely any individual of his race is the history which has reached us less complete. He was a chief of the Six-Nations—a Cayuga—but resided, during most of his life, in a western settlement, either at Sandusky or upon a branch of the Scioto, there being at the former location, a few years before the revolution, about three hundred warriors, and about sixty at the latter.

Logan was the second son of Shikellimus, a respectable chief of the Six-Nations, who resided at Shamokin (Pennsylvania), as an agent, to transact business between them and the government of the state. He was a shrewd and sober man, not addicted to drinking like most of his countrymen, because 'he never wished to become a fool.' Indeed, he built his house on pillars, for security against the drunken Indians, and used to ensconce himself within it on all occasions of riot and outrage. He died in 1749, attended in his last moments by a good Moravian bishop.

Logan inherited the talents of his father, but not his prosperity. Nor was this altogether his own fault. He took no part except that of peace-making in the French and English war of 1760, and was ever before and afterwards looked upon as emphatically the friend of the white man. But never was kindness rewarded like his.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder occurred in some of the white settlements on the Ohio, which were charged to the Indians, though perhaps not justly, for it is well known that a large number of civilized adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians, and who thought little more of killing one of that people than of shooting a buffalo. A party of these men, land-jobbers and others, undertook to punish the outrage in this case, according to their custom, as Mr Jefferson expresses it, in a summary way.

Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kenhawa in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and not at all suspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan.

It was not long after this that another massacre took place, under still more aggravated circumstances, not far from the present site of Wheeling, Virginia—a considerable party of the Indians being decoyed by the whites, and all murdered, with the exception of a little girl. Among these, too, was both a brother of Logan, and a sister, and the delicate situation of the latter increased a thousand-fold both the barbarity of the crime, and the rage of the survivors of the family.

The vengeance of the chieftain was indeed provoked beyond endurance, and he accordingly distinguished himself by his daring and bloody exploits in the war which now ensued, between the Virginians on the one side, and a combination mainly of Shawnees, Mingoes, and Delawares, on the other. The

* For further arguments in its favour we may refer our readers to "Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts," vol. xix. p. 235.

former of these tribes were particularly exasperated by the unprovoked murder of one of their favourite chiefs, SILVER-HEELS, who had in the kindest manner undertaken to escort several white traders across the woods from the Ohio to Albany, a distance of nearly two hundred miles.

The civilized party prevailed, as usual. A decisive battle was fought upon the 10th of October, of the year last named, on Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, in West Virginia, between the confederates, commanded by Logan, and one thousand Virginian riflemen, constituting the left wing of an army led by Governor Dunmore against the Indians of the north-west. This engagement has by some analysts—who, however, have rarely given the particulars of it—been called the most obstinate ever contested with the natives.

The Virginians lost in this action two of their colonels, four captains, many subordinate officers, and about fifty privates killed, besides a much larger number wounded. The governor himself was not engaged in the battle, being at the head of the right wing of the same army, a force of fifteen hundred men, who were at this time on their expedition against the towns of some of the hostile tribes in the north-west.

It was at the treaty ensuing upon this battle that the following speech was delivered, sufficient to render the name of Logan famous for many a century. It came by the hand of a messenger, sent (as Mr Jefferson states) that the sincerity of the negotiation might not be distrusted on account of the absence of so distinguished a warrior as himself.

‘I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, “Logan is the friend of white men.” I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.’

Of this powerful address, Mr Jefferson says, ‘I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan;’ and an American statesman and scholar, scarcely less illustrious than the author of this noble eulogium, has expressed his readiness to subscribe to it. It is of course unnecessary for any humbler authority to enlarge upon its merits: indeed, they require no exposition—they strike home to the soul.

The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colours. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty, a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that, towards the close of his life, misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator’s genius or the warrior’s glory.”

POISONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

At the College of Physicians, London, Sir Henry Hallford lately read a curious paper, in which he investigated the causes of the death of certain celebrated characters of antiquity, with especial reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by the ancients. Sylla, he observed, died in consequence of the rupture of an internal abscess, through an excess of rage, which, according to Valerius Maximus, produced a violent vomiting of blood, and death. Crassus, the eminent lawyer, and friend of Cicero, died of pleurisy; and Sir Henry remarked, that the course of treatment for this disorder prescribed by Celsus, and in use at the time, namely, bleeding, cupping, and blistering, was so similar to that pursued at the present day, that nothing was probably left undone that could have saved his valuable life. Pomponius Atticus, whom Cicero loved as a brother, and who was on friendly terms with all parties in the disturbed times in which he lived, was said to have died of a fistula in the loins; it was probably, Sir Henry thinks, a dysentery, ending, as that disorder commonly does, in an affection of the lower bowels. He had recourse to starvation, a very common expedient amongst the Romans, and died in ten days, aged seventy-seven. The latter end of Socrates was brought about by the common mode of dispatching persons capitally convicted at Athens, namely, by a narcotic poison; but neither Xenophon nor Plutarch tells us the species of poison. The poisons of this class known to the ancients were aconite, white poppy, hyoscyamus, and hemlock. The black poppy might be the Theban drug. The hyoscyamus was used at Constantinople, and was very likely the nepenthe spoken of by Homer. But most probably the poison administered to Socrates was the same given to other condemned criminals, viz *cicuta*, hemlock. Ju-

venal attributes his death to hemlock. Whatever may have been the species of poison, it was one of weak and slow operation; for the executioner told Socrates that if he entered into earnest dispute, it would prevent its effect, and it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. Its operation was gradually to produce insensibility, coldness of the extremities, and death. What was that poison by which Hannibal destroyed himself? It is improbable we shall ever know. Modern chemistry has discovered a variety of subtle poisons that might be introduced into a ring, and, under certain circumstances, destroy life. One drop of prussic acid might produce paralysis, and, if taken into the stomach, would instantly arrest the current of life. But it was not likely that the Carthaginians were acquainted with prussic acid. Lybia most probably produced poisons sufficiently subtle and destructive to accomplish the fatal purpose of Hannibal. As to the report of its being bullock’s blood, that, Sir Henry Hallford observed, must be a fable, as well as in the case of the death of Themistocles, for it is well ascertained that the blood of that animal was not poison. An accomplished nobleman had told Sir Henry that he had been present at a bull-fight in Spain, when, after the matador had killed the bull, a person ran up, caught the animal’s blood in a goblet, and drank it off, as a popular remedy for consumption. With respect to the poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus, comparing the account given by Tacitus with the effects of laurel-water, Sir Henry was disposed to think that this was the identical drug.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HEYNE.

THE ardour with which knowledge has frequently been pursued amidst all sorts of difficulties and discouragements, is the best evidence we can offer of the strength of the passion which has sprung up and lived in circumstances so unfavourable to its growth, and therefore of the exquisite pleasure which its gratification is found to bring with it. If the permanence of any pleasure, indeed, is to be looked upon as one of the proofs of its value, there are certainly none but those of virtue and religion that can be compared with the pleasures of intellectual exertion.

The enjoyments of sense, to say nothing of their comparatively short endurance, their certainty to pall upon repetition, and the positively injurious and destroying tendency of many of them, are, from the nature of things, necessarily limited in point of number; for the senses themselves are but few, and no one of them has many varieties of enjoyment to communicate. What are even the highest pleasures brought us by the eye, or the ear, apart from that character which they derive from the moral or intellectual associations they awaken?—momentary excitements for the child, but hardly the gratifications even of a moment to the man—as is abundantly evidenced by the case of many a one in whom the mere corporeal organ is as perfect as usual, but who, nevertheless, hardly receives from it any pleasure worth naming, owing to the uncultivated state of those mental faculties, which are truly the great creators and bestowers of human happiness. But when did we hear of any one who, having fairly commenced the pursuit of literature or science, ever became tired of it, or would not have gladly devoted his whole life to it, if he could? There may be other passions to which men will deliver themselves up, in the first instance, with greater precipitation and impetuosity; there is none, assuredly, which will engage them so long, or eventually absorb their whole thoughts so thoroughly, as the passion for knowledge. We have numberless instances of persons, in every rank of life, who, for the sake of gratifying it, have contended with and overcome such difficulties and impediments of all sorts, as certainly would have worn out the strength of almost any other impulse with which we are acquainted. But this is an impulse which, we may venture to affirm, when once truly awakened, no discouragements that the most unfavourable circumstances have interposed have ever been able effectually to subdue.

The late Professor Heyne, of Göttingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age, and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the “Memoirs of his own Life,” Heyne says:—“Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured!” His parents sent him to a child’s school in the suburbs of the small town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, where they lived; and he soon exhibited an uncommon desire of acquiring information. He made so rapid a progress in the humble branches of

knowledge taught in the school, that, before he had completed his tenth year, he was paying a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, to read and write. Having learned every thing comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a strong desire to learn Latin. A son of the schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, was willing to teach him at the rate of fourpence a week; but the difficulty of paying so large a fee seemed quite insurmountable. One day he was sent to his godfather, who was a baker in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him, at which, Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy; and as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands, and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for about two years, when his teacher acknowledged that he had taught him all he himself knew. At this time his father was anxious that he should adopt some trade, but Heyne felt an invincible desire to pursue his literary education; and it was fortunate for the world that he was at this period of his life furnished with the means of following the course of his inclination. He had another godfather, who was a clergyman in the neighbourhood; and this person, upon receiving the most flattering accounts of Heyne from his last master, agreed to be at the expense of sending him to the principal seminary of his native town of Chemnitz. His new patron, however, although a well-endowed churchman, doled out his bounty with most scrupulous parsimony; and Heyne, without the necessary books of his own, was often obliged to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them over for his own use. At last he obtained the situation of tutor to the son of one of the citizens; and this for a short time rendered his condition more comfortable. But the period was come, when, if he was to proceed in the career he had chosen, it was necessary for him to enter the university; and he resolved to go to Leipsic. He arrived in that city, accordingly, with only two florins (about four shillings) in his pocket, and nothing more to depend upon except the small assistance he might receive from his godfather, who had promised to continue his bounty. He had to wait so long, however, for his expected supplies from this source, which came accompanied with much grudging and reproach when they did make their appearance, that, destitute both of money and books, he would even have been without bread too, had it not been for the compassion of the maid-servant of the house where he lodged. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of the humiliation of his condition—the shame with which he shrank from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although she had thrown him among the dust, he should not be able to rise up by his own efforts. His ardour for study only grew the greater as his difficulties increased. For six months he only allowed himself two nights’ sleep in the week; and yet all the while his godfather scarcely ever wrote to him but to inveigh against his indolence—often actually addressing his letters on the outside, “To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic.”

In the meantime, while his distress was every day becoming more intolerable, he was offered, by one of the professors, the situation of tutor in a family at Magdeburg. Desirable as the appointment would have been in every other respect, it would have removed him from the scene of his studies—and he declined it. He resolved rather to remain in the midst of all his miseries at Leipsic. He was, however, in a few weeks after, recompensed for this noble sacrifice, by procuring, through the recommendation of the same professor, a situation similar to the one he had refused in the university town. This of course relieved for a time his pecuniary wants; but still the ardour with which he pursued his studies continued so great, that it at last brought on a dangerous illness, which obliged him to resign his situation, and very soon completely exhausted his trifling resources, so that on his recovery he found himself as poor and destitute as ever. In this extremity, a copy of Latin verses which he had written having attracted the attention of one of the Saxon ministers, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, to set out for the court at Dresden, where it was expected this high patronage would make his fortune; but he was doomed only to new disappointments. After having borrowed money to pay the expenses of his journey, all he obtained from the courtier was a few vague promises, which ended in nothing. He was obliged eventually, after having sold his books, to accept the place of copyist in the library of the Count de Brühl, at the miserable annual salary of one hundred crowns (about L.17 sterling)—a sum which, even in that cheap country, was scarcely sufficient to keep him from perishing of hunger. However, with his industrious habits, he found time, besides performing the duties of his situation, to do a

little work for the booksellers. He first translated a French romance, for which he was paid twenty crowns. For a learned and excellent edition which he prepared of the Latin poet Tibullus, he received, in successive payments, one hundred crowns, with which he discharged the debts he had contracted at Leipsic. In this way he contrived to exist for a few years, all the while studying hard, and thinking himself amply compensated for the hardships of his lot, by the opportunities he had of pursuing his favourite researches, in a city so rich in collections of books and antiquities as Dresden. After he had held his situation in the library for above two years, his salary was doubled; but before he derived any benefit from the augmentation, the seven years' war had commenced. Saxony was overrun by the forces of Frederick the Great, and Heyne's place, and the library itself to which it was attached, were swept away at the same time. He was obliged to fly from Dresden, and wandered about for a long time without any employment. At last he was received into a family at Wittenberg; but in a short time the progress of the war drove him from this asylum also, and he returned to Dresden, where he still had a few articles of furniture, which he had purchased with the little money he saved while he held his place in the library. He arrived just in time to witness the bombardment of that capital, in the conflagration of which his furniture perished, as well as some property which he had brought with him from Wittenberg, belonging to a lady, one of the family in whose house he lived, for whom he had formed an attachment during his residence there. Thus left, both of them, without a shilling, the young persons nevertheless determined to share each other's destiny, and they were accordingly united. By the exertions of some common friends, a retreat was procured for Heyne and his wife in the establishment of a M. de Leoben, where he spent some years, during which his time was chiefly occupied in the management of that gentleman's property.

At last, at the general peace in 1763, he returned to Dresden; and here ended his hard fortunes. Some time before his arrival in that city, the professorship of eloquence in the University of Gottingen had become vacant by the death of the celebrated John Mathias Gesner. The chair had been offered, in the first instance, to David Ruhnken, one of the first scholars of the age, who declined, however, to leave the University of Leyden, where he had lately succeeded the eminent Hemsterhuys as Professor of Greek. Fortunately, however, for Heyne, Ruhnken was one of the few to whom his edition of Tibullus, and another of Epictetus, which he had published shortly after, had made his obscure name and great merits known; and with a generous anxiety to befriend one whom he considered to be so deserving, he ventured, of his own accord, to recommend him to the Hanoverian minister as the fittest person he could mention for the vacant office. Such a testimony from Ruhnken was at once the most honourable and the most efficient patronage Heyne could have had. He was immediately nominated to the professorship, although so little known that it was with considerable difficulty he was found. He held this appointment for nearly fifty years; in the course of which, as we have already remarked, he may be said, by his successive publications, and the attraction of his lectures, to have placed himself nearly at the head of the classical scholars of his age; while he was at the same time loved and venerated as a father, not only by his numerous pupils, but by all ranks of his fellow-citizens, who, on his death, in 1812, felt that their university and city had lost what had been for half a century its chief distinction.*

MARRIAGE OF JAMES THE SIXTH.

It is generally known that King James the Sixth of Scotland (and First of England) was a monarch of a droll and familiar character. He exemplified this in a particular manner in the transactions connected with his marriage, which took place in the year 1589, when he was twenty-three years of age, and about thirteen years before he acceded to the English throne. The lady of his choice was the Princess Anne of Denmark, and the marriage took place by proxy or deputy in the month of August, at the Danish court. She was delayed, however, by storms, and the king being informed that she would not be able to reach Scotland till spring, resolved to go to Norway, where her vessel had taken shelter, in order to meet her. Previous to doing so, he published, for the satisfaction of his subjects, an account of all the reasons moving him to take so extraordinary a step—which were as follows:

"First of all," says he, "I doubt nocht it is manifestlie knawne to all how far I was generally found fault with by all men for the delaying sa lang of my marriage. I was allane, without fader or moder, brithir or sistar, king of this realme, and air appeirand of England; this my naikates maid me to be waik, and my inemyis stark; as man was as na man, and the want of hoip of succession bread disdayne; yea, my lang delay bred in the breistis of mony a grite jealousy of my inlabillitie, as gif I wer a barrane stok. Thir ressonis, and innumerable othereis hourly objected, moved me to haisten the treaty of my marriage; for as to my awne nature, God is my witnes, I could have abstenit langair nor the weill of my patrie could have permitted. I am knawne, God be praised, not

to be very intemperatly rashe nor concety in my wechtiest affairis; nather use I to be sa caried away by passion as I refuse to their reason." He then tells, that, having understood the queen could not come to him, he resolved to go to her. "The place that I resolvit this in wes Craigmillair, not aone of the hail counsaile being present there; and as I take this resolution onlie of myself, as I am a trew prince, sa advised I with myself onlie quhat way to follow furth the same." Then he tells that he assembled the council at Edinburgh, for the purpose of having ships prepared; but finding them dufficult as to the fitting out a sufficient number to be an honourable convoy for the King of Scotland, he "was compelled to avow with grite vehemencie, that, gif thay could be gottin na othir to gang, I suld ga myself allane, *gif it were but in one ship*: But gif all men (said I) had bene as weill willit as became thame, I neidit nocht be in that strait." This reproach was designed for the Chancellor Maitland; and it stung him so, that he offered to accompany the king. James, however, consulted him no further till his departure; "twa ressonis moving me thereto; first, because I knew that gif I had maid him on the counsaill thairfor, he had been blaneit of putting it in my heid, quhilk had not bene his dewitie, for it becumis na subjectis to gif princes advice in sic materis; and therfor, remembering quhat invyous and injust burding he dalie beires, for *leading me by the nose*, as it wer, to all his appetitis, as gif I wer an unressonable creature, or a halrne that could no nothing of myself, I thocht pitie then to be the occasioun of the heaping of furthir injust sklander upoun his head. . . . This far I speik for his parte, alsweill for my awin honouris saik, that I be not sklanderit *as an irresolute asse*, quha can do na thing of himself, as also that the honestie and innocencie of that man be not unjustlie and untrewlie reproched."

Having appointed his kinsman, the Duke of Lennox (son to his former favourite), regent in his absence, with Francis Earl of Bothwell for a coadjutor, and having put the above most amusing declaration into the hands of his clerk-register, James, on the 19th of October, secretly embarked on board a small ship at Leith, with his chancellor, and immediately set sail for Norway, accompanied by other four vessels. This little fleet at first encountered rough weather, which detained it in the Frith of Forth for the better part of a week; but at length a fair wind sprung up, which carried him over to Slakiray in Norway, in the short space of four days. From Slakiray he immediately advanced, partly by land and partly by sea, to Upslo, where the queen was still remaining. Arriving on the 19th of November, he was immediately introduced—"boots and all," says David Moyses—to the queen's lodging; his eagerness to see the young person with whom he was destined to spend his life being too great to admit of the proper ceremonials. His conduct at the first interview was spirited enough, to be of a piece with the whole enterprise. He attempted to salute his consort, after the fashion of his country, with a kiss. She, ignorant of the good Scottish custom, refused to admit of his embrace. But says Moyses, with delightful quaintness, "after a few words privately spoken betwixt them, there followed a farther familiarity, and some kisses."

They were married on the 23d, Mr David Lyndsay, the king's own minister, performing the nuptial ceremony in the French language. James next morning presented his bride with the lordship and palace of Dunfermline, by way of a *morrowing gif*, as it was called, a present usually made in that age by a bridegroom to his bride, on the morning after their nuptials: Dunfermline, therefore, became what in modern language would be called the queen's jointure-house. Immediately after the marriage, ambassadors came from the court of Denmark, soliciting James to delay his return to Scotland till the beginning of the next year, and spend the intermediate time in Copenhagen. In consideration of the weather, and partly perhaps for reasons of state, he consented to this proposal; and, on the 22d of December, he and Queen Anne set out from Upslo on their journey to Denmark. They arrived, on the 21st of January, at Chronenburg Castle, on the celebrated Straits of Elsinore, where they were received with great distinction and rejoicing by the young king, his mother, and the four regents of the kingdom. It was proposed and agreed to, that they should remain till the solemnization of the marriage of Anne's eldest sister to the Duke of Brunswick.

The Danes at this time were perhaps the most convivial people on the face of the earth. Spottiswood, in recording that no quarrels occurred among the king's attendants all the time they were in Denmark, says, with great simplicity, that this was the more wonderful, since "it is hard for men in drink, at which they were continually kept, long to agree." James himself dates a letter from "Chronenburg, *quhair we are drinking and drying over in the auld manner*;" a most amusing trait of self-portraiture. I need scarcely remind the reader, moreover, of the authenticated tradition regarding the whistle of the family of the Lauries of Maxwellton, which was won by an ancestor from a bacchanalian champion among the Danes, who had challenged the Scottish toppers, on this occasion, to a trial of strength, and was fairly drunk under the table, after an almost unexampled debauch.*

James continued in Denmark during the entire months of February and March 1589-90, in the enjoyment not only of the pleasures of the social board, but also of a series of pageants and shows, which were got up by the court for his entertainment. He in the mean time sent home intelligence to Scotland that he had the greatest reason to thank the Almighty for having "clothed him with a wife" of the most excellent "giftis and comodities." From time to time he received intelligence, in return, from Scotland, that the country had never been in a quieter state; only two disturbances having happened during the whole winter—one occasioned by the clan Gregor in Balquhider, the other by "that wicked and insolent man," as Spottiswood terms him, Archibald Wauchope of Niddrie, who had killed a dependant of the Abbot of Holyrood—whereas, in general, there was seldom a week without some dreadful tale of murder or riot.

James, who, previous to his marriage, had seen no place besides the southern district of Scotland, appears to have been very much impressed by the sight of the continental states in which he was now sojourning, and to have drawn no favourable contrast between their magnificence—humble as it was, compared with that of the southern states of Europe—and the wretched poverty of his own country. He also seems to have been surprised not a little at the strength of the *executive* in Denmark, as compared with its weakness in Scotland. He naturally became anxious, that, before his return, when, besides the queen, many dignified persons of her brother's court were to attend him, the objects which were to be presented to their eyes should be of as respectable a kind as the circumstances of the country would permit—that his palace should be put into good order, that the persons who were to receive him on the shore should be of good character, and that there should be none of those shameful breaches of the peace which had all along disgraced his reign, and than which nothing was better calculated to give the strangers a mean idea of his government. Inspired by these notions, we find him writing a letter to his council in February, imploring them, with ludicrous earnestness, to prepare the country in a befitting manner for his arrival. The letter is a great curiosity, and as it is sure at once to amuse the reader, and to increase his acquaintance with the king's character and style of writing, it is here inserted.

"My lords of counsaill, that this general letter of mine may serve, asweill to you all, as to every one of yow in particular, lay the blame, I praye yow, upon the hast and fashceousnes of the dispathe, and not upon my sweirnes, although I cannot denyte, that to write with my own hand I am both slave and sweire aneuch: I doubt not that you will tak this in all good part, as if I wrote a trough of paper to every one of yow.

Ye may now know, by the season of the yeir, that my coming home, God willing, drawes neire. I am surely treated here with all the honor and hartlines that this contrie people can imagine, I think we should not be unthankfull when thes comes in our bounds. *A king of Scotland with a new marid-wyfe, will not come hame every day.* For God's sake, respect not onely my honor in this, but the honor of our whole nation, and specialle of yourselfis; for my part will be leist in it. It is knowne that I am absent, and all the world knaws that when the gudeman is away, he cannot be wyted of the misorders in the house; but what may he think then of his servants and factors he has left therein?

Now, my lords, since this is the only grete proof of your diligence, without my presence or assistance, that ever I am able for to have of you, let me knawe now what remembrance ye have of me during my absence, by diligent remembering and performing such directions as the beirar hereof, the Master of Wark, hes in charge of me to deliver unto you. Remember specially upon the ending out of the ablay, as yet lying in the deid-thraw, without the which we cannot be lodgit at our landing; and in good faith it is not the maner of this contrie to lye therout, for the greatnes of the frost; and for a token that ye have not forgotten us, ye may send two or three ships here to show us the way home; but let nae great men or gentilmien come in them; but many gude marinells; for I am already overchargeable to these folks here; besides that every one of you will have enouch to do in the turnes I have employed you to do at hame. For Godsake, in any thing, respect my honor, that all discords and vaniteis and quarrells may be supercedit at this; for gif I took sic strait order for that the last yeir, when I lookit for my weifs coming hame and a certayne compaignie of strangers with her, how muckle mare sould it be this yeir when we are bath to cum hame and twice as gret a nombre of strangers, and specialle sen I have seen so gude an example in this contrie.

Indede, I have gude cause to thank yow all for the great quietnes that ye have already kept, as I perceive by your last letters. Remember likewise that nae great man or counsellar presume to be at our landing, but suche as the beirar hereof will in a roll deliver unto you, ut omnia fiant decenter et cum ordine.

Fail not to provide gude cheare for us; for we have heir abundance of gude meit and *part of drinck*; to the particulars of this I remit to my directions, as of all other things likewise.

To conclude, I bothe pray you, and command you sleuth na tyme, and for my part sake do at this tyme

* Abridged from "Library of Entertaining Knowledge."

* See Burns's Poems.

even mair nor is possible; for ye know I will never eit nor drink a fair wind.

From the Castle Croneburg, the 19 day of February 1589.

The same solicitude is apparent in a letter of the same date, which the king wrote to the reverend Robert Bruce, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He had left Bruce a member of the privy council, and with a kind of implied commission of supervision over the morals of the kingdom. He now writes to him in a familiar strain, beseeching him to exert himself to keep the people in order before his return. "Waken up all men," he says, "to attend my coming; for I will come, as our maister sayeth, like a thief in the night, and whose lampe I find burning with oyle, these will I coin thanks to, but those that lack their burning lamps, provided with oyle, will be barred at the door; for I will not accept their crying, Lord, Lord! at my coming, that have forgot me all the time of my absence. . . . For God's sake, take all the pains you can, to teach our people well against our coming, lest we be all ashamed before strangers." Could any thing be more characteristic of this singular monarch, so well aware as he always was of what ought to be done, and so willing that it should be done, yet so incapable of using the proper coercive measures for doing it? "I think this time," he adds, "should be a holy jubilee in Scotland, and our ships should have the virtue of the ark in agreeing, for a time at least, naturales inimicitias inter foras; for, if it otherwise fall out (quod Deus avertat), I shall behove to come hame like a drunk man amongst them, which would be no strange thing, coming out of so drunken a countrie as this!" Then the necessities of the poor king are displayed. "I pray you," he says, "heartilie recommend me to the good provost of the town, and in any thing he can pray him to assist my affairs, as I have ever been certain of his good will in my services. Specially desire him to further all he can the outreeking of three or four ships to meet me here, and convoy me hame." [He had been enabled to sail for Denmark, solely by the generosity of a few private individuals, who each fitted out a little vessel.] "And likewise, I doubt not he will assist the Maister of Wark in getting as many good craftsmen as may be had for ending out the half-perfyt abbey [his palace], that now lies in the deid-throw." * * * Thus recommending me and my new rib to your daylie prayers, I commit you to the only all-sufficient.

Perhaps the reader will be inclined not only to smile at these indications of the poverty and imbecility of the Scottish monarch, but also to blame him in serious earnest for what is so inconsistent with the dignity of a sovereign. He should, however, pause to consider the dilapidated state in which James found his government and revenues when he came of age; he should consider the power of the nobles, many of whom could raise at any time far more men than their king; and he should reflect on the barbarous condition of the people, just emerged from the horrors of a protracted civil war, and from the vices incident to an age of religious reformation. As for the pecuniary distresses of the sovereign, which here appear so extreme, he actually seems to have had no resource whatever, on any occasion of unusual expense like the present, except the benevolence of a few of the burghs, chiefly those of Fife, which was then the most commercial and the richest province of Scotland. The proper revenues of the crown had long before this time been alienated and embarrassed almost to extinction.

James's poverty, however, was perhaps never less distressing to him than on the present occasion. The pride of country, for which the Scotch have always been remarkable, induced them to do all in their power to fulfil his wishes in regard to the appearance of the kingdom before the expected strangers, and also in respect of the vessels which he desired to have sent out for his convoy home. By an extraordinary exertion, though at the expense of a great multitude of individuals, the palace was finished and furnished in very splendid style, another house in the city was prepared for the queen's Danish friends, a few small Fife coasters were sent out to Denmark, and a great variety of articles were prepared for the pageanties which were to be enacted on his arrival. Besides these more important arrangements, there were some of a humbler nature, which equally marked the desire of the people to put the country into a holiday attitude. The town council of Edinburgh, resolving that the strangers should see as little as possible of the filth and the mendicancy for which the country was remarkable, ordained that "all persons purge and clenze the streits, calstays, and gutters forient their awin housis to the mid channel, as well in the hig gait [principal street] as in the vennells [lanes]," and that "all beggaris remove, swa they be nocht fund beggand within this burgh, or betuix this and Leith, or ony uther part within the liberty or jurisdiction of this burgh." They also ordained the bailies "to pas throw their quarteris, and borrow fra the honest nychtbouris thairrof ane quantitie of the best sort of thair neiprie [table linen], to serve the strangeris that sall arrive with the queen, and the said bailies to gif the nychtbouris thair awin ticket of ressaith thairrof."

On the 1st of May, after these and sundry other preparations had been made, the king and queen arrived at Leith, accompanied by the admiral of Denmark, and other persons of dignity, and having a convoy of thirteen large Danish ships of war. The citizens of Edinburgh and Leith immediately flocked

to the shore, each in his best clothes and arms. About seven at night, the king led the queen ashore, "by a trance covered with tapestry and cloth of gold, that her foot might not touch the earth. The Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Mar and Bothwell, with sundrie others, received them at the stayr-heads. The castle and ships shot great vollies." Mr James Elphinston, a senator of the college of justice (afterwards Lord Balmerino), welcomed the royal pair in a Latin oration. "The queen being placed in her lodgings, the king took the chief of the Danes by the hand, every one after another." [Between thirty and forty of these persons were dignified men, with "gordin cheneys of guld faschioun;"] and the whole number was two hundred and twenty-four.] The king now received a visit from the minister Bruce, whose services in keeping the country quiet during his absence he acknowledged in very warm terms, afterwards accompanying him to the church of Leith, to return thanks to the Almighty for his prosperous voyage.

As the preparations at Holyroodhouse were scarcely yet completed, James remained for a few days in a palace, called "the Kingis Wark," at Leith, his train chiefly lodging in the ships. At length, on the 6th of May, the royal party made their progress towards Edinburgh. "The king and nobility rode before; the queen came behind, in her Danish chariot, with her maids of honour, on each side of her majesty one. The coach was drawn by eight horses, caparisoned in purple velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, very rich. The town of Edinburgh, Canongate, and Leith, in their arms, gave a volley of shot to the king and queen in their passage, in joye of their safe arryval." "In this manner, they passed to the Abbey of Holyroodhouse," where "the king, taking the queen by the hand, led her through the inner close to the great hall, and thereafter to the chambers, which were richly hung with cloth of gold and silver."

The queen was crowned in the abbey church, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, Mr Robert Bruce performing the chief offices, which formerly used to be done by a bishop. The Presbyterian ministers on this occasion scrupled greatly about the propriety of anointing the queen, judging that ceremony to be of a somewhat Popish savour; but James knew how to bring them to reason: he hinted that he could wait a little, till a certain bishop, whom he mentioned, could make it convenient to come to Edinburgh, to perform the ceremony. Alarmed at what he said, they lost no time in agreeing that there was no harm in the oil, and the ceremony was accordingly performed in the usual way. When it was concluded, Andrew Melville uttered a long congratulatory poem, in Latin hexameters, to the great delight of the king and his friends, who joined in soliciting that it should be printed. This poem was so elegant in its construction, and so apt to the occasion, as to attract the praise of the best foreign scholars, and to extend the fame of this great event in the life of James farther than it perhaps could have otherwise travelled.*

HINTS FOR WORKMEN.

The faults of well-paid workmen are not deficient industry, but excessive, or at least irregular, exertion. When liberally paid by the piece, they are tempted to overwork themselves, and to ruin their health and constitution in a few years. This is the case of porters, coalheavers, and many common labourers in London. A carpenter is not supposed to last in his utmost vigour above eight years. The double wages paid to country labourers during harvest, or to tailors during a general mourning, are frequent sources of permanent injury, from the inducement they offer to over-exertion. Almost every class of artificers are subject to some peculiar diseases, occasioned by excessive application to their peculiar species of work. Ramazzini, an Italian physician, and Thackrah, an English surgeon, have written treatises concerning such diseases. Excessive application during one part of the week is frequently the cause of the idleness complained of during the remainder. "Great labour," Dr Smith remarks, "either of mind or body, continued for several days together, is in most men naturally followed by a great desire for relaxation, which, if not restrained by force or some strong necessity, is almost irresistible. It is the call of nature, which requires to be relieved by some indulgence," or change of occupation. Relaxation does not always imply idleness, but, as Locke expresses it, "easing the wearied part," by exchange of employment. If not complied with, the consequences are often dangerous, and sometimes fatal; and such as almost always bring on, sooner or later, the infirmity of the trade. If masters would be more humane, and journeymen more reasonable, both would see the utility of temperate exertions of industry. The man who works so moderately as to be able to work constantly, not only preserves his health the longest, but, in the course of the year, executes the greatest quantity of work. Labour, without reasonable intervals of rest for meals and relaxation, exhausts the energies of both body and mind, and is of the two more hurtful than low wages, which abridge diet and physical comforts.

Mr Thackrah, to whom I have just alluded, from his residence in Leeds—which is literally one great manufactory, subdivided into various departments of industry, places of refreshment, abodes varying in

their comforts, according as the occupiers are masters, overseers, or workmen—has had favourable opportunities for observing not only the effect of different occupations on the human constitution, but also of different degrees of exertion. Some of this gentleman's conclusions in his work on *The Effects of Arts, Trades, and Professions*, are contrary to what might have been anticipated. For instance, wet, vapour, and changes in the humidity of the local atmosphere, appear not so detrimental to health as is generally supposed; in temperate persons these agents produce little injury. Sudden transitions from heat to cold, as experienced by smiths, iron-founders, and glassmen, are not productive of acute disorders. The exhalations from vegetable matter are not found uniformly injurious; but on this point the writer declines giving a decided opinion. The natural odours of manufactured vegetables, with the exception of coffee, are little noxious. Tobacco-workers do not sensibly suffer from the fumes of their material; and the crushers of rape and mustard benefit by the odours which these seeds exhale. Members of Parliament and persons of fashion will be gratified to learn that the influence of change in the hours of sleep is less than might be expected: millers, watchmen, and coachmen, are not sensibly affected by night-work. Horses, however, suffer from nocturnal labour, and men, too, I apprehend, unless the change, by perseverance, has been made habitual.

Some agents or circumstances connected with employments are favourable to health. Such are the animal exhalations to which slaughtermen, butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, glue-makers, buckram-stiffeners, tanners, tallowchandlers, curriers, and grooms, are exposed. Oil or grease applied to the skin is a preservative, as experienced in slubbing, carding, and piecing, in the woollen manufacture.

The chief agents included under the denomination of deleterious, or unfavourable to health and longevity, are, excess or deficiency of food, bent-sitting posture, long standing, great muscular efforts in lifting weights, steam, artificial heat, impure air, dust and gaseous impurity of the atmosphere, anxiety and mental application, long sitting, and delay of micturition, compression of the chest, bending of the head for long periods, close application to minute objects, as in watchmakers, engravers, tambourworkers, and dress-makers; poisonous substances acting through the skin, as lead, printers' type, and mercury; or in the eyes or ears, as scarlet-colour, lime-dust, and the noise of machinery.

Before the whole of Mr Thackrah's conclusions can be safely adopted as rules of life, it may perhaps be desirable he should test some of them by a more lengthened experience and wider field of observation. With the exception of this gentleman and Mr Kay of Manchester, hardly any medical person has applied himself to the investigation of a subject so important to humanity. One satisfactory result may, I think, be safely deduced from the inquiries of Mr Thackrah; namely, that there is hardly any employment which is not compatible with the enjoyment of tolerable health, when exercised subject to the three following conditions:—1. Moderate hours of labour, according to the greater or less exhausting nature of the employment; 2. Temperate, wholesome, and regular living; 3. Reasonable meal-times, and holidays occasionally, for purer air and exercise.

Next to keeping up the price of labour and the preservation of health, a cardinal point with the working classes is to establish and maintain a high standard of comfort and enjoyment in their habitations, clothing, and food; to eschew whatever brings them to the verge of existence, to their last resources in diet, dress, and lodging; and as casualties of health and fluctuations in employment are inseparable from every occupation, a provision should always be made, if possible, for periods of slackness, sickness, old age, and infirmity.

It is a disadvantage to the industrious orders that they cannot more easily adjust the supply of labour to the demand. When wages are depressed by competition for work, they are compelled to submit to coarser and scantier fare; and the danger is, that a mode of life at first repugnant to their feelings, and forced on them by necessity, may become habitual. Should this be the case, it is not likely they will make an effort to check the over-supply of labour which has caused their degradation; and as a lower rate of wages is found sufficient for their maintenance, an evil that might have been temporary is made permanent. This appears to be the condition of the Irish; their wages are under sixpence a-day, which their masters doubtless think enough for men content to live in mud-cabins and feed on potatoes.*

Labour, like gold and silver, can be made valuable by its scarcity only, and no other contrivance. All the acts of legislation, all the combinations and devices among workmen themselves, must fail in raising to a high price that which is redundant, which every where abounds, and which may be indefinitely, and by any one produced: we might as well seek to give a value to water or the atmosphere that surrounds us. A scarcity of the employed, and abundance of employers—

* Condensed from Mr R. Chambers's *Life of King James*, in *Constable's Miscellany*, 1850.

* Not only wages, but gifts, are often proportioned to a man's style of living. When James the First heard that Ben Jonson was living in great poverty in an obscure place in London, he sent him £10 to relieve his necessities. Some of the courtiers remarking on the smallness of the dole, the king said it was enough for "a man who lived in an alley."

a population that follows, and not precedes, the augmentation of national wealth, is the great secret of popular amelioration. Without this, the advantages of increasing opulence, civilization, and commerce, can never be participated in by the working classes; social improvements, in every shape, may advance over the land, but it will never touch the low and stagnant pool in which they are immersed.

As the high price of labour produced by scarcity of workmen, is the fortress that protects all their comforts and conveniences, they ought never to yield an inch of the "vantage ground," without dire necessity. The remarks of Mr McCulloch on this point are dictated by sense and humanity, and well worthy of attention. "The example," says he, "of such individuals, or bodies of individuals, as submit quietly to have their wages reduced, and who are content if they get only the mere necessities of life, ought never to be held up for public imitation. On the contrary, every thing should be done to make such apathy esteemed disgraceful. The best interests of society require that the rate of wages should be elevated as high as possible—that a taste for the comforts, luxuries, and enjoyments of human life, should be widely diffused, and, if possible, interwoven with national habits and prejudices. Very low wages, by rendering it impossible for any increased exertions to obtain any considerable increase of comforts and enjoyments, effectually hinders them from being made, and is, of all others, the most powerful cause of that idleness and apathy, that contents itself with what can barely continue animal existence."—*Principles of Political Economy*, second edition, p. 394.

The father of economical science had inculcated the same philanthropic doctrine. "Is this improvement," asks Smith, "in the circumstances of the lower ranks of the people to be regarded as an advantage, or as an inconvenience to society? The answer seems at first abundantly plain. Servants, labourers, and workmen of different kinds, make up the far greater part of every great political society. But what improves the circumstances of the greater part can never be regarded as any inconvenience to the whole. No society can surely be flourishing and happy of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. It is but equity, besides, that they who feed, clothe, and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour as to be themselves tolerably well fed, clothed, and lodged."—*Wealth of Nations*, b. i. ch. 8.

Government is interested not less than the people in the diffusion of such sentiments. It can never be the pride of authority to rule over an ignorant, ill-fed, and degraded population. The diffusion of political power has assimilated society to the nature of a joint-stock association, in which the rulers and ruled have a common interest. Government cannot be rich, while the body of the community is indigent; it cannot be safe, while that on which it mainly rests cannot be depended on for support. It is not the opulent who demand legislative attention; they are exempt from want, and as they assume to be educated, they ought to be exempt from crime; they form that part of the social waste which has been reclaimed and cultivated: but the poor, if not still in the wilderness, are only on its verge, and require to be brought forward by the application of those practical truths I have endeavoured to explain and enforce.*

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

(Conclusion of first Article.)

THE following is the mode of *tatoing* the skin, so common amongst most savage nations, and practised to a great extent in the South Sea Islands. The operation is performed by regular professors of the art, and is a very profitable occupation. The dye employed is the kernel of the candle-nut, called by the natives *tiari*, which is burnt to charcoal, and then mixed with oil. The tatoing-stick consists of a piece of sharp-pointed bone, fastened to the end of a small stick. Another stick, somewhat heavier, is used for striking the other in the process of perforation. The figure or pattern to be tatoed is first carefully drawn upon the skin with a piece of charcoal, and the performer, having immersed the point of the sharp bone in the colouring matter, which is a beautiful jet, strikes it smartly with the stick in his right hand, and thus inserts the dye into the flesh. This operation is attended with great suffering, and few of the natives can endure it so long as to have an entire figure completed at one sitting. The consequences of it, indeed, are frequently fatal. The chest is the part of the body most profusely tatoed, and the beauty and minuteness of the representations sometimes made are truly astonishing. "Every variety of figure," says Mr Ellis, "is to be seen here. Cocoa-nut and breadfruit trees, with convolvulus wreaths hanging round them, boys gathering the fruit, men engaged in battle, in manual exercise, triumphing over a falling foe, or, as I have frequently seen it, they are re-

presented as carrying a human sacrifice to the temple. Every kind of animal—goats, dogs, fowls, and fish—may at times be seen on this part of the body; muskets, swords, pistols, clubs, spears, and other weapons of war, are also stamped upon their arms or chest."

Marriages take place at a very early age among the Tahitians—the females being seldom more than twelve or thirteen, and the males a year or two older. When not previously arranged by betrothment, very short courtship generally precedes the union of the sexes, as neither party have any backwardness in displaying their emotions towards each other. The marriage ceremony is an affair of great pomp, mingled, besides, with many observances of affecting solemnity. Amongst these was the practice of the young couple's parents cutting their foreheads with a sharp instrument, and mingling their blood together upon a piece of cloth at the altar, as typical of the extinction of all difference of rank, and of all animosity between the two families, as well as of the binding obligation of the union. Another was the placing of their ancestors' skulls, which are always carefully preserved, beside the young pair, thereby testifying their belief that the spirits of the deceased were witnesses of the agreement. Notwithstanding all this ceremony, however, the marriage tie is more frequently broken than observed—either party quitting their engagement upon any capricious freak or fancy.

There never were a people, we believe, more addicted to cruel, murderous, and exterminating warfare than the natives of the South Seas. They considered it, in short, the prime aim and occupation of life, and all their customs and institutions bore reference to it. Amongst other results, it was the chief cause of the practice of infanticide, which was directed chiefly against female children, as being unfit for war; and to such an extent was it carried on, that, when the missionaries arrived from England in 1797, the proportion of males to females was as five to one. Great preparations, by religious rites and human sacrifices, take place before setting out on the expedition, which almost always is with the determination of utterly annihilating their enemies, and is generally carried into effect either with one party or another. The harangues of the chief warriors on these occasions are described by the Rev. Mr Nott as being the finest displays of graceful and impassioned eloquence which it was possible to imagine. The barbarities formerly practised by the contending parties upon their captives were beyond every thing horrible. Some of them were generally roasted and eaten, and it is now clearly ascertained that cannibalism in general was a common practice among these remote islanders.

SULLIVAN THE WHISPERER.

James Sullivan, who possessed the art of training the most furious horse, by being permitted to be alone with him for a short space of time, is thus recorded in the "Survey of the County of Cork," by Townsend, who justly remarks, that, although the following facts appear almost incredible, yet they are nevertheless true, as he was an eye-witness to them:—"James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of the *Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than by Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted, without show of resistance, to the magical influence of his art, and, in the short space of half an hour, became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed, to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *lôte-à-lôte* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and, upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse, which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse; and it was supposed,

not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *lôte-à-lôte* shows, that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds."

CRIMSON CLOVER.

The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the Code of Agriculture, page 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated only in our gardens, as a curious and rather pretty looking annual:—"It is a subject of astonishment that this valuable plant (the *Trefolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes or other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucerne, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry." If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed-merchants in this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that this is an annual plant, and therefore should only be employed in partial husbandry.

DANCING.

Dancing seems to have been reckoned, as well among the Hebrews as the Greeks, one of the first-rate accomplishments, and to have been associated not only with their poetry, but with their religious worship. Almost all the earliest Greek poets, as Thespis, Cratinus, and others, not only excelled in dancing, but taught it to freemen, or gentlemen, for money. Sophocles was one of the best dancers of his generation; he had a very handsome person, which he was fain to exhibit in the dance's grace-displaying movements: when his play of *Nausicaa* was acted, he not only danced, but played at the bull. With the Hebrews, dancing must assuredly have been associated with notions of dignity, otherwise it would not have been used in their most solemn worship: and yet the taunting rebuke given to David by his wife, presupposes, in her estimation, something of levity combined with that exercise. With the Romans, after their connexion with Greece, dancing was also deemed a high accomplishment. In the age of Cicero, the first men of Rome made a boast of their skill in dancing; as Claudius, who had triumphed; Cælius, the enemy of Cicero; and Lic. Crassus, son of the celebrated P. Parthian Crassus.

DAFT SANDY MILLER.

Formerly, in Alloa House, there was a strange half-witted servant, of the name of Sandy Miller, whose principal business it was to attend to the coal bunkers or receptacles, of which there was one in every flat of that large mansion, for the supply of the fires. Sandy was sometimes negligent, so that the bunkers ran empty before he observed; and on such occasions he generally received such a dreadful scold, either from his master or from the other servants, that his life for the time was miserable. At length, Sandy was one day suddenly taken ill, and given up for lost, when a clergyman was sent for to administer to him, the spiritual offices proper to a death-bed. Poor Sandy listened very attentively to what was said by the minister, and after prayers were over, mentioned, with a self-satisfied sigh, that there was *one thing in particular* which gave him great consolation in this his dying hour. "What may that be, Sandy?" said the clergyman. "Oh, sir," answered the dying man, "*a' the bunkers is filled!*"

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, No. 19, Waterloo Place.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

* From an able and unpretending little work, just published—"History of the Middle and Working Classes." London, Effingham Wilson.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 82.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

NELLY BALLANTYNE.

NELLY BALLANTYNE was one of a class of persons to whom allusion was made in the article entitled "TURNERS"—a decent old widow, maintaining herself, in a creditable way, as the mistress of a small public-house in one of the villages near Edinburgh. Her lowly whitewashed hostelry was for many years a favourite resort of the lovers of fruit in summer, and the lovers of skating in winter, and *turners* all the year round. It was a great *Saturday house*—that is to say, a number of decent stoutish gentlemen who had offices in the Register House or the Exchequer, and did not get much abroad during the week, liked to come out to see Nelly on the afternoon of the last day of the week, which, after the manner of their ancestors, they always kept sacred to recreation. Nelly knew her men well enough, and having a neighbour who washed to some of them, was always timeously apprised, by means of that intelligencer, if it was likely that any of "the gentlemen" would be thinking of a sheep's head on Saturday—not that any decided order was ever given—far from it; only good Mr Baird of the Sasine Office, on receiving his bundle of fresh linen about the Thursday evening, would hint that he had not been taking a walk for a long time; he must really see and get one or two out with him, after the office shut on Saturday, and they would perhaps see what Nelly Ballantyne was about. Nelly knew, therefore, what it besemed her to do; and if the sheep's head was not fully ripe in the pot by three o'clock, her stars were more at fault than she. Just at that hour exactly, the point of Mr Baird's stick, as he carried it swivel-fashion in his hand, would be seen coming round the corner, followed speedily by his own portly person, and a straggling group of perspiring friends, who carried a demand of spirits and water in their very faces, and one and all declared the roads to be remarkably dusty. If Nelly was not in the trance to receive them, she was sure to be in the spence; but whether present or not—without even the assurance that she was in the house, or in the world—the foremost of the party would say, with a curious singing accented voice, "Well, Nelly, how are ye to-day?" and so would push into the room, where the neatly spread table, with a heap of white plates rimmed with blue, a salt-foot of pewter filled with large-grained salt, and a stoneware pepper-pot, with a piece of paper twisted into the bottom of it, gave earnest of the coming fare.

Seldom had any party of this kind to wait long, when honest Nelly herself, dressed for the occasion in a clean white apron, and a new "toy" upon her head, would come in with the ample tureen, all as if she had previously learned the numbers and wishes of her guest by a kind of intuition. "Weel, Nelly, it's a gude head of course?" "Ye may say that, sir—a head far bye ordner. A grand black tup, sir—I waled him mysell frae amang a score—he had horns the like I never saw—the trotters just uncommon. I daur say, a dizen might dine on him, ae way and another." No time for farther colloquy just now. But after the broth, head, and trotters, had been alike discussed, and just as Nelly was going to close the door for the last time, that her guests might begin to their toddy, worthy Mr Lothian, seeing her "fissling" a little before taking wing, would accept the hint for the fiftieth time, and say, "But, Nelly, ye maun take a taste yourself—sit ye down there;" and so would hand her the first glass that was filled. Nelly would then take a seat in a skittishly condescending way, and drink all their healths by name; after which, Mr Baird, or Mr Paterson, or Mr Abernethy, would ask how she had been getting on lately, and what "gen-

tlemen" had been out seeing her, and how, in particular, her "dochter Bell" was. Nelly would then tell them that she was "aye fechtin away, the best way she could, to keep a house aboon her head; but 'deed there hadna been muckle doing for a lang time. Except a dinner last Saturday," she would say, "three gentlemen o' the Court o' Session [macers, probably, celebrating the commencement of the vacation]—we have not had any visitors bye common this month past. The weather, ye see, has been gey backward, and gentlemen are feared to venture out this length. And I'm sure, last winter, it was just as ill the tither way; for there was never a day's gude ice on the loch a' the season, and except a gentleman that gaed down ower the head, and had to be brought in here to be dried, I dinna think we ever had either a skeytcher [skater] or a curlier about the house. They say the Principal, honest man, was out *ae day*, but that was a'. 'Deed I think the seasons are gane clean gyte now a'thegither."

Some one would interject, that although there might be little doing about the village, still Nelly got the best part of it, while her rivals did not appear to be prospering very greatly.

"Ou 'deed ay," she would answer, "I've great reason to be thankfu'. Mony a ane tries 't; but somehow or other, nane o' them ever comes to ony gude. There's ane set up the other day on the other side o' the road, just forenent my very door—a chield that likes whisky himsell, and maybe thinks he'll at least mak his ain drink by 't. But I've seen them a' out as yet, and the auld widow will maybe see him out too."

Mr Lothian would remark, that she had now been a long time here in a way of business.

"Ay, sixteen years, sir, again' the neist Martinmas. I lost him *that's away* just the Lammas before, and there was nae other remeed for the bringing up o' five fatherless bairns but just to tak up the bit public. A' that time I've paid baith licence and taxes, and never been ahint five pounds to the merchant; and that's mair nor some o' my neebours can say."

In this kind of chat would Nelly amuse her guests for a few minutes, and then, pretending to hear something going on which required her attention, would bustle away out of the room, and leave them to the serious business of the evening.

Mine hostess daikered on (to use her own phrase) for many years in her quiet and decently conducted hostel, paying scot and lot, and seeing one after another of her rivals sink into ruin and oblivion. There was hardly a clerk in any public office in Edinburgh who had not agreeable recollections of cheap and savoury treats enjoyed in her house on Saturday afternoons; and it was curious to remark, that, although she would have been a total stranger to these gentlemen if met on the streets of the city, every one was her familiar friend when they entered her own house. This, he it observed, did not arise from any thing like haughtiness on their part: the actual fact was, that Nelly was part and parcel of a particular scene with which they were familiar, and, if seen any where else, her figure would not have been recognisable. In some instances, however, she might be said to have established something beyond this holiday kind of friendship. By her neighbour, Betty the washerwoman, she had perhaps sent a present of gooseberries now and then to Mrs Baird, or to Mrs Lothian; and although these worthy ladies never thought of calling to render their thanks in person, they would perhaps send the nursery-maid some day with her infantine charge, to take a walk that way, and pay Nelly a visit in passing. The consequence would be, that when

the gentlemen next came to a Saturday dinner, she would burst out with—"Eh, Mr Baird, hoo muckle am I obleeged to Mrs Baird, for sending yon bonny bairn to see me. Sic a bairn I never saw—sic fine black een (like his mother's, I fancy), and how stoot for his age! Only eleven months and ten days, the maid said, and him nearly gaun his lane already. Eh, sic a fine bairn!" Thus familiar with her respectable guests, Nelly might rather be called their friend than their hostess.

Times at length changed with this poor, but decent and honest woman. Severe as her struggle had been to bring her orphan family over the helpless period of childhood, she found that it was only when they grew up to maturity that they became seriously burdensome to her. The eldest lad—Matthew by name—had always been her favourite, and, spoilt by indulgences he did not deserve, turned out a very bad member of society. Originally apprenticed to a cartwright, he gradually sunk, through a great variety of employments, into the condition of an absolute profligate; associated with the most flagitious characters in the neighbouring city; was noted in the newspapers as one who called for the especial notice of the police; and every now and then came home to his mother to oppress her with his exactions, and wring her heart with his misconduct. James—the second son—was in every respect a superior character; had been a good scholar, and recommended himself, by his talent and good behaviour, to a respectable situation as a clerk; but, falling out of employment, and being disgusted with his brother's conduct, which threatened the whole family with disgrace, he had been induced to emigrate to Canada; nor did his mother hear of him for several years after, so that he was, to her, the same as if he had ceased to exist. The remaining children of the poor widow were daughters, all of whom, at a proper age, had been sent to act as house-servants in the neighbouring city. Such is the condition of life which presents itself to poor parents in general, as the only resource for the female part of their families; though it is one not without its hazards and its disadvantages, and is generally encountered with some share of hesitation. So far as the mere duties of service are concerned, it is not perhaps looked upon with any trouble of mind; for the general lot is one of mutual subservency, and it is only appropriate to the condition of the poor that their share of that lot should refer to humble offices in the households of the rich. There are other circumstances, however, attendant upon this condition, which no parent possessed of good feeling and good principle can regard without fear and real distress. He knows that the very creatures whom he looks upon with such fondness and estimation, whom he has taken pains to instruct in every upright principle, and whose temporal and eternal interests are alike so dear to him, are liable to be contemplated in the station to which he is forced to consign them, as only the fit ministers of unworthy pleasures, as creatures who come no one knows whence, and go no one knows whither, mere accidental and unconnected beings, responsible to no one for their fate, and for whose conduct there is no heart either to grieve or rejoice. He thinks of the miseries to which they are thus exposed, and the anguish which they may soon perhaps bring back upon himself, and, though not unhopeful of better things, sees them depart for their gayer and more dangerous home, with a regret and an alarm which, if it could be but imagined by those whom he dreads, would perhaps be the best protection of those whom he wishes, but is not able, to protect. Such were, in part, the feelings of honest Nelly Ballantyne, when she sent her three daughters to "serve

the fremmit* in Edinburgh; and they were not unjustified by the event. The youngest and the fairest—"Bonnie Lizzie," as she had been called—became a waif and an outcast; while, of the others, only one could be considered as fortunate. This was Helen, who was married to a steady operative in the city, and became the mother of a large family, which, by economy and industry, she maintained in a creditable manner. The other daughter, Bell, was also married; but her husband proved a worthless sot, and, after having had three children, she found it absolutely necessary to separate from him, and take refuge in her mother's house. Thus, honest Nelly, after having, as she thought, got over the grand difficulty of her life, namely, the rearing of her orphan family, found herself, at an advanced age, more deeply and distressingly burdened than ever. Her son Matthew was a *down-draught* of the most odious kind—a monster who would coolly demand money from her, in order to save him from the consequences of criminal acts, which he described himself as having committed, and then go away to spend what he had thus wrung forth, in the basest indulgences, and amidst a troop of companions who were every now and then thinned by the law. On the other hand, Nelly was taxed with the entire maintenance of her daughter and grandchildren—it being impossible for the poor mother, occupied as she was with the care of three infants, to do any thing for her own or for their support. There was something not far removed from real pathos in the reflections which she occasionally indulged in respecting these circumstances. "I would think naething," she remarked one day to a friend, "of gieing Bell and her bairns a bite o' what I hae, if I could weel afford it—for bluid, ye ken, is aye thicker than water, and the bairns, puir things, are fine creatures, for a' the ill father they hae, and it's just a pleasur to me to see them totting about, crying, 'Grannie, do this,' and 'Grannie, gie me that,' and no an ill thocht i' their heads. But oh, woman, its a different thing wi' Matthew and Lizzie. I used to think, when their father left them a' young upon my hands, and the youngest no born yet, that few women had ever been trusted as I was; and mony a time did they anger me wi' their childish mischief, and broken lozons, and that kind o' thing. But though they angered me then, they never vexed me, as some o' them do now. If they could a' but be made bairns again—innoct thochtless bairns, dirtying themselves in dubs, and greeting for pieces,† and whyles gieing ane another a lick i' the lug‡ when they provoked ane another—I wd care little, woman, though they were twice the burden to me that they were langsyne."

It was soon found that the increased expenditure, occasioned by these new exactions, was pressing too severely upon the resources of the honest widow; and the consequence was, her inability to pay the rent, taxes, and licence, which formed her principal channels of disbursement. That unjustly but unavoidably distressed race of men, the tax-gatherers, became her frequent visitors; and though pity, aided by a dram, would for a while induce them to write some decent excuse on the back of the returned receipt, and so depart in peace, this could not be effectual for ever. The horrid sum—two pounds fourteen shillings and sevenpence—still remained due, and still, once every week, re-appeared the awful officer at the door, with his small black leather portfolio, and his really unassuming, but, to Nelly's perceptions, most imperious and tyrannical countenance. "Ou, mistress, ye ken it's no my blame," the poor man would say; "I maun just do as I'm bidden." But Nelly, though her reason assented to this proposition, always found her feelings of quite a contrary opinion; and even while she invited the man to a civil glass of whisky, and wheedled him for yet a little more time, could not help thinking in her secret heart, that he was the most atrocious villain on the face of the whole earth. "Weel, mistress," he at length told her one day, "this off-putting will do nae langer. There's five per cent. on already, and my expenses beside, and I hae na a receipt sae scrawled on the back in my hale pocket-book. First, ye see, 'seventeenth May, says call again;' then, 'twenty-sixth May, has no money;' next, 'June second, will call in a day or two herself;' then again, 'June ninth, has just been paying a large account for porter;' after that, 'June fifteenth, says call again next week;' then cam on the expenses, and after a', 'July sixth, has not a shilling in the house.' Really, mistress, I've haen mair trouble about your taxes than any other body's in the district; and, I assure ye, it's nae joke coming out a' this length in sic warm weather." For this time, Nelly got clear of her dun at the sacrifice of a bottle of strong ale. But at length the laws of the collectorate could be stretched no farther, and a pointing or execution took place in her house, with assurance, that, if the taxes should not be settled before Tuesday next, her effects should be exposed to sale.

The intermediate time was spent by the poor widow and her daughter in unavailing grief; and, not having a single friend in the world to take her part, or rescue her from so dreadful a calamity, she could only look forward to destitution both for herself and the helpless creatures depending on her. The terrible day came round in course, when duly appeared a band of officials to execute the threat which

hung over her. A red flag was displayed at the door, which speedily had the effect of collecting the villagers; and a barrel having been placed by the side of the threshold, the auctioneer mounted aloft, and began to sell the articles of furniture, which, one after another, were brought forth from the interior. Poor Nelly and her daughter remained within, dissolved in grief, which the efforts of a few female neighbours, however well meant, could do little to control. The children moved about as usual; and it was curious, amidst one of the most distressing scenes that can be witnessed, to hear their unconcerned prattle, which ever and anon was mingled with the coarse declamations of the auctioneer without, and the heart-bursting sorrow of the party within. Once, only once, could Nelly venture to peep abroad upon the proceedings out of doors; she saw her cradle raised aloft for sale—the ancient and familiar cradle in which she had been herself rocked, which had nursed her own family, and was now or lately employed for her daughter's youngest child—and she shrunk back as if she had received a blow, and again buried her face in her lap by the fireside. In time, the dreadful scene was finished; and she was left in her desolate cottage, with only one or two stools, and other little articles, which had been judged too trifling to be put up for sale. The coarse officials departed with the proceeds of their severity, leaving ruin and misery where there had formerly been humble content and cheerfulness.

For some time after this calamity, Nelly and her daughter took up their abode with a poor neighbour, and endeavoured to obtain a slender support by acting as washerwomen. They were also indebted, in some small measure, to the kindness of that daughter who has already been alluded to, as the only one whose lot proved in the least enviable. In the declining strength, however, of the old widow, and the duty of attending to so many children, which pressed upon her daughter Bell, all such means of support would have soon proved ineffectual, and the whole family would have speedily become objects of public charity, if it had not been for the providential re-appearance of Nelly's long-lost son James. This young man had at the first proved so unsuccessful in his object, that he could not prevail upon himself to write about his affairs to his mother. At length, however, he had become settled in an excellent farm in the London district, in Upper Canada; and having heard of the unfortunate circumstances of his mother and sister, he had resolved to pay them a personal visit, and, if possible, prevail with them to accompany him to America. It would be vain to describe the joy with which Nelly hailed the appearance of her son, or the surprise she expressed at his improved circumstances. She very characteristically made no objection to undertaking so long a voyage at her advanced time of life, but only remarked, that "the bairns couldna steer a step till they got new sarks." All such difficulties, it may be imagined, were soon got over, and in a few weeks this persecuted little family found a safe retreat on the other side of the Atlantic. According to the last accounts, they were all living in a comfortable and happy manner, and Bell's family was beginning to be of no little service to their uncle. Nelly hardly liked the country at first, but soon became reconciled to it—one grand consideration moving her thereto, being (as she herself expressed it) that "there was nae fear here o' being rouplit out for taxes!"

THE YOUNG CHEMIST—No. II.

CALORIC, or the cause of heat (from the Latin word *calor*, heat), is spread universally over the surface of the globe. But whether it is a real tangible substance, or only an attribute or property of matter, is not very easy to determine. If it be an agent or real substance, it is of that active and subtle kind which almost eludes detection; it passes through and along all bodies, and we can scarcely tell from whence it comes or whither it goes. What we have to consider, then, is its effects, or what it produces. There can be no doubt but that the great, and perhaps the only way by which heat comes to us, is from the sun. Were it not for the daily return of the sun's rays to the earth, every thing on its surface would be speedily congealed to a frozen mass of solid matter; we could have no liquids, and even the air itself would be reduced to a mass, first of fluid, and then of solid matter. It is thus, that, in winter, with our short day and slanting sunshine, we have the earth cooled down at night to freezing, and often below, so that the powers of next day's sun are too feeble to produce a thaw; thus, also, even during our longest summer days, the coldest period of the twenty-four hours is the hour immediately preceding sunrise.

But there are other means of producing heat besides obtaining it directly from the sun. Thus, if two pieces of wood are rubbed smartly together, they soon become hot, and at last burst into flame. In this manner savage nations frequently procure a precarious fire; and the dry branches of the forest, when thus rubbed violently against each other by the wind, not unfrequently take fire, and set the country in a blaze;

and the wheels of carriages by a similar friction are often destroyed. Even if two pieces of ice are rubbed together, as much heat is generated as serves partly to melt them into water. Violently beating a hard substance has the same effect in producing heat as friction; and thus, if a piece of soft iron be taken, and smartly hammered, it will become red-hot under the operation. The next way by which heat is produced is by mixing substances of different properties with each other, by which a chemical change in their natures is brought about, and more or less heat is thrown out. Thus, if you take half a glassful of oil of vitriol, and pour on it the same quantity of water, and mix them suddenly, the outside of the glass will become so hot as scarcely to bear touching with the finger; and if a small slice of phosphorus (a very inflammable substance) be rolled in a little tow, and placed outside the glass, a flame will immediately be visible. If you take a piece of fresh burnt limestone, and pour over it some water, so great a heat will be raised as to convert part of the water into steam, at the same time that the rest is absorbed or taken up by the lime, and becomes a solid.

Another way in which heat is produced in great abundance, is by combustion, or the act of burning, as in a common fire of coals or wood, or a lamp or candle. This, too, is a chemical combination, or mixture of oxygen (one of the airs of the atmosphere) and the inflammable substance, as wood, oil, or grease. Without a constant supply of this air, no lamp or fire would burn; and in a large fire in a grate, a rushing current of air may be perceived continually going to feed the flame. It is by a knowledge of this circumstance that grates are constructed with a contracted passage to increase this current, and that a long and narrow glass is placed over the flame of a lamp, preventing the air from getting to the flame on all sides, except from below, where it rushes up in a strong current, and heightens in this way the intensity and brilliancy of the flame. In all those instances where heat is accumulated and produced from the mixture or combustion of bodies, it must not be supposed that this heat is actually raised or generated at the time—it is only the heat which these bodies have received from a common source (in all likelihood from the sun), that has by certain means been drawn from those bodies, and concentrated to one point.

We shall next consider what effect heat has on bodies. The most striking influence of heat is, that it expands or increases the bulk of all bodies, whether solid, fluid, or aerial; and it effects this by separating to a greater distance the several minute particles of which bodies are made up. To understand this better, let us take four or five small peas or marbles, and place them close to each other, as close in fact as they will go, and draw, with a piece of chalk, a circle around them, of about half a foot in width or diameter, and another smaller circle of six inches diameter. This, we may suppose, is a state of matters where there is no caloric or heat present at all. A small portion of heat admitted will separate these balls, and make them occupy the space contained within the smaller circle. Suppose a greater quantity of heat admitted, a greater separation between these balls will take place, and they will then occupy the space of the larger circle. Thus it is with the expansion of bodies; and this is brought about by the smaller or greater degree of heat which any substance contains. If you take a piece of iron, and measure it while cold, and then heat it to a red heat in the fire, you will find that it has lengthened considerably by the addition of heat, and in this way cartwrights turn the circumstance to good account. Having prepared the woodwork of their wheel, and the iron rim, the latter of dimensions so scrup as not to enter over the wood, they heat the iron in a furnace; this expands or increases the size of the circle so much, that, when laid over the wooden circle, it easily fits on it; cold water is instantly dashed on the iron; it suddenly cools, and contracts and grasps firmly the wood in every part throughout. If you take a common bladder, and fill it half-full of air, and then tie it up tightly with a thread, and hang it before a good fire, the air in the bladder will gradually expand, so as to fill the bladder completely; and if the heat is continued, the force of the expanding air will be such as to burst the skin with a loud explosion. Water, too, and every liquid, increases its bulk by being heated; and a goblet of water, not nearly full, when put on the fire cold, will, when it boils, be found to have increased to the very brim. On this law of bodies depends the formation of the thermometer, an instrument, as its Greek name implies, constructed to measure degrees of heat: it consists of a glass tube, with a hollow inside, and a bulb on one end; this bulb, and part of the tube, is filled with spirit of wine, or quicksilver; and, as the surrounding heat is great or small, the fluid, as it expands or contracts, rises or falls in the tube.

We have already mentioned, that all bodies on the earth's surface contain a portion of heat, which they are daily receiving from the sun's rays; and this heat or caloric is of so benevolent and impartial a nature, that wherever it is, or under whatever circumstances, it will have a tendency to diffuse itself equally through all bodies. Thus, if a piece of precious gold and vile copper are in company with a piece of red-hot iron, the heat will go equally to the gold as to the copper, and, indeed, equally to every thing around. If a king and a beggar were together, they would be both warmed in an equal proportion: in short, heat, un-

* Unrelated, not akin.

† Anglice—Crying for crusts of bread. ‡ A slap on the ear.

like many worldlings, is no respecter nor despiser of persons or of things. But it will be said, in a room for instance, if we place one hand on a piece of wood or cloth, and the other on a piece of polished brass or steel, that the metal feels infinitely colder than the cloth or wood; and so it does, because some substances, and especially metals, are better conductors of heat than others; so that, although the metal is not colder than the wood, yet it has the knack of taking the heat out of your body ten times quicker, and conveying it to its brother metals and wood in the room. We every day take advantage of this. For instance, soft woollen clothes, because they are imperfect conductors, are much warmer than linen or cotton, and infinitely more so than a metallic covering would be. The handles of our tea-pots are made of wood instead of metal, because metal would conduct heat from the hot tea so quickly and perfectly as to burn the fingers, whereas wood is more slow and sluggish in its operations.

But heat has another way of communicating itself, besides passing from one solid body to another. If you sit at the farther end of a large room, but directly opposite to a good fire, you will find the heat glowing in your face, and coming at once from the red fire. This is called the radiation of heat, or its passing in direct rays. Heated bodies, though not visibly red-hot, can radiate or send off heat in this manner; and it is supposed that the heat from the surface of the earth thus passes off during the absence of the sun into empty space, otherwise, from our constant additions of the sun's heat, it would accumulate too much on our globe.

There is another circumstance regarding heat which cannot be passed over, and that is, that it enters bodies in very considerable quantity, and yet cannot be perceived; that is, it makes them not a bit hotter. Thus, if a quantity of ice be put into a pan, and melted by applying heat, it will be found that the melted water is just of the same temperature as the solid ice was when put into the pan, although long application of heat had been used in the process of thawing. If this water be heated for an hour longer, it will arrive at the boiling point; and if the heat is continued for six hours more, it will be all converted into steam. Yet this steam is just of the same temperature as the boiling water, although it must have taken in a great deal more heat than the water. This heat taken in, but not manifest to the senses, has been called latent caloric; and it is a law of bodies, that, before they can pass from the solid to the fluid, or from the fluid to the æriform, they must have an additional quantity of caloric. The same law holds if we reverse the matter. Bodies in passing from a state of air or vapour to a liquid, or liquids passing into solids, give out a quantity of heat, and this heat given out is found to be in exact proportion to that taken in under the other circumstances. It has often been remarked, and is a well-known fact, that before and during a fall of snow the air feels warm; this arises from the heat given out by the water consolidating into snow flakes. On the contrary, there is no time that the surface of the ground is more chill than during a thaw, because the melting snow greedily absorbs heat from every object around. Evaporation, or the sudden passing off of fluids in vapour, also causes great cold; thus, if a thin glass ball, containing a small quantity of water, is repeatedly moistened with a rag on the outside, containing ether (an extremely volatile substance), the water will congeal into ice, by its heat being carried off in the evaporation of the ether.

We have now finished all that we propose saying about heat, and, before concluding, intend to note down a few experiments connected with the subject. In experimenting, however, we would caution the young chemist to be much upon his guard, and to observe one or two things. He should never be in a hurry, but well consider his mode of proceeding, and overlook, again and again, his materials and preparations; he should observe neatness, and order, and cleanliness, for these will undoubtedly lead afterwards to accuracy and precision; he should never poke his face or eyes too near any chemical materials; he should put on a pair of strong gloves to protect his hands, and a mask for his face, when an explosion is likely to occur. In exploding the gases, &c., he should roll a coarse towel round the glass phial or jar; and if it breaks, it will do no injury. Finally, he should make his experiments as much as possible useful, that is, illustrative of some circumstance in the science, not the idle frolics of a mountebank. We shall give the chemical names of ingredients, which, though they may seem mystical, will be readily known at the chemist's laboratory.

1. *To produce flame under the surface of water.*—Take a small slice of phosphorus, and three or four grains of oxymuriate of potass; place these at the bottom of a glass tumbler; then take a glass tube with a pretty wide hollow in the middle; dip one end of this into a little sulphuric acid, and then press the thumb smartly on the other end, so as to exclude all air; lift up the tube gently, which will contain a few drops of the acid, and slip it into the tumbler just over the ingredients at the bottom; remove your thumb from the top; the acid will fall down, and, decomposing the oxymuriate of potass with great heat, the phosphorus will inflame and burn brightly, supplied by the oxygen of the oxymuriate.

2. Take a small bit of the metallic potassium; throw

it on a piece of ice, or a little water, and it will burst into a beautiful blue flame.

3. *Detonating powder.*—Take three drachms nitre, two of carbonate of potass, and one of sulphur; mix them together in a mortar. Take about as much of this powder as can be held on a sixpence, and place it on a shovel over the fire. It will first melt, and then explode with a loud noise. The explosion is caused by a quantity of oxygen gas being suddenly disengaged from the nitrate of potass.

4. *Coloured signal lights.*—Take six drachms nitre, and two of sulphur; mix them into a fine powder. To produce a white light, add to this powder one drachm of orpiment, or yellow arsenic;—a blue light, two drachms of crude antimony in fine powder;—a red light, one drachm of nitrate of strontites.

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

(Second and concluding Article.)

UPON the first establishment of one of the Missionary Societies, in 1795, the then newly-discovered islands in the South Sea were selected as the first scene of its exertions; and thirty individuals, who volunteered their services, engaged to attempt the establishment of missionary settlements in the Society, Friendly, and other islands of the Pacific. At this period, the native inhabitants were under the thralldom of a barbarous mythology, combining in its tenets almost every extravagance which characterised the idolatrous systems of the heathen nations of old. The air, earth, and sea, were in their estimation peopled with spirits and deities, good and bad, to whom they indiscriminately offered up idol-worship and human sacrifices, while, as stated in our previous article, infanticide, torturing of war-captives, and every other barbarous practice common to savage nations, were in full operation. Eighteen of the missionaries landed at Tahiti, in March 1797 (the rest being distributed among the neighbouring islands), and were received by the king (Pomare) and queen of the island with uncommon respect and kindness. Unlike the jealousy usually manifested by barbarous tribes towards foreigners, the natives of Tahiti were delighted at the prospect of the white men coming to reside amongst them, having conceived a favourable opinion of them from the passing visits of various English ships. So pleased were they at the circumstance, and so hopeful of the advantages that would accrue to themselves from the permanent residence of Europeans, that they voluntarily ceded in a formal manner to the missionaries a whole district of the island called Matavai. Such transactions were by no means uncommon amongst them; but there was always a tacit understanding that the *presentee* (sometimes of a whole island) was only to make use of the gift so far as was needful to his support. A few of the missionaries were conveyed to the neighbouring islands, where they were likewise received with the utmost cordiality. Their acquaintance with the mechanical arts, for the practice of which they had brought with them all sorts of handicraft tools, especially struck the natives with astonishment and delight, and at once conciliated their respect and friendship. After having by these and other means established themselves in the good opinion of those they came to instruct, the missionaries next proceeded to acquire a knowledge of the Tahitian tongue. In this they found such great difficulty, from the language being altogether oral, and the multiplicity of vowels used, that they would probably have given it up in despair, but for the pains which the natives took to instruct them. With this aid, they were enabled, after great labour, to reduce the language to writing, which not only was of the highest use and importance to the missionaries, but afterwards came to be used by the natives themselves with the utmost facility. When a suitable means of communication was thus established between them, and after the missionaries had been about a year in the island, the latter requested a public meeting with the king and principal chiefs, at which they informed them of the purposes of the mission; namely, to instruct them in all useful arts, teach them reading and writing, and make known to them the only true God, and the way to happiness in a future state. They likewise, at the same time, endeavoured to demonstrate the horrible nature of human sacrifices, and especially of infanticide, and strongly urged their immediate discontinuance. The chiefs and people appeared pleased with the explanation of the missionaries, and promised that no more children should be murdered; but it was only a promise.

At this time there were two rulers in Tahiti—Pomare, and Otu his eldest son. But although the actual sovereignty of the latter was confined only to a few districts, he in fact possessed more power than his father, and was termed the king, notwithstanding that Pomare was recognised as the chief of the island. Otu, who afterwards, on his father's death, assumed the name of Pomare the Second, was at first greatly prejudiced against the missionaries, and it required all his father's influence to prevent him manifesting his aversion otherwise than by words and looks. His unfriendly disposition towards them was so well known,

that some of his adherents upon one occasion attacked four of the missionaries, tore the clothes from their back, and would undoubtedly have drowned them in a river into which they threw them, had not some of the more friendly-disposed natives rescued them. The good king Pomare was so incensed at the conduct of the assailants, that, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the missionaries, he made war upon the district, and slew two of the ringleaders. The impression, however, of this unpleasant occurrence upon most of the missionaries was such, that eleven of them took their departure in an English vessel then lying at Tahiti, and proceeded to Port Jackson, in New South Wales. This step seems scarcely to have been warranted by the occasion, more especially as a great majority of the natives expressed the deepest sorrow at their resolution, and the good old king entreated them, with tears in his eyes, to remain. It seems doubtful, however, if their presence would have been productive of any good results at this time in Tahiti—at least, for many years afterwards, the missionaries laboured on indefinitely without the slightest appearance of success to their cause. For this there were many evident reasons. In the first place, a rebellion broke out amongst the natives, about the above period, by which the island was kept in a continual state of turmoil and agitation. Another reason, no doubt, was the disfavour in which the preachers were held by Otu and the other chiefs. A third was of a still more distressing and unfortunate character. From the number of English vessels, principally South Sea whalers, which then began to touch at the islands, some loathsome diseases had been introduced amongst the natives by the seamen, which rapidly spread, and produced the most calamitous effects. It was not to be wondered at if this circumstance operated strongly to the prejudice of the missionaries, as being the countrymen of those who, according to their simple belief, had brought such a fearful judgment of the gods upon them. When the missionaries, too, proceeded to address the people on the inestimable benefits of Christianity, they were always met by the obvious question—why no mention had been made of the importance of this new religion by any of the former British vessels which had touched at the island. The king of England, they said, had sent them presents and professed friendship, but none of his messengers had ever before spoken of the Christian faith. Singularly enough, however, many of the natives regularly attended public worship at the mission-house, uniformly observing the strictest attention and decorum. For the better accommodation of these still profitless hearers, as well as with the view of inducing the attendance of more, the missionaries reckoned it expedient, in 1800, to erect a special place of worship. Towards this object Pomare lent workmen and every other aid in his power, and the chiefs contributed most of the materials. It is worthy of remark, that this was the first public place of Christian worship erected in the South Sea islands.

We have mentioned above, that a rebellion broke out in the island soon after the departure of some of the missionaries for New South Wales. The occasion of this event was the removal, by some of the chiefs, of the national idol, Oro, from the district of Pare to that of Atehuru, without the king's consent. Otu and Pomare followed their god, and, after the performance of the great marae, or national sacrifice, at which all the chiefs or warriors of the land were assembled, they stated that they had received intimation that Oro wished to be conveyed to another residence, and requested him to be delivered to them for that purpose. This the Atehuruan chiefs resisted. The consequence was, that Otu with his followers seized on the idol by force, and carried it off to sea in their canoes. This was the commencement of instant hostilities. The Atehurians invaded the neighbouring districts, slaying and burning all before them, and finally succeeded in defeating the army of Otu in a pitched battle, retaking the object of contention, and remaining masters of the greater portion of the island. By the aid of some British sailors, however, belonging to one or two ships lying at Tahiti, Otu was enabled to turn the tide of fortune against his enemies, and suppress the insurrection, besides recovering the idol. In 1803, the old king, Pomare, died suddenly, and his death was severely felt by the missionaries in more ways than one. Although he only manifested the greater aversion to the object of their mission the more he understood it, he had treated them with uniform kindness, and, shortly before he expired, recommended them strongly to the protection of his son. His death served but to confirm the people in their superstition, for they attributed it to the vengeance of the gods for his unceremonious seizure and abduction of Oro at Atehuru; and upon the occasion of a religious ceremony, wherein his departed spirit was invoked, his wife Idia, and one of the priests, severally declared that he had appeared to them—which story was of course universally credited.

Meanwhile, as peace continued, the missionaries pursued their labours incessantly, making occasional tours through the island, and preaching the gospel to the natives; but although they could not as yet boast of making converts, they succeeded in inducing many to learn reading and writing, and opened a school for that purpose in Matavai, for the instruction of children. In 1807, the war again broke out between Otu, now called Pomare, and some of his chiefs, when the missionaries, being apprised by the king of their danger, and seeing

no chance of farther usefulness in the island, determined to leave it. They therefore sailed in an English vessel, which happened opportunely to call at Tahiti, and were conveyed, some to the neighbouring island of Huahine, and others to Eimeo. Those in the latter place were soon joined by Pomare, who had been compelled to fly from Tahiti, after being completely routed. From the melancholy prospect before them—their expulsion from Tahiti, the total destruction of their settlements, and the prospect of continued war—the missionaries resolved to remove to Port Jackson by the first opportunity, and, on October 26, 1809, they all sailed from the islands, excepting a Mr Hayward, who remained at Huahine, and Mr Nott at Eimeo with the king, thus abandoning the object for which they had laboured for twelve years, without the consolatory reflection of having in any sensible degree furthered their cause.

SCOTTISH LAKES.

LOCH LEVEN.

AMONG the various Scottish lakes, whether situated in the midst of soft sylvan scenery, or overhung by the dark huge masses of Highland hills, none are more worthy of the visit of the northern tourist than Loch Leven—not the salt-water loch, or arm of the sea, on the west coast of that name, but the pretty little lake in the Lowlands, which abounds so much in historical associations, and which is situated at but a short distance from the Scottish capital. This beautiful sheet of water lies in the shire of Kinross, about twenty-seven miles in a northerly direction from Edinburgh, on the road to Perth, and, in dimensions, extends from ten to eleven miles in circumference. It is of an irregular oval figure, and, possessing several islets, as well as being surrounded with scenery of a pleasing or imposing kind, it is justly deemed one of the many places in Scotland worthy of a visit from tourists. On its west and north-west side it is environed by the beautiful vale of Kinross, surrounded by hills in the distance, and in the foreground disposed in plantations, arable and pasture fields, pleasure-grounds, and other materials of rural beauty. On its margin, on the same side, lies the ancient town of Kinross, with the adjacent gardens and mansion of Kinross-house, the seat of Bruce of Kinross. A short way east from thence, on the shore, stands the ruined castle of Burleigh. On the north-east corner of the lake it is overhung by the abrupt western termination of the Lomond hills, and on the south-east it is similarly shadowed by the hill of Binarty. In the space betwixt these elevations the lake has leave to stretch towards the east, and in this direction is bounded by a perfectly level piece of carse ground, extending fully three miles in length by nearly a mile in breadth, which is bounded on the north by the west Lomond, and on the south by the low hill of Balbedie. Through the intermediate carse flows the river Leven, which issues from the lake. At the east end of the carse, the rising grounds almost close, and from signs which cannot be mistaken, it is, we think, evident that this was once the eastern termination of the lake, and that at an early period, by accident or design, its embankments being broken down, the present alluvial carse was left in a marshy condition, while the water receded to its lowest level in the western hollow. If such was really the case, it must have happened at a period much earlier than the dawn of record, for no tradition exists regarding it; and we know that in the Celtic age there were localities existing on the present eastern borders of the lake, as is signified by their appellations. The chief islands in Loch Leven are two in number, namely, one situated near the shore opposite Kinross, on which are the picturesque ruins of a castle, once dignified by the compulsory residence of the hapless Mary Queen of Scots, and another of a low bare appearance called St Serf's Isle, near the east end. Loch Leven and its islands make a very early appearance in Scottish history. Of the religious house, which must thus have been planted here upwards of a thousand years ago, only a fragment, sufficient to make a small pen-fold for cattle, is now to be seen. The island being low and verdant, supports a few sheep and cattle. The island which contains the castle is about two acres in extent, and it is said that a fortlet was first built here by Congal, son of Donagart, king of the Picts. In the wars which harassed Scotland during the minority of David the Second, the castle of Loch Leven was held in the patriotic interest by Allan de Vipont, against the troops of Edward the Third, who acted in behalf of Edward Baliol. John de Strivilin blockaded it, erected a fort in the churchyard of Kinross, which occupies the point of a neighbouring promontory, and, at the lower end of the lake, where the water of Leven issues out of it, it is said that he raised a strong and lofty bulwark, by means of which he hoped to lay the castle under water, and constrain Vipont to surrender. The water continued to rise daily, and the besiegers thought themselves certain of success, when the English general and most of the troops having left the camp to celebrate the festival of St Margaret at Dunfermline, the be-

sieged, seizing the favourable opportunity (June 19, 1335), and, after much labour and perseverance, broke through the barrier, when the water rushed out with such impetuosity as to overwhelm the English encamped on that side.

Loch Leven Castle was granted by Robert the Third to a branch of the Douglas family. Sir Robert Douglas of Loch Leven, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was the near kinsman of the famous James Earl of Morton, and stepfather to the equally famous Earl of Murray; on which account he was selected by the confederated lords who seized Queen Mary at Carberry, as a proper jailor for that unfortunate lady. She was here placed in durance, June 16, 1567. On the ensuing 24th of July, she was obliged by a party of those statesmen to sign an instrument resigning the crown to her infant child, who accordingly was inaugurated a few days after at Stirling, under the title of James the Sixth. Queen Mary escaped from the castle, May 2, 1568, through the aid of a young relation of the family, and is said by tradition to have landed at a place called Balbinning, at the south side of the lake. She was defeated a few days after at Langside, and obliged to fly to England. The Earl of Northumberland, after his rebellion in England, being seized in Scotland, was confined for three years in Loch Leven Castle, from 1569 to 1572, when he was basely given up to Queen Elizabeth, and executed. This baronial family of Loch Leven succeeded some years after to the earldom of Morton, which it still enjoys. The island on which Loch Leven Castle is situated, lies a very little way from the shore; and between it and the point of the promontory above-mentioned, a causeway of large stones runs beneath the water, which is here so shallow, that in dry seasons, when the surface is a little lower than usual, a man can wade along this extraordinary pavement. A similar curiosity exists in the lake of Forfar and in Lochmaben; but how such works were formed, or for what purpose, no one can tell. The island is two acres in extent, and is partly occupied by the garden of the castle, which is now a mere waste, though still exhibiting a few fruit trees in a wild and decayed state. The principal tower of the castle is of the ordinary size of the border towers, and can never, therefore, have contained much accommodation. Connected with it is a court-yard, 585 feet in circumference, and which has contained other buildings of a subordinate character. No date or inscription is now visible; but some years ago a projecting stone presented the letters R. D. and M. E., probably referring to Sir Robert Douglas, and his wife Lady Margaret Erskine, mother of the Earl of Murray, the jailors of the queen. It is said traditionally, that the castle was dismantled at the end of the seventeenth century. An old man living at a later period had been heard to say, that he remembered when there were fifty-two beds in it; an assertion that appears to be, upon a survey of the ruins, incredible. Loch Leven is popularly believed to be mysteriously connected with the number eleven, being eleven miles round, surrounded by eleven hills, fed by eleven streams, peopled by eleven kinds of fish, and studded by eleven islands. But some of these properties seem quite fanciful; others are untrue.

Besides the islands already alluded to, there are only two, called the Reed Bower and the Paddock Bower, both of which are so small as to be hardly worthy of notice. The trout produced in Loch Leven is of acknowledged excellence. The following memoranda respecting it are from the Statistical Account:—"The high flavour and bright red colour of the trout seem evidently to arise from the food which nature has provided for them in the Loch. A considerable part of the bottom is oozy and spongy, from which aquatic herbs spring up in abundance; and so vigorous are they in many parts, as towards the beginning of autumn to cover the surface with their flowers. The trouts, especially of size, lie much in that kind of bottom; and gentlemen accustomed to make observations in angling, know well, that even in clear running rivers, where their course takes a direction through a long tract of meadow or oozy ground, the trout that feed in that ground, if of size, are generally less or more of a pink colour in the flesh, while those that feed in a stony or gravelly soil, above or below the swampy meadows, are all white, excepting the mixtures sometimes made by floods. But what appears to contribute most to the rich taste of Loch Leven trout, is the vast quantity of a small shell-fish, red in its colour, which abounds all over the bottom of the loch, especially among the aquatic weeds. It is of a shape quite globular, precisely of the size and appearance of a linseed boll at a little distance, and the trouts, when caught, have often their stomachs full of them. These observations may account for a phenomenon of another kind. In Loch Leven are all the different species of hill, or burn, or river trout, that are to be met with in Scotland, evidently appearing from the different manner in which they are spotted. Yet all these different kinds, after being two years in the loch, and arriving at three quarters or one pound weight, are red in the flesh, as all the trout of every kind in the loch are, except, perhaps, those newly brought down by floods, and such as are sickly. The silver-grey trout, with about four or five spots on the middle of each side, is apparently the original native of the loch, and in many respects the finest fish of the whole. The fry of all kinds are white in the flesh till they come to the size of a herring about the middle of their third year.

The gallytough or char abounds in the loch. Some of them weigh near two pounds, and yet they are never known to rise to a fly, or to be caught with a hook, baited in any way whatever. Besides these, there are vast quantities of pike, perch, and eel, in the loch." The fishing is let by the proprietor. The birds that breed on the loch are herons, gulls, pewee gulls, and plectanines. When the winds are high, and blow in particular directions, the loch is very much agitated, which makes it extremely difficult to navigate, and intimidates those boating parties who make a visit to "Queen Mary's Prison" and St Serf's the object of their excursions. The lake is fed by the small river Gainrey, and other streamlets on the west, and is emitted by the river Leven, which pursues an easterly course to the Firth of Forth. In recent times, the emission of the water for the river has been regulated by mechanism, and the lake partly reduced in dimensions, for the purpose of aiding the numerous mills on the banks of the stream. But though erected at an enormous expense, we understand little good and a great deal of dissatisfaction have been accomplished. The vale of the Leven is beautiful, and ornamented with the woods around Leslie, the seat of the Earl of Rothes.

SOCIETY IN LONDON.

SOME recent accounts of the enjoyments of the Londoners seem to have placed them in a ridiculous point of view; but those who are well acquainted with their chosen recreations, know that there is an inherent love of the beauties of nature strongly implanted in their hearts. However true it may be that they are shopkeepers in the most degrading sense of the term—that they are desirous to obtain money—that they are inconsiderate in their credits and debits—that their imaginary wants too readily become real in the most painful sense—yet justice demands that a great portion of them should be spoken of with respect, as persons who are more alive to what is excellent in nature and in art than is generally stated. Ignorance does not hang like a weight upon them; they are capable of thinking correctly, although their language may be touched with what is denominated vulgarism.

If it be inquired where their greatest enjoyments are experienced, the reply will be, on the hills of Hampstead or Highgate, in the meadows of Dulwich, amid the beautiful of Richmond or of Hampton Court, or the grandeur of Windsor; and these are scenes worthy their selection and admiration. If their indulgence in such pleasures appear costly, they are enabled to meet the outlay. If they become conspicuous, it will arise from the hearty manner in which their excursions are undertaken, and the gaiety of heart with which they are concluded; no part of which should furnish cause for heaping on them every ridicule and opprobrium that malignity could invent.

That there are among the Londoners many who abandon themselves to expensive enjoyments, may be true as it is reprehensible; but there is no class of society free from such imputation. Among the numbers who derive princely revenues from well-conducted mercantile speculations, there are some who consider themselves entitled to assume the exteriors of splendour, and even the follies of that class whose coronets decorate the chariot panels. Hence those phenomena, the counting-house dandy and the Exchange exquisite, who, although forbidden, are orientals, ever struggling to shine in the occidental hemisphere of London. They may get fleeced by titled sharpers at superb gambling establishments; but the balance at their bankers, or their unincumbered estates, are no introductions to a rout: they are permitted to flutter in the precincts of aristocratical twilight. If, moreover, they venture to approach the brilliant centre, a singeing of wings is the consequence of their presumption; for pride and prejudice sit, like dragons, at the portal of the *haut ton*, to scare the being connected with trade, the devotee of science, or the observing artist: they are politely waved aside, or elegantly placed in the distance.

In the middle ranks of society, at the table of a patroniser of eating and discussion—at a *conversazione*—at a *soirée*, or in the boxes of a coffee-house—there is an approach to equality and free communication of opinion, *par excellence* denominated the feast of reason and the flow of soul. But—there is ever a *but*, to furnish an exception to the rule. At either of the assemblies alluded to, there will be no difficulty in distinguishing between the professors of knowledge and the possessors of understanding. Sufficient proofs will be shown, that, to be acquainted with the title-page of a book, is not intimacy with its contents. Addison says, to understand, is to conceive with adequate ideas—to have knowledge of. Milton says, it is to know the meaning of—to be able to interpret; and Dr Johnson has placed these authorities at the word UNDERSTANDING in his dictionary. Yet, in despite of all this, do certain individuals take the lead on occasions of controversy, without ability to communicate a distinct idea: they are attended to, as far as good manners require, although what they have said has passed in at one ear and out at the other: the sound and fury

have signified nothing. At times, it is a scene of high entertainment to observe one of these Solons laying down the law, ponderous and verbose, hesitating and vehement by turns—daisy-picking and delving, straining and struggling; in the midst of which he travels out of the record, reckons without his host, or, as it is facetiously called, "puts his foot in it." The knowing wink at each other, but no one corrects the error, because the asserter is very influential. He did so to provoke discussion. He is an amiable fellow. He knew better. It was merely a slip of the tongue. But the scene is more delectable to observe one of these privileged Clevertons practise on a dolt, whose gaze declares a frozen intellect, on the icy surface of which slips and slides may be made with impunity, on which the skater may roll the outside edge, and cut every figure of which he is master. A stumble might be deemed incidental, and a fall dexterous. If the surface break, the skater is in no fear of being out of his depth; he is certain his expertness will be triumphant; and he chuckles in the consciousness of superiority.

Amid the subdivisions or castes into which metropolitan society forms itself, there is one less endurable than that just mentioned, because the essence of puppyism predominates on every subject, and on every occasion. With an affectation of gravity, these persons will make assertions of frivolous tendency, and enforce their being treated seriously, and run the gauntlet of common-sense with a loquacity truly surprising. They are heedless of being rendered despicable; they are protected by their impudence. They seem never to lose their confidence. They attack the opinions of others insolently, and defend their own without the least attention to decency. If any one proceed to arrange their ideas in reply, they protest against daisy-picking. If a distinction between approximating ideas, which they have confounded, be pointed out, they declare it to be splitting of hairs. If they feel themselves overpowered by his talent, they term the speaker a demagogue. It is quite farcical to notice the unaccountable degree of arrogance some such persons will display, and the evident proofs they furnish, that they believe the "gift of the gab" to be the attainment of knowledge, and the exercise of it the super-excellence of intellectual perfection.

There is another class of persons who rank as respectable tradesmen, having it in their power to rent a house out of London, in which their families reside, and possessed of all the requisites to insure comfort; yet such is the force of habit, they cannot refrain from wasting many hours of their evenings at Burton-ale-houses, cider-cellars, and wine-shades. At places like these, men of taste, talent, and understanding, may be met, where conversation may be listened to with pleasure, and the heart improved. At places like these, the contributions of thousands, in the various departments of art, science, and literature, are well appreciated, censure or praise well directed, and justice held in the highest estimation. Who shall point out the path of enjoyment to another? This mode of spending the evening, degrading as it should seem to be, yields the interchange of thought, nay, assists in the search after truth, and cannot be dispensed with, as the parties say, with whom the practice is familiar. But—the ever interfering *but*—all is not gold that glistens. In these societies where gentlemanly behaviour prevails, some discrepancies will arise to affect the bonds of harmony: the casual entrance of a stranger; an intricate subject of debate; passing occurrences, which may produce contrariety of opinions. Men do not sit tamely, as they once did, to hear prejudice advanced for truth, or absurdity for reason. In the conflicts which occur, there is both entertainment and instruction to the listeners, by the exercise of the judgment and the risible faculties.

There is yet another class of tradesmen who have similar propensities to the foregoing persons, who are rather imitators than originators of intellectual investigation. This class may be found in the parlours of public-houses, to which they resort to talk over all the leading occurrences of the day. They are all great politicians, and frequently, in imitation of the proceedings in the House of Commons, debate the question of the preceding evening in a style that would astonish the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are all designated learned and honourable gentlemen. They appear to feel a pride in triumphant argument; but they are neither petulant under opposition, nor furious under correction, and they exhibit the prejudices of their education without any show of vindictive feelings. They may at times talk much and have said little; tear a sentiment to tatters, or garble a point of information till it becomes unintelligible; and they can smoke in such conformity that they are almost compelled to adopt the caricatured method of discovering the gentleman on his legs by a bellows.

Detachments from these last-mentioned classes are occasionally to be found at the cigar divans, where they smoke and play chess in all the solemnity of Asiatics; or they may be engaged in a match at billiards, rarely for money, the exercise and the amusement being considered sufficient excitement. However engaged, it is pleasing to remark, that the kindly feelings are ever in operation.

There was a time when it was said that manners made the man, want of them the fellow. A change has come over the scene. Good manners are assumed by all the tradesmen of London, and rarely departed from. There are fellows in every class; integrity may justly be said to make the man; and it is the test that

alone can give the true distinction. The apologist for the mode in which so many valuable members of society spend their evenings, may urge the fatigues of the day, the anxieties to which business is subjected, the desire to learn what may have transpired beyond a very confined sphere, and the friendly intercourse with kind associates. These cannot be lightly treated; the shaft of ridicule, or of reproach, would be thrown in vain. It is the usage of society: but it is attended with serious consequences to health, and detrimental to the well-being of their families at home, where many of those misspent hours might be advantageously employed.

Of the working classes, or the bees of this enormous hive, London, it is but justice to say their general conduct is such as to entitle them to the praise of every observer. They have taken advantage of the general spread of intelligence, and justify their claim to be ranked among the valuable portion of a thinking community. A successful journeyman may become a master who may make his fortune, and there can be no character more honourable in this commercial country.

TALE OF THE RHINNS OF GALLOWAY.

(Concluded.)

TIME rolled on without any change being observable in the manners or condition of the inmates of the Peel, with the exception of one circumstance—that in about a twelvemonth after the marriage of the laird, his wife was delivered of a child. As there was no medical practitioner in the district at the time, two or three matrons in the neighbourhood, who were skilled in these matters, were called in to attend the lady, which they did, not without considerable misgivings. They were well entertained, however, and, what was better, well paid; and, from their report of the internal economy of the household, and the conduct of its owners towards them, the former began to be looked upon with more favour than they had hitherto been, by their humble neighbours. The child was a boy, and the mother declared her resolution of nursing him herself; so that, after the accouchment was over, Kellholm Peel was again left in as much seclusion as before.

Several months had elapsed after this event, and the tempestuous weather which usually ushers in the winter in our northern latitude had set in, when one afternoon, during a terrific hurricane from the west, a small vessel was observed drifting up the Solway, almost at the mercy of the wind and waves. Those on board seemed to be labouring to their utmost against the storm, by tacking to and fro with great dexterity; and when evening closed down, she was seen standing close in to the English shore. The gale at this time had moderated somewhat; but as the night advanced, it again increased, and many a prayer was breathed to heaven by the inhabitants of that perilous coast for the safety of friends, lovers, and relatives, who were exposed to the fury of the raging elements, when about midnight repeated guns of distress were heard; and from the lights hung out on board the hapless vessel, it was seen that she was driving headlong on a reef of sunken rocks at a considerable distance from the shore, almost directly opposite to Kellholm Peel. A number of the fishermen who resided near the beach, roused by the well-known sounds, soon assembled opposite the spot, and endeavoured, by means of signals, to warn the crew off the destruction they were hurrying upon; but the latter, if they understood the friendly communication, were unable to avail themselves of it. The vessel struck, and went to pieces almost instantaneously. The cries of the hapless sufferers were distinctly heard above the roaring of the hurricane, and pieces of the wreck soon came drifting in to the shore, to which four or five human beings were clinging in desperation, and rescued almost lifeless. The compassionate fishermen were puzzled what to do with the sufferers, as their own habitations were two or three miles distant, and there was no human dwelling nearer the spot than Kellholm Peel, where they reckoned it altogether useless to apply for succour. Whilst yet debating upon what was to be done, they were suddenly joined by an individual, who came rushing breathless towards them from behind a projecting rock. From the darkness of the night, they could not distinguish his features; but when he spoke, and directed them to convey their charge to Kellholm Peel, they were equally pleased and astonished to recognise the voice of young Laird Douglas himself. They obeyed with alacrity; and if they felt surprised at the invitation they had received, they were ten times more so, when, on arriving at the mansion, they found it in a state seemingly of preparation for visitors. A large fire was blazing up the immense

chimney of the hall; refreshments were ready placed upon the huge oaken table; several couches of hay, covered with blankets, were spread down in various recesses of the apartment; whilst the lady of the mansion and her handmaid were waiting as if in full expectation of their arrival. The young laird himself, too, seemed to have thrown aside all his usual moroseness and misanthropy. He aided in administering restoratives to the shipwrecked crew, pressed the wearied fishermen to partake of the viands set before them, and finally insisted on their resting themselves on the sleeping places provided (as he said) for them until morning. They did so with thankfulness, although almost bewildered with wonderment at all they saw and heard. But if they lay down in astonishment, they were doomed to a more fearful awakening. Two or three hours might have elapsed after their lying down to rest, when they were roused by screams and cries of the most frightful description, resounding through the mansion, and, starting up, beheld to their dismay dense volumes of smoke rolling into the hall from the inner apartments, and other unequivocal symptoms of the place being in flames. The shipwrecked mariners made to the outer door as fast as possible; but the native fishermen, naturally as humane as courageous, and thinking as much of the safety of the unfortunate inmates as their own, were about to dash through the choking smoke into the interior of the building, in order to attempt their rescue, when a figure rushed out half-dressed, daggled with blood, and with all the marks of frenzy in his features. It was the young laird.

"Flee! flee!" he shouted wildly; "it is a doomed house—it is a doomed house!" and, without stopping an instant, darted out of the open door, and was lost in the midnight darkness that still prevailed. The wrecked sailors, who had drawn together a little way opposite the blazing building, started aside aghast, as this apparition broke through them, and darted down towards the shore, shouting and yelling with the fearful laughter of madness! The undaunted fishermen, however, did not even then think of retreating. As the cries and screams still continued from within, two of them groped their way, blind and breathless, towards the quarter whence they proceeded, and one of them at last reached the apartment where the lady of the house, from whom the cries proceeded, was lying on her bed, seemingly in a state of delirium, whilst almost every article of furniture in the room, with the bed itself, was blazing around her. He snatched her up in his arms, and with difficulty reached the door. His comrade had in the meanwhile been fortunate enough to rescue the serving-girl; and the two females were immediately conveyed to a small outhouse that stood near the tower, and supplied with what clothing could be saved from the outer hall; for, from the violence of the hurricane, the flames seized on every part of the building with the rapidity of gunpowder. Meanwhile, the lady became every moment worse and worse—now sinking into convulsive fits, and, upon recovering from them, screaming out incessantly, "My husband! my brother! my child! my husband!" and, before day dawned, expired with these wild and unintelligible exclamations on her lips.

Early in the morning, the whole district was astir with the news of the double calamity of the shipwreck and conflagration of the preceding evening, and all sorts of rumours were afloat respecting the mysterious occurrences which attended the latter event. The civil authorities were quickly on the spot, and a strict investigation was set on foot into all the circumstances. The shipwrecked mariners stated that they were part of the crew of a small Irish coasting vessel, and that they belonged to Dundalk; that two strangers, whom they knew nothing about, had, a day or two previous to their sailing, waited upon their captain (who had perished on the previous night), and hired their sloop to convey them to a small sea-port on the English coast. That the hurricane had overtaken them when about midway to their destination, and after endeavouring in vain to run into some haven on the southern shore, they had been directed by one of the passengers, who seemed quite intimate with the coast, to make for a light which was described exactly above the place where their bark had struck, but which was observed to be suddenly extinguished ere the catastrophe happened. Two of the sailors asserted, that, while the ship was going to pieces, they observed the two strange passengers clinging to a plank, and drifting fast towards the shore. More of them they could not tell, excepting that they both appeared of an advanced age, and were seemingly of a respectable rank in life. A long and anxious search was made along the beach for several miles; but although the bodies of the unfortunate captain, and one or two others of the crew, were found, no trace of the two passengers could be discovered. Not a doubt was entertained, however, that both had perished. Respecting the fearful casualty at the Peel, no explanation whatever could be got. The young infant, it was conjectured, had perished in the flames. But as to Laird Douglas—his frantic and apparitional appearance and disappearance—his gory figure—the unintelligible expressions

of his dying lady—all were inexplicable, as, indeed, every previous occurrence connected with the Peel had been since the accession of the Irish family. The female servant, who was supposed to be the daughter of the "Witch of the Rock," was either unable or unwilling to afford the slightest clue to the mystery, and could hardly, moreover, give any proper account of herself. She had lived, she said, in the family of a poor peasant, in the south of Ireland, from her infancy until womanhood: that she had always been given to understand that she was the daughter of the old woman above mentioned, who, about two years since, had taken her away clandestinely from her early home, and brought her to Scotland; that her supposed mother was in the habit of visiting Ireland two or three times a-year, but for what purpose she knew not: that shortly after her final disappearance, and, as she supposed, her death, Laird Douglas had revealed to her that she was *not* the daughter of the old female, but was of a much better origin; but that certain circumstances rendered it dangerous for her to be acknowledged for a short time. Of the nature of the connection which existed between the laird and her previously-supposed parent, she could give no explanation, and was equally ignorant as to the relation in which she herself stood to either. Neither had she ever discovered who the laird's wife was, and could only say that they seemed to live happily together, notwithstanding their secluded habits of life.

This story of the young woman, however, only rendered matters more inexplicable than before, and every attempt to clear up the mystery was found in vain. No intelligence could be got of the young laird; the property was taken charge of by the proper authorities, until those who had the next legal right to it should appear; and the friendless female thankfully accepted service with the farmer in whose house her late master had passed his boyhood.

Upwards of half a century rolled on, continued my friend, without any thing transpiring to afford the smallest explanation of the above strange and tragical occurrences, when, about six or seven years ago, a vessel sailed from this part of the country with a number of emigrants to the back woods of America. As the captain of the ship had it in contemplation shortly to follow their example himself, he accompanied them, after the termination of their voyage, far up into the wilderness, for the purpose of examining the country. On this view he had strayed many miles from the encampment one day, alone, when he was encountered in the forest by an old man, attired and armed like one of the savage aborigines, but whose complexion and cast of features declared him to be an European. After a mutual pause of surprise, the demi-barbarian addressed the other in English, and questioned him who he was, whence he came, &c. &c. The seaman replied frankly to his interrogatories, and observed that the other was deeply agitated by his answers to them. The old man at last acknowledged he was a countryman, and a native of the same district of Scotland, and questioned him, with evidently intense interest, concerning Kellholm Peel, its present condition, and the strange circumstances connected with its history and last owner. As the matters before related had all taken place long before the seaman was born, he could not state what he himself had heard of them by tradition, but exactly as has been detailed. When the old man heard that the daughter of the woman who was called the Witch of the Rock was still living, he was too infirm to be able to support herself, he was caught by the arm.

"Strange," he, "she who was supposed to be that woman's mother, lies in yonder valley (pointing to an opening between the mountains), and long, long have I wished to be laid beside her; but what you have now told me gives me hope, that, in preserving my life through so many years of hardship, peril, and anguish, the Almighty has indeed been dealing mercifully by me, and that a door has at last been opened for reconciling myself to the throne of grace. Countryman! you behold in me a terrible example of the punishment that awaits him who presumes to become the avenger of his own wrongs—to shed blood for blood with his own hand—to arrogate to himself the privileges of the Almighty. But come to my abode, and I will there unfold my fearful story." He led the way into the deep recesses of the forest, seemingly far from any human track, and entered a cavern scooped out of the side of a precipitous bank that overlooked a small stream. The entrance was secured by a strong door of wicker-work, and was completely hid from observation by a thick natural screen of some creeping shrub, which hung down like a curtain from the top of the bank, and had to be lifted up to give admission into the cavern. After partaking together of refreshments of various kinds, of which there seemed to be abundance, the old man then related his story to his guest, which affords a thorough explanation of all the mysterious transactions connected with Kellholm Peel and its last proprietor—the old man thus strangely discovered in the wilderness of the new world—for he it indeed was. To save time, his narrative will be best told in the third person.

The old woman called the "Witch of the Rock" was the foster-mother of O'Rourke, the first Irish proprietor of Kellholm, and of course warmly attached to him, but could not be prevailed on to attend him to Scotland on his removing thither. When the inheritance of the Irish estate opened up to him, she

was the only one who dared openly to assert his rights; and when the dark fate of the unfortunate man was made known, she scrupled not to denounce Sir Phelim O'Rourke, the next heir in succession after her foster-son's children—a "bold bad man," with a large family, and in desperate circumstances—with being the murderer. For this she was obliged to conceal herself, in order to save her life from his fury; but she still lingered about the district, and at length got intelligence, from one of the actors in the tragedy, of the burning of Kellholm Peel, and the entire destruction of her foster-son's family. Upon this she determined instantly to bring a public accusation against the chief perpetrator, but was deterred from executing her purpose upon being subsequently told that one of the children had been preserved, brought to Ireland, and placed by Sir Phelim in the charge of a poor woman, the wife of one of his cottagers. To get possession of the orphan child (a girl) became now her first thought; and this, after great trouble and difficulty, she at last accomplished, and succeeded in escaping with her across the Channel. It was at this time she first made her appearance in Galloway, and took up her lonely residence on the rock. The reason of her not immediately disclosing the existence of the child to the neighbours and connections of the family, arose from her terror of the vengeance of Sir Phelim, in the event of the circumstance reaching his ears, as she knew he would in that case stop at nothing to accomplish the destruction both of herself and the infant. Her fears and dilatoriness, however, proved fatal to her. Sir Phelim got intelligence of her abode, and, as has been seen, again carried off the infant from the hut on the rock; and it was only by her knowledge of the hiding-places about the beach, that she herself escaped being murdered. It was shortly after this event that she discovered, to her unbounded joy and surprise, that another child of her foster-son's existed; and this accounts for the remarkable change that was at the time observable in her deportment. She threw herself in the boy's way during his rambles, told him the story of his parents' wrongs, and trained up his young mind to the contemplation of but one object—vengeance on the perpetrators. When the young laird came to take possession of the Peel, the two confederates forthwith proceeded to put their plan into execution, being no less than that of utterly annihilating the family of Sir Phelim O'Rourke, root and branch. It was in the execution of this fearful work of vengeance they were employed during their mysterious absences from the Peel, and it was during one of these that the old woman thought she had discovered in the family of a poor peasant the sister of the laird of Kellholm, for whom, when an infant, she had suffered so much, and whom she had little difficulty in persuading to accompany her to Scotland. It was judged prudent, however, both by the laird and his confidante, that she should not be recognised as his sister until they had fully accomplished their dangerous and bloody purpose. With so much secrecy and deep cunning was the latter carried into effect, that the victims seemed all to have perished as if by accident or a natural death. One was found drowned in a neighbouring river; another was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, as if he had accidentally fallen over it; a third, a favourite daughter, was found cold and stiff in bed one morning without any marks of violence discernible on her person; other two, a boy and girl, went out one day to gather nuts in a wood near their house, and were never more heard of, but it was universally believed that they had fallen into the river, and had shared the fate of the former son. The only one upon whom foul play was known to have been used, was the last of the children, the eldest son; and the circumstances attending it will sufficiently evince the fearfully cool and calculating determination with which the young laird of Kellholm proceeded to fulfil his designs. In the family of Sir Phelim resided a beautiful girl, the daughter of an elder brother, and who had been left an orphan in the care of her uncle, while yet an infant. As she was entitled to a very large patrimony, Sir Phelim had resolved on a union between her and his eldest son; and although the girl herself candidly stated her repugnance to the match, there is little doubt she would have been compelled to comply with his wish. The young laird learned her story and situation from his associate, and, during one of his secret and bloody missions, he contrived to introduce himself to her, revealed his name, and succeeded in inducing her to accept his hand, and fly to Scotland with him. Upon the very night of their elopement, her former lover was amissing, and, two days afterwards, was found lying in a deep pool, with a dagger driven up to the hilt, sticking in his breast. What added to the horror of the old father, now utterly bereaved and desolate, was the discovery that the dagger, or rather the short sword, for such it was, with which his son was slain, was the identical one which he had lost while engaged in the destruction of Kellholm Peel, about a quarter of a century before; and upon examining the handle, there was found attached to it a small slip of parchment, on which were written the following significant words:—"Bluid for bluid! Vengeance is slow but sure!"

The avenger of his parents, however, thought his work but half accomplished, whilst the principal, or rather the only criminal, existed; but it was found no easy task to get an opportunity of accomplishing their purpose on him, owing to the precautions he

adopted for his security. At last the old woman hit on an expedient for enticing him away from his well-guarded home, which at once proved successful. She contrived to send him notice, that, by repairing to a small fishing hamlet in Dundalk bay, on a certain day, he would there meet with an individual who would give him some information about his two children who had been lost so mysteriously. Sir Phelim eagerly attended at the appointed time, and was met by the old woman, disguised in sailor's attire, who with a feigned and plausible story about his children having been kidnapped, and of their being then concealed at a small sea-port on the English coast, preparatory to being sent off to the colonies, induced him immediately to hire a vessel, and proceed with all dispatch to their rescue. The disguised sailor, in the meantime, had come to a proper understanding with the master of the vessel, that, although he and his companion were ostensibly proceeding to the English coast, yet it was their wish to be set on shore under cloud of night on the coast of Galloway; and this hint was enforced by a sum sufficient almost to have induced the poor skipper to scuttle his old boat in the middle of the Channel, could they have but got safe ashore. The hurricane that sprung up, however, rendered that unavoidable which must have otherwise been effected by stratagem. The young laird was on the outlook, and, from certain signals previously agreed on with his confederate, well knew the vessel that came driving up before the hurricane, and the freight which she contained. When it became dark, he proceeded to the Witch's Rock with a lantern, placing it so that it could only be visible from the sea, and towards which his confederate on board directed the master of the vessel to steer. By so doing, they would have run into a small but safe bay to windward of the rock; but the violence of the hurricane disabled them from weathering the fatal reef which lay at the entrance to it, and produced the consequent catastrophe. The disguised decoy, however, even amid the tumult of the wreck, never for a moment lost sight of her victim, and upon his seizing hold of a plank, and committing himself to the waves, she also sprang after him, and they were drifted ashore together at a considerable distance to leeward of the others. Here, as if by instinct, the young laird was waiting, and a signal of recognition from the latter was instantly answered. Their victim was so much exhausted, that he was almost incapable either of walking or speaking, and was led by his guides into one of the caverns (of which there are so many) along that part of the Galloway coast, and from thence by a passage, excavated from the solid rock, into a vault beneath the very foundations of the Peel. Here they left him for a while, the old woman proceeding by a secret passage into a secluded apartment of the upper building, and Douglas to attend to his guests.

All the other wearied inmates of the Peel had sunk to rest, when Douglas, with his partner in vengeance, the latter attired as during her residence on the rock, and carrying a large pine torch, descended to the vault beneath the tower, to consummate the work which they had pursued for years with such remorseless determination. Notwithstanding his clothes were dripping with the salt water, and his bed nothing but the hard rock, the object of their deadly purpose was slumbering soundly. Douglas proceeded to bind securely his hands and feet (for although the latter was far advanced in life, he was still a man of a powerful and almost gigantic frame), and then awoke him by shaking him violently with his foot. O'Rourke started up, and the feelings of the miserable man may be imagined, when told where he was, the purpose of his being brought there, and who stood before him. But awful as his sensations must have been at the announcement of his impending doom, he was made to drink a still deeper draught of misery, as his triumphant foe proceeded to detail the whole story of his vengeance, dwelling on all the circumstances accompanying the death of his successive victims with torturing minuteness. Rage, fear, remorse, every evil and turbulent passion, was boiling in his bosom, and he groaned aloud in the agony of his spirit, as the other calmly drew forth his weapon, and bade him prepare for death. The awe-stricken wretch begged for one moment's respite, and upon this being granted, asked his destroyer if he knew what had become of his lost niece, who had left her home so unaccountably about eighteen months before, adding, that there was a secret connected with her for the knowledge of which even Douglas would be glad to forego his present revengeful purpose. Douglas smiled sternly as he informed his victim that the young lady was the mistress of his mansion and the mother of his infant; but scarcely had the words escaped him, when a shout of exultation burst from the prostrate man, who, turning a withering look on Douglas, exclaimed that he would now die contented, as the deaths of his children were more than avenged—their murderer had wedded his own sister! The old woman, after a pause of stupefaction, here started forward, and asserted his statement to be false; but the other, with resolute firmness, told her, that, by his direction, the infants, who were of the same age, had been changed in the cradle by the nurse, lest the sister of Douglas should again be attempted to be stolen, and that it was his niece who had been reared in the peasant's hut. Douglas, who had stood speechless at first, on hearing this information, at length uttered a cry of frenzy, and, springing upon his unhappy victim, soon put a pe-

ried to his existence. Of his further conduct that night, the old man told his shuddering auditor, his mind retained no impression. He only remembered being instigated by an ungovernable desire to obliterate all recollection from his senses. In short, he became for a while perfectly insane. On coming to his senses, he found himself lying on the beach, in the grey of the morning, severely bruised, with the old woman bending over him. They retreated into the cavern, and abode there until the following night, when they set out to a distant sea-port on the west coast of England, and being provided with money, soon obtained a passage to North America.

Such was the dismal story of the old man, which he corroborated by taking down a small box from a recess in his cavern, from which he took out the title-deeds to the property of Kellholm estate. These, he said, had been kept for security in the vault beneath the Peel. He concluded by saying, that he wished to make the unfortunate niece of his uncle his heir in the property, it being in his own gift, and begged his guest to convey home the proper documents for that purpose. This the other most readily promised to do. Upon the return of the latter to his ship, therefore, the old man accompanied him down the country to the sea-port town, where, after getting the necessary writings drawn up and executed, he bade farewell to his countrymen, and returned to his abode in the wilderness, and was never heard of more. When Captain Fisher arrived in Scotland, he immediately transmitted his packet to the sheriff of the district, with a full detail of the above singular narrative. Immediate steps were taken to carry the old man's disposition into effect, and amongst other things a search was made in the ruins of Kellholm Peel for the entrance to the vault beneath, of the existence of which no one had ever previously heard. It was found after considerable trouble, and in it was found the skeleton of a large man, with a dagger covered with rust lying close beside it. This was an undeniable testimony of the truth of the old man's tale; but as it was judged proper by the legal functionaries to get some further proofs of the poor woman's identity, thus unexpectedly raised from the extremity of poverty to wealth, instructions were transmitted to Ireland, to investigate into the matter. Only one witness could be found who knew any thing at all of the singular circumstances of the case. This was the daughter of the nurse in Sir Phelim's family, who, according to the latter's dying declaration, had, by transposing the infants, occasioned the supposed horrible casualty before mentioned. The result of this woman's evidence was a disclosure of a most unexpected nature. She stated that her mother on her death-bed had informed her of the deed which Sir Phelim had wished her to perpetrate, but that she could not make up her mind to do it, and had imposed upon him with a false story. The dying woman had charged her daughter, by the most solemn adjurations, never to mention the circumstance to any living being, unless called upon in the way she now was; and added, that, if any doubt was entertained of the statement, the identity of the real or the false niece would be proved by particular marks she had made on different parts of their persons at the period alluded to. Upon examination, the mark which the old woman said she had made on the Scotch infant was plainly discernible on the person of the poor old woman now living; and there is not room for a doubt that she is the sister of the unfortunate Laird of Kellholm Peel, and, as such, entitled to the property and all the accumulated money, which is very considerable. She still dwells with the kind family where she formerly took service, and who have almost exclusively supported her for many years, from pure benevolence, as, being now near her eightieth year, she has been long unfit for labour of any sort. Such, concluded my friend, is the strange history of Kellholm Peel and its late and present proprietors; and as I understand you are somewhat of a philosopher, continued he, smiling, I think you cannot do less, in return for my story, than furnish me with a moral to it.

"The unhappy hero of it," I replied, "has, I think, saved me from such a dilemma—Revenge is not the province of man. But," continued I, "there is one point of your story which I do not very clearly understand. What could be the Irish baronet's motive for wishing to do such injustice to his innocent niece, as to substitute the daughter of the man whom he had murdered in her place, and even to purpose marrying his son to the latter?"

"Why," replied he, "that appears altogether inexplicable, unless upon the supposition, that, by conjoining the patrimony of the real niece with that of the spurious one, he saw the ultimate prospect of increasing the wealth and influence of his family, which appears to have been the prime motive of his whole conduct; whilst, by holding such a secret over the head of the latter, he thought he might more easily sway her to his purposes than the other."

I nodded assent to the probability of his conjecture, and the conversation ended.

It may perhaps not be uninteresting to state, that the old lady who was elevated so unexpectedly from penury to wealth, enjoyed her good fortune for about ten years afterwards, still continuing to reside with the homely, benevolent family who sheltered her in her days of adversity. At her death, she bequeathed the whole of her property to them; and as Kellholm Peel had latterly become, by the ravages of time, al-

most levelled with the earth, a handsome modern mansion has been erected on its site, the hospitality and urbanity of whose present owner is likely to be much longer remembered in the district than even the misanthropic disposition and unfortunate fate of his predecessor.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CHAUCER.

THE invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the fifteenth century; from which memorable time a race of learned men arose, equal in point of ability with the greatest geniuses of antiquity. Of these we may say, without vanity, that our own countrymen are justly entitled to the reputation of the first rank. To the claims of some of the most eminent of these, we shall now more particularly direct the attention of our readers, by presenting them with a few articles on the lives and writings of those who are worthy of being denominated the *classical* authors of Britain; and we commence with Chaucer, who acquired the general designation of the Father of English Poetry, and who appeared somewhat prior, even, to the era alluded to.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born at London in the year 1328; but although he was extolled in the highest terms of panegyric by his contemporaries, and has also deservedly maintained his reputation with posterity, it happens that no certain information has been handed down in regard to his parentage; only, it is presumed that he was by birth a gentleman. The same uncertainty that attends the history of his parentage attends that of his education. Whether he studied at Oxford or Cambridge, or at both universities successively, is a point which cannot now be at all decided; but that his education was excellent for that age, is clearly proved from the learning displayed in his works; and that his genius rose still superior to all the advantages of scholastic or academic institution, will admit of no dispute.

After completing his scholastic education, he is supposed to have improved himself by travelling into France and the Low Countries; and it is partly ascertained, that, on his return, he entered himself a member of the Inner Temple, and for some time prosecuted the study of the law. In a record of this society, published by Speight, the following fact appears: "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a friar in Fleet Street."

It does not appear, however, that he ever practised the law as a profession; and the sprightliness of his genius, the elegance of his form and manners, and the fertility of his endowments, seem early to have attracted the notice of the court, where he particularly devoted himself to the service of the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward the Third. By the favour of this prince, he obtained in marriage Philippa, daughter of Sir Pagan Ronet, and sister of the famous Lady Catherine Swynford, who was first governess to the duke's children, and afterwards became his wife.

Chaucer was at this time in the flower of his age, admired for the elegance of his person, and distinguished for every other talent and accomplishment that could render him acceptable in the gay and splendid court of Edward the Third. As that monarch frequently resided at Woodstock, Chaucer had a house near the park gate, which still retains his name, though it has been entirely rebuilt and modernised; and here it is probable that he penned some of his happiest compositions.

After serving for some time as the king's page, he was appointed a commissioner to go to Venice to treat with the republic of Genoa for the hire of some ships; and on his return from this embassy he obtained, among other marks of royal favour, the grant of a pitcher of wine daily. Next year he was made comptroller of the customs of London, for wool and hides; with the singular proviso, that he should execute the office personally, and not by deputy, and keep the accounts in his own handwriting—a pretty clear proof that Edward did not promote him for his poetical talents, otherwise he would certainly have given him a somewhat different employment. Soon after this, he was appointed to act as guardian to one of the king's wards, an office of both honour and profit; at which time it appears that his income was not less than a thousand pounds a-year, a sum which in those days enabled him to support a splendid hospitality congenial to his disposition, and to enjoy that ease and affluence which it is so rarely the lot of a poet to possess.

It was during this sunshine of prosperity that he wrote his chief poem, entitled "*Canterbury Tales*," which is by far the most popular of his works, and exhibits a striking variety of talents, or union of the sublime and the pathetic, with such a fund of poignant satire, genuine humour, and knowledge of life, as is seldom paralleled. The clergy, both regular and secular, are the frequent object of his keenest animadversions; and by this he most probably aimed to ingratiate himself the more with his patron the Duke of Lancaster, who had openly espoused the cause of Wickliffe the reformer.* Chaucer entered passionately into Wickliffe's views of reformation, but this in the sequel involved him in much trouble; for when the Duke of Lancaster found himself obliged to abandon the party of Wickliffe, and to retire from public life for a time, the interest of Chaucer sunk at once, and he became from that instant exposed to all the malice of his patron's opponents. At this time he retired to Woodstock, where he finished his admirable treatise on the *Astrolabe*, as also the beautiful performance called the *Testament of Love*, written in imitation of Boetius's *Consolation of Philosophy*.

By the return of the Duke of Lancaster to favour and power, and the marriage of that great man with the sister of Chaucer's wife, the sun of prosperity again beamed on his evening hour; and, when about seventy years of age, he quitted Woodstock, for Donnington Castle, near Newbury.

Not long afterwards, Henry the Fourth, son of the Duke of Lancaster, mounted the throne; and in the first year of his reign he conferred some marks of his regard on Chaucer. His former grants, however, being annulled, in common with all others passed in the late reign, the venerable bard, in the concluding scene of his life, was obliged to become a solicitor at court for a renewal of his pensions; and though he succeeded in a certain degree, the fatigue of attendance, and his great age, prevented him from enjoying long the royal favours. Falling sick at London, he died, October 25, 1400, in the seventy-second year of his age, with a kind of enviable philosophical composure, as appears from the song beginning "*Flie fro the Prese*," which he wrote on his deathbed.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where, in 1556, a monument was erected to his memory by Nicholas Brigham of Oxford, from a just regard for his talents. He left two sons, Thomas and Lewis; the former of whom was speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry the Fourth, and passed through several other high offices with reputation and applause.

The private character of Chaucer appears to have been as amiable as his literary attainments were illustrious. Genteel and complaisant in his manners and address, frank and liberal in his disposition, he was at once the fine gentleman, the easy companion, and the learned writer.

On his poetical and other literary qualifications, it is unnecessary to expatiate here. He was the Father of English Poetry, being the first who wrote original verses in his native tongue. Before his time all poetical compositions here were confined to the French and Latin, or translations from those languages. He was also the first writer in England to whom the appellation of a poet, in its genuine dignity, can be with propriety applied. He attempted every species of versification, from the epigram to the epic, and was eminently successful in all.

As some of our readers may wish to see a specimen of the poetical composition of those whom we select the following lines of Chaucer, from *Canterbury Tales*, "The Pardoner's Prologue," may be seen.

Lordings! quoth he, in chirch when I preche,
I paine mee to have an hauteine speche;
And ring it out, as round as doth a bell;
For I can all by rote that I tell.

Then shew I forth my long, cristall stones,
Ycrammed full of clouts and of bones;
Reliques they been, as were they, echone!
Then have I, in Latin a shoder-bone,
Which that was of an holy Jewes-shepe.
Good men, say, take of my words kepe!
If this bone be washen in any well,
If cow, or calfe, shepe, or-oxe swell
That any worm hath eaten, or hem strong,
Take water of this well, and wash his tong,
And it is hole a noo: And, furthermore,
Of pockes, and seabs, and every sore
Shall shepe be hole, that of this well
Drinketh a draught: Take keep of that I tell!
If that the good man, that beasts oweth,
Wull every day, ere the cock croweth,
Fasting drink of this well a draught,
(As thilk holy Jew our elders taught)
His boasts and his store shal multiple;
And sirs, also it healeth jealousy.
Here is a mitaine eke, that ye may see;
He that has his hand well put in this mitaine;
He shall have multiplying of his graine;
When he hath sown, be it wheat or otes,
So that he offer good pens or grotes!

Those who would prefer the thoughts of this Father of English Poetry in a modern dress, are referred to the elegant versions of him by Dryden, Pope, and others, who have done ample justice to their illustrious predecessor.

* Vide Mavor's *British Nepos*, p. 40.

OLYMPUS AND PARNASSUS.

THE celebrated mountain Olympus was considered not merely as the loftiest summit in Greece, but even, in the opinion of the ancient geometers, as the highest elevation of the globe. Its height, we are informed, was accurately measured by the philosopher Xenagoras, and found to be ten stadia and a plethrum, or nearly 7000 English feet. This is somewhat more than the elevation assigned to it in the *Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences*, by John Bernoulli, where it is given at 1017 toises, or 6512 English feet. The misfortune is, that in these measurements no mention is made of a fixed base, to enable us to judge of the accuracy of the calculations. Snow is said to lie frequently on certain parts of Olympus during the whole year. The ascent, however, is perfectly practicable in the summer season; as Sonnini himself visited its summit from Salonica during that season; and a small Greek chapel has even been constructed near the top, where service is performed once a-year, with singular contrast to the old mythology of the spot. The monastery of St Dionysius, on the eastern side, is the highest habitation on the mountain. Its elevation has been prodigiously exaggerated by the poets, who described it as the throne of Jupiter, and the habitation of the gods. Hence Jupiter was denominated the Rector Olympi, or Ruler of Olympus, in the pagan theology. With them it exceeded every other mountain in Greece, both for height, massiness, and grandeur. The giants were fabled to have made Olympus the highest step of that ladder by which they endeavoured to scale the abode of the immortals.

Olympus is now called Elimbo in Romic, and Samavat Eski, or the Celestial House, in Turkish. The appellation Olympus, perhaps, formerly denoted any very lofty eminence, as it was common to many celebrated mountains. "Towards the south-east," says Dr Clarke, "and rather behind our route as we journeyed towards Tempe, appeared Mount Pelion. But the view of Olympus engrossed our particular attention, owing to the prodigious grandeur into which its vast masses were disposed. We had never beheld a scene of bolder outline. In this grand prospect, the only diminutive objects were the distant herds of cattle, grazing in detached groups on the plain in the foreground. All the rest consisted of parts of such magnitude, that, in their contemplation, animated nature is forgotten. We think only of that Being who is represented in the immensity of his works, and thereby indulge the same feelings which first induced the benighted heathens to consider the tops of their mountains as habitations of the Most High God."

Lofty as Olympus was represented by the poets, yet an altar was erected on its summit, where Jupiter was worshipped. The best view of this far-famed mountain is from the plain of Pella to the north, or from the city of Salonichi, where its magnitude is such as to fill all the view towards the western side of the Gulf of Therma, and actually to dazzle the eyes of the beholder with the radiance reflected from its snow-clad summit. Instead of seeming remote from the place of his observation, though fifty-five miles distant, so enormous is its size, as to seem close to his view. This view, however, was taken in the midst of winter, by Dr Clarke, during his stay at that place. It will not therefore present so sublime a spectacle in the summer months, when its snows are melted. The base and sides of Olympus are covered with thick woods of oak, chestnut, beech, and planetree; and the acclivities are clothed with large pine forests, giving that sombre appearance to it so often alluded to by the poets, being denominated by Horace, *Lib. iii. Od. 4.* *Opacus Olympus*; and by Seneca, *Pinifer Olympus*. Its summit is an obtuse cone, with somewhat of a concave line on each side.

The famed Parnassus seems to be regarded by Clarke and Holland as the loftiest summit in Greece. The former ascended it in the month of December, and reached the summit after consuming 4½ hours in the journey from the village of Arracovia. The summit was a plain in the bottom of a crater, containing a large pool of water, then frozen over. The sides of this crater, rising in ridges around this plain, are the most elevated points of Parnassus. The summit, therefore, strongly resembles that of Kader Idris in Wales. These sides were then a glacier, covered with hard and slippery ice. The atmosphere was clear and cloudless, and the thermometer in the open air fell to two degrees below the freezing point. The prospect was varied, sublime, and extensive; the Gulf of Corinth seemed a mere pond; and towards the north, beyond all the plains of Thessaly, appeared majestic Olympus, with its many tops, clad in shining snow, and expanding its vast breadth distinctly to the view. The other mountains of Greece rose in vast heaps, like the surface of the ocean in a rolling calm, according to their different altitudes, but the eye ranged over them all. As a proof that the ascent to the summit is comparatively easy, the peasants conducted the horses of Clarke and his party quite to the frozen pool on the summit. The top and all the higher sides of the mountain are limestone, containing veins of marble, and a great number of imbedded sea shells. These are found on the highest peak, and over all the mountain. The higher region is bleak, and almost destitute of herbage. The descent on the north-west side occupied 4½ hours. The people of the plains of Bœotia call the whole mountain *Lakürä*; but those who reside on it still retain the ancient name, calling the

heights by a general appellation Parnassu, and one of the ridges in particular Lugari. In strictness of speech, Parnassus is not one mountain, but a range of mountains running from north-west to south-east, where it rises into one great summit. The poetic appellation of the Biceps Parnassus, or the Double Peaked, is erroneous, though sanctioned by almost all the classic poets. This appellation properly belongs to two pointed crags, formed by a chasm in a precipice 100 feet high, in the bottom of which is the fount of Castalis, towering above and behind Delphi. These being a part of the mountain, have been erroneously considered as the tops of it. They are estimated vaguely by Dr Holland at 800 feet of elevation above the level of Delphi, and 2000 above the sea.*

THE ITALIAN SLEEP-WALKER.

IN the recently-published cheap and elegant edition of Goldsmith's works, forming part of the series of publications entitled "The British Library," we are presented with many pieces not hitherto generally known as the productions of the ingenious author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Among others, is the following little sketch, descriptive of a remarkable instance of walking in sleep:—

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch in reality feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little brown-complexioned man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and, upon such occasions, was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo, was at the university, where he showed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion, his master set him a very long and very difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy; but awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise, completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and a more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long: for, in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered:—One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immovable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken; then snapping his fingers, to show he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers, as if he wanted snuff. Not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and, pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some. He next very carefully put up his box again; and, looking round

him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immovable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations, which so astonished and scandalized his brother friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and, in a little beaufet beneath, to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put one or two more over each other, and thus cumbersomely accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell; there hiding his ill-got finery beneath his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awakened, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there. He went among his fellows of the convent, inquired how they came to be placed there; and, learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A lady, who had long been a benefactress to the convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloister, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expenses great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broken open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away! Every person in the convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

ANGLING ANECDOTE.

IN 1822, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while enjoying the amusement of fishing at Dalswinton loch, having expended their stock of worms, &c., had recourse to the well-known expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perches, and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which the perch is known to rise at quite as readily as any other. One of the perches caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water, that the unseen, though not unfelt hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth than it came in contact with one of its eyes, and actually tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident only made the fish struggle the harder, until at last it fairly slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line and cork to the waters. After a very short interval, the latter substance began to bob, when, pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished by swallowing its own eye!

HACKSTOUN OF RATHILLET.

Old Hackstoun of Rathillet one day said to Mr Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish, or rather wild youth for a son, "D'ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon." "How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Ou, ye see," said Hackstoun, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that our sons are fools."

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

* Bell's Notes to Rollin's Ancient History. Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER," AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 83.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

WHEN suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we, or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in calamity, or, at the most, belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbour, and, seeing that he is not afflicted by any open or palpable grievance, and makes no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and, in fact, appear as the very step-children of providence. For every particular evil which besets us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and, by the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread, then we look to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious. Have we little of worldly wealth, then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessities of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which we only know by name. Are we unblest with the possession of children, we pine to see the superabundance which characterises another family, where they are far less earnestly desired. Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives, we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow-creatures, or think, in our anguish, that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that, even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been excused for beholding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Bologna, where he so well improved his time, that he soon became one of the most distinguished scholars, at the same time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly noble character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who never failed to mark with delight the progress he had made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment. Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness, which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under his absence. Who can describe the solicitude with which a mother—and "she a widow" (to use the language of Scripture)—regards a last-surviving son! His every motion—his every wish—she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and, whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment, permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can

rouse her but his return. If he comes on horseback, she hears the foot-fall of the animal, while it is as yet far beyond the ken of ordinary ears: if he be walking, she knows the sound of his foot upon the threshold, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the throng of his companions. Let him come into her room on ordinary occasions never so softly, she distinguishes him by his very breathing—his lightest respiration—and knows it is her son. Her entire being is bound up in his, and the sole gorgon thought at which she dare not look, is the idea of his following the goodly and pleasant company with whom she has already parted for the grave. Such exactly were the feelings of the Neapolitan mother respecting her noble and beloved—her only son.

It chanced, however, that, just when he was about to return to Naples, perfected in all the instruction which could be bestowed upon him, he was seized suddenly by a dangerous sickness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he could not survive, his only care, so far as concerned the living world, was for his mother, who, he feared, would suffer very severely from her loss, if not altogether sink under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose at length suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free of the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an article, and had a notion that by wearing it he would be speedily cured. The Countess thought her son's request rather odd; but being loath to refuse any thing that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with the view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her inquiry was tedious and difficult; every body she could think of, or who was pointed out to her, was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost despaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one—a middle-aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss, but bore every external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation. To this fortunate dame, the Countess preferred her request, making the circumstances of the case her only excuse for so strange an application. "My dear Countess," said the lady, "spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most miserable woman in Naples." So saying, she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceiling to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton hanging from a beam! "Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed the Countess; "what means this?" The lady looked mournfully at her, and, after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation. "This," she said, "was a youth who loved me before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to part with, when my relations obliged me to marry my present husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance, though with no evil intent, and my husband was so much infuriated at finding him one day in my presence, as to draw his sword and run him through the heart. Not satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here, and every night and morning

since then, has compelled me to come and survey his remains. To the world I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seem to be possessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be really entitled to the reputation which you have attributed to me, or be qualified to execute your son's commission."

The Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house, in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of, seeing that, if an apparently happy woman had such a secret sorrow as this, what were those likely to have, who bore no such appearance. "Alas," she said to herself, "no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life—there is a skeleton in every house!"

When she reached home, she found a letter conveying intelligence of her son's death, which in other circumstances would have overturned her reason, or broken her heart, but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her son, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the first acute sensations were past, she said resignedly to herself, that, great as the calamity was, it was probably no greater than what her fellow-creatures were enduring every day, and she would therefore submit with tranquillity.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the peculiar hue of continental manners and ideas, must be easy to every one of our readers. They must see how great a fallacy it is to suppose that others are, more generally than ourselves, spared any of the common mishaps of life, or that *we*, in particular, are under the doom of a severe fate. They may be assured, that, beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of this world, there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less painful that they are unseen. The very happiest-looking men and women, the most prosperous mercantile concerns, have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The pride of the noble—the luxury of the opulent—even the dignity and worship of the crown—all have a *something* to render them, if it were known, less enviable than they appear. We never, for our part, enter upon any glittering and magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is reputed to be singularly prosperous or happy, but we immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even in those great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side, and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of providence, that *there is a skeleton in every one of them*.

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE TAY.

THE Tay is esteemed the largest and most beautiful of all the Scottish rivers, and flowing through an extensive district of country, exhibiting all the varying graces of Highland and Lowland scenery, is believed to pour into the ocean a greater quantity of fresh water than any other river in Britain. The Tay has its remote sources in the western extremity of Perthshire, in the district of Breadalbane, on the frontiers of Lorn, in Argyshire. At first, its waters are entitled the Fillan, and descend in a winding course of eight or nine miles through a valley, having the name of Strathfillan. In this sequestered vale stands the small modern village of St Fillans, a place now rendered

one of the sweetest spots in Scotland, at least within the Highland line, and which every autumn is rendered a scene of high festival for the celebration of national games.

The little river Fillan afterwards expands, and assumes the form of a lake, called Loch Dochart, extending about three miles in length. Issuing from its eastern extremity, the river retains the name of Dochart, and, under that appellation, flows in an easterly direction through the vale of Glendochart, a distance of eight miles, when again spreading out, but in a much more spacious scale, it forms the splendid sheet of water entitled Loch Tay. This Highland lake extends fifteen miles in length, by from one to two miles, though more generally one mile, in breadth, and possessing a slight serpentine bend, sufficient to take from it the appearance of a straight expanse of water. Its depth is from 15 to 100 fathoms, and it abounds with salmon, trout, pike, and other fish. Although Loch Tay is a spacious and splendid piece of water, and though the surrounding hills are lofty, and its margins are wooded and cultivated, and enlivened by houses, it does not generally afford those fascinating landscapes which characterise Loch Lomond, and other large Scottish lakes; nevertheless, on the southern and less frequented side of the lake, the scenery is often rich and various in the middle grounds. Of the few objects on the northern side, a wooded island, containing the remains of a priory, naturally attracts the first attention. This was an establishment dependent on Scone, founded, in 1122, by Alexander the First, whose queen, Sybilla, the daughter of Henry the First, and granddaughter of William the Conqueror, is interred in it. The island possesses another kind of celebrity, from having afforded a retreat to the Campbells in Montrose's wars. It was taken by General Monk in 1654. Being a picturesque object, it adds much to the beauty of this part of the lake.

The river issuing from Loch Tay at the village of Kenmore, assumes the name of the lake, which it retains till it mingles with the waters of the ocean. The clean, elegant village of Kenmore, with its church, its inn, and its few white cottages, occupies a lovely eminence at the north-east extremity of the loch, and the river is here crossed by a handsome bridge of three arches. Kenmore ranks unquestionably among the most beautiful villages in Scotland; a kind of object, it must be confessed, which Scotland does not yet possess in great numbers. The valley around may be considered as the paradise of the Highlands, and forms a favourite point for the tourist in the genial months of summer. The lower grounds are here richly cultivated, or covered with beautiful plantations; the whole overlooked and sheltered by mountains towering to the clouds, among which rises the lofty Ben Lawers. In the midst of this exquisite scenery, stands the magnificent seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, called Taymouth.

After leaving the lake, the Tay speedily receives a great augmentation by the river Lyon, which descends from Glen Lyon, and runs a course not a great deal shorter than the Tay itself. Its next great accessory is the Tummel, which falls into it on its left bank, joining it at the south-eastern corner of the parish of Logierait, about eight miles above Dunkeld. The Tummel brings down the whole of the waters drained from a most extensive district, or series of vales, in the north and north-west part of the county, from the confines of Mar in Aberdeenshire, round to the borders of Appin in Argyleshire. Before reaching the Tay, it receives these waters chiefly by the rivers Garry, Tilt, Bruar, and Tarff, from the north, and in its own course from the west it draws off the waters of Loch Lyddoch, Erich, and Rannoch. Thus increased, the Tay becomes a river of uncommon size and beauty, and it now takes a direction more towards the south. Its waters frequently separate and unite again, forming several beautiful islands, and its banks are in general nobly wooded. Near Dunkeld (a place which must be separately described), the woods around it are deep and majestic, and at this place it receives an accession on its right bank by the beautiful river Bran. On leaving Dunkeld, the Tay flows through a territory more lowland in its character, and, pursuing a direction towards the east, receives the waters of the Isla on its left bank. The Isla forms a considerable accession to its magnitude, as it is a stream which, besides draining the north-western part of Forfarshire, draws off the waters from the north-eastern division of Perthshire, by the rivers Ardlie, Shee, and Erich.

The Tay now takes a south-westerly course betwixt the parishes of Kinclavin and Cargill, and afterwards resuming a direction more towards the south, it receives on its left bank, at Luncarty, the small river Shochie. About two miles farther south, on the same side, it receives the Almond, which adds considerably to the volume of its waters. Flowing onward towards the south, a noble stream of first-rate proportions, the Tay passes through the beautiful vale and past the town of Perth; and now decreasing in speed, it becomes fit for the navigation of small vessels. After passing between the woods and romantic hills of Kinnoull and Moncrieff, a short way below Perth, the Tay begins to assume the appearance of an estuary or firth; and at the foot of the rich flat vale of Strathearn, it receives on its right bank its last great tributary, the Earn river, which brings down the waters of a most extensive Highland and Lowland district, including those of

Loch Earn, whose sources are very near those of the Tay itself.

Having now received the whole of the streams of Perthshire, great and small, with the exception of those falling into the Forth from the south-west corner of the county, the Tay gradually expands into an arm of the sea from a mile to three miles in breadth, though generally shallow; separating the carse of Govrie and part of Forfarshire on the north, from Fife on the south. At Dundee the firth is contracted to about two miles in breadth, but it again widens, and about eight miles below that thriving sea-port, it expands into the Bay of St Andrews and the German Ocean.

PADDY THE PIPER.

"I'll tell you, sir, a mighty queer story, and it's as true as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie—it was in the time of the 'ruction' [insurrection], whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by reason of the martial law, that wouldn't let a decent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, not a one of us daer go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor draw about until the morning kem agin."

Well, to come to my story—'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the prates was boilin', and the noggin's of butther-milk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. "Whisht," says my father; "here's the sojers come upon us now," says he; "bad luck to thim the villains, I'm afear'd they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door," says he. "No," says my mother, "for I'm afther hangin' an oud sack and my new petticoat agin it a while ago." "Well, whisht, any how," says my father, "for there's a knock agin;" and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door. "Oh, it's folly to puttin' any more," says my father; "they're too cute to be put off that-a-way," says he. "Go, Shamus," says he to me, "and see who's in it." "How can I see who's in it in the dark?" says I. "Well," says he, "light the candle thin, and see who's in it; but don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in," says he, "exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim."

So with that I went to the door, and there was another knock. "Who's there?" says I. "It's me," says he. "Who are you?" says I. "A frind," says he. "Baithershin!" says I—"who are you at all?" "Arrah! don't you know me?" says he. "Not at all," says I. "Sure I'm Paddy the piper," says he. "Oh, thunder and turf," says I, "is it you, Paddy, that's in it?" "Sorra one else," says he. "And what brought you at this hour?" says I. "I didn't like goin' the roon' by the road," says he, "and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me," says he. "Oh, bloody wars!" says I—"Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom," says I; "for you know yourself it's a hanging matter to be catched out these times," says I. "Sure I know that," says he; "God help me; and that's what I kem to you for," says he; "and let me in for old acquaintance sake," says poor Paddy. "Oh, by this and that," says I, "I daren't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and throth if the Hussians or the Yeo's [yeomen] catches you," says I, "they'll murder you, as sure as your name's Paddy." "Many thanks to you," says he, "for your good intentions; but, please the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how." "Faix then," says I, "you had better lose no time in hidin' yourself," says I; "for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Hussians would be afther givin' you; for they've no justice, and less mercy, the villains!" "Faith, thim, more's the reason you should let me in, Shamus," says poor Paddy. "It's a folly to talk," says I; "I daren't open the door." "Oh then, millia murder!" says Paddy, "what'll become of me at all, at all," says he. "Go aff into the shed," says I, "behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an iligant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in," says I, "and a fine bed it 'id be for a lord, let alone a piper."

So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it went to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more, by token, when the prates was ready; for sure the bit and the sup is always welkin to the poor traveller. Well, we all went to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceived him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, becase he was going off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes; for not a better piper was in all the country reund nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was iligant at the pipes.

[Paddy set off somewhat too early, and as he walked along in the dark, he came against a corpse hanging upon a tree, being the remains of a British officer hanged by the insurgents. Paddy cuts off the limbs of this unhappy victim of popular fury, in order to obtain his boots, and, returning to the cow-house, hides them beneath a heap of straw, after which he went again to sleep, but was soon after seized and taken

away by a party of the military. These fragments being afterwards found by the inmates of the cottage, lead to the notion that the cow had eaten up Paddy, and left only his legs behind. The results of this suspicion upon the fair fame of the animal are thus narrated:—]

"Arrah! be aisy," says my father. "Bad luck to the lie I tell you," says I. "Is it ate, Paddy?" says they. "Not a doubt of it," says I. "Are you sure, Shamus?" says my mother. "I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues," says I. "Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs." "And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?" says my father. "I b'lieve so," says I. "Oh," says he, "what a cruel taste she has for music!" "Arrah!" says my mother, "don't be abusin' the cow that gives the milk to the childher." "Yis, I will," says my father; "she shan't be under my roof any more; for I'll find her to the fair this mornin'," says he, "and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff," says he, "Shamus, the mornin' you've ate your breakfast, and dhrove her to the fair." "Throth I don't like to dhrove her," says I. "Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself," says he. "Faith, I don't," says I. "Well, like or no like," says he, "you must dhrove her." "Sure, father," says I, "you could take more care of her yourself." "That's mighty good," says he, "to keep a dog and bark myself;" and I recollect'd the sayin' from that hour. "Let me have no more words about it," says he, "but be aff wid you."

So, aff I went, and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had any thing to do with sitch a villain of a baste. But, howsoever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrove the man-ather iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her at all, at all.

Well, away we went along the road, and mighty throth it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"God save you," says one to me. "God save you, kindly," says I. "That's a fine baste you're dhrovin'," says he. "Throth she is," says I, though it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. "It's to the fair you're goin'," I suppose," says he, "with the baste?" (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.) "Thin you're right enough," says I; "it is to the fair I'm goin'." "What do you expect for her?" says he. "Thin myself doesn't know," says I; and that was thrue enough, you see, becase I was bewildered like about the baste, intirely. "That's a queer way to be goin' to market," say he, "and not to know what you expect for your baste." "Och," says I, not likin' to let him suspect there was any thing wrong wid her—"Och," says I, in a careless sort of a way, "sure no one can tell what a baste 'll bring, until they come to the fair," says I, "and see what price is goin'." "Indeed, that's nath'ral enough," says he. "But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it," says he. "Oh, I've no objection in life," says I. "Well, thim, what will you ax for her?" says he. "Why, thim, I wouldn't like to be on'raisable," says I—"for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid iv her"—"and so I'll take four pounds for her," says I, "and no less." "No less!" says he. "Why, sure, that's chape enough," says I. "Throth it is," says he; "and I'm thinkin' it's too chape it is," says he; "for if there wasn't somethin' the matter, it's not for that you'd be sellin' the fine milch cow, as she is, to all appearance." "Indeed, thim," says I, "upon my conscience she is a fine milch cow." "Maybe," says he, "she's gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn't feed well?" "Och, by this and that," says I, "in regard of feedin' there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy; and if you like her for the money, you may have her." "Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry," says he, "and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair."

"With all my heart," says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned, but in throth I began to be afear'd that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her at all, at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it; throth you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standin's o' gingerbread and filigant ribbons, and makins o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-rounds, and tinte with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddles playin' up t' encourage the boys and girls; but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue of a cow afther I'd mind any divarshin in life; so an I dhruv her into the thick av the fair, whin, all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up struck the pipes, and, my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"Oh, murder!" says I, to the boys standin' by, "hould her," says I, "hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now."

"Is it a cow for to ate a piper?" says one o' thim. "Not a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corps myself, and nothin' left but the two legs," says I; "and it's a folly to be athrivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never lave it aff, as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost."

"Who's that takin' my name?" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side,

who should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"Oh, hould him too," says I; "keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost," says I; "for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs."

Well, sir, with that Paddy—for it was Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin', and, whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoutin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame of atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and we thrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow; and Paddy played that day beautifully, and mony a one said the likes was never heard before or since, even from Paddy himself, and av course the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of throwers made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim things an, the mint a pair o' pipes strikes up, they can't rest; but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'."

THE PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

It is curious to observe how far the fanciful impressions of infancy will sometimes extend their shadows into after life. From my childhood, though I scarce knew why, the *Ægean* Archipelago had always been "one of the greenest islands of my imagination." Hence, when I found myself sailing by moonlight over its still waters, with its hundred isles of light flourishing and looking beautiful around me, I could scarcely realise my situation, or believe that I was actually in the middle of that very ocean, hallowed by so many lovely and glorious associations, and the goal of all the warmest and most romantic aspirations of my youth.

I visited the various Greek islands, in company with a valued friend, in the spring of last year. We hired for the cruise a small Greek goëlette, manned by Hydriote sailors, and carrying two swivel guns of tolerable size. This was a necessary precaution; for the whole of the Archipelago swarmed with pirates, and every fresh port we touched at we learned some new example of their daring and success, and too often of their cruelty. They had sprung up suddenly in the month of March, and had appeared in several quarters at the same time; and it was conjectured, from their numbers and extraordinary audacity, that they must be supported by some high authority, and act under explicit directions. They were composed, so far as could be discovered, of individuals from all nations, chiefly Syriac, Egyptian, and Greek. They attacked vessels of all sizes, and bearing all flags. Near Milo they had captured a Sardinian brig, and subjected the crew to every species of abominable outrage; and at Syria we received an account, which proved afterwards only too correct, of these miscreants having seized two Austrian vessels of considerable size in the Gulf of Salonica. The crews made a gallant resistance, and the pirates in revenge took them to the island of Thasos, and after subjecting them to the most ignominious treatment, massacred them all. These circumstances, as may be imagined, were constantly present to our thoughts, and we proceeded on our voyage cautiously and anxiously. One night, as we were sailing between Tinos and Delos, leaning over the side of our vessel, and watching the bright and fairy phosphorescence of the dividing waves, my friend related to me the following incident, which I will give nearly in his own words:—

"Not long since I had occasion to pass in a Venetian brig from Alexandria to Smyrna, and as I was desirous to take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the *Ægean*, the captain, at my request, visited a few of the more interesting islands. One day in May we were lying off the north-east coast of the island of Naxos, enjoying the freshening softness of the evening air after a day of excessive sultriness. At sunset the wind gradually died away, and gave place to one of those dead, motionless calms so common in these uncertain seas. We had watched with melancholy interest the last gleams of the departing sun, as he disappeared behind the wooded hills of Anטיפaros, and were now enjoying the soft dim lustre of the moon as she rose upon the lovely scene before us. Syra, Delos, and other isles, dimly discernible in the distance, formed the chief features of the landscape, while the rich moonlight softly glimmered on the almost motionless bosom of the waters.

Occasionally a slight ripple against the sides of the vessel awoke the slumbering phosphorescence of the ocean, and elicited a light which had something of enchantment both in its delicacy and its evanescence. There was a stillness—a calmness—a surpassing beauty—a sacred purity, in the scene, which inspired one with the thoughts and the language of another world; and as I gave way to the reveries and remembrances it awakened, I almost lost the recollection of our meaner nature, and forgot that I was still on earth.

In this mood of mind I was leaning over the side of the vessel, when the captain came and tapped me gently on the shoulder, and, with a look of peculiar significance, pointed to an abrupt promontory about two miles a-head of us. I followed his eye, and could distinguish with difficulty two long narrow boats, with three small masts in each, and impelled apparently by nearly twenty oars, making straight for our vessel. As they came more distinctly into view, and we could discern their form, it was such as to leave us no doubt of their nature or intentions. We had heard them described too often and too minutely not to recognise them at a glance: they were a band of those terrible pirates who were then infesting the *Ægean*, and whose daring and cruelty had struck terror into all the sailors who frequent these seas. I looked at the captain. He was a brave man, I knew, for I had seen him tried; yet now his lip quivered, and a shuddering came over his whole frame, as he saw, in all its horrors, the fate which was probably in store for us. We knew that our chance of a successful resistance was but small; but weak as it was, we had learned enough of the brutality of these wretches in other cases to be aware it was our only hope. Outrage, ignominy, and massacre, had been inflicted, according to the varying caprice of the hour; and in particular, their treatment of the crews of two vessels which had lately fallen into their hands, determined us to fight to the last plank, and then take what fate it might please Providence to send us.

Escape was impossible. There was not a breath of air sufficient even to stir a handkerchief; and these pirates always profit by a calm, which enables them to attack an unwieldy vessel to great advantage. We got all our arms on deck, and each man stood ready at his post. I had laid my sword and pistols on the gunwale before me, and was leaning on my carbine, watching the advance of the enemy. There was a dead silence through the ship, till we could distinctly hear the splashing of their oars as they gradually neared us—it was horrible to be thus deserted by the elements at our greatest need. There was not breeze or motion sufficient to enable us even to turn the vessel; and there was not one of us who would not thankfully have exchanged our helpless, motionless condition, against the wildest hurricane that ever blew over a tropical sea. We were delivered up to our enemies, as it were, bound hand and foot. This feeling of paralysis grew upon us momentarily, like the horrors of nightmare. Every man seemed afraid to breathe, and we might have heard a pin drop at the furthest extremity of the ship. We were looking Death in the face—and I felt that he was indeed the King of Terrors.

The boats at length came within hail. I counted thirty men in the one boat, and twenty in the other; we did not muster twenty-five in all. They rowed close alongside, one at one side, and the other at the other, and summoned us to surrender. The captain returned no answer, but took a deliberate aim with his musket at the summoner, and shot him through the heart. We all followed his example, and our fire was eminently successful. They returned it in haste, and then, without waiting to reload, began to climb the sides of our vessel. We offered them no resistance, but retired to the quarter-deck, where our two small cannon had been placed, and ranged ourselves before them. As soon as the pirates had clambered upon deck, without waiting to form, they drew their heavy cimetas and yataghans, and rushed tumultuously upon us. In a moment we drew a little to either side, and at the same instant our two guns poured their grape-shot, through our ranks, upon the confused mass of our assailants. The effect was tremendous; for a moment we thought the victory was ours, and we rushed upon them to complete our work. But they rallied too quickly; and then began the real contest: it was man to man—hand to hand—sabre to sabre. The pirates were desperate by character—we were rendered so by situation; and the combat was one of such deep and concentrated fury as I trust never to witness again. Two of the combatants who were firmly grappled, and were slashing each other with their daggers, missed their footing on the quarter-deck, and fell overboard together. But even in the water I could observe that they did not quit their hold; each grasped his antagonist with the frenzy of a dying man, and they sank in each other's arms. How long the battle lasted I know not; it might be five minutes—it might be ten; but I was brought to the ground I scarce knew how; and when I recovered my senses, it was all over.

Myself and six of my companions were the sole survivors: they were all wounded, and tied with ropes to the side of our vessel. The captain was among them. His arms were pinioned behind him, and he was lashed to the mainmast. He was evidently faint and weak from loss of blood, and his pale countenance expressed a sort of hopeless resignation, interrupted at times by a transient shudder of unconquerable horror, as the thought of the fate in store for us rushed across his mind. The pirates, whose numbers had been greatly thinned during the action, were lying on the quarter-deck, some sleeping, and others watching. The first faint streak of morning light was just appearing along the horizon, and our conquerors took advantage of a breeze which sprung up to direct our vessel towards their port. Just then a ship of considerable size came in sight round the corner of the island, and passed us within a few hundred yards. Our

captain, regardless of the consequences, hailed the strange sail, and claimed the assistance of her crew, and at the same moment received a shot which silenced him for ever. The pirates sprung to their feet, and prepared to receive those we had called upon to save us. They had seen our situation, but they turned a deaf ear to our entreaties; they spoke not—turned not—staid not. The ship of safety speeded on its way; and as it gradually lessened in the distance, our excited hopes sunk into despair, and our hearts died away within us.

I am an observer both by habit and disposition, even in times of the deepest anxiety and danger; and as a faint gleam of hope, in the shape of an accepted ransom, had already flashed across my mind, I began to look out, with a sort of throbbing curiosity, mingled with alarm and doubt, for the pirates' den, whither our course was evidently directed. It was not long before we arrived. Six of the pirates immediately proceeded southward with our captured ship, for the purpose, as we afterwards found, of selling her at Rhodes, with the inhabitants of which island they kept up a regular traffic of this nature. The remainder of our victors got into their two boats, whither we were compelled to follow them, and pulled towards shore. I despair of being able to delineate, otherwise than with the pencil, the extraordinary scene we now approached. It was a bold, craggy, almost perpendicular coast; and we soon discovered a vast chasm or fissure, which extended the whole height of the rock, and to a considerable depth inland. Into this chasm we entered, and, after rowing about fifty yards, another considerable fissure opened at right angles to the first. Though at least sixty yards broad at the level of the water, this second chasm gradually diminished in breadth, till at the surface of the island its existence was only discernible by a narrow crack over which an active man might leap with ease. At the end of this extraordinary natural vault, and about twenty feet above the sea, was a cave, narrow at its entrance, but widening considerably as it penetrated deeper into the rock, and by no means dissimilar to the subterranean gallery underneath the citadel of Argos. As the pirates moored their boats at the extremity of this vast cavern (for such, notwithstanding the narrow opening above, it might be called), two of their associates appeared at the mouth of the cave to welcome them, and inquire of their success. A few words were interchanged between them, and my companions and I were then ordered to mount into the cave by means of a ladder of ropes, which was let down to the boat's edge. To one of these unfortunate wretches the moment seemed to offer a last chance for safety. When his turn came to ascend, he pretended to lose his hold, slipped into the water, dived under the nearest boat, and swam vigorously away. But the effort proved a desperate one; the pirates were too vigilant to be thus deceived; three firelocks were discharged at the unhappy man too deliberately to miss the mark—he gave a horrid shriek, which is still ringing in my ears—stretched forth his hands wildly and imploringly to Heaven—then slowly sunk beneath the surface; and the bubbles which ascended one by one from his last suffocating gasps, alone indicated the spot where he had disappeared.

We were all struck with horror. It seemed to us a foreboding of our own fate, and we shuddered as we entered this dark cavern of iniquity. There seemed to be many recesses in different directions; but the part of the cave where the pirates were assembled was nearly circular, and a rude lamp, which was suspended from the damp vault, served to show the dreariness and discomfort of the chamber, and the mats and weapons which formed its only furniture.

I will not detail to you the horrors of our situation, nor the ignominious treatment to which we were subjected, during our abode in the pirates' den. It was living with the devil and his angels. My four remaining companions were taken out of the cave at midnight, about a week after our arrival, and put on board one of the pirates' boats, and I had afterwards reason to believe that they were sold as slaves in some of the ports of Syria. I only escaped their fate from having been able to persuade the pirates, by producing my papers, that if my friends at Smyrna were informed of my situation, they would willingly advance whatever ransom might be demanded; and I pledged myself at the same time that I would never attempt to make known their residence. I wrote to Smyrna, and an answer soon arrived. The pirates, impatient for their promised ransom, immediately conveyed me to *Scala Nuova*, the port of the ancient Ephesus, where my friends met me, and I was delivered up to them on payment of the stipulated sum. It was two thousand dollars.

As I rode towards Smyrna, the world seemed to have opened afresh afore me: I was disposed to look upon every thing with a favourable eye. Even the miserable village of Alasaluck appeared rich and beautiful; all nature was bright and laughing; and I felt that I had taken out a new lease of life.

The same pirates are now infesting the Archipelago; and, from the description, I believe them to have been the very gang who last month massacred the Austrian crews at the Isle of Thasos. But I remembered my promise, and not even a robber shall have to reproach me with a breach of trust."

This was the substance, and nearly the words, of my friend's narrative; and, from many confirmatory statements which I heard both in Greece and Smyrna,

*From "Legends and Stories of Ireland, by Samuel Lover, R.N.A."

I am inclined to believe that there is neither incor-rectness nor exaggeration in the smallest circumstance.

We continued our voyage without any interruption, beyond that of frequent calms; and after visiting Syra, Delos, and Scio, we reached Smyrna on the 25th of May.*

POPULAR ERRORS IN MEDICINE.

BY AN EDINBURGH PHYSICIAN.

A VERY common practice in eating such fruit as cherries is to swallow the stones, with the vague notion that these promote digestion. No error can be more fatally absurd. Many cases have occurred where such practices have been the cause of death, and that of a most excruciating nature. One instance is on record of a lady who died in great agony after years of suffering, and the cause was found to be several large balls found in the intestines, accumulated around clusters of cherry-stones. The husks of gooseberries are often swallowed with the idea that they prevent any bad effects from the fruit. On the contrary, they are the most indigestible substance that can be swallowed, and pass the stomach without any change, although they cause excessive irritation, and not unfrequently inflammation of the bowels.

Many people put great faith in the wholesomeness of eating only of one dish at dinner. They suppose that the mixture of substances prevents easy digestion. They would not eat fish and flesh, fowl and beef, animal food and vegetables. This seems a plausible notion, but daily practice shows its utter absurdity. What dinner sits easier on the stomach than a slice of roast or boiled mutton, and carrots or turnips, and the indispensable potato? What man ever felt the worse of a cut of cod or turbot followed by a beef-steak, or a slice of roast beef and pudding? In short, a variety of wholesome food does not seem incompatible at meals, if one do not eat too much—here the error lies.

It is a common practice with bathers, after having walked on a hot day to the sea-side, to sit on the cold damp rocks till they cool before going into the water. This is quite erroneous. Never go into the water if over-fatigued, and after profuse and long-continued perspiration, but always prefer plunging in while warm, strong, and vigorous, and even with the first drops of perspiration on your brow. There is no fear of sudden transitions from heat to cold being fatal. Many nations run from the hot bath, and plunge naked into the snow. What is to be feared is sudden cold after exhaustion of the body, and while the animal powers are not sufficient to produce a reaction or recovery of the animal heat.

There is a favourite fancy of rendering infants and farther advanced children hardy and strong, by plunging them into cold water. This will certainly not prevent strong infants from growing stronger, but it will and often does kill three children out of every five. Infants always thrive best with moderate warmth and a milk-warm bath. The same rule applies to the clothing of infants and children. No child should have so light clothing as to make it feel the effects of cold—warm materials, loose and wide-made clothing, and exercise, are all indispensable for the health of little ones. But, above all things, their heads should be kept cool, and generally uncovered.

Many people so laud early rising as would lead one to suppose that sleep was one of those lazy, sluggish, and bad practices, that the sooner the custom was abolished the better. Sleep is as necessary to man as food, and as some do with one-third of the food that others absolutely require, so five hours' sleep is amply sufficient for one, while another requires seven or eight hours. Some men cannot by any possibility sleep more than four or five hours in the 24; and, therefore, true to the inherent selfishness of human nature, they abuse all who sleep longer. No man should be taunted for sleeping eight hours if he can.

There is a common prejudice in the country, that old women, farriers, and professed bone-setters, are the only persons fit to prescribe for all sprains, dislocations, and broken bones. Are these subjects less likely to be understood by an anatomist and regularly educated man, than the more difficult and intricate diseases which he daily treats with success? What becomes of all such patients in large cities and hospitals, where a regular surgeon superintends their cure? Have we so many stiff joints and deformed and useless limbs as among the patients of the empirical bone-setter?

Many people do not eat salt with their food, and the fair sex have a notion that this substance darkens the complexion. Salt seems essential for the health of every human being, more especially in moist climates such as ours. Without salt, the body becomes infected with intestinal worms. The case of a lady is mentioned in a medical journal, who had a natural antipathy to salt, and never used it with her food; the consequence was, she became dreadfully infected with these animals. A punishment once existed in Holland, by which criminals were denied the use of salt; the same consequence followed with these wretched beings. We rather think a prejudice exists with some

of giving little or no salt to children. No practice can be more cruel or absurd.

One great cause of reluctance to medicine among the ignorant, is the idea, that many, if not all of the powders and potions, are made from human bones, and other parts of the body. In the present day no such thing exists; but yet nothing can better exemplify the saying, "that popular prejudices are the cast-off clothes of philosophers, in which the rabble dress themselves," than the fact that even the great Lord Bacon believed in amulets; and Boyle seriously recommends the thigh-bone of an executed criminal as a powerful remedy in dysentery. Two-thirds of the medicines in common use are the dried roots, or leaves, or fruits, or gums of vegetables, reduced to powder, or infused in water or spirit of wine; the other third are salts, obtained from sea-water, from the waters of mineral springs, from burnt sea-weed or land vegetables, and from various preparations of the metals. Many a child has turned with horror and disgust from a common emetic powder, under the false conception that it was human liver pounded, when he would have even cheerfully taken off the nauseating draught had he been told that it was nothing more than the cleansed roots of a beautiful little flowering plant, that grows in warm countries, called ipecacuan. It is not an uncommon observation, and a sort of taunt, too, to the medical man, that his drugs are all disagreeable to the palate. People do not reflect that this is a wise provision of nature. What, for instance, would be the consequence if the fruit, whose pulp bears the bitter purging colocynt, were as inviting to the taste as a pine-apple? Or how could the ignorant be restrained from every day poisoning themselves, if fox-glove, hemlock, or henbane, bore sweet and enticing fruits?

Another general reproach among the uninformed, is, that, in the present day, physicians disdain to employ in their prescriptions the native plants of this country. This reproach is quite unfounded; there is never a day that some one of our native vegetables are not prescribed; but, undoubtedly, some of our most active and most valuable medicines can only be procured from hotter climates.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SPENSER.

PASSING over an interval of more than a century and a half from the death of Chaucer, during which no noted poetical genius appeared in England, with the exception of Sir Philip Sidney, at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, we meet with Spenser, the celebrated author of the *Fairy Queen*.

Edmund Spenser was descended from an ancient family in Northamptonshire, and was born in London in 1553. In 1576, having completed his degrees in arts, he stood for a fellowship, in which he was unsuccessful; and this disappointment, joined with the narrowness of his circumstances, forced him to quit the university. He now went to live in retirement at the house of a friend in the north of England, and became here enamoured of the *Rosalind* whom he finely celebrates in his pastoral poems, and of whose cruelty he has written very pathetic complaints. It is probable, that, about this time, his genius first began to distinguish itself; for the *Shepherd's Calendar*, which is so full of his unprosperous passion for *Rosalind*, was amongst the first of his works of note, and the supposition is strengthened by the consideration of poetry's being frequently the offspring of love and retirement. This work he addressed, by a short dedication, to Sir Philip Sidney. It was in 1578, that, at the persuasion of his friend Mr Harvey, Spenser removed to London, where that gentleman introduced him to the notice of Sidney, who was now in the highest reputation both for wit and gallantry, and the most popular of all the courtiers of his age; and as he was himself a writer, and especially excelled in the fabulous or inventive kind of poetry, it is no wonder he was struck with our author's genius, and became sensible of his merit. By this universal patron of genius, he was presented to Queen Elizabeth, who honoured him with the place of poet-laureate; but, through the ill will of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, the queen's favours to this unhappy great man were intercepted, and he for some time wore only a barren laurel, possessing merely the place without the pension.

About this time he finished his poem entitled "*The Shepherd's Calendar*," which was first printed in 1579; and in the following year, being recommended by his patron to the Earl of Leicester, he went to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Grey of Wilton, then appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and with him Spenser returned to London, where he continued till after the death of Sir Philip Sidney, who was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in the Low Countries, in 1586, an event which our poet bewailed to the end of his life.

The following year, Spenser, having obtained a royal grant of 3000 acres of forfeited lands in the county of Cork, in Ireland, set out for that kingdom, took possession of his estate, and fixed his residence in the castle of Kilcolman, which had belonged to the Earl of Desmond. Much about this time he con-

tracted an intimate friendship with the great and learned Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then a captain under the Lord Grey. The poem of Spenser's, called "*Colin Clout's come home again*," in which Sir Walter is described under the name of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a beautiful memorial of this friendship, which took its rise from a similarity of taste in the polite arts, and which he agreeably describes with a softness and delicacy peculiar to him. Sir Walter afterwards promoted him in Queen Elizabeth's esteem, through whose recommendation she read his writings.

In his retirement at Kilcolman he resumed his great work, the *Fairy Queen*, and continued in Ireland till the year 1589, when he came over to England with Sir Walter Raleigh, but returned to Ireland the year following, where he fell in love with a merchant's daughter, and married her. Soon after his marriage, he paid another visit to his native country, where we also find him in 1596. In the following year he returned once more to Kilcolman; but on the rebellion of Lord Tyrone, who ravaged the whole county of Cork, he was obliged to fly for safety with his family to England, where, in the year 1599, he died in extreme poverty. This account of his death is given principally on the credit of the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, who says he had it from the English poet Ben Jonson; but it has since been discovered, by examining the patent roll, that, in February 1591, Spenser obtained from Queen Elizabeth an annuity of £50 during his life, a sum equivalent to about £200 at present. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer, according to his request, and a monument was erected to his memory by Ann Countess of Dorset.

Spenser's principal poem, the "*Fairy Queen*," is a sort of continued allegory, or a series of metaphorical legends, strung together in rather an unconnected manner. He raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference; only prince Arthur, by whom he means Sir Philip Sidney, is made to shine throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every one of his knights was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery, which, however, did not turn much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem in the remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, dying before him, however, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design.

Spenser has had many imitators among the poets of modern times, and several have written in his style with very considerable success. "To imitate the fictions and sentiments of Spenser," says Dr Johnson, "can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the most pleasing vehicles of instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was, in his own time, allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that Ben Jonson boldly pronounces him to have written no language. His stanza is at once difficult and unpleasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. It was at first formed in imitation of the Italian poets, without due regard to the genius of our language."

Notwithstanding the opinion here given by the learned doctor in regard to the Spenserian stanza, it must be remarked that this stanza has been used with great success by several of our distinguished poets in some of their most popular productions; particularly by Waller, Thomson, Burns, Beattie, Byron, and Tennyson. By far the most successful imitation of the style and manner, as well as of the stanza of Spenser, which is to be found in the English language, is Thomson's admirable poem of the *Castle of Indolence*, in which it may safely be affirmed that he has carried the palm, and has left his master in every respect far behind.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MEKKA.

In the Mahometan world, as is perhaps well known to many of our readers, it is judged of great importance that a pilgrimage to Mekka should be performed at some period during the life of a true believer. The city to which the pilgrimage is made derives its distinction from its having been the birthplace of Mahomet; it is a town of about thirty thousand stationary inhabitants, situated in a narrow valley in the province of Hedjaz, in Arabia Felix, but, instead of being possessed of any natural advantages, is represented as surrounded by a barren country, and the scene of poverty and misery all the year round, except at the period when the pilgrims are residing in it. Every year, about seventy thousand Musselmans arrive before it, many of them from very remote countries, such as the Malay coast on the one hand, and Barbary on the other, and almost all of them having, in their journey, endured the extreme of those hardships

* From "*Sketches in Greece and Turkey*," recently published by Ridgway, London.

* Vide *The Rambler*, No. 121.

which are inseparable from travelling in a warm and dry region. The number, in recent times, has generally been found almost exactly what is stated, which may be considered fortunate for the reputation of an old popular belief, that, in the event of there being any fewer, the deficiency would be supplied by angels from heaven.

Previous to the publication of Burckhardt's travels, the Christian world possessed little information respecting the pilgrimage to Mekka, by reason of the Mahometans threatening with death every individual of a different faith, who should mingle with the true believers on that occasion. Burckhardt, a young German student, of enthusiastic character, ventured, in the year 1814, to subject his person to this dreadful hazard, in order that he might be able to describe the ceremonies; and so masterly was his performance of his assumed character, so well did he talk the necessary language, so little did he falter in the required formalities, that he came off undetected. We propose to give such of our readers as may not have perused the excellent book, afterwards published by this gentleman, an idea of what he saw.

There is a place at a certain distance from Mekka, where pilgrims are required to throw off their usual clothes, and assume an uniform called the *ihrām*, consisting of two pieces of white cloth, one of which is fastened round the loins, and the other round the shoulders, while the head remains uncovered. To this custom, which has often the most fatal effects, Burckhardt at once conformed. It is also customary, on reaching the holy city, as it is called, to visit the temple or mosque, whether the stranger be a pilgrim or not; and with this custom our traveller also complied. He found the Beitullah—for so a part of the mosque is called—to be a large quadrangular building, like some markets in Britain, consisting of an immense number of columns, of all kinds of material, which join at the top in Gothic arches, and support domes above. From the arches hang lamps, which are lighted every night during the month of the pilgrimage, and give a strikingly gay and singular appearance to the whole temple. The Caaba, which is the mosque proper, stands in the centre of the square, an oblong massive structure, built of large blocks of different sized stones, joined rudely together, and with bad cement, about 18 paces in length, 14 in breadth, and from 35 to 40 feet in height. The door, which is on the north side, is wholly plated with silver, and embellished with gilt ornaments. Near the door, in the inside, is a black stone, held in peculiar veneration, and supposed by Mr Burckhardt to be of a basaltic nature. The interior of the Caaba is hung with black silk cloth, blazoned all over with inscriptions, in gold letters, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God," which may be called the fundamental dogma of the Mahometan faith. In the neighbourhood of the temple is the well of Zemzem, which is drunk copiously by the pilgrims, under the idea that it purifies them from their sins.

The prescribed ceremonies are, first, to repeat certain prayers in different parts of the temple; then to begin the *tawaf*, or walk round the Caaba seven times, kissing the black stone at each circuit; then to proceed to the well of Zemzem, and drink as much water as they wish or can get. The second ceremony which the pilgrim has to perform, is, to proceed to the hill of Szafa, and there repeat certain prescribed prayers before he sets out on the holy walk, or *saya*, which is along a level spot, about six hundred paces in length, terminating at a stone platform, called Meroua. This walk, which in certain places must be a run, is to be repeated seven times, the pilgrims reciting prayers uninterruptedly, with a loud voice, the whole time. The third ceremony is that of shaving the head, and walking to the Omra, about one hour and a half from Mekka, chaunting pious ejaculations all the way. The two former ceremonies must after this be again repeated. The walk round the Caaba seven times may be repeated as oft as the pilgrim thinks fit, and the more frequent the more meritorious.

When all the required ceremonies have been gone through, the whole concourse of pilgrims repair together on a certain day to Mount Arafat, some on camels, some on mules or asses, and the greater number barefooted, this being the most meritorious way of performing a journey of eighteen or twenty miles. "We were several hours," says Burckhardt, "before we could reach the outskirts of the town, so great was the crowd of camels. Of the half-naked hadjis [pilgrims], all dressed in the white *ihrām*, some sat on their camels, mules, or asses, reading the Koran, some ejaculating loud prayers, whilst others cursed their drivers, and quarrelled with those near them, who were choking up the passages." Having cleared a narrow pass in the mountains, the plain of Arafat opened out. Here the different caravans began to disperse, in search of places to pitch their several tents. Hadjis were seen in every direction, wandering among the tents in search of their companions, whom they had lost in the confusion along the road; and it was several hours before the noise and clamour had subsided.

In the morning, Burckhardt ascended the summit of Mount Arafat, from whence he counted about 3000 tents, dispersed over the plain, of which two-thirds belonged to the two Hadj caravans, and to the suite and soldiers of Mohammed Ali; but the greater number of the assembled multitudes "were," says our traveller, "like myself, without tents." Those of the

wife of Mohammed Ali, the mother of Tousoun and Ibrahim Pasha, were magnificent—the transport of her baggage alone, from Djidda to Mekka, having required 500 camels.

"Her tent was in fact an encampment consisting of a dozen tents of different sizes, inhabited by her women; the whole inclosed by a wall of linen cloth, 800 paces in circuit, the single entrance of which was guarded by eunuchs in splendid dresses. Around this inclosure were pitched the tents of the men who formed her numerous suite. The beautiful embroidery on the exterior of this linen palace, with the various colours displayed in every part of it, constituted an object which reminded me of some descriptions in the Arabian tales of a Thousand and One Nights."

Mr Burckhardt says, he estimated the number of persons assembled on the plain at 70,000; but whether any or how many of them were supplied by "angels," he does not say. This enormous mass, after washing and purifying the body according to law, or going through the motions where water was not to be had, now pressed forward towards the mountain of Arafat, and covered its sides from top to bottom. At the appointed hour, the cadi of Mekka took his stand on a stone platform on the top of the mountain, and began his sermon, to which the multitude appeared to listen in solemn and respectful silence. At every pause, however, the assembled multitudes waved the skirts of their *ihrāms* over their heads, and rent the air with shouts of "Lebeyk, allahuma lebeyk!"—"here we are at thy commands, O God!" "During the wavings of the *ihrāms*," says Burckhardt, "the side of the mountain, thickly crowded as it was by the people in their white garments, had the appearance of a cataract of water; while the green umbrellas, with which several thousand hadjis, sitting on their camels below, were provided, bore some resemblance to a verdant plain." The assemblage of such a multitude—to every outward appearance humbling themselves in prayer and adoration before God—must be an imposing and impressive spectacle to him who first observes it, whether Mahomedan, Christian, Jew, or Pagan. "It was a sight, indeed," says Pitts, "able to pierce one's heart, to behold so many thousands in their garments of humility and mortification, with their naked heads, and cheeks watered with tears, and to hear their grievous sighs and sobs, begging earnestly for the remission of their sins." Burckhardt mentions the first arrival of a black Darfoor pilgrim at the temple, at the time when it was illuminated, and from 8000 to 10,000 persons in the act of adoration, who was so overawed, that, after remaining prostrate for some time, "he burst into a flood of tears; and, in the height of his emotion, instead of reciting the usual prayers of the visitor, only exclaimed, 'O God, now take my soul, for this is paradise!'"

As the sun descended behind the western mountains, the cadi shut his book; instantly the crowds rushed down the mountain, the tents were struck, and the whole mass of pilgrims moved forward across the plain on their return. Thousands of torches were now lighted; volleys of artillery and musketry were fired; skyrockets innumerable were let off; the pasha's bands of music were played till they arrived at a place called Mezdeléf, when every one lay down on the bare ground wherever he could find a spot. Here another sermon was preached, commencing with the first dawn, and continuing till the first rays of the sun appear, when the multitude again moved forward, with a slow pace, to Wady Muna, about three miles off. This is the scene for the ceremony of "throwing stones at the devil." Every pilgrim must throw seven little stones at three several spots in the valley of Muna, or twenty-one in the whole, and at each throw repeat the words, "In the name of God—God is great—we do this to secure ourselves from the devil and his troops."

This "stoning" occupies a day or two, after which comes the grand sacrifice of animals, some brought by the several hadjis, others purchased from the Bedouins for the occasion, the throats of which must always be cut with their faces towards the Caaba. At the pilgrimage in question, the number of sheep thus slaughtered "in the name of the most merciful God," is represented as small, amounting only to between 6000 and 8000. The historian Kotobeddin, quoted by Burckhardt, relates, that, when the Khalif Moktader performed the pilgrimage, in the year of the Hejira 350, he sacrificed on this occasion 40,000 camels and cows, and 50,000 sheep. One is at a loss to imagine where, in such a miserable country, all these thousands and tens of thousands of camels, cows, and sheep, can possibly be subsisted; the numbers may be exaggerated, but there is no question of their being very great. The feast being ended, all the pilgrims had their heads shaved, threw off the *ihrām*, and resumed their ordinary clothing; a large fair was now held, the valley blazed all night with illuminations, bonfires, the discharge of artillery and fireworks; and the hadjis then returned to Mekka. Many of the poorer pilgrims, however, remained to feast on the offals of the slaughtered sheep. At Mekka the ceremonies of the Caaba and the Omra were again repeated, and then the hadj was truly performed.

Burckhardt remained at Mekka a whole month after the conclusion of the hadj, at which time it appeared like a deserted town. "Of its brilliant shops, one-fourth only remained; and in the streets, where a few weeks before it was necessary to force one's way through the crowd, not a single hadji was seen, ex-

cept solitary beggars, who raised their plaintive voices towards the windows of the houses which they supposed to be still inhabited. Rubbish and filth covered all the streets, and nobody appeared disposed to remove it. The skirts of the town were crowded with the dead carcasses of camels, the smell from which rendered the air, even in the midst of the town, offensive, and certainly contributed to the many diseases now prevalent."

The superstitious rites now performed at Mekka, are few, if any of them, the invention of Mahomet: they are referred to a much remoter antiquity than even his time, or are supposed to have at least been engrained on old Arabian superstitions. The Arabs, it is well known, or at least the wandering portion of them, are descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham; and it is still an excuse of the Bedouins for robbing their peaceful neighbours, that they are thereby only revenging the injustice done to their great ancestor. The well of Zemzem is accordingly symbolical of the spring of water which burst forth in the wilderness, at the moment when Hagar was witnessing her infant son ready to perish of thirst; and the alternate running and walking between Szafa and Mekka, sometimes running back and sometimes stopping, like one who has lost something, is supposed to represent Hagar seeking water for her unfortunate child. It is the decided opinion of Burckhardt that the ceremonies are not now performed with the zeal that formerly existed, and that Mahometanism is on the decline.

THE WOES OF A COUNTRY SURGEON.

UNDER this head we do not mean to particularise any single individual of the fraternity, but to treat of them generally, as a harassed and persecuted race—not persecuted by human beings like themselves, but by a thousand unfortunate necessities incident to their calling, which are, in as far as we know, unparalleled in the history of any other profession or employment. This assertion may be lightly treated by some who have never considered the subject with the attention we have been led to bestow upon it, but will have its full weight with those who have. The lawyer, for instance, though he toils many weary hours over a set of musty papers, is still allowed the shelter of his own house, with its other comforts. If the clergyman is called upon sometimes to visit a penitent and dying parishioner at the dark hour of midnight, such occurrences are to him few and far between. The sailor must take his watch, it is true, and now and then encounters a storm; but then he knows to a certainty when he will be relieved from his watch, and that the storm cannot long continue. The soldier may undergo long and fatiguing marches, and be exposed to the shock of battle; but he contemplates the end of the campaign with the hope that he will then be allowed to rest in his bed. But, alas, no such hope ever comes to soothe the bosom of the unfortunate country surgeon, who, having been unbedded perhaps for three or four successive nights, lays him down at last with wearied limbs and an aching head, while a horrible presentiment, which already acts on him like an incubus, persuades him that he will no sooner have fallen into a deep and renovating sleep, than the ponderous knocker appended to his door will summon him to resume his seat on the everlasting saddle. Thus, even the time which might be appropriated to rest is disturbed by the very fear of being disturbed. Nay, he seems for ever under the dominion of some malignant influence. It is not sufficient that he is seldom allowed that repose which nature demands; but this denial is, moreover, frequently accompanied by the most provoking circumstances. The time is winter, and he returns when night is far advanced to his own home, after having for hours braved the bitter blast, which, loaded with hail and sleet, has been shooting its sharp pellets into his face, while every part of him is penetrated with the most extreme cold. Well, he arrives, we say, at length at this much longed for haven, throws off his greatcoat and assumes his slippers, draws his chair towards a bright and cheerful fire, and, having rubbed his hands before it, till their red and raw condition is so far amended as to give hopes of their being able to extract the cork from a bottle of ale or porter, which has been, meanwhile, attaining a comfortable temperature, he seizes the bottle with one hand and the screw with the other, and by anticipation sees the welcome draught already mantling and foaming in the capacious tumbler which stands before him. But, hark! a galloping horse approaches, and the fearful knocker clamours, and rebounds, and clangs again, in such a boisterous fashion, that it seems to say, he who commits this furious assault upon it comes on an errand of life and death that will admit of no delay. Presto! the screw drops from the hand of its wretched owner, and the bottle is set down on the table, for he hears the sound of coming feet upon the stairs, which he knows full well by instinct to be those of the unwelcome man of the knocker; and by the same instinct he kicks off his slippers, and looks ruefully towards the corner where he threw his boots, while too surely the door opens to usher in an anxious husband, the need of

whose better half brooks no delay. To think of rest and its appliances were now impossible: nor dares he so much as to ask one longing, lingering look towards the tantalizing draught he had meditated, lest he should create alarm in his guest; and, having drawn on his boots, and hastily resumed his greatcoat, he presently finds himself once more facing the storm, "with slackened bit and hoof of speed." Yet, to make the matter worse, perhaps he and his own trusty nag, whose frequent contact with each other has formed them into a sort of Centaur, guided by the same will, antipathies, and predilections, are not now allowed the privilege of journeying together, the cruel separation being insisted on by the impatient messenger, who, to expedite the matter, mounts the unfortunate doctor on his own broken-winded, broken-kneed, or spavined jade, while he awaits the saddling of the better steed, and follows in the rear. In short, all hours and all seasons have their woes and disappointments for this unhappy man of whip and spur. Is he invited to a feast; a wedding, or a pie-nic, the same envious demon seems to follow him; and just when mirth and glee are at their height, and he begins to forget his woes and taste enjoyment, some unlucky "native of Snatchaway" tracks his steps, and drags him, it may be ten or twelve miles off, to set a leg or an arm, which some old man or woman has chosen to break upon that day, above all the days in the year.

Yet are there two alleviations of the country surgeon's lot, without which he could not survive his fatigues, and which he enjoys in common with his more fortunate brethren, whose town practice calls for less exertion: these are, the privilege of mitigating the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and the satisfaction of receiving his small and well-earned fee.

THE MODERN JEWS.

(Third Article.)

THE historical anecdote of Rabbi Akiba, who, in A.C. 135, was summoned before Turnus Rufus, the Roman general, and during the progress of his interrogations, remembering that it was the hour of prayer, fell on his knees, regardless of the presence of the Roman, and of the pending trial for life and death, and calmly went through his devotions, is an apt illustration, even at this distant day, both of the profound reverence which the Jews have for the order of their ritual, and their enthusiastic faith in the sanctity of prayer. Happily, the age we live in affords no opportunity of offering a parallel example of devout piety; but it is nevertheless certain, that the modern Jews, like their ancestors, turn aside at the hour of prayer from all worldly pursuits, to perform their devotions, which they conceive paramount to all other duties. They permit no circumstance, however pressing, no situation, however inconvenient, not even when traversing the public streets, to interrupt or prevent that undeviating observance of daily worship which their religion requires.

The prayers of the Hebrews sympathise deeply with the fallen state of the race, and are generally uttered with a corresponding fervour, such as is rarely exemplified by other worshippers. This characteristic feature is particularly manifested when a Hebrew pronounces the prayer of the declaration of the nature of the one true God, which is always done with closed eyes, that the thoughts may be freed from the interruption of surrounding objects, and with an emphasis which invariably excites the surprise and interest of any strangers who may witness it. This prayer is that part of Scripture comprised between the fourth and ninth verses (inclusive) of the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy. The fourth verse is viewed by the Jews as the foundation-stone upon which the structure of their religion rests; and to confirm this verse in its most literal meaning, to rescue it from all qualification or reservation, the tenets and discipline of modern Judaism mainly tend. Children are early taught to repeat this prayer. It is introduced into the morning and evening service, and forms part of the prayer said on retiring to rest. As before observed, it forms part of the prayers inclosed in the phylacteries, and it also forms part of those inclosed in the lintels. It is the consolatory prayer in the hour of peril, the prayer of friends surrounding the death-bed; it is the prayer of the dying. To have consciousness sufficient at that awful moment to repeat this prayer, is regarded by the Jews as a death rather to be envied than bewailed.

The afternoon and evening services comprise principally a repetition of the prayer of the eighteen verses, and that of the prayer just mentioned. As both these prayers have been largely noticed, comment on this part of the daily worship is unnecessary, and we therefore pass on to the prayer said on retiring to rest, our extracts from which afford another splendid specimen of Hebrew piety and genius.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, Sovereign of the Universe, who causest the hands of sleep to descend on my eyes, and slumber on mine eyelids. May it be thy pleasure, O Lord my God, and the God of my fathers, that I lie down in peace, and rise up again in peace; and that had dreams, or evil imaginations, do not confound me; but grant me an uninterrupted repose in thy presence. O enlighten my eyes again, lest I sleep in death. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who enlighteneth the whole universe with thy glory!"

"O Lord our God, cause us to lie down in peace, and raise us up again, O our King, alive. O spread thy pavilion of peace over us, uphold us with thy good

counsel, and help us for thy name's sake. Protect us, and remove away from us foes, pestilence, war, famine, and grief. O remove the enticer from being about us, and cover us under the shadow of thy wings; for thou, O God, art our keeper and deliverer. Thou Omnipotent art a most merciful and gracious King. O preserve our going forth, and our coming in to life and peace, for now and for evermore."

"For thy salvation do I hope, O Lord; I hope, O Lord, for thy salvation; O Lord, for thy salvation do I hope." (This is repeated three times.)

"Stand in awe, and sin not; commune with your heart upon your bed, and be silent. Selah."

Although the day's devotions end here, these prayers do not comprise all the daily worship. Every hour of the day, every act of every hour, has its appointed prayer, that man may ever have in mind his dependence on his Maker. In support of this inference, may be deduced the following remarkable prayers on various minor occurrences in common life:—

BEFORE TASTING ANY THING NEW IN ITS SEASON.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast preserved our lives, sustained us, and brought us to the enjoyment of this season."

EXTRACT FROM THE GRACE AFTER MEALS.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe. Thou art he who doth feed all the world with kindness, with grace, with favour, and with mercy; who giveth food to every creature, and whose mercy endureth for ever: this, through his abundant goodness, hath never failed us, nor will it ever fail us, even to eternity, because of his great name; for he is the God who feedeth and sustaineth all, who deal-eth beneficently with all, and who provideth food for all the creatures he hath created. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who feedeth all."

ON BEHOLDING A RAINBOW.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who art mindful of the covenant, faithful to thy covenant, and firm in thy promise."

ON BEHOLDING THE FIRST BUDDING OF BLOSSOMS.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who doth not suffer aught to fail in his world, but hath created thereon goodly creatures, and trees, for the enjoyment of mankind."

ON WITNESSING A THUNDER STORM.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, whose power and might filleth the world."

ON SEEING LIGHTNING.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, primeval Creator."

The order of the ritual for the Sabbath is, with one exception, the same as that for daily worship. The prayers, however, are different, being conformable, and alluding to that holy day. The exception referred to is the ceremony of the sanctification of the Sabbath, a description of which will conclude our notice of the private devotions of the modern Jews. Our readers are probably aware that the Jewish Sabbath commences at the Friday's setting sun, in accordance with the sacred history of the creation, "and the evening and the morning were the seventh day." On returning from the synagogue on that evening, the master of every house proceeds to the sanctification alluded to. Seated at the head of his table, upon which bread, salt, and consecrated wine, are conspicuously displayed, lighted candles arranged ceremoniously on either side the bread, while the Sabbath lamp, containing seven burners, is suspended from the ceiling, and surrounded by his family, pious and attentive in their demeanour, he commences with the following words:—

"The evening and the morning were the sixth day, on which the heavens and the earth were formed, and all their host; and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: thus he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because thereon did God rest from his works which he had created and made."

Pouring out the wine, he repeats—

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Creator of the fruit of the vine. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who doth sanctify us with his commandments, and hath delighted in us, and with love and favour hath entailed us with the holy Sabbath, as a memorial of the work of the creation; for this day was the first of those called holy. It is a remembrance of the going forth of Egypt; for thou hast chosen us, and sanctified us above all people, and with love and favour hast made us to inherit thy holy Sabbath. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who sanctified the Sabbath."

Taking hold of the bread, he says—

"Blessed art thou, O Lord, who bringeth forth bread from the earth."

He then divides the bread, handing a piece to each person present, all of whom repeat the blessing. When finished, the children, according to seniority, present themselves before their parents respectively; and, saluting them with "Good Sabbath," crave their blessing. With both hands placed on the head of the child, the parents thus express themselves:—

"May the Lord bless and preserve thee; may the Lord cause his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance towards thee, and grant thee peace."

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE STRIPED HYÆNA.

NATURALISTS long ranked hyænas as dogs; but the acute Cuvier has detected a very striking difference in the formation of the teeth, and has in consequence formed a new genus for them, under the name of Hyæna. The hyæna is about the size of a large dog, and usually measures about nineteen inches in height at the shoulders, the ordinary length of the body, from the muzzle to the tail, being generally three feet three inches; the hair is of an ash-colour, very coarse and rough, variegated with long black waved stripes, which commence at the spine, and continue down the sides and under the belly; the legs have irregular rings of black; the neck and back are provided with a hog-like bristly mane; and the tail is covered with long stiffish hairs. Its fur is composed of two sorts of hair, one of which is woolly, and very small in quantity, and the other of a silky texture, long, stiff, and not very thick, excepting on the limbs, where the hair is short and close; and has the appearance of being shaven on the muzzle.

The striped hyæna is a native of Asiatic Turkey, Barbary, Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Syria, Persia, and many other parts of Africa, where it resides in caverns, of mountains, clefts of rocks, or burrows dug by itself. It is of an exceedingly ferocious and malignant disposition, and although taken very young, can never be thoroughly domesticated. The courage of the hyæna is equal to its rapacity: it will defend itself against much larger animals, and has been known to combat even with the lion and the panther, and is said to be more than a match for the ounce. The hyæna generally hunts for its prey during the night, and attacks every living animal it meets with; cattle are often killed by it, and sheep-folds are frequently devastated by this rapacious animal. Hyænas have been known to collect in vast troops, and following an army, feasting on the dead left behind on the battle-field: it has been also said, that when pressed with hunger they will even ransack the repositories of the dead, and greedily devour putrid carcasses. Like the dog, wolf, and fox, with which they are closely allied, they will also subsist on the roots of plants and the shoots of palms, but this is only when they cannot procure animal food.

The cry of the hyæna is very peculiar and dismal: its commencement is somewhat like the moaning of a human being, and ends like a person making a violent and strained effort to vomit. Although naturally extremely ferocious, it has been in a few instances rendered tolerably domestic. Buffon mentions one at Paris which was apparently freed from his natural destructive qualities; and Pennant says he saw one nearly as tame as a dog.

Mr Bruce, while in Africa, confined a hyæna in the same apartment with a lamb, a goat, and a kid, for a whole day, and even without giving the hyæna any food, and he found his harmless companions quite safe in the evening. Bruce says the hyænas of Abyssinia prowled about in the day-time as well as at night. "These creatures," says he, "were a general scourge to Abyssinia, in every situation, both in the city and in the field, and, I think, surpassed the sheep in number. Gondor was full of them, from evening till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial. Many a time in the night, when the king had kept me late in the palace, and it was not my duty to lie there, in going across the square from the king's house, not many hundred yards distant, I have been apprehensive lest they should bite me in the leg. They grunted in great numbers about me, although I was surrounded by several armed men, who seldom passed a night without wounding or slaughtering some of them."

We are told by Mr Pringle that hyænas are the general scavengers of the country, never failing to devour the carcasses, and in great part the skeletons, of dead animals, and the refuse left by other beasts of prey; and we have his authority, as well as that of Mr Brown, that they even devour their own species when they find a dead one. Mr Pringle says, that the flesh of the spotted hyæna is so rank and offensive that no other beast of prey but their own species will come near it. At Dar Fûr, in the interior of Africa, hyænas enter the villages every night in small herds of from six to fifteen, and carry off every animal they are capable of destroying. Dogs, asses, and horses, are frequently their victims; and if they meet with a dead camel, they generally contrive to remove it, and are not to be intimidated by either man or the discharge of fire-arms.

The ancients entertained many absurd and unaccountable notions respecting the hyæna. They believe that its neck consisted of but one bone, which was without a joint; that it every year changed its sex; that it could imitate the human voice, and had thus the power of charming shepherds, and riveting them to the place on which they stood. Pliny says, "there is not a wild beast of the field that the magicians have so much in admiration as the hyæna; for they hold that in the hyæna itself there is a certain magical virtue, attributing to it a wonderful power of transporting the mind of man or woman, and so forth."

wishing their senses that it will allure them to her in a strange manner."

Mr John Hunter had at Earle's Court a hyæna, nearly 18 months old, that was so tame as to allow strangers to approach and touch him. After Mr Hunter's death, he was sold to a travelling exhibitor of animals. For a few months previous to his being carried into the country, he was lodged in the Tower of London. He was so gentle there that he allowed a person who knew him to enter his den and handle him. When he was confined in the caravan, he soon exhibited symptoms of ferocity equal to those of the most savage of his kind. He was at last killed by a tiger, the partition between whose den and his own he had torn down by the enormous strength of his jaws.

The hyæna in confinement is allowed four pounds weight of food in the day, and he laps about three English pints of water.

A curious circumstance of a hyæna is mentioned by Mr Bruce, who says, "One night at Maitsha, being very intent on an observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was about, I went out of my tent, resolving directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived two large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called up my servant with a light, and we found a hyæna standing near the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him would have been at the risk of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, and with a pike stuck him as near the heart as I could. It was not till then that he showed any sign of fierceness; but, upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me, so that I was obliged to draw my pistol from my girdle and shoot him, and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe. In a word, the hyæna was the plague of our lives, the terror of our night walks, and the destruction of our mules and asses, which, above every thing else, are his favourite food."

THE SPOTTED HYÆNA.

The spotted hyæna inhabits Southern Africa, abounding in the neighbourhood of the Cape. The mane of this species reaches only to the loins, and the remaining part consists chiefly of scattered hairs. The general colour of the spotted hyæna is reddish-brown, marked with cross bars on the hind-legs; the head is much larger than that of the other species, and flat; its ears are large, flat, and rounded.

The spotted hyæna has great muscular strength in its neck, and its voice is still more remarkable than that of the common hyæna; it commences with a strange hollow sound, and ends in a hoarse kind of laugh, from which circumstance it has obtained the name of the laughing hyæna.

Dr Sparman relates the following story of the spotted hyæna:—"One night, at a feast near the Cape, a trumpeter, who had got himself well filled with liquor, was carried out of doors in order to cool and sober him. The scent of him soon attracted a spotted hyæna, which threw him on his back, and carried him away to Table Mountain, thinking him a corpse, and consequently a fair prize. In the meantime, however, our drunken musician awakened, sufficiently sensible to know the danger of his situation, and to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried fastened to his side. The beast, as may easily be imagined, was not less frightened in its turn." Another writer observes, that any person but a trumpeter in such a situation would doubtless have furnished the animal with a supper.

Barrow, in his *Travels in Southern Africa*, mentions that the spotted hyæna has been completely tamed. He says, "The cadaverous *crocuta* has lately been domesticated in the Snowberg, where it is now considered one of the best hunters of the game, and as faithful and diligent as any of the common sorts of domestic dogs;" and Bishop Heber says he saw a gentleman in India with a hyæna so completely tamed, that it followed him about like a dog, and fawned on those with whom he was acquainted, and gives this as an instance of how much the poor hyæna is wronged when he is described as untameable.

The den of a spotted hyæna which was kept in the Tower about sixteen years ago requiring some repairs, the carpenter completed them by nailing on the floor a thick oak plank of seven or eight feet in length, with at least a dozen nails, each longer than the middle finger of the hand. At one end of this plank, however, there was a small piece left, that stood up higher than the rest, and the man not having a proper chisel along with him to cut it off, he returned to his shop for one. During his absence, some persons came in to see the animals, and the hyæna was let down by the keeper from the other part of the den. He had scarcely entered the place before he discovered the piece that was left at the end of the plank, and, seizing it with his teeth, tore it completely up, drawing every nail with the utmost facility.

A soldier, about sixteen years ago, visited the royal menagerie, and brought along with him a small terrier dog, which he knew to be possessed of great courage. He ridiculously held him up to the den of the hyæna. On seeing the animal, the dog became

irritated, and in his rage thrust his head between the bars, when the hyæna sprang upon him, dragged him through, and almost instantly devoured him.

Connected with the history of the hyæna, is the curious fact of numerous bones of these animals having been found in different parts of Europe in a fossil state, from which it has been inferred that this animal had originally been a native of Europe, and even of Britain. For, in a cavern at Kirdale, in Yorkshire, a large collection of these bones were recently discovered; and they have also been found at Crawly Rocks, near Swansea, in Wales, in the Mendip hills at Clifton; at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire; at Paviland Cave, Glamorganshire; and Creston, near Plymouth.

Professor Buckland contends that the animals whose bones have thus been found must have lived and died in the vicinity of the different situations in which they have been discovered.

Baron Cuvier says, that the bones of the fossil hyæna indicate the size of an animal which must have been somewhat larger than the striped species, and the teeth are formed like those of the spotted animal, but somewhat larger, so that their powers of gnawing must have considerably exceeded those now existing.

Column for Boys.

MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE—If you will listen attentively for a few minutes to a friend, who loves you sincerely, who respects you for many kind good qualities in which you surpass many that are your seniors, and has hitherto done all in his power for your information and amusement, he would fain endeavour to impress you with a few advices, which he conceives would tend, if properly acted upon, to make you much more agreeable both to yourselves and others, than perhaps some of you now are.

Violence in your sports, speaking and doing that which wounds the feelings of each other, cruelty to crazy and outcast fellow-creatures, and the abuse of works of nature and art, are the faults which I would particularly wish to see extirpated in your generally amiable race, and to which I am now to direct your attention.

By violence in your sports, I mean an undue turbulence and outrageousness which some of you introduce into your play, to the fear and disgust of all rational grown-up persons who may happen to behold your proceedings. What you *should* do in play, is to take such exercise as may improve the health of your bodies, and refresh and relax your minds after study. For these purposes many of the ordinary sports are quite adequate; and I can assure you that your seniors, so far from grudging you such sports, feel a sincere pleasure in seeing you engaged in them. What they would wish to see you avoid, is, any improper extreme in your exertions, any dangerous exploit, and in general all those rough gambols which tend only to the destruction of your clothes, and to shock the senses of those who behold them. Grown-up people often observe with pain that some of you take a kind of pleasure in spoiling and breaking. You soil, without compunction, the clothes which your mother and her servants have taken so much pains to clean, and grind down unnecessarily the shoes which your father, poor man, has to work so hard to obtain for you. All this frivolity of yours, while it can be of no service to yourselves, produces real distress of mind to your parents, who have perhaps to suffer much hardship, and want many things they would like to have for themselves, in order that they may replace what you have so wantonly destroyed. You should pause a moment in your fun, to reflect upon these things; and I feel very sure that the generosity which lies at the bottom of all your natures, however overlaid by recklessness and love of play, would soon inform you how far you are wrong, and put you upon a better way for the future. You could not hesitate for a moment to give up rude and ungentlemanlike practices, which at once disgrace yourselves, and cause grief and embarrassment in a quarter where you have so much reason to desire to see the reverse.

I would also like to see some improvement in the way in which you conduct yourselves towards each other. Among many of you, there is a lamentable want of civility. You never hesitate to do or say anything, from an apprehension of its being disagreeable to the feelings of your neighbours. Not that you do not both do and say many kind things to each other; the fault is, that you are not regularly governed by any desire of avoiding what is painful to your fellows. Many of you are never withheld from outraging the feelings of a neighbour, by any other consideration than that he is perhaps able to beat you at a fight. You respect him from fear of his blows—not, as you ought to do, from the idea that he is a person who has feelings to be injured as well as yourself. Hence, in the same degree that you truckle to your superiors in strength, you domineer over your inferiors. If you only think that a boy has not the vigour or the courage to pommel you, you are very apt to insult him by contemptuous language, if not also to fall a-beating him for mere sport. I have thus known boys of gentle disposition, and of good intellectual capacity, tyrannised over in the most shameful manner

by boys who in reality were inferior to them in every respect, but were bolder and more wicked. I have known cases of such boys persecuted and pestered for months by their little tyrants, till their lives were almost a burden to them. Now, my dear young friends, this is not only very wrong in a moral point of view, but, what will strike your minds far more strongly, it is highly ungenerous and shabby. Only think how you would like to be yourselves insulted or beaten, without provocation, by the boys who are bigger than you, or by men who are able to beat any of you—how cruel and unmanly you would consider such persons to be—how bitterly you would feel towards them! Surely, if it would be painful to you, it must be as painful to those whom you insult or beat; if you would consider your tyrant as cruel and unmanly, they whom you beat would be justifiable in thinking the same of you, and in execrating you with the same degree of bitterness. And if you occasionally act the tyrant, how much must it add to your chagrin when you are yourself beaten or insulted—how much must it take away from your just cause of complaint, to recollect that you are yourself guilty of the same fault, whenever you can find a boy sufficiently weak or small for your purpose. The boy who habitually beats his inferiors, must also, on that account, look additionally contemptible in the eyes of his companions, when he is himself beaten. An inoffensive boy would in such a case have the chance of being commiserated, or of having somebody to interfere and take his part; but every thwack bestowed upon a wretch who takes pleasure in thrashing his lesser companions, must give a pleasure to the onlookers, and carry with it a pain and ridicule more than its own. Boys, in general, would do well to take an example in this, as in most other respects, from men. Among the latter, there prevails a mode of speech and behaviour which bears the common title of politeness. No man considers himself entitled, because he is stronger, to beat or use opprobrious language to his neighbour. If they were to do so, the whole would become wild savages once more, and there would be no rational pleasure in human life. But, by treating each other with respect and deference, even though in many cases it be the result of no sincere feeling, the self-love of each man is preserved, and all are as good to each other, and do as much to promote the general happiness, as possible.

I now come to speak of the third fault, which consists in a disposition very prevalent among young people, to bait and enrage such unfortunate creatures as insanity, misery, or perhaps intoxication, have exposed upon the streets to this species of persecution. Whenever any poor wretch of weak intellects appears in public, and manifests an oddity of behaviour, the attention of the boys is attracted. If the unhappy being shows any impatience or anger, his juvenile train becomes a gang of persecutors, teasing, insulting, and tormenting him by all means in their power. No regard for the terrible misfortune which has rendered this poor creature so susceptible of insult: the only thing considered is, that here we have a person whose vain resentment and attempts at retaliation furnish us with some fun. In the same way, we have seen a poor tipsy beggar, male or female, exposed to vexations and torments of the most revolting kind. In vain did the grey hairs of the wretched outcast stream in the wind; in vain flaunted the miserable rags, which spoke so eloquently of abject poverty; if he only would *speak back*, or foolishly try to seize and make an example of one of his hornet-like retinue, on went the ruthless crowd, shouting every kind of insult in his ears, plucking his skirts whenever an opportunity offered, and even perhaps making stones and sticks come occasionally athwart his staggering, fatuous, and dilapidated person. Now, my dear young friends, I must make free to tell you that this species of behaviour is the most wicked and detestable that you could possibly display. It rather resembles the conduct which we attribute to fiends, than that which human beings are ever found to display at any other period of life. Persons such as I have described are marked already by the sacred hand of Providence as devoted to misery; and for man to presume to add new wretchedness to their fate, is more than cruel—it is impious.

The last point upon which I intend to address you, is one to which I entreat your particular attention. Many little boys, and, I am sorry to add, many grown persons too, who ought to know better, manifest a vicious inclination to destroy works of art, or other objects not protected by inclosures, or which the people are allowed to see gratuitously. Now, this is a very base propensity, which, strange to say, is to be found in almost no country except our own. How frequently do we perceive the effects of this lamentable violence! In public walks and parks we see the seats cut, broken, or wasted in some way or other; the young trees and flowering shrubs torn up by the roots; and the monumental erections which ornament these places abused, if not utterly spoiled in appearance—all from a sheer wanton spirit of destruction, having no good end, and tending to put the public or private individuals to much pain and serious pecuniary loss. I am exceedingly sorry to say that this shameful practice is equally common in England as in Scotland, in cities and towns as well as in country places. It is likewise common even in the most sacred edifices. The public were at one time freely admitted to Westminster Abbey, and walked through it daily as a thoroughfare; the consequence was, that soon all the statues

were broken and defaced; every little projection, such as the hands, the noses, and even the heads of the figures, were broken off by violence. So the public were prevented from going freely through this magnificent structure, and enjoying the grandeur of the place, merely because boys could not resist the temptation of assailing the defenceless monuments. Similar instances of wanton mischief are every where common; and is it not disgraceful to British youth that they should behave so ill, and allow themselves to be outdone in virtuous feeling by the boys, nay, by the very lowest orders of society in France, where all works of art are preserved with great care, and where a boy would be ashamed to be found meddling with these harmless inanimate objects, planted as ornaments in places of public resort? Now, my dear little boys, I would fain hope, that such of you as are liable to these censures will henceforth endeavour to avoid giving occasion for them. In this matter act upon a resolute principle of rectitude: never, on any account, throw stones at the windows of uninhabited houses; never deface fingerposts or milestones; never write names or words upon walls; never obliterate with your fingers newly-painted letters on signboards, or other places; never cut or injure the seats in public walks; never deface any statue or work of art within your reach; never tear up or take away the flowers and trees which decorate the gardens to which you have free admission; in short, conduct yourselves always as becomes rational beings, amenable to censure and disgrace. I am fully sensible of the absurdity of expecting more from young people than their nature and capacity will admit of, and do not hope ever to see old heads, as the proverb says, placed upon young shoulders. Nevertheless, I make almost sure that you will profit somewhat by the advices of one, whom you know to be so anxious for your improvement and general welfare.

ANIMAL VITALITY.

THE instances of animals found alive in stone and wood, after having been immured there for a long period of time, are among the most wonderful phenomena presented by natural history. All our readers must be aware of the frequent occurrence of toads in the centre of large blocks of solid stone; but they may have heard less of creatures found in other substances. In December 1822, a very curious discovery was made at the saw-mill near Stratford, in Essex. In adzing the edges of an inside plank of the zebra-wood—one of the hardest and driest kinds of timber imported into this country—a creature of the Cerambyx species was cut in two. The workman, on searching farther, and with some care, found another of the same kind, which he carefully preserved. It was two inches long, the colour darker than a cinnamon-brown; and what, considering its place of residence, was most wonderful, the head was armed with two delicate feelers, twice the length of the body. The animal was at first in a torpid state; but on being carried to the house of Mr Clift, a neighbouring naturalist, and placed near a fire, it recovered animation, and ate some brown sugar very greedily. Being placed in a warm situation, it lived till the 15th of January, taking very little nourishment except milk and water. It was kept upon a chimney-piece on some twigs of a tree, under a bell-glass; so that perhaps the temperature might have been too high, and its powers too much excited, to allow it to live through the winter. How its feelers had been disposed in the wood, seemed one of the most surprising circumstances connected with this creature: while alive, it usually carried these antennæ over its back, but occasionally brought them forward. Having ten joints in each, it had the power of folding them on its body.

Another instance of animal vitality prolonged under similar circumstances, occurred a few years before.

A clerk in one of the courts at Guildhall had been often staggered, if not frightened, during his labours, by the sound of something like what superstition has named the *death-watch*, too near his desk to bode any good to him. This old desk had been a court appendage for a number of years; and our clerk's astonishment may be surmised, when, one day, his attention being peculiarly attracted by the ticking-noise, he first saw a minute hole perforated to the surface from the inner wood, and soon after a portion of the insect-instrument by which this operation was performed, protruded. With his penknife he carefully enlarged the orifice, and ultimately succeeded in digging out an animal resembling the Cerambyx of the zebra-wood, but of brilliant colours and smaller dimensions. This specimen was presented to Sir J. Banks, and is, we presume, still in the collection left by him.

The inferences which may be drawn from these memorable phenomena, we leave to the natural philosopher: in a popular point of view, they are worth recording for their extreme curiosity.

* The office at Guildhall had been fitted up with desks of American oak or wainscot, about ten years before, by Mr Dance, the city architect. The insect, and the appearance of the cavity which contained it, are figured, if we are not mistaken, in one of the volumes of the *Linnean Transactions*, but not having that work at hand, we cannot refer to it.

THE MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

THE Michigan territory, lying on the east side of Lake Michigan, and belonging to the United States, is now acknowledged to be among the most fertile districts, and the best adapted for the settlement of emigrants, of any part of North America. "The prairies, or flat meadow lands, in this quarter (says an American authority quoted by Mr Fergusson of Woodhill), are of the richest soil, and may be ploughed in two days after the frost leaves the ground in the spring. They usually produce 30 or 40 bushels of wheat to the acre; and from 30 to 80 of corn have been raised from the same quantity of ground in all the prairies that have as yet been occupied: 400 acres of corn were cultivated on Beardley's prairie last year, which, having been improved the year before, averaged 50 to the acre. These prairies not unfrequently produce 30 or 40 bushels of corn to the acre the first season, without being ploughed or hoed after planting. The surveyed part of the territory is divided into two United States' land districts, containing each one land-office; one of which is situate at Detroit, the other at St Joseph's. The seat of government for the territory is the city of Detroit. It is pleasantly situated on Detroit river, between Lakes Erie and St Clair, about 25 miles from the former, and seven from the latter, in lat. 42° 18' north, containing at present about 2500 inhabitants, many of whom are French. It is daily improving, and is destined to be one of the most important ports on the north-western frontiers, not only on account of the safety and commodiousness of its harbour, but also in consequence of its extensive inland commercial advantages, as it possesses steam-boat and sloop navigation to Buffalo, Sault de Ste. Marie, Michillimackinac, Green Bay, and Chicago.

It contains a court-house, jail, academy, council-house, and two banks; a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, and Catholic church; an arsenal, magazine, and commissary store-house. The rivers Grand, St Joseph, Raisin, Huron, Clinton, Rouge, Kalamazoo, and Shiawassee, interlocking in different parts of the territory, not only irrigate the country in a beautiful manner, but offer unparalleled inducements for canalling, and with comparatively but little expense, as there would be no mountains, nor probably rock strata, to cut through. It is already in contemplation, by means of the Grand River, and Clinton, or the St Joseph's and Raisin, to open a water communication across the Peninsula, by means of a canal, which would terminate at Detroit or Monroe; and probably at no very distant period it will not only be undertaken, but will be accomplished in such a manner as to accommodate both these places in this respect. A company was incorporated by an act of the legislature last fall, under the title of the 'Summit Portage Canal and Road Company,' with a capital of D.10,000, to be divided into 1000 shares of D.10 each, for the purpose of cutting a canal west of Lake Michigan, to connect the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, at what is usually termed the Portage of the Ouisconsin, and to construct a turnpike road on said Portage, parallel to said canal; and also to construct another turnpike road from the lower extremity of the rapids of the Kaukaunin, on the east side of Fox River, on the most direct and eligible route to Winnebago Lake, and for the erection of piers, wharfs, warehouses, and other public buildings and improvements, in and about said canal and turnpike, for commercial purposes. Michigan extends at present west to the Mississippi river; but it is expected the territory will shortly be divided, and a new territory set off west of Lake Michigan, and organized by the name of Ouisconsin or Huron. This territory was originally owned and occupied by emigrants from France, consequently the old inhabitants or first settlers are mostly French.

The emigrants to the territory are mostly enterprising industrious farmers, who, from not being allowed to purchase the land on credit, thereby become immediately the real owners of the soil, and, being free from debt, bid fair to become wealthy citizens. They are mostly from the western part of New York, though many are from the New England states. Every state contributes more or less, and Ohio, for the last two years, not a few. The price of unsold wild land is fixed and uniform, being D.1. 25 [5s. 7]d. sterling] per acre; the terms ready money, and the title indisputable, as it comes direct from the United States, under the seal of the president. The richest, most fertile, and perhaps more beautiful part of the territory, is generally thought to be adjacent to the St Joseph's river and its various branches, which, from present appearances, bids fair to become speedily settled; settlements began to form on it a year before it was offered for sale. It only came in market last May, and such has been the influx of emigration to this part of the territory, that the legislature, in October last following, formed twelve new counties, mostly thereon, and organized two of that number. This part of the territory possesses several copious mill-streams, particularly Hog Creek, the Dowagiac, Christianna, Pigeon, Crooked and Portage rivers, a few of which have already been improved, by the erection of saw and grist-mills. The climate of this part of the territory, though mild, is

apparently more subject to wind than the valley of the Ohio river. The prevailing wind is the south-west, and as it crosses a large tract of prairie country in Illinois and Indiana, comes here with much force, and in winter is somewhat piercing. Considerable snow falls, nevertheless it is very favourable to wheat, rye, potatoes, and turnips; and though not very adverse, yet not so congenial as the valley of the Ohio river to southern corn, and the more tender grains and esculents. Fruits, of course, have not yet been cultivated here, except a few apples and peaches, by the French, which appear to do well.

Grand River empties into the east side of Lake Michigan, about 245 miles south-westerly from Michillimackinac, and 75 north of the St Joseph's, and is between 50 and 60 rods wide at its mouth, and of sufficient depth to admit vessels drawing eight feet water. On its south bank, near its entrance into the lake, is an eligible situation for a town, the land being excellent, and gently inclining towards the north and west, giving at the same time a fine view both of the river and lake; but the opposite shore at the same place has a sandy sterile appearance.

For about 60 miles up the river on the north side, the Ottawas hold possession. There are between 800 and 900 of these people living along Grand River and its tributaries, but many of their most populous villages are on lands belonging to the United States.

This river is the largest stream that waters the west part of the peninsula of Michigan, being 270 miles in length, its windings included, and navigable 240 miles for batteaux; receiving in its course a great number of tributary streams, among which are Portage, Red-Cedar, Looking-glass, Soft-Maple, Muscota, Flat, Rouge, and Thorn-Apple rivers.

Portage river, which has its course through a chain of low marshy prairies, is a deep muddy stream about 15 yards wide at its mouth. Its branches interlock with those of the Huron of Lake Erie, and the Indians pass from the former into the latter with the canoes, by crossing a portage of one mile and a half. It is probable, that, at no distant period, a canal will be constructed near the route of these two rivers, so as to afford a safe and easy inland communication between Lakes Erie and Michigan. The distance from Detroit to the mouth of Grand River, by way of Michillimackinac, is 560 miles. This route in the spring and fall is attended with much uncertainty; and, in case of a war with the English, the navigation of the Straits of Detroit and St Clair would be rendered doubly dangerous. These difficulties would be obviated by a communication by water through the interior. The land at the Portage rises 40 or 50 feet above the level of the streams on each side; but a level prairie, two or three miles to the west of that place, is said to extend from one river to the other."

LONGEVITY OF ACTORS.

Actors, we mean good actors, and respectable men, are a long-lived race. A friend has remarked that he could recollect thirty actors, generally of high eminence, who died, within the space of forty years, at or beyond the age of seventy; and adds, "it would be difficult to show as large a number out of the same proportion of merchants or traders." Macklin died more than 100 years of age; we saw him act, with power and spirit, his Shylock, and Sir Pertinax, at the age of 94; Mrs Bracegirdle died at 85; Mr Yates, 97; Mr Blisset the elder, 84; Colley Cibber, 86; and a very long list of names might be added of those who lived beyond the "threescore and ten" allotted to men in general who live to old age. There are now, or lately were living, in competence or affluence, many more who could be mentioned as proofs of longevity among actors. The improvidence of actors is another vulgar error. When we speak of actors, we do not mean message carriers, or the candle snuffers and dram-drinkers of the stage. Of the hundreds who have retired from the stage in affluence, or with competencies, or now live and act with the same advantage, we will only mention the names of Quin, Yates, Garrick, Smith, Cibber, Farren, Siddons, Matthews, Darley, Jefferson, Wood, Hull, Mattocks, Melmoth, Barry, Clive, Pritchard, Johnson, O'Neil, Bartley, Pope, Quick, Dodd, Bannister. We could fill our page with names who are honoured for their talents, and enjoy in private life the more estimable reward of esteem for their virtues. It is the lot of the historian of the stage to record vice and folly, and that record is remembered longer than the page which speaks of virtue; so the pages of the historian are filled with war and crime, and the years of peace passed over. Men's good deeds are written in sand—their evil ones on brass.—From *Dunlap's Anecdotes of the American Theatre*.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

IN LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM WEBB, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Printers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 84.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

(First Article.)

It is apparent that an immense part of what is gained is not spent by those who gain it. Whether wages, salaries, stipends, or fees, the most of those who work for them enjoy but a small part themselves. All that a man gets in this world is a cup of tea and a roll in the morning, a slice of butcher-meat perhaps at dinner, and possibly another cup of tea, or some other slight affair, in the evening. Now and then, he gets a new coat. But this is all. The most of what he wins fills other mouths entirely. The money goes he hardly knows where. Some part, no doubt, feeds the creatures whom he has taken in bond from nature, and is obliged both by law and by his own feelings to support. But yet, making allowance for all that, and for taxes besides, which may be described as a drainage almost equally unavoidable—by far the most of what the most of people acquire by their own handiwork, is spent and enjoyed, not by themselves, but by others. You, ye sheep, says Virgil, grow wool not for yourselves; you, ye bees, make honey not for yourselves; you, ye oxen, draw ploughs not for yourselves. This is in a great measure the case with mankind too. A few of us are industrious to the ex-cori-ation of our fingers, and the dizzying of our heads; but, by reason of our very application, we have neither time nor taste to spend the result; it goes to provide senseless luxuries to persons who are some way or other connected with us, and who, relying more upon our resources than we are ourselves disposed to do, permit themselves to have abundance of both time and taste. Who do you think keep up the deep-heeled boots, and the handsome clothes, and the cigars that are smoked on our fashionable streets?—not, to be sure, the smock-faced fools who wear and whiff them. Who do you think support the fine fancy taverns, which, under the monkey names of cafés, and saloons, and divans, now ornament our cities?—not, to be sure, the strutting coxcombs who frequent these places, and think they are enjoying life. It almost all comes out of the pockets of industrious fathers, brothers, and other oppressed relations, who would be shocked at nothing so much as to be told that they supported such follies.

There might be some curious statistical inquiries in connection with this subject. In the first place, out of the whole population of the empire, how many work and support themselves, and how many are indolent, and trust to others? Then, taking a few random instances of men who can gain more than they themselves require, it would be worth while to inquire how much, upon an average, and in proportion to their circumstances, such persons do for the slothful, the vicious, and the really unfortunate, who, like limpets on the back of some noble fish, stick to them for habitation and sustenance. Some, it would be found, besides maintaining the members of their own immediate household, voluntarily or involuntarily support nearly as many more. The fact is, every man and woman in the empire, who is in tolerably good circumstances, or who by any kind of chance has the administration of funds, is burdened with a greater or lesser number of dependents, some of whom, perhaps, really possess a claim through relationship, while a host of others have hardly the least purchase upon them, but, with the usual tenacity of the needy, would cling for ages by the slightest tendril of adherence. Whether one be in funds or not, if he only keeps a house at all, and has a door-bell to be rung,* he is apt

to experience the same calamity. Such occasional expenditure of one's substance would hardly be grudged, if it were not that every existing family has some awful vampire, some unconscionable monster, who, while all the rest are steady and well-doing, finds it impossible to do any thing but incur large debts, engagements, and forfeits; to liquidate which, and thus save him and themselves from shame, deprives industry, self-denial, and talent, of all their legitimate and hard-earned reward. If such monsters as these would be content to come in at meal-hours, and take their meat and drink, it would be all very well. The mere animal support of the wretches would be little felt. But they would take scorn to appear in this character at the table of either father, brother, or sister. Their pride and desire of showing off require that they should be put into some way of business, which, without of course exacting from them the least labour, or interfering in the least with their pleasures, may give them the management of considerable sums of money, and thus enable them to make an equal or even a better appearance than the very friends who have to supply the means. In a few years, it is found that they have been playing at the game of keeping shops, at an expense to those relations of several hundred pounds a year, or it may be more, above what would have been requisite for the mere bed and board of the insatiables; and all that the really meritorious have made in that time is squandered by the foolish. Nor is this the end of the monster. No: worse than worthless as his existence is, he must still be kept in life; and it is not always that his gawky pride and mindless wilfulness will permit the cheapest way to be taken for effecting this. After the first stings of injury have been forgot, that common affection to which he trusts, once more revives, and he is again provided with the means of entering into a visionary business, and showing off as he was wont. The same result, of course, ensues. In short, this monster hangs like a leech upon the family, till all that it has made from youth to age, and perhaps its original patrimony besides, is fairly drained and dribbled off through the channel of his base debaucheries. Such is not certainly the general extent of the evil; but that it is always more or less so, every family in the country, above the condition of labourers, and beneath that of the aristocracy, will attest. It seems as constant in nature that every household should have its one or more *black sheep*, as that every nest should contain a bird smaller and feebler than the rest.

The condition of a *downdraught* is not confined to persons of this order: there are *Father downdraughts* also. Strange as it may appear, nothing can be more certain—and every one on recollection will acknowledge it is so—than that there are many, very many instances of fathers of families, who hardly ever did any thing all their lives for the maintenance of either wife or children. We once before remarked, that, though only a limited portion of persons in one generation are the fathers of the next, the support of the said rising generation is one way and another pretty well allocated over society. This is certainly true; but it generally happens that the wife and some of the children themselves are most immediately pressed with the burden. There are some men whose habits in their unmarried state might have assured any woman of their inability to win a woman's bread; yet, whether this were obvious or not, such men never fail somehow or other to get married. It is then soon proved; and almost from the marriage-day, the unfortunate woman—born perhaps to better prospects—perhaps hitherto unaccustomed to any kind of manual labour or exertion—is obliged to be herself the prin-

cipal or sole bread-winner. Some men have the nature of Frenchmen in this respect. They think the woman well off in the mere honour of being married. They spend their own lives in amusement, or in idle sottishness, leaving to the wife every active duty, from the nursing of her children to the gaining of the family bread. We have known many a poor woman thus *trysted*, as the Scotch call it, and who declared, that, if her husband would only be perfectly negative, and do neither harm nor good—if he would only not interfere with her humble business, or affront her before her customers—she would rejoice in her toils, and would not even grudge to afford him a decent sum every week, which he might spend as he pleased. It generally happens, however, that the maudlin monster cannot be thus purchased off. No bribe will satisfy his horrid appetite; and, if refused what she either has not to give, or cannot give without breaking her little commercial engagements, he will burst in upon her at times when she would rather see a basilisk, and, by the very *blackguardism* which he *knows* there is in his appearance, and calculates upon as the means of degrading her in the eyes of the world, attempt to frighten her into the required sacrifices. All her modest industry, all her honourable endeavours to maintain a family which *he* should maintain, are often thus blasted, or at least greatly marred; nor while health and strength are vouchsafed to her destroyer, may she entertain any immediate hope of being relieved from him. Could a commission of assassination be sued out against such a wretch, the most benevolent man on earth might be delighted to draw the trigger; but unfortunately this is impossible. She must wait on and on, through years of toil and grief, till kind nature shall be pleased, of her own accord, to call off the bandog by whom she has been so long tormented, and at length permit her virtuous exertions to have their fair scope and their proper reward.

It often happens that the children have a large share in calamities of this kind. When the father becomes thus sunk in self-indulgence, thus lost to all self-respect, the exertions of the mother may perhaps hardly suffice. The consequence is, that their offspring are taken half-instructed, or not instructed at all, and placed at any kind of employment by which they may earn a pittance. No matter that their prospects in life are thus narrowed, or their bodily and moral health exposed to destruction; the momentary gratification of a selfish appetite would console a parent of this kind for any ill that could befall any of his fellow-creatures, however nearly connected with him. Many young people are, from this and other causes, burdened before their time with large encumbrances; and although the duty is generally one of love, the hardship remains the same on the one side, and the injustice on the other. There is just one consolation as an offset to this calamity: it generally causes the new generation to be as careful and industrious as the preceding was the reverse. Horror-struck at the conduct of their fathers, the young people aim just the more at a contrary kind of life, and they generally thrive accordingly. Sometimes, after a victim has trod the streets for years in all the habiliments of woe, a strange revival suddenly takes place in his appearance. All at once, he gets a hat that *has* a crown, shoes that really possess soles, and possibly a new second-hand green surtout. The cause of this is, that the eldest son has just begun to make somewhat more than apprentices' wages. After their children have got a little forward in the world, Messieurs the Victims sometimes brush up amazingly. They begin to talk of "my son John," and almost seem to think

* In Scotland, the most of houses have a door-bell only, which is used by all kinds and classes of visitors.

themselves once more respectable members of society. John, however, continues to be terribly tried for all that, and many is the shilling he has to disburse for their occasional potations, over and above all his expenses for food and clothes, and all the charges he is under on account of their endless string of small children. In fact, sons are often held to the grinding-stone for the better part of life by fathers of this kind; and so much have they to do for his family, so effectually are they thus frightened at the very idea of such a thing, that it is ten to one against their ever finding themselves in heart to marry. They are forty before the tenth brother is out of petticoats, and after that they very rationally conclude that they have had enough to do with children, for one life at least.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE. COLOURS OF THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS—HALOS—CORONÆ.

THE sun and moon generally appear to us unaccompanied by any change of colour or attendant phenomena—the one pouring forth a flood of lustre too dazzling to be contemplated by the naked eye; the other, a tender and beamy radiance, which, in the language of a noble poet,

Softens down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fills up
As 'twere anew the gaps of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not.

So glorious an object as the sun could not fail to attract the admiration and veneration of mankind, even in the darkest ages; nor is it surprising that it should have been deified and worshipped as a visible god, a superstition which even the sternest Christian philosopher will be tempted to forgive. Ignorance is always the mother of superstition, nor can it ever be otherwise, whensoever human conviction resigns itself to the fallacious though fascinating light of imagination, instead of pursuing the sober and permanent principles of correct reasoning. Hence, whenever the sun or moon presented any peculiar or unusual appearance, the ancients readily construed such into signs of some approaching calamity: thus, we read in Plutarch, that when Nicias and his army were prepared to depart from Sicily, they refused to embark, because the moon had become eclipsed in the dead of night, which superstitious conduct proved fatal both to the heroic commander and to his brave companions, who, in consequence of this, were all slain or taken prisoners. The army of Alexander the Great, on one occasion, likewise became considerably discouraged by an eclipse of the moon; but that wily general brought forward some Egyptian soothsayers, who interpreted that the eclipse portended calamities only to the enemy, by which happy expedient they revived the drooping spirits of the men, who then readily commenced their march. Anecdotes such as these are highly interesting and instructive; and while they teach us to estimate the advantages which we have gained by the progress of science, they should inspire in us feelings of gratitude towards those highly-gifted philosophers who were the first to thread the mazy and intricate paths which conducted to those splendid discoveries that have since illumined and benefited the whole world. It was the illustrious Newton who was the first, as we have already stated, to demonstrate the laws which govern the reflection and refraction of light, and it was he who, with unprecedented ingenuity, succeeded in resolving it into its elementary constituents. He shewed that the light which illumines the whole face of nature is composed of different coloured rays, which, when combined together, produce the dazzling white effect. These rays, which are termed primary, or prismatic (from their having been discovered by means of a triangular piece of glass, called a prism), have been reduced to three in number, the red, the yellow, and the blue. It follows, then, that when the white light passes through a medium by which it is decomposed, these colours become apparent, and, by blending together, produce all the other beautiful colours which are displayed in the rainbow. According, then, as their light becomes resolved into these primary rays, the sun and the moon present a differently coloured disc. When their rays are transmitted to us through a dry fog—that is, a fog that does not affect the hygrometer, or instrument for measuring the quantity of moisture suspended in the air—they appear red; when, however, they pass through a moist fog, they appear white. Prognostications of change of weather have thence been deduced. Byron, in his *Shipwreck*, observes—

“The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
Of the continuance of the gale.”

Virgil, also, who was as acute an observer as he was elegant a poet, thus also observes—“It will be more profitable to observe this also when the sun, having

measured the heavens, is going down, for we often see various colours wander over his face. The blue foretells rain, the fiery wind; but if the spots begin to be mixed with fiery red, then you may expect a storm of wind and rain.”

The colours of the stars, arising from similar causes, are also peculiarly interesting and beautiful. Hercules is a double star—the large star is red, the small one of a bluish-green colour; Aldebaran is of a glowing purple; Scorpio and Mars are red; Lyra is of a variable colour. The most remarkable phenomenon, however, is the variation of colour exhibited by some of the fixed stars. “I first observed this phenomenon (says Forster) in the September of 1809. In the twinkling of the star the colour changed, so that one twinkle or dilatation of the brightness of the star seemed whitish, and the next or alternate twinkling seemed red. I have attributed this appearance to some wavy motion in the upper part of our atmosphere, whereby being imperfectly prismatic, it produced different colours according to the relative inclination of the undulating surface.”* Although the author hazards a conjecture that this change of colour might arise from some change in the star itself, yet the explanation just given is infinitely more probable and satisfactory. The different colours of the sky, the deep azure blue so admired in Italy and in tropical countries, and the pale cold greyish hue so much more frequently observed in “the cold north,” the vivid and beautiful colours which at sunrise and sunset tinge the distant clouds and mountains, and village spires, are all attributable to the different degree of refrangibility possessed by each of these primary rays. “Had it been otherwise—had the objects of the material world (says Sir David Brewster) been illumined with white light, all the particles of which possessed the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would have shone with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of external objects, and all the features of the human countenance, would have exhibited no other variety than that which they possess in a pencil sketch or china-ink drawing. But he who has exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, and such exquisite taste in the forms upon which they are modelled, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their more permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the ever-varying colours of the spectrum.”†

Besides the changes of colour referred to, which are occasionally observed in the sun and moon, these orbs of light are not unfrequently seen surrounded by luminous circles, the larger of which are termed HALOS, and the smaller CORONÆ.‡ They are called lunar or solar, according as they appear round the moon or sun; but it has been observed that the former are the most common. In general, they are complete circles: some have been observed, however, oval; but Dr Smith has shown that this is an optical deception, produced by the apparent figure of the sky. Occasionally they are seen tinted with all the colours of the rainbow. “On the 2d of November 1827 (says a contributor to Silliman’s Journal), between the hours of seven and eight, there appeared around the moon (a little more than its width in diameter) a very luminous saffron-coloured light. On the outer edge was a circle of bright red, which was graduated into a dark purple; around the purple was a circle of bright blue, which faded into a yellowish green, increasing towards the outer edge to a very vivid green. There appeared to be faint white rays passing from the moon across these columns, whose circles formed around this lunar glory a larger circle of a dark leaden colour, which gave the whole a very beautiful appearance.”§ In the higher northern latitudes such phenomena are of frequent occurrence. “During many nights (says Captain Parry) there was a halo round the moon, though the stars shone brightly, and the atmosphere appeared otherwise clear. The same phenomenon was observed round the candles even in our bed-rooms, the diameter of the halo increasing as the observer receded from the light. These halos, both round the moon and candles, occasionally exhibited prismatic light.”¶ Very often more than one luminous circle is exhibited, but seldom more than two are observed at the same time. Triple halos have, however, been seen;—thus, Sir Isaac Newton observed by reflection in a vessel of standing water, three rings of colour round the sun, like three little rainbows. Solar halos occur often, but, from the transcendent brightness of that luminary, are frequently unnoticed. On the 8th of September 1816, at Newport, Rhode Island, a halo of the ordinary size was seen to surround the sun, which remained visible nearly an hour, and exhibited all the colours of the rainbow. On the 9th of April 1820, a remarkable one appeared to Captain Parry:—“It consisted of one complete halo, and segments of several other halos, some of which were not unlike parts of rainbows resting on the horizon.” This beautiful phenomenon, attended with other remarkable appearances which he has accurately described, lasted from noon until six o’clock in the evening. But attending the appearance of these halos, there remain to be noticed two phenomena which are not less interesting

* Atmospheric Researches, p. 86.

† Life of Sir I. Newton, p. 78.

‡ When 45 degrees in diameter, they are termed HALOS; when only 10 degrees in diameter, CORONÆ.—Forster.

§ Vol. xiv. p. 397.

¶ Narrative of the Journey in 1819, &c., p. 257.

and remarkable; the one, the PARHELION, or mock sun; the other, the PARASELENA, or mock moon—a description of which will be found in next number of the Journal.

TALE OF GRIZEL COCHRANE.

THE age which this noble woman adorned with her life and heroic actions, was that gloomy one extending between the Restoration and Revolution (from 1660 to 1688), when the Scottish nation suffered under a cruel oppression, on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of church and state. Three insurrections, more bold than wise, marked the impatience of the Scotch under this bloody rule; but it was with the last solely that Grizel Cochrane was connected.

Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, the father of our heroine, was the second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, and the ancestor of the present line of that noble and ingenious family. He was a distinguished friend of Sidney, Russel, and other illustrious men, who signalled themselves in England by their opposition to the court; and he had so long endeavoured in vain to procure some improvement in the national affairs, that he at length began to despair of his country altogether, and formed the design of emigrating to America. Having gone to London in 1683, with a view to a colonising expedition to South Carolina, he became involved in the deliberations of the Whig party, which at that time tended towards a general insurrection in England and Scotland, for the purpose of forcing an alteration of the royal councils, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. In furtherance of this plan, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyle in raising the malcontents in Scotland. This earl was, if not the acknowledged head of the party in that kingdom, at least the man of highest rank who espoused its interests.

By the treachery of some of the subordinate agents, this design was detected prematurely; and while some were unfortunately taken and executed, among whom were Sidney and Lord Russell, the rest fled from the kingdom. Of the latter number were the Earl of Argyle, Sir John Cochrane, and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth—the last a patriot rivaling Cochrane in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter’s love. The fugitives found safety in Holland, where they remained in peace till the death of Charles the Second, in February 1685, when the Duke of York, the object politically of their greatest detestation, became king. It was then determined to invade Scotland with a small force, to embody the Highland adherents of Argyle with the west country Presbyterians, and, marching into England, to raise the people as they moved along, and not rest till they had produced the desired melioration of the state. The expedition sailed in May; but the government was enabled to take such precautions as, from the very first, proved a complete frustration to their designs. Argyle lingered timidly in his own country, and, finally, against the advice of Cochrane and Hume, who were his chief officers, made some unfortunate movements, which ended in the entire dissolution of his army, and his own capture and death. While this well-meaning but weak nobleman committed himself to a low disguise, in the vain hope of effecting his escape, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume headed a body of 200 men, formed out of the relics of the army, and bravely resolved, even with that small force, to attempt the accomplishment of their original intention—namely, a march into England. They accordingly crossed the Clyde into Renfrewshire, where they calculated on obtaining some reinforcement. The boats on this occasion being insufficient to transport the whole at once, the first party, headed by the two patriots, was obliged to contend, on the opposite bank of the river, with a large squadron of militia, while the boats returned for the remainder; after which the united force caused their opponents to retreat. The militia returned, however, in greater force, and renewed the assault at a place called Muirdykes, in the parish of Lochwinnoch. They were now commanded by Lord Ross and a Captain Clellan, and amounted to two troops, while Sir John Cochrane’s men had decreased to seventy in number. In this predicament they were called on by the royal troops to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners. But, preferring the risk of death on the field to the tender mercies of a vindictive foe, they rejected the terms with disdain, and, entering a sheepfold, used its frail sod walls as a defence against the furious attack of the enemy, whom, after a keen conflict, in which every man fought hand to hand with his opponents, they at length succeeded in beating off, with the loss of their

captain and some other men, while Lord Ross was wounded. Cochrane, however, soon after learned that the enemy was returning with a great reinforcement, and fearing that he could not much longer defend himself on the field, retired with his troops to a neighbouring wilderness or morass, where he dismissed them, with the request that each man would provide the best way he could for his own safety. For himself, having received two severe contusions in the body during the engagement, and being worn out with fatigue, he sought refuge in the house of his uncle, Mr Gavin Cochrane of Craigmuir, who lived at no great distance from the place of encounter. This gentleman, however, as it unfortunately happened, had married a sister of the Captain Clellan killed in the late battle, and, filled with revenge for the death of her brother, this lady secretly informed against her guest, who was immediately seized and removed to Edinburgh, where, after being paraded through the streets bound and bare-headed, and conducted by the common hangman, he was lodged in the tolbooth on the 3d of July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and he was condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald, who, having received his title from the hands of Charles the Second, had, from motives of honour, never conspired against him.

Where is the tongue that can express all the secret and varied anguish that penetrates the yearning heart, when about to leave for ever the warm precincts of mortality, to quit the loving charities of life, and to have all the cords which bound it to existence suddenly torn asunder? Natural strength of mind may suffice to conceal much of this mortal conflict, or even to hide it altogether from the eye of the careless observer, but still it is at work within, and grapples in deadly struggle with the spirit.

Such was the state of Sir John Cochrane's mind on the night of his condemnation, when left once more to the gloomy solitude of his prison. It was not the parting stroke of death he feared, however sharp. He was a father, loving and beloved; and the thoughts of the sorrow his children were doomed to suffer on his account, wrung his heart, and burning tears, which his own fate could not have called forth, were shed for them. No friend or relative had been permitted to see him from the time of his apprehension; but it was now signified to him, that any of his family he desired to communicate with might be allowed to visit him. Anxious, however, to deprive his enemies of an opportunity of an accusation against his sons, he immediately conveyed to them his earnest entreaties, and indeed commands, that they should refrain from availing themselves of this leave till the night before his execution. This was a sacrifice which it required his utmost fortitude to make; and it had left him to a sense of the most desolate loneliness, in so much, that, when, late in the evening, he heard his prison door unlocked, he lifted not his eyes toward it, imagining that the person who entered could only be the jailor, who was particularly repulsive in his countenance and manner. What, then, was his surprise and momentary delight, when he beheld before him his only daughter, and felt her arms entwining his neck! Yet, when he looked on her face, and saw the expression it bore of mute despairing agony, more fearful than the most frantic manifestations of misery, and marked her pale cheeks, which no longer bloomed with the tints of health and happiness, and felt the cold dampness of her brow, he thought himself wrong for having given way for an instant to the joy her presence had created, and every other sensation fled before his fear of what might be the consequence to her of this interview. He had no sooner, however, expressed his feelings on this subject, than she became sensible, that, in order to palliate his misery, she must put a strong curb upon her own, and in a short time was calm enough to enter into conversation with her father upon the dismal subject of his present situation, and to deliver a message from the old earl, her grandfather, by which he was informed that an appeal had been made from him to the king, and means taken to propitiate Father Peters, his majesty's confessor, who, it was well known, often dictated to him in matters of state. It appeared evident, however, by the turn which their discourse presently took, that neither father nor daughter were at all sanguine in their hopes from this negotiation. The Earl of Argyle had been executed but a few days before, as had also several of his principal adherents, though men of less consequence than Sir John Cochrane; and it was therefore improbable that he, who had been so conspicuously active in the insurrection, should be allowed to escape the punishment which his enemies had it now in their power to inflict. Besides all this, the treaty to be entered into with Father Peters would require some time to adjust, and meanwhile the arrival of the warrant for execution must every day be looked for.

Under these circumstances, several days passed, each of which found Miss Grizel Cochrane an inmate of her father's prison for as many hours as she was permitted. During these interviews of the father and daughter, while heart clung unto heart, they reaped all the consolation which an undisguised knowledge of the piety and courage of each could bestow. Still, after such intercourse, the parting scene which they anticipated seemed more and more dreadful to think of; and, as the daughter looked on the pale and dejected countenance of her parent, her bosom was pe-

netrated with the sharpest pangs. The love of her father might be termed a component part of her nature. She had cherished this filial love ever since she possessed a consciousness of thought, and it was now strong and absorbing, in proportion to the danger in which he stood. Grizel Cochrane was only at that period eighteen years old; but it is the effect of such perilous times as those in which she lived, to sober the reckless spirit of youth, and make men and women of children. She had, however, a natural strength of character, that would, on all extraordinary occasions, have displayed itself without such a tuition, and which, being now joined with what she conceived the necessity of the case, rendered her capable of a deed which has caused her history to vie with that of the most distinguished of heroines.

Ever since her father's condemnation, her daily and nightly thoughts had dwelt on the fear of her grandfather's communication with the king's confessor being rendered unavailable, for want of the time necessary for enabling the friends in London, to whom it was trusted, to make their application, and she boldly determined to execute a plan, whereby the arrival of the death-warrant would be retarded. A short time, therefore, before it was expected by the council in Edinburgh, she thought it necessary, in her visit to her father, to mention that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting somewhat in his favour, he warned her against attempting impossibilities.

"Nothing is impossible to a determined mind," said she, "and fear nothing for me."

"But the inexperience of youth, my child," he replied, "may involve you in danger and in blame; and did you but know the characters of those you must encounter, while vainly pleading for your father's life, you would fear, as I do, the sully of your fair fame."

"I am a Cochrane, my father," said the heroic girl—an answer how brief, but to him how expressive! He could say no more: he beheld in his child, so young, so beautiful, and so self-devoted, all the virtues of her race combined, and he felt for the moment that the courage she had prayed for would be granted, to carry her through the undertaking she meditated, whatever that might be. She felt grateful to her father that he did not urge her further; but she trembled as she turned, at her departure, to catch another look of those loved and venerated features, for his eye appeared to be following her with a parting expression, which seemed to say it was the last fond look.

At that time horses were used as a mode of conveyance so much more than carriages, that almost every gentleman had her own steed, and Miss Cochrane, being a skilful rider, was possessed of a well-managed palfrey, on whose speed and other good qualities she had been accustomed to depend. On the morning after she had bid her father farewell, long ere the inhabitants of Edinburgh were astir, she found herself many miles on the road to the borders. She had taken care to attire herself in a manner which corresponded with the design of passing herself off for a young serving-woman journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother in a distant part of the country; and by only resting at solitary cottages, where she generally found the family out at work, save perhaps an old woman or some children, she had the good fortune, on the second day after leaving Edinburgh, to reach in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolve. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period, all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in forty-two hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public-house, kept by a widow woman, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey.* In pursuance of

* Lest it should appear at issue with probability that the postman should thus take his case in his inn, it may be mentioned, as

the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable, which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little change-house, from its mistress having no ostler, she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. "Sit down at the end of that table," said the old woman, "for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as ye can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb." Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water. "What," said the old dame, as she handed it to her, "ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house." "I am aware of that," replied her guest, "and, therefore, when in a public house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take." "Indeed—well that is but just," responded the dame, "and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct." "Is the well where you get this water near at hand?" said the young lady; "for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm, it shall be considered in the lawing." "It is a good bit off," said the woman; "but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don't meddle with these pistols," she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, "for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them." Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut, than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor, to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap. A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her, that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and, again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which, having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water, and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and, mounting her horse, set off at a trot, in a different direction from that in which she had arrived. Fetching a compass of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness, that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said, in a tone of determination, "Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore, take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am

a fact defining all question, that this official, at a period much later, used sometimes to dismount on a murr, near the place here mentioned, and partake in a game at quoits, or other sports which might be proceeding by the wayside.

provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry fire-arms; and, moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood," she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air which was meant to carry intimidation with it. "Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come."

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. "If," said he, as soon as he found his tongue, "you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if," he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle toward her, "you are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire."

"Nay," said his young antagonist, "I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do? for I have told you a truth, that mail I must and will have. So now choose," she continued, as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

"Nay, then, your blood be on your own head," said the fellow, as he raised his hand, and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing this weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprung from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting toward it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government dispatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having not only committed to the flames the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act related above, was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at any rate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them,

her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter.

THE ISLAND OF SKYE.

SKYE, one of the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland, is one of the most interesting islands lying on the shores of Britain, and may deservedly attract the notice not only of those who pry into the arcana of science, but also such tourists as delight to revel in the contemplation of nature's rudest and most romantic scenery. Skye presents to the eye of the stranger a variety of most magnificent points of original beauty. Its lofty hills of rugged outline, covered in part with blooming heath, or exhibiting bare rocky outlines, display in their formation a grandeur of scenery seldom paralleled. No place, perhaps, affords a greater number of picturesque subjects for the painter than Skye. In every quarter he meets with such prodigality of natural wonders, that he must feel bewildered, and at a loss to make a choice; for the landscape changes at almost every step, like the shifting of artificial scenery, and each successive view seems to excel the rest. Let us first give a few statistical facts regarding the island, and then introduce the stranger to some of the natural wonders of the place:—

Skye, whose name is of Scandinavian origin, and signifies "mist," or the "misty island," is the largest of the Western Isles, with the exception of Lewis, and belongs to the county of Inverness. In its situation it lies close in upon the mainland of the west coast, and can be reached by roads and ferries from different parts of the West Highlands. In length it measures forty-five miles, by a mean breadth of fifteen, but it is so indented by lochs or arms of the sea as to have less superficial area than those dimensions would give. There is scarcely, indeed, a point in it that is five miles from the shore in some quarter or other. By the indentation of the sea, it possesses a number of peninsulated tracts; that on the south, nearest the mainland, is the largest, and is called Sleat. From Strathaird, all the way round by the west to Portree, it is, with a few exceptions in the lochs, a continued range of cliffs, often rising to three, four, or even to six hundred feet; in a few cases even exceeding this height. The remainder of the coast is rarely very high, but it is every where rocky and romantic in its appearance. In recent times, the interior has been greatly improved by good roads, and this opening up of the country has produced wonderful advances in the operations of the farmer. A great proportion of the population still subsist by maritime pursuits; and there are few houses more than a quarter of a mile from the sea; wherefore, on a superficial view, the country has a deserted look, although it possesses a population of above 20,000. Of the only four proprietors of the island, Lord Macdonald owns nearly three-fourths of the land; and with the exception of Strathaird, belonging to Macalister, and an estate belonging to Raasay, the remainder is the property of Macleod. It is mentioned that the late Lord Macdonald expended no less than L.100,000 in the improvement of the island. The grain raised in Skye in good years is estimated at 10,000 bolls. The live stock is reckoned to be 4000 horses, of a small but hardy breed, and 18,000 head of cattle of excellent breed, of which about 3800 are exported annually to the low countries, from whence they are mostly sent southwards to fatten in the English pastures. The sheep are estimated at about 40,000, consisting chiefly of Cheviots and black-faced Lintons. Hogs, goats, and rabbits, abound, and game of all kinds is plentiful. Skye is divided into seven parishes, which, with the parish of Small Isles, form the presbytery of Skye. The principal towns and villages are Portree—the capital, on the north-east coast—Stein, Broadford, and Kyle-Haken. At the latter place there is now an admirable ferry, which conducts the Inverness road by Loch Alsh to Skye. The air of life given by the ferry-houses at this point, and by the boats and other vessels perpetually navigating the strait, adds much to the natural beauty of the scenery.

The most conspicuous of the central mountains of Skye rise to the height of two thousand and three thousand feet. The forms of these lofty eminences are in general conical, or rounded, and this peculiarity of shape arises from the same cause as their cheerless and desolate aspect; the mouldering rocks of the summit descending along their sides in streams, and often covering the whole declivities with one continuous coat of stones or gravel. Another group, ranging to two thousand feet in height, varied by ravines and precipices, covered with scattered woods, and of a very picturesque character, occupies the division nearest the mainland. But the highest group, as well as the most rugged, is that to the south, including the Cu-chullin Hills, and Blaven, distinguished from the preceding by its dark, leaden, and strong colour—a hue which it retains even in sunshine and clear sky. The ridge from Portree northward is also mountainous, but it does not produce the same effect, on account of its nearly unbroken continuity. The district north

from Portree is a perfect storehouse of geology. A huge mountain ridge in this quarter, called the Storr, is remarkable for its romantic and strange formation. Towards the east, it presents a range of lofty inland cliffs, broken into irregular shapes, and many hundred feet in height. While the faces of these are marked by projections and recesses, the outline of the sky is equally irregular and picturesque. Often when the clouds sail along and rest on the high point of the Storr, the forms of walls, turrets, and spires, may be seen emerging from the driving mists. The whole of these cliffs produce abundant and brilliant specimens of minerals highly esteemed by mineralogists. The cliffs are frequently columnar, and often extend in long ranges for many miles, with an air of architectural regularity as perfect in its general effect, if not actually as complete in the details, as the columns of Staffa. A cascade which falls over these cliffs forms an interesting spectacle in the midst of the rugged scene. The stream which produces it is projected from the top of a columnar cliff in a single spout, and falls, in a sheer descent of three hundred feet, into the sea. As it foams and boils in the waters of the ocean below, a boat can pass behind it, and permit the tourist, untouched, to admire the noise and fury of the torrent. The striking grandeur of the Storr, in some of its points, is hardly equalled in effect by any of the usually visited picturesque scenery of the Highlands of Scotland.

Skye possesses other scenes well worthy of the attention of visitors. Not to mention the beautiful fresh-water lake, Loch-cor-uiseig (the Lake of the Watery Glen), with its pretty little islands, there is a remarkable formation of nature, called Quiraing, consisting of a perfectly secluded piece of level and fertile ground, situated among some almost inaccessible mountain scenery, in the parish of Kilmuir, about twenty miles distant from Portree. The hill in which it is situated is about a thousand feet high, and slopes by a steep declivity to the west; but towards the north-east it presents a face of rugged precipices, much variegated by being here and there composed of huge basaltic columns, or massy fragments of fluted rocks. In other parts, large spaces, formed into concave sections, present themselves to the view, and have a grand appearance, from being ribbed transversely either by small fissures or protuberant seams, over which a little rivulet drizzles in the moist seasons of the year. This place is considerably elevated, and is, in consequence, viewed from the district below as one extended face of rock, interspersed by a variety of shades, according to the consistency or colour of the materials which compose it. In the face of this rock, then, Quiraing is enshrined, and hidden from the view of the visitor. He may be told that it is there, but without a guide he might fail for a length of time to discover it. This curiosity consists of a green plot of ground, formed into an oblong platform, of sufficient extent to contain six or seven regiments of soldiers. This interesting spot is studded all round with massive fragments of rock, formed into lofty peaks by the intervention of deep chasms, which are for the most part inaccessible. The rough path which leads from the road to the huge opening, which forms an entrance to Quiraing, is upon the whole pleasant, as it conducts the traveller along the base of a perpendicular rock, intersected in various places by dark hollow fissures. But on approaching the great inlet to the eagerly looked for platform, the passage is very much obtruded by heaps of stone and rubbish, which have been washed down from the crevices by the gradual waste of successive ages. By a little exertion, these obstacles may be overcome, and the visitor finds himself at the entrance of a steep passage, which would seem to lead him to the top of the hill. To the right of this entrance stands an isolated pyramid of rock, called "the Needle." This peak is very high, and is raised upon a circular base of very inconsiderable dimensions. After pausing and admiring every thing around him, the visitor then attempts to climb the great inlet which lies before him. Great caution must be taken should more than one individual climb this entrance at once; if so, it is necessary that they go abreast, for if the one go before the other, the small stones which will unavoidably tumble down, might very severely injure, by means of their accelerated velocity, the persons left behind. By considerable exertion, the tourist gains the top of the pass, and beholds with astonishment the scene which opens to his view. Instead of seeing, as he would expect, some narrow cave, or confined angular termination of the passage, formed from the apparent coalition of the impending rocks, he sees, with no less surprise than a pleasing disappointment, a spacious opening before him, in the middle of which stands the above-mentioned platform, a little elevated above the rest of the opening, but considerably lower than the top of the entrance, where the visitor yet stands. He now descends for some yards, and, by a small path, is led instantly to the beautiful green plain which was all along his object to attain. He is now at a loss what to examine first, or what to admire most. He beholds above him the top of the hill, which he saw from the plain below, little suspicious that such a fairy spot existed in the intervening space. The level sward which he now so much admires, possesses nothing attractive in itself, were it not for the place in which it is situated. The whole is encompassed by a bulwark of rocky pyramids, the bases of which are considerably lower in the inside than the platform; but on the out-

* Southey's Life of Bunyan.

dividuals belonging to hostile sects, who regarded his exertions with great jealousy, and endeavoured, by slanders, to ruin his reputation. It was insinuated that he was a Jesuit in disguise—that he was a highwayman—nay, even a witch—all of which suppositions show that he had begun to exercise no small influence over his fellow-creatures.

In 1657, though the sway of Cromwell produced more toleration than usual, an indictment was preferred against him for preaching at Eaton. This attempt to silence him was defeated; but immediately upon the Restoration, when the episcopal forms were re-established, he fell under a prosecution for preaching; and, on his avowing a fixed resolution to continue that practice, was imprisoned in Bedford jail. The dismay of his wife on this occasion caused her to fall into premature labour, and give birth to a dead child; but Bunyan, for his own part, rejoiced in his sufferings, in the hope that they would help the cause he had espoused. He was now completely separated from his pots and kettles, and might have been in great pecuniary distress, if he had not taken up a new trade equally humble with the former—the making of tagged thread laces. His confinement was to continue till he should promise to abstain from preaching; but, in the course of time, his jailer relaxed so far as to permit him to go abroad occasionally, to hold devotional communion among his friends. He was even allowed to pay a visit to London; and in the last year of his captivity he was chosen minister of the Baptist congregation—which could not have taken place if he had not enjoyed a considerable share of personal liberty.

Of sixty religious tracts and pamphlets, written by Bunyan in the course of his life, it is probable that many were composed in Bedford jail. These works, however, are of so little value, that they would have now been unworthy of notice, but for his "Pilgrim's Progress," which he also wrote in prison. Of this great classic of the common people—one of the most felicitous works ever penned—no copy of the first edition is now known to exist, and the date of its publication is therefore unknown. It must have appeared, however, before 1679, as the second edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum, is dated in the preceding year.

Bunyan was now the regular minister of the Baptist congregation, and was well known both as a writer and a preacher—his fame being so great in the latter capacity, that when he preached in the metropolis, which he occasionally visited, three thousand persons would come to the little chapel in Southwark, where he was to hold forth, being a far larger number than what could gain admittance. His book, in one sense, was truly original: it was the grand effort of a powerful, though unlettered genius; and it has never been approached by any imitator. How far, however, the author was indebted for his plan, and some of the details, to preceding intellects, is not so clear. Works of this allegorical kind are not uncommon in the early part of the seventeenth century. So early as 1629, the famous Mr Zachary Boyd, minister of Glasgow, published his "Last Battell of the Soule," in which such characters are introduced as Pastour, Sick Man, Spiritual Friend, Carnal Friend, Sathan, Michael, &c. A poem, entitled the Pilgrimage, which appeared in Whitney's Emblems, accompanied by an engraving, might, it is said, have given the hint for the Pilgrim's Progress; and it is curious that in 1672 was written (though it did not appear till 1678—the date of Bunyan's second edition, and perhaps also of his first) a short discourse by Dr Simon Patrick, dean of Peterborough, entitled the "Parable of a Pilgrim," in which, under the semblance of directions for a journey to Jerusalem, the learned author communicates many moral and religious instructions, and even introduces various persons representing different denominations of Christian believers. Still, making every allowance for hints and ideas variously procured, the honour of having written this happy book, which combines all the vivacity and entertainment of a novel with the profoundest religious knowledge, and the most persuasive instruction, remains to John Bunyan, as one of the highest that can belong to any literary name. The work is translated into almost all civilized languages, and, though tinged in some parts with the author's peculiar tenets, is read by almost all classes of religious thinkers. There has even been a kind of Roman Catholic paraphrase of it—in which, of course, one particular character, not spoken of in the most respectful manner, is omitted.

The success of the Pilgrim's Progress induced Bunyan to compose a second part, which, though written with equal felicity, produces upon the whole less impression on the mind of the reader. He also wrote an allegorical work, called "the Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the regaining of the Metropolis of the World; or the losing and retaking of Mansoul,"—an idea bearing a still stronger resemblance, it must be acknowledged, to the dramatic poem of Mr Zachary Boyd, just alluded to.

He survived his enlargement from prison sixteen years, during which he employed himself diligently as a preacher, both in Bedford and in other places. It speaks much to his personal worth as a man, that he was indefatigable also in administering to the temporal wants of the oppressed non-conformists of those days, and in promoting brotherly kindness among the individuals over whom he had any influence. He at length died, August 12, 1688, in consequence of a cold

caught during a journey which he undertook for the purpose of reconciling a father to his son, who was threatened with disinheritance. This event took place at London, and he was interred in Bunhill-fields burial-ground, where a monument has been erected to his memory.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN-OF-WAR VESSEL.

HAVING long been desirous of falling in with a well-written account of the arrangements and general economy on board of a man-of-war vessel, we have at length been so fortunate as to discover an admirable description of this nature in a recent work, entitled "Two Years and a Half in the American Navy, by E. C. Wines. Bentley, London." It applies to an American frigate, which, we believe, does not differ from a similar vessel in the British navy.

"A frigate (says this entertaining author) has three decks. The upper one is called the spar-deck, and this is again subdivided into different parts, each called by its appropriate name. All that part of it from the gangways aft, is denominated the quarter-deck. Next to the cabin, this is the most sacred part of the ship. No officer on duty is allowed to appear there unless he is dressed in his uniform, and on ascending to it from below, or in coming over the ship's sides, he is obliged to pay it his respects by touching his hat. I have been reprimanded for walking there in a hot summer's day without a cravat on, and the etiquette of touching the hat is in some instances so rigorously exacted, that midshipmen are suspended or quarantined for neglecting to comply with it.

In port, the starboard side* of the quarter-deck is appropriated to the captain and wardroom officers, and the larboard to the inferior officers. I have seen a sailor taken to the gangway and receive a dozen for walking aft on the starboard side of the deck. At sea the higher officers are entitled to the weather side, that is, the side upon which the wind blows, whichever it may be.

There are three hatches on the quarter-deck, the after one of which belongs exclusively to the superior officers. Near the centre is the capstern, a large wooden cylinder, by means of which the anchor and other heavy weights are raised. The wheel, at which four men are stationed to steer the ship, is just forward of the mizen-mast, and in front of it are the binnacles, two upright boxes, in each of which is placed a mariner's compass.

That part of the spar-deck forward of the foremast is called the forecabin. This is the favourite haunt of the men. Here they collect on a summer's evening to 'spin' their 'yarns' and forget their labours in the pleasures of the song and the dance. The blacksmith's shop is always shipped on the forecabin, when any work in that line is to be performed.

On that portion of the spar-deck, comprehended between the quarter-deck and the forecabin, are stowed all the spare spars, and also at sea all the boats, except one at the ship's stern, and one on each of her quarters. It is called the booms. On the spar-deck there are four ladders for the men, two of which are just forward of the gangways, and two just abaft the foremast. Parallel with this deck are six strong platforms, outside of the bulwarks, three on each side of the vessel, opposite the three masts. They are called the fore-main, and mizen chains. The shrouds, stout cable ropes which support the masts laterally, are fastened to them. The ropes which give a fore-and-aft support to the masts are denominated stays.

The guns on this deck are called carronades, and are all short, except generally two long carronades on the forecabin, and two on the quarter-deck. The bulwarks rise to about the height of a common-sized man above the spar-deck. They terminate in the hammock-nettings, a deep trough nearly encircling the ship, in which the hammocks are stowed during the day. In foul weather the hammocks are protected by a tarred canvass cloth thrown over them, but in fair weather this tarpaulin is rolled up and laid on the top of them, so as to leave them almost entirely exposed. Nothing contributes more to the good appearance of a ship than clean hammocks, neatly stowed.

I will now conduct my reader down to the main, or gun-deck. This is the great luxury of a frigate, as it furnishes a fine promenade in all weathers. The sun, rain, and dews, are all excluded—things which annoy you prodigiously on board of a sloop. We will commence with the captain's cabin. This occupies nearly all the space on the main-deck abaft the mizen-mast, and encloses four guns. It is separated from the rest of the deck by a partition, called, as all partitions on shipboard are, a bulkhead, which is always removed when the ship is cleared for action.

The portion of the gun-deck, extending from the cabin to the main-mast, is denominated the half-deck. The larboard side of this is also appropriated to the officers, but it wants the sacred character of the quarter-deck. Its use is common to officers of every grade. It is constantly occupied as a promenade, and in summer is the general reading-room. That part of this deck comprehended between the main-mast and the galley, is called the waist, and here the carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c., carry on their respective businesses. The galley is just abaft the foremast, and is the ship's kitchen. The forward part of it is appropriated to the officers cooking. This is divided into three compartments, of which that on the larboard side is for the use of the captain, that on the starboard for the use of the wardroom mess, and that in the centre for all the officers below them. The after part of the galley is called the 'coppers,' and belongs to the crew. On each side of the galley is a suspended table for the use of the cooks.

The after-part of the berth-deck is occupied as a mess-room by the lieutenants and other commissioned officers. It is called the wardroom, extends to a considerable dis-

tance forward of the mizen-mast, and is separated from the rest of the deck by a bulkhead. It has five state-rooms on each side, which, though not very large, are sufficiently commodious, and are furnished with neat little bureaus at the public expense. Some of the officers have them carpeted and fitted up in elegant style. The first lieutenant is entitled to the first state-room on the starboard-side, and the others follow him in the order of their rank. The room on the larboard-side, corresponding to the first lieutenant's, belongs to the sailing-master, and the purser, surgeon, and chaplain, are entitled to rooms receding from his in the order in which their names are here mentioned. The wardroom receives its light principally from a large skylight over head.

Immediately forward of the wardroom is the steerage, the midshipmen's domicile. This differs materially in different ships. In some, as in the Constellation, it is partitioned off into different mess-rooms; while in others, as in the Brandywine, it is all common, and is separated from the forward part of the deck only by a canvass curtain. In the Constellation there are four mess-rooms, two on each side of the ship. They are each about nine feet by seven. The middies are not allowed to have trunks on board, and the mess-rooms are therefore furnished with lockers to supply their place. Of these there are two kinds, chest-lockers and 'up-and-down' lockers. The chest-lockers are nothing more than boxes surrounding three sides of the rooms: the upright ones are more like bureaus, and are much more commodious.

Immediately forward of the steerage are four state-rooms, occupied by the forward officers, and between them are four mess-lockers (small store-rooms), where the provisions of the steerage and cockpit are kept. Here is also an air-pump, by means of which the foul air is removed from the lower parts of the ship.

We are now forward of the main-mast, and have come to an open part of the deck, lined on each side by a row of chests. Each of these is appropriated to one of the ship's messes, and contains its table, furniture, and daily provisions. Here are also compartments, formed by upright wooden grates, and extending on both sides of the ship, from the state-rooms of the forward officers to the sick-bay, in which the men keep their clothes. The sick-bay, or apartment for the sick, is a small room quite at the forward extremity of the berth-deck. On each side of this deck there is a row of air-ports, designed chiefly for the purpose of ventilation, which extend from one end of it to the other. They are open only in port.

I will not detain the reader by a minute description of a frigate's lower regions. Underneath the wardroom are the magazine and principal bread-room. The cockpit and spirit-room are below the steerage, and directly forward of them is the main-hold, which extends over no inconsiderable portion of the ship. Here are stowed the cables, water, and most of the provisions. The forward officers' store-rooms are underneath the sick-bay. The various implements of their respective crafts are kept in them, and they are generally fitted up with a good deal of taste and elegance. This is a part of the ship always shown to strangers, and which, if kept in proper order, generally excites more interest than any other.

The government on board a man-of-war is despotic, and must be so from the circumstances under which it exists. Men are here congregated together from almost every country under heaven. They bring with them no natural principles of amalgamation, but, on the contrary, almost as many apples of discord as there are individuals in the crew. Nothing but necessity can bind into one harmonious whole so many discordant elements, and that necessity must result from a system of discipline, stern in its nature and prompt in the execution of its penalties. If the commander were not, in a manner, clothed with the power of a despot, neglect of duty would often go unpunished, confusion would soon be worse confounded, and the secretary might order every vessel in the navy to be set on fire, dismiss his clerks, and retire from the toils of office to enjoy the quiet of his own fireside.

Time on shipboard is divided into watches, and reckoned by bells. Hence you never hear the question, 'What's o'clock?' but 'How many bells is it?' The twenty-four hours are divided into six equal portions, called watches. At the end of the first half-hour of one of these portions, the bell is struck one; at the end of the second, two; and so on, till the series reaches eight, when it commences again. Thus it will be perceived that two bells means either one, five, or nine o'clock; and five bells either half-past two, six, or ten. In the ship's journals, the dates are put down according to the common mode of reckoning time.

The division of time into watches differs somewhat at sea and in port. In the former case the watches are all four hours long, with the exception of two in the evening, called dog-watches, from four to six, and from six to eight. In port there is but one watch during the day, viz. from eight o'clock A.M. to eight P.M. The night-watches are the same as at sea.

Order is the first great rule on board a man-of-war, and that to which all others must bend. From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, the same stroke of the bell is followed by the same whistle, the same call, and the recurrence of the same duties. Every thing has its place too, and must be kept in it. So true is this, that a person acquainted with the details of a ship, can lay his hand on a given object in any part of her as well in the dark as if a thousand suns were shining on it. To the same grand principle—ORDER, are to be attributed the numerous divisions and subdivisions of the officers and crew.

The whole number of persons on board the Constellation varied at different times from three hundred and eighty to four hundred and twenty. The three grand divisions of the moral elements in the naval service are into officers, men, and marines. Of the former there were generally about forty; of the second, somewhat more than three hundred; and of the latter, thirty-five, more or less.

At the head of the list stands the captain. He is literally 'monarch of all he surveys,' and 'sitteth secure

* As you stand facing the ship's head, the starboard is on your right, and larboard on your left. The larboard side is also called port.

in high authority and dread.' His will is supreme; and from his decisions, for the time being, there is no appeal. He has a general superintendence over the affairs of the ship, and every order of a general nature must originate in him. No important alteration can be made without his knowledge and consent. It is his duty to take a general oversight of the officers' conduct; to see that they are guilty of no improprieties, and to punish such as are. He is responsible for the safety of the ship, both at sea and in port. If any business of a public nature is to be transacted with a foreign power, it falls of course into his hands. These are his duties in time of peace; in war he has still higher responsibilities.

From this brief exposition, it will readily occur to the thinking mind that the commander of a government vessel ought to be a man of good natural endowments and varied acquirements. Courage, moderation, and judgment, comprehension of intellect sufficient to view a subject in all its bearings, a keen sagacity in discriminating between the distinctions of subtle minds, and a general acquaintance with the usages of nations, are indispensable, not only to his own fame, but also to the reputation and interests of his country. Hence it appears that the qualifications requisite in a captain of the navy are by no means such as can be acquired by a dunce, or even by a man of understanding, without much study and reflection.

Next in rank come the wardroom officers, consisting, on board of a frigate, of six lieutenants, a purser, surgeon, chaplain, sailing-master, and lieutenant of marines. The first lieutenant is next in power to the captain; and though his station is less responsible, his duties are more laborious. He has a general supervision over the ship, and is to see that she is kept clean and in proper order. To this end he is obliged to inspect every part of her at least once a-day, and report her condition to the captain. When the ship is put in commission, it devolves chiefly upon him to station the men, a business of the most laborious and difficult nature, requiring great patience, a discriminating judgment, and deep insight into the human heart. It is his duty to have the men frequently exercised at the guns; to regulate the expenditures of certain public stores; to take care that the men keep themselves clean and decently clad; to superintend the watering and victualling of the ship; and, in short, to see that all her multifarious and complicated concerns move on regularly and harmoniously. In coming to an anchor and getting under weigh, and when all hands are called to reef topsails, or for other purposes, he takes the trumpet. On him, more than on the captain himself, depends the comfort of the officers. In port, it belongs to him to grant or withhold permission to go ashore; and there are a thousand other ways, in which, if he is a man of capricious or malignant disposition, he can gratify his whims or his spleen at the expense of the comfort and feelings of his fellow-officers. The qualifications most needed in a first lieutenant are freedom from caprice and passion, fixed principles of action, moderation combined with decision, a dignified affability, a disposition to be at once liberal and just, and a profound knowledge of character. On the whole, his situation, though highly important, is not very enviable; and my observation has satisfied me that to be generally popular as a first lieutenant, requires a combination of qualities, such as rarely falls to the lot of any man.

The other lieutenants are divided into watches, and take turns in performing the duties belonging to their station. The lieutenant on duty is styled in writing the officer of the watch, but is familiarly called the officer of the deck. Some of his duties are common at sea and in port, and others are peculiar to each of these situations. In both he is responsible for the deck while he has charge of it, and has also to take a general oversight of the ship. He must see that the men's rations are properly cooked, and that they have their meals at proper hours. The serving of the grog is also under his control. At sea his duty is to sail the ship, keeping her on the course given her by the captain, and reporting to him any change in the wind, the discovery of land or strange sails, and any extraordinary occurrences. At night he has the captain waked at stated periods,* and the state of the weather reported to him. On receiving the trumpet, the first thing the officer of the deck does is to glance at the compass, the sails, the dog-vane, the sky, and the water, to discover the state of the ship, the wind, and the weather; and at the end of the watch, he must have a general account of the weather, and other matters which he may deem proper, inserted in the ship's log-book. The duty of the officer of the deck in port is to receive any supplies of water or provisions which may come alongside, to regulate the sending away of boats, to keep a look-out as to what is going on in the harbour, to report the arrival of ships and any important occurrences to the captain, &c. The lieutenants are also officers of divisions, and frequently have to exercise the men at the guns, besides superintending the monthly issues of slops to their respective divisions.

Next in rank to the lieutenants, I suppose, would come the regular sailing-master, but the duties of this office are almost universally performed in the American service by passed midshipmen, who have received merely acting appointments. After the first lieutenant, the duties of a sailing-master are more comprehensive and arduous than those of any other officer. His supervision and responsibility extend to almost all the public stores in the ship, but particularly to the water, spirits, cables, and anchors. He reports the daily expenditures of water to the captain. It is his business to keep the ship's place, and report it at least twice a-day to the commander, together with the bearings and distance of the port to which she is bound, or the nearest land desired to be made. Some commanders leave this entirely to their sailing-masters.

There is no berth on board a man-of-war more cozy than that of purser. He holds the keys of the strong-box, and though his regular salary is not much, his emo-

luments, arising from other sources, are greater than those of the commander himself. All the provisions on board are committed to his charge, and the ship's accounts are all kept by him. His responsibilities are very great, and heavy bonds are therefore justly exacted from him.

The surgeon and his two assistants form the medical staff of a frigate. The assistant-surgeons form a distinct class of officers, ranking between the wardroom officers and midshipmen. In frigates and ships of the line they mess in the cockpit, but in all other public vessels in the steerage. The business of the staff is of course to take care of the sick, and perform such surgical operations as may be necessary. A daily journal is kept of the names, rank, diseases, and constitutional habits of all the sick on board, and also of the medicines administered to them. From the journal a report is made out and signed by the surgeon every morning, stating the names, rank, and diseases of the sick, and the number added to and taken from the list. This is handed to the captain. Another list, containing only the names, is placed in the binnacle for the use of the officer of the deck. Nothing will excuse either an officer or a man from duty, but the fact of his being registered on the sick list. A general review of the sick takes place every morning after breakfast. One of the assistant-surgeons inspects the ship's coppers every day, to see that no verdigris is allowed to collect upon them. It is the duty of the surgeon not only to attend to the sick, but also to recommend and enforce such precautionary measures as will have a tendency to prevent disease, and thus secure the general health of the officers and crew.

The laws of the United States make it the duty of the chaplain to perform divine service twice a-day, and preach a sermon on the Sabbath, unless bad weather or other extraordinary occurrences prevent it. The former of these duties is never fulfilled, and the latter rarely.

The lieutenant of marines has few duties of any kind to perform. His office, though necessary as long as the marine corps is continued, is nearly a sinecure.

I come now to the midshipmen, *alias* the young gentlemen; for by this name they are always called on ship-board. The number of these varied on board of the Constellation, at different times, from fifteen to upwards of twenty. It would be difficult to give any very definite idea of what their duties are; for, although an interesting class of officers on account of what they are to be, yet, in their present capacity, they do little more than echo the orders of their superiors. There is a change of wind; the officer of the deck orders the men to 'Lay aft to the braces!'—'Lay aft to the braces!' cries every midshipman on deck. The wind freshens so as to make it necessary to clue up the mainsail: 'Man the main clue garnet!' is thundered through the trumpet:—'Man the main clue garnet!' is instantly repeated by some half dozen echoes. However, they have some specific duties. They carry messages from the officer of the deck to the captain, and in port one of them takes charge of every boat that leaves the ship. At sea, seven bells is reported to them every morning at half-past eleven, when they are obliged to go on deck with their quadrants, and take the sun. They have to work out the last day's run, and report the course, distance made good, and ship's place at noon each day, to the captain. They muster the crew when the watch is called at night. They are also required to keep a journal of the cruise, which is, however, only a copy of the ship's log. This is examined every few weeks by the commanding officer; and if it happens not to be written up when called for, the delinquent is generally punished by a curtailment of some of his indulgences.

Five of the oldest midshipmen are master's mates. Their duties are more important and responsible than those of the others. The master's mate of the hold superintends the expenditures of provisions, water, and spirits; keeps an accurate account of the quantity of each expended daily, and reports it to the proper authority. He also makes the rough copy of the ship's log from the log-slate. This is afterwards transferred to another book, called the smooth log. In both, the different officers of the deck put their signatures to the remarks made by their authority. It is the duty of the master's mate of the gun-deck to keep the deck in good order, and to prevent improper conduct on the part of the men. In addition to this, he oversees the serving out of grog and provisions. There are three master's mates of the watches, that is, one to each of them. Each in turn has charge of the forecastle, and, at the end of every hour, it is his business to heave the log, to ascertain the ship's rate of going. This he reports to the officer of the deck, who, making such allowance as he chooses, tells him to give her such a rate and course, and directs him to make such remarks on the log-slate as he (the officer of the deck) may deem proper.

The boatswain, gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker, form a distinct class of officers, called forward-officers. I shall not enter into the particulars of their duties. The boatswain is charged with the rigging of the ship, and in port attends to squaring the yards. You may know him by his silver whistle, rattan cane, and above all by the ruddy hues of his countenance, and the odious vapours that issue from his mouth. The gunner has charge of the military stores, and, when all hands are called, of the main rigging. The carpenter is responsible for the stores belonging to his department, and superintends the corking of the ship, and other work performed by his subalterns. The sailmaker is charged with the sails, hammocks, and generally all the canvass in the ship. At sea, he is obliged to go aloft on each of the three masts, examine the condition of the sails, and report it to the first lieutenant every morning before breakfast.

The midshipmen of the Constellation were obliged to ask permission of the captain to go ashore. On one occasion, when all the officers above the third lieutenant were absent from the ship, some of them applied to him to go ashore. Permission was promptly given. When the captain returned and learned who were ashore, he

sent for Mr —, to inquire into the matter. 'Sir,' he replied, 'I was at the time acting commander of the ship, and had both the power and the right to do as I did.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

EFFECTS OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTS. TRADES, AND MANUFACTURES.

MASONS (says Mr Thackrah, in his instructive work on the effects produced by working at different professions) inhale particles of sand and dust, which arise from chipping the stone. They often use great muscular exertion in lifting weights; they are exposed also to the vicissitudes of the weather; they are addicted to intemperance. We promptly find the effects of these circumstances on their physical state. From their exertion in the open air, their face has colour, and the figure is muscular and robust: inhaling dust, the bronchial membrane is often in a state of chronic inflammation: dissipated in their habits, they become susceptible of atmospheric changes, and hence are frequently affected with pains in the limbs: finally, from the combination of these injurious agents, dust and dissipation, and the mutual reaction of morbid states thus induced, masons are short-lived, dying generally before they attain the age of 40.

The subject leads me to refer to the state of MINERS, though their occupation is not strictly a part of my paper, nor one which I have had the opportunity personally to examine. In the mines in the north of England, the workmen, I am informed, suffer considerably when employed in ore in the sandstone, but are sensible of no inconvenience where the ore is in limestone. I am indebted to an intelligent friend for the following information:—"The reason they assign is, that the latter is full of vertical and other fissures, which allow the superincumbent beds of water to percolate through the roof of the mine; whilst the sandstone strata, which are impervious to water, preserve the mine quite dry; consequently, the minute particles of rock formed by blasting or the pickaxe, are kept in a dry state within the sandstone mine, forming, as it were, an atmosphere of dust, which the miner is constantly inhaling. In the limestone mine, the particles, on the contrary, are laid as they are formed, by the continuous oozing, dropping, and splashing of the insinuating water. Some miners account for the difference by the solubility of the limestone. Miners rarely work more than six hours a-day, yet they seldom attain the age of 40. They take immense quantities of ardent spirits, not with the view of enabling them the better to sustain their unhealthy employment, but confessedly to drown the ever-recurring idea, that they are, from their occupation, doomed to premature disease. Last year, there were in the village of Arkendale (in the heart of the mining district) not less than thirty widows under 30 years of age. The prevalent maladies appear to be affections of the lungs and bowels. Smelting is considered a most fatal occupation. The appearance of the men is haggard in the extreme. The Alstone Moor miners repair annually in great numbers to Cartmel Holywell, where they derive great benefit from that saline water."

The latter part of this statement is surely melancholy enough to call forth the active sympathy of all who witness the facts. If the injury to health and life result from the dust of the sandstone, could not the simple remedy of water be applied? If water will not percolate through sandstone, might not the frequent use of a common watering-can prove a substitute?

A parallel case to that of the miners occurs in the GRINDERS of Sheffield. Dr Knight, in the North-England Medical Journal, states that the fork-grinders, who use a dry grindstone, die at the age of 28 or 32, while the table-knife grinders, who work on wet stones, survive to between 40 and 50.

MACHINE-MAKERS are divided into several departments. The founding produces only the slight and temporary annoyance of dust from the charcoal sprinkled on the mould. The men, in Leeds at least, are generally healthy. Dressing the iron, technically called "fetting," seems to be equally innocuous.

Turning, boring, and grooving wrought-iron, present nothing remarkable. But the turning of cast-iron is so laborious, that the men can scarcely bear it for the whole of the day. The particles of iron cast off in the process are large, and do not, consequently, affect the lungs in a sensible and great degree.

Draw-filing cast-iron is a very injurious occupation. The dust is much more abundant, and the metallic particles much more minute, than in the filing of wrought-iron. Does this difference arise from the texture, the degree in which the particles are united in wrought and cast-iron; or does it arise from the manganese and magnesia contained in the latter? The particles rise so copiously as to blacken the mouth and nose. The men first feel the annoyance in the nostrils. The lining membrane discharges copiously for some time, and then becomes preternaturally dry. The air-tube is next affected. Respiration is difficult on any increase of exertion; and a habitual cough is at length produced. At the same time, the digestive organs become impaired; and morning vomiting, or an ejection of mucus on first rising, is not infrequent. The disorder varies of course with the constitution of the individual; but the common termination, when men pursue the employment for years, is bronchial or tubercular consumption. The frequency of these fa-

* On board of the Constellation every two hours.

tal diseases is easily explained. The sensitive membrane lining the air-tube and air-cells is irritated by the particles of iron inhaled at every breath: chronic inflammation becomes established; the constitution is seriously injured by the quantity of muco-purulent matter which is discharged, by the want of a full purification of the blood, and by the exhaustion which habitual cough produces: hectic fever and emaciation succeed. More certainly fatal is the case, where there exists in the constitution a predisposition to the tubercular form of the disease. The researches of the French pathologists, as well as our own observations, prove the cartilaginous bodies, called tubercles, to be very frequent in the human lungs, to be slow in assuming a destructive character, and often to remain crude or latent for an indefinite period. The subject of the present paper scarcely requires a detail of the progress of these bodies, as affected by external agents and internal excitement—their augmentation, coalescence, change of hue, softening, the final purulent expectoration, by which successive masses are removed, and the effects produced on the lungs, the air-tube, and the constitution. Suffice it to urge, that a great proportion of our population is born with tubercles, or a disposition to the formation of these bodies; that various agents in civil life tend powerfully to excite their development, and none more than irritation of the bronchial membrane. This membrane is affected by gaseous agents, but much more by palpable substances. Dust of every kind irritates, but not in an equal degree. Much, I conceive, depends on the size and figure of the particles which enter the air-tube. The dust from the roads produces no apparent mischief, while the mason's chippings from the stone occasion serious and often fatal injury to his lungs. The dust from old iron, which is thrown off so copiously as to deposit a thick brown layer on the dress of the dealers in this article, produces no inconvenience; while the less apparent detachment of particles by the file is decidedly baneful to the workers in iron. It is, then, the *form* rather than the material, the spicule, the angular or pointed figure of the particles detached, which we conceive the chief cause of injury.

The filers are almost all unhealthy men, and remarkably short-lived. One instance only in this neighbourhood can we find of a man's following the employ for 20 years. At two of the principal machine manufactories of Leeds, there are only two filers of the age of 48; and in neither case, I believe, has the individual pursued the labour uninterruptedly from boyhood. The mortality among machine-makers is not the result of intemperance; for the men, in this neighbourhood at least, are generally steady. It is not the result of error in diet, clothing, or exercise. It can be ascribed only to the nature of the employ, and the train of baneful effects to which I have adverted.

What can be done to prevent this lamentable waste of life? Magnetic mouth-pieces, which attract the particles of iron inhaled in respiration, and thus greatly diminish the quantity which would enter the air-tube, were many years ago introduced in Sheffield, and ought ere this to have been tried in Leeds. But there is a strange apathy among both the men and the masters. Though very intelligent, and conversant not only with the science of their manufacture, but often also with knowledge in general, they are remarkably thoughtless on a subject which most deeply concerns them. Man after man dies of decay in the prime of life, and no warning is taken by the survivors. Machine-makers, indeed, are generally unwilling to admit the fact of excessive mortality. They naturally dislike the idea of being more subject than their neighbours to disease and death. They will rarely admit that they labour under disorder, till consumption is established, and its effects apparent to every observer. To our general questions, they reply, "We are all pretty healthy." And it is only by examining each workman that we find the deception. Had they the providence and the courage fairly to examine this important subject, some measures would be devised for correcting the evil. Magnetic mouth-pieces, or some contrivance still more effectual, would be speedily adopted. Though their own knowledge is much more likely to avail than any suggestion of mine, I would ask, if a change can be made in the smelting of iron, or advantage obtained by farther purification? The working of wrought-iron we find to be much less injurious to health than that of the cast.

The preceding remarks apply chiefly to the iron-work in the making of machines. The *brass* work must also be noticed. The *founders* suffer from the inhalation of the volatilized metal. In the founding of *yellow brass* in particular, the evolution of oxide of zinc is very great. It immediately affects respiration; it less directly affects the digestive organs. The men suffer from difficulty of breathing, cough, pain at the stomach, and sometimes morning vomiting. We did not find one brass-founder more than 40 years of age, though we have since been informed that there are two brass-founders in the neighbourhood, of the ages of 60 and 70, who have continued at the employ from boyhood. The *Turners, Filers, and Dressers of Brass*, do not seem to be more unhealthy than the generality of our townsmen. We observe among the filers, the hair of the head changed to green.

BRAZIERS are subject to the noxious exhalations from the solder, but their employments are so varied as to preclude exposure to its influence for a considerable time at once.

COPPER-SMITHS are considerably affected by the

fine scales which rise from the imperfectly-volatilized metal, and by the fumes of the "spelter," or solder of brass. The men are generally unhealthy, suffering from disorders similar to those of the brass-founders.

TINPLATE-WORKERS are subjected to fumes from muriate of ammonia, and sulphurous exhalations from the coke which they burn. These exhalations, however, appear to be annoying rather than injurious, as the men are tolerably healthy, and live to a considerable age. *TINNERS* also are subject only to temporary inconvenience from the fumes of the soldering.

PLUMBERS are exposed to the volatilized oxide of lead, which rises during the process of "casting." The fumes frequently induce vomiting at the time; and men who are much in this department are soon seriously injured. The common working of the metal also seems to be deleterious. A sweet taste is often perceived in the mouth during the beating of lead, and fumes arise from the application of the solder. Plumbers, however, though sickly in appearance, do not generally complain, nor are they, in this neighbourhood at least, where casting is rare, frequently off work from illness. We were informed that in a sick club containing 25 members, two individuals only have applied during the last year for assistance, and one of these had been burnt by accident. It is nevertheless apparent, that the occupation undermines the constitution, for plumbers are short-lived. I learn that there are but two individuals in Leeds and the neighbourhood, who have regularly pursued this employ, beyond the age of 40.

Is there no substance which, being volatilized at the same time, would combine with the oxide of lead, so as to produce a less injurious compound?

THE KENTUCKY CAVERN.

IN the month of December 1826, the writer, in company with another gentleman, being on his way from Louisville to Nashville, took occasion to visit this cave. Its entrance was in a steep declivity of a hill. The dimensions of the mouth are about forty feet in height by fifty in breadth, decreasing gradually for the first half mile, till the cavern is no more than ten feet in height and as many in breadth; at which place a partition has been erected, with a door of convenient dimensions, for the purpose of protecting the lights of visitors. There is at this place a current of air passing inwardly for six months, and outwardly for the remainder of the year. Sufficiently strong is it, that, were it not for the door that has been made, it would be impossible to preserve an open light. It is called the mouth as far as this place, on account of its being the extent of the influence of daylight, which here appears like a small star. Formerly, when the cavern was first discovered, this part was nearly filled with earth, which has been recently manufactured into saltpetre.

Having prepared ourselves with a sufficient quantity of provision, oil, and candles, and taking two persons as guides, we took our last view of the daylight, and proceeded forward, closing the door behind us. Immediately we found ourselves in thick and almost palpable darkness: the whole of our four lights spread but a feeble radiance about us. Such is the height at this place, that we were hardly able to discover the top; and to see from one side to the other was utterly impossible. From this place extended several caverns, or, as travellers have named them, rooms, in different directions. This part of the cave is called the "first hopper." The soil at the bottom of the cave is very light, and strongly impregnated with salt. The sides and top are formed of rock. We proceeded forward, passing several rooms on our right, and one on our left, until we arrived at the second hopper, a distance of four miles from the mouth. About a mile in the rear of this, was pointed out to us by our guide the place where the celebrated mummy was found, which is now exhibiting in the American museum of New York. It was found in a sitting posture, by the side of the cavern, enveloped in a mat, and in a complete state of preservation.

We next entered the room denominated the "haunted chamber." It is nearly two miles in length, twenty feet in height, and ten in breadth, extending nearly the whole length in a right line. The top is formed of smooth white stone, soft, and much resembling the plastering of a room.

There is a small quantity of water constantly (though almost imperceptibly) falling from above, which, in the course of ages, has worn out from the stone at the top some beautiful pillars, which extend to the bottom of the room. They have the appearance of being the work of art. In one of them, there is formed a complete chair, with arms, which has received the name of "arm-chair."

By this side is a clear pool of water, strongly impregnated with sulphur. The sides of the room are likewise elegantly adorned with a variety of figures, formed from the stone at the top, and coming down upon the sides of the cavern, like icicles in the winter, from the eaves of buildings, the reflections of our lights upon them forming a most brilliant appearance. At the end of this room we descended a kind of natural staircase, to the depth of near three hundred feet, in many places affording room for only one person to proceed. Here we found a beautiful stream of pure

water, winding its way along between the rocks. The situation of this part of the cavern is rendered really awful, from its being associated with a variety of names that travellers have given it. The portrait of his satanic majesty is painted here upon the rock, and a large flat stone, resting its corners upon four others, is called his dining-table. A short distance from this is a place said to be his forging shop. On the whole, they are admirably calculated to frighten the cowardly. We return to the main cavern, and resume our course, climbing over rocks that had evidently fallen from above, and passing a number of rooms on our right and left. With much exertion we reached the place denominated the "six corners," in consequence of six rooms or caverns here taking different directions. Not having time to examine these, we proceeded to the first waterfall, about two miles farther, over a level plain. The track of persons who might have preceded us for ages, was as plainly visible in the sand as when first made. There is no air stirring that would move the slightest feather, or prevent the impression of a footprint from remaining for centuries.

We now directed our course to the chief city, about one mile farther. A large hill, situated in the centre of the cave, would have exhibited a most commanding prospect, if the darkness had not obstructed our vision. One of us, however, standing upon the top, with a light stationed at different parts of its base, obtained a novel and interesting view of the cavern. There is an echo here that is very powerful, and we improved it with a song, much to our gratification. We started forward again, travelling over a plain of two miles extent, and about the same distance over the rocks and hills, when we arrived at the second waterfall. The water here dashed into a pit below of immense depth. A circumstance occurred here that had nearly proved fatal to one of us. The sides of the pit are formed of loose rocks, and we amused ourselves by rolling them down, in order to hear them strike the bottom. Such is the depth of it, that a minute elapsed before we could hear them strike, and the sound but very faint. One of our party venturing too near, for the purpose of rolling a stone, started the foundation on which he stood, and was precipitated down about twenty feet, with the tumbling stones; but fortunately a projecting rock saved him from destruction. This put an end to all our amusements; and being much fatigued with a travel of twenty-four hours on foot, and seeing no fairer prospects of finding the end than when we commenced, we concluded to return. We accordingly took up our line of march, returning the way we came. After being forty-two hours absent from the light of day, we again found ourselves at the mouth of the cavern, and gave ourselves up to a refreshing sleep.

There are a number of pits of great depth, in different parts of the cave, which make it necessary to be very careful in exploring it. There is danger also of taking some unexplored room, and becoming so lost as not to be able to find the way out. This is, however, obviated by the precaution that has been taken, as far as has been explored, to place the figure of an arrow at the entrance of every room, pointing to the mouth of the cave. Care should always be taken to preserve the lights, as it would be impossible for any one to find the way back in darkness, farther than the first hopper. We found the names of ladies inscribed at the farthest points we reached; and our guide remarked that they were the most courageous visitors he had. For three miles from the mouth, the sides and top of the cavern are covered with a remarkable quantity of bats, hanging down from the top in the form of bee-hives, from two to three feet thick. They are in a torpid state, and are seldom known to fly. There are about twenty different rooms that have been discovered, and but three of them that have been explored to the end. This vast cavern is apparently hollow beneath, from the sound that is made by walking through many of the rooms. It would probably take months to explore to the end of all the rooms that have been, and which remain to be discovered. The moving of some few obstructions, at a trifling expense, and lighting of the cavern, would enable a stage to go with safety to the second waterfall, a distance of fifteen miles.*

* Abridged from a letter written by a correspondent of the New England Review.

The present number of the Journal completes a quarter, for which payment was generally received from subscribers in town: the Publishers respectfully notify, that, in the course of the ensuing week, receipts for the next quarterly payment will be sent to the houses of the subscribers, and that it would be conferring a particular favour, and save much trouble, if payment were made when called for. It would, perhaps, be most convenient for both parties, in order to prevent the possible necessity of a second application, that the subscribers (if they wish to continue the Journal) should leave the small sum required with their servants.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 85. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1833. PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

(Second Article.)

NOTHING can be more obvious than the revolutions which take place in the fortunes of families with almost every new generation. Our predecessors used to express this in a proverbial way, as follows:—

The grandsire buys; the father bigs;*
The son sells, and the grandson thigs.†

That is, fortune is acquired by one generation, used and enjoyed by a second, and squandered by a third, whose posterity become beggars. The general case is more exactly this: the child of a poor man works hard, and obtains wealth; the sons of this person, gifted with fortune of which they do not know the value, throw it to the winds, and leave their children destitute; these children, however, knowing what poverty is, are careful, industrious, and successful, like their grandfather, and leave wealth to be again dissipated, as his was. The one generation, in short, gains what it does not spend; the other spends what it does not gain. Hardly any man has both the gaining and spending of his money—unless, indeed, he be one of those philosophers who judiciously contrive to be always, as the saying is, between the hand and the mouth, and thus defraud of all possible advantage, both contemporaries and posterity, superiors, inferiors, and equals.

All the real good that is done in the world, is done by a limited number of persons. Some from their very childhood are marked out as individuals who will fully discharge every obligation of nature—work hard for their own bread, sustain those who have claims of affection upon them, and, after an useful and beneficial life, find themselves with a surplus for endowing their children. Others are destined from the very womb to be a trouble to all around them—to work hardly any, or to no good purpose; to bring children into the world whom others have to support; to be always, in fact, in the way of taking, and spoiling, and *sorning*, without ever making a single fellow-being the better of them—something like those children of charity described in works on the English poor-laws, who are ushered into existence by a midwife paid by the parish, nursed by a parish nurse, educated at a free school, apprenticed and supported all through by the parish, and finally buried at the expense of the same overlaid establishment. Just here and there in the waste of men, we see a goodly, honest, and painstaking person keeping up a decent house above his head, and paying scot and lot, as the saying is, with something perhaps to spare; while all around him hang numerous individuals, related and unrelated, who supply their own deficiencies from his store, and enjoy all the advantages of industry, or perhaps more, with nothing of its toils. If a man be tolerably poor, he is permitted to lead a truly happy and independent life; but no sooner is it known of one that he has any thing, than whole legions of people come flocking about him to ravish away a share of it, and he is pestered out of his very life till they have got him once more equalised in every respect with themselves. A chicken which has just scraped up a rather larger worm than usual, is the aptest emblem in nature of a man so situated. Off she flies with the precious morsel hanging in her mouth. Off fly the rest of the brood after her, clamouring and pecking for a bit of it. In vain does she represent to them (for no doubt she does so) that the worm was the captive of her own bow and spear—that they may seek for another, and she won't interfere with them in eating it. No, no; nothing will do but a fair di-

vision of the spoil. Down at last goes the insect upon the ground, where it is immediately torn and gobbled in very unequal portions by her companions; and happy is she, if, in the long-run, she gets even a fair share of what unquestionably was altogether her own property.

So long as a man stands single in the world, or has none but infant children to attend to, he runs little risk of being altogether ruined by means not his own. The grand danger in the life of a respectable married member of society arises at the time when his children become men and women. We shall suppose a man who has been entirely the architect of his own fortune; a meritorious tradesman, who at first had to struggle with all the mishaps described in the preceding article—a victim father, a family not his own to be supported, and his capital for business all to be formed by his own labour. Suppose that this person, by singular perseverance, virtue, and ability, has overcome all his early troubles, and found himself at last able, without imprudence, to undertake the charge of a family of his own. In all probability, before his children grow up, he has been able to assume a style of life, which, though not ostentatious, comprises as much luxury and comfort as he may well be considered entitled to, after so laborious a life. Whatever be his mode of living, it is supported entirely by his own gains; and no one, therefore, can justly challenge it. It turns out, however, that the very ease in which this deserving man now lives, is apt to be exceedingly detrimental to his children. They have never known what want was. They calculate perhaps upon being set forward so well in the world, that very little exertion on their part may be necessary. It is at least apparent that the distressing circumstances which were a stimulus to their father in early life, are completely wanting to them; and as the circumstances are contrary, so is the result apt to be. The father was urged by a desire of living as he now lives; but the sons, who already live in this manner, have no such motive. It matters not that, so far as the young people are concerned, it is not a life that can last: the early usage is the thing which operates. In all entrances into life there are great initiatory difficulties: if a boy become an apprentice to a trade, he has to encounter much drudgery at first, and perhaps many real hardships; if he be destined for what is called a profession, the first steps are not in the least more easy. Now, the mischief lies in the disgust which a young person who has been brought up with all appliances and services, must feel on entering a course of life where the usage is so different and the labour so great. Lads who have mingled with genteel company, whether at their mother's tea-drinkings, or in scenes less innocent, cannot be seen going about as errand-boys, or doing any of those other acts of drudgery which are required on entering a business of the same order with that practised by their father. Such trades, therefore, are left to boys from the country, who have no acquaintances in whose eyes they may be degraded, or to the children of poorer persons than their own fathers. Now, it might be all very well that the young men are thus inclined, when the father is really possessed of fortune, and can give them the desired promotion in life. The cases, however, of which we speak, are those in which the father can only live respectably, and has little or no command of spare money. In such a case, the affluence is just enough to do evil, without going far enough to do good. It would almost appear, that, unless a man could feign poverty, and absolutely abstain from enjoying the fruits of his own industry, he can hardly save his children from this misfortune, or himself from the evils likely to arise from it.

It is not to be denied that many sons manifest superior application and talent to what has been shown by fathers of this kind, and, taking up the family prosperity at the point where their predecessors have dropped it, do not rest till they have carried it many degrees onward. Few instances, however, are found of prosperity in a *third* generation: Nature, which evidently never contemplated entails, seems to decree otherwise, in order that the good things of the world may not be monopolised by any peculiar race of men. At the hazard of being thought paradoxical, we would assign one generation as the more ordinary limit of prosperity, and lay it down as the most hopeful sign of any young man that his father was poor and his education hardy, while nothing, we would say, can look so ill for such an individual, as that he was brought up in perfect comfort, and had a patrimony to look forward to. We remember an honest country lad who used occasionally to cut the hair of his younger brothers, or of any other companion who chose, by submitting to him, to save the trifle generally given to the professed village barber. Some one once rallied this amateur tonsor on the inequalities which his scissors left behind them; to which he, with equal philosophy and good humour, replied, "Never mind—there's just a fortnight between a well-cut head and an ill one;" a remark which applies amazingly to the subject now in hand. The difference, evidently, between entering the world with and without capital, even where it is used in the former case with tolerable prudence, is purely a matter of time. A few years generally make them nearly alike.

How far good training may be effectual in averting the calamity of an untoward family, we will not pretend to say. From the frequent instances, however, of the best of fathers having the worst of sons, we are disposed to fear that it has no sure effect. The female parent is often blameable for the indulgence with which she treats a wayward child, to the counteraction of better processes instituted by the father. Nothing will tire a mother's love for her sons; and it would almost appear that their very worthlessness, when such is their character, only endears them to her the more, by reason that it sets her to work in forming hopes of their amendment—hopes so brilliant, that they exceed greatly the sober estimation she may entertain for the actual ready-money goodness of the rest. But it is needless to inquire into causes: the fact is apparent, that innumerable children, with every thing that is vulgarly supposed an advantage to aid their entrance into life, either shy at the starting, or soon founder and go off the course; and that many a deserving man, after a long life of severe toil, and when expecting to enjoy thenceforward the sweets of competency and leisure, finds that he is beginning the world once more in a number of dispersed existences, each of which is freighted with a part of his gains, and a part of his honour, and a part of his whole heart and soul, all of which in many cases are shipwrecked and lost—so that the real dangers and disasters of life are only *now* commencing. Just in proportion to the number of his children, is the number of his hazards; and though he generally finds comfort in some, he is more fortunate than nine-tenths of his fellow-men, if there be not one, or perhaps two, or even more, who tear for years at his own vitals and those of their more industrious brethren, nor rest till either the one party or the other has hidden its ignominy in the grave.

It is difficult, no doubt, to argue against any principle that may be considered as identified with human nature. Yet speculative thinkers may justly question the propriety of all this toil and self-denial for the sake

* Builds.

† This word expresses the condition of genteel mendicancy.

of our successors, when it is shown that, so far from doing them a certain good, it is almost sure to do them harm. It will never be disputed that every man ought to put himself, if possible, into the condition of being able to give his children a fair chance in the world, among the average of his companions in the same rank of life. It is altogether questionable, however, if any thing more than this is either demanded by the laws of affection, or in any respect salutary or just. Abstractly, it is only ridiculous that one generation should in all cases, if possible, supply the enjoyments of another, and have none to itself. Why, then, may we not see the absurdity of the particular case, when it comes to be our own matter? Surely it were far better that men in general took more enjoyment out of their own gains than they do; leaving to their successors a fair proportion of the difficulties of entering into life, that they may be the more able to endure its eventual burdens, and be the more regulated when they come to taste the sweets of well-directed exertion.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON ROMAN LITERATURE.

LIVY—TACITUS.

TITUS LIVIUS, whom we call Livy, was born at Patavium, the modern Padua, in the year 59 before Christ. Although his works have immortalised his name, he was to no regard of popular applause, or places of distinction, and too much delighted with philosophical retirement and humble privacy, to leave many vestiges of his rank, employments, adventures, or fortune; so that his life, like that of most other learned men, furnishes little for biographical narrative. He appears, however, to have been descended from a family of some celebrity, since it is known to have had the honour to give consuls to the republic of Rome. Having formed the design of his Roman history, he removed to Rome, where he might have recourse to such memorials and original papers, that had been preserved in the capitol, as were proper to ensure his accuracy concerning the origin of the city, and to remove those intricacies and doubts in which fabulous traditions had involved it. After he was sufficiently master of his subject, he retired to Naples, where his labours might meet with fewer interruptions. These were evidently the inducements which drew Livy from his native city to the capital, for it does not appear that he either liked the bustle of the city, or had the smallest wish for political preferment. History does not inform us in what year he removed to Rome, how long he continued there, or when he fixed his residence at Naples. It is said that he dedicated to Augustus certain Dialogues, which he published on the philosophical questions of the times, and that this made him known, and recommended him to the favour of the emperor. He afterwards wrote a Treatise on Eloquence, inscribed to his son, of which Quintilian makes honourable mention. Some time after this, he read some passages of his history to the emperor and Mæcenæ, of which they formed so favourable an opinion, that Augustus appointed him preceptor to his grandson Claudius, afterwards emperor. Had ambition influenced his conduct, he might have improved his connection with the emperor, afforded by this appointment, to the furtherance of such desires; but absorbed, it appears, in his great undertaking, the History of Rome, his mind would soon revolt at the drudgery of teaching, and he sought the delight of tranquillity in the town, or vicinity, of Naples. Here he enjoyed undisturbed ease and quiet, continued his labours, and finished his work, consisting of one hundred and forty-two books, commencing with the arrival of Eneas in Italy, and ending with the death of Drusus, in the year 10 before Christ. After the death of Augustus, and the completion of his arduous undertaking, he returned to his native Padua, where he was received by his fellow-citizens with every demonstration of joy and mark of honour. He died there at the age of 76, in the fourth year of Tiberius, and seventeenth of the Christian era. Besides his son already mentioned, he had a daughter married to Lucius Magius; but whether they outlived or predeceased their father, or whether he had more than these two children, we have no means of ascertaining.

Of the hundred and forty-two books of which Livy's Roman History originally consisted, one hundred and seven have unfortunately been lost; so that thirty-five only have been transmitted to modern times, and of these some are also imperfect. We have entire the first ten books, and from the twenty-first to the forty-fifth inclusive. A few fragments of the last books, as also a summary, or contents of the whole, entire, either from the pen of Livy himself, or from that of Florus, another Roman historian, has come down to us. These summaries, while they furnish some important facts, excite deep regret at the irretrievable loss of so great and interesting a portion of this valuable work. The first ten books contain a rapid sketch of occurrences from the foundation of Rome, till 461 before Christ. In this portion we find a number of curious statements, written with great elegance

and liveliness of style. Of the records to which Livy had access, and of the traditional narrations, he made the very best use; yet candour must acknowledge that these pages contain much that is uncertain, much that is marvellous, and much that is fictitious. The next ten books contained, among other occurrences, the first Punic war, and comprised a period of seventy-five years. The second Punic war occupies the greater part of the next ten books, and, from the minuteness of the details, embraces only a period of sixteen years. The next ten, or fourth decade, record the wars with Philip, king of Macedonia, and Antiochus, king of Syria, comprising a space of twenty-three years. Of the fifth decade, only the first five remain, and these imperfect. They give, however, an account of two important wars, one with Perseus, king of Macedonia, who, after gaining many advantages over the Romans, was at last conquered, and his kingdom reduced to the form of a Roman province; the other with the Carthaginians, commonly called the third Punic war, which continued only for five years, and ended with Carthage being levelled with the ground.*

Every page of this author's writings, which time has destroyed, the literary world have agreed in regretting as a general loss. The value in which they have been held may be estimated from the expectations which have been formed, the searches that have been made, and the rewards that have been proposed, for recovering all the books of this inimitable historian which are wanted in our printed copies.

Livy saw and spoke of the Romans when they were at the height of their prosperity, and in the zenith of their power; but at the time when our next historian, Tacitus, wrote, luxury, and other causes of declension, had begun to operate towards their downfall.

Caius Cornelius Tacitus, who holds deservedly the second rank as a Roman historian and orator, was born about the year 57 of the Christian era. Ancient authors neither mention the names of his parents, their rank, nor the place of his birth; but it is thought that his father was procurator of Belgic Gaul, and must, consequently, have been a person possessed of equestrian dignity. There has been no information handed down regarding the place or the nature of his education; but oratory seems first to have engaged his attention, for the bar and the army were the only avenues by which a Roman could reach the honours of the state. In this pursuit Tacitus acquired so much celebrity, that the famous general Agricola chose him for his son-in-law when only twenty years of age, and he then appeared as a candidate for the honours of civil preferment. During the turbulent times of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, his conduct appears to have been marked by the strictest integrity, and by assiduity in his studies. The emperor Vespasian laid the foundation of his fortune; and under Titus, the son and successor of that prince, he obtained the office of Quæstor, which gave him a seat in the senate. The wicked Domitian, the brother and successor of Titus, bestowed some favours upon our author, who seems to have conducted himself with the same prudence, moderation, and caution, which he has commended so much in the conduct of his father-in-law. In the year 83, Tacitus was a member of the Quindecimviral College, and held the office of Prætor. Next year, he and his wife left Rome, and did not return for upwards of four years, during which time he is supposed to have had the government of a province committed to him by the emperor; and on the eve of his return, he received the mournful tidings of the death of his father-in-law Agricola, who died in September 93, not without strong suspicion of his having been poisoned by orders of Domitian, who was jealous of his great reputation.

On his return to Rome, Tacitus delivered a funeral oration in honour of the consul Virginus, and held the office of consul for the remainder of that year. An intimate friendship subsisted between Tacitus and the younger Pliny, founded on similarity of studies and virtues. They both detested the tyranny of Domitian, and both wished to give perpetuity to merit, by contrasting it with the vices of former or subsequent reigns. Of this, Pliny has given a beautiful specimen in his Panegyric on Trajan, and Tacitus in the whole of his history. In the prosecution of Marius Priscus, proconsul of Africa, Tacitus and Pliny pleaded the cause of the injured Africans, and the senate, after three days' deliberation, sentenced Priscus to pay back the amount of the bribes which he had received, and to be banished from Italy. The emperor Trajan presided at that trial, which happened in the year 100; and it does not appear that Tacitus afterwards gave any part of his time to the labours of the bar. During the reign of Trajan, he published his *History*, which comprised a period of twenty-seven years, beginning with the accession of Galba, in the year 69, and ending at the death of Domitian, in the year 96. Of this valuable work only four books and the beginning of the fifth remain. Vossius says, that it consisted of thirty books, and it will be readily allowed that the literary world has sustained a great loss by only so small a portion being transmitted to modern times. Encouraged by the high approbation of his countrymen, he selected another period of Roman history, in order to hold up to the detestation of succeeding ages the tyranny of Tiberius, Caligula,

Claudius, and Nero, which includes a space of fifty-four years, beginning with the year 15, and ending with the year 68. The style of this work, which he denominates *Annals*, differs considerably from that of the *History*. In the latter, Tacitus has, with greater labour, rounded his periods, and used more pompous and dignified expression. In the former, the style is simple, the words few, and the narrative rapid. He seizes on the principal characteristics, and the language conveys as it were but an outline of his meaning. In no Roman author do words convey so much beyond their ordinary signification, as in the *Annals* of Tacitus. Here, as well as in the *History*, the learned reader bewails the ravages of time. Part of the fifth book, which contained three years of the reign of Tiberius, the whole reign of Caligula, the first six years of the reign of Claudius, and the last two of Nero, perished during the barbarous ages.

Besides the *History* and *Annals*, Tacitus wrote the life of his father-in-law, Agricola, who subdued Britain, and was the first who sailed round it so far as to ascertain it to be an island. He wrote also a Treatise on the Manners of the Germans, and a Dialogue on Oratory. Had he lived, he intended to have reviewed the reign of Augustus, a work which he probably never wholly executed. The time of his death is not ascertained, but it took place, most likely, in the reign of Trajan. The same uncertainty prevails respecting the place where he died, and the spot which contained his ashes. His writings, however, constitute the best monument, and a genius like that of Tacitus stood in no need of sepulchral ornaments. His thorough knowledge of government, his admirable powers of description, and his penetrating judgment, fitted him for historical composition in an eminent degree. He considered it his duty to judge the actions of men, on purpose that the worthy might meet with a reward due to their virtue, and the wicked be deterred by the condemnation which awaits evil actions at the tribunal of posterity. This moral principle directed his pen throughout the whole of his works. His rich and varied eloquence enlivens his forcible description in such a manner, that the reader feels himself a witness of the events described, rather than a listener to the narrative of the historian.

It would be difficult to name an author to whom the Romans owed greater obligations than to Tacitus; yet his political sagacity has failed him remarkably in one opinion, where he declares, that a government in which the three orders, the people, the nobles, and the king, have each a share in the authority, could never in fact exist; or, if it did, could only be of short duration. In one instance, also, namely, when speaking of the Jews, national prejudice, added, perhaps, to inaccurate information, has made him misrepresent the origin, history, and character of that very remarkable people.

It is uncertain whether Tacitus left any family behind him. The only evidence in support of his having had children is, that Marcus Claudius Tacitus, who ascended the imperial throne in the year 273, derived his pedigree from our historian. Vanity may have led to this genealogy, since nearly two hundred years had elapsed from the time of the historian's death, and, unless his descendants had been considerable for rank, it would have been impossible to trace the connection.

STORY OF WALTER STUBBS.

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.—NO. III.

ON again visiting my friend Graham, I proposed to have another search in his dead-letter box; to which he, though taking less interest in the matter than I did, readily gave his assent. Of the letters, one which I had had in my hand on the former occasion again attracted my attention, and I presented it to Graham, inquiring if he knew any thing of the owner. It was addressed "Robert Ducie, Esq. — Regt." "Know him!" said Graham, "I know him perfectly; he is alive, and well: how could such a letter get in here? Ah! Ducie was away on furlough at the Cape for some time, and there was a report that he was dead. Sergeant White, my clerk, must have thrown it in at that time. But we must have the mistake rectified as soon as possible, for Ducie, though a good soldier enough, is not a person I should like to owe any obligations to. Will you accompany me to his bungalow, to deliver the letter?" I was of course quite ready to go; and as the distance was short, we did not take our palanquins. We had to pass over a narrow causeway which connected two islands in the bay, and where the tide came lashing to our feet on either side as we walked, threatening apparently to swallow up the narrow thread of pathway which gave us passage between its surges. The waves, however, had spent their force on the rocks and shallow beach long before they reached the causeway, which consequently never suffered, except in storms or very high tides. On arriving at the opposite side, Graham pointed out Captain Ducie's bungalow, not enveloped, like his own, in a group of palms, but shaded by two or three of the low wide-

* Vide Dymock's Bibliotheca Classica, art. *Livius*.

spreading Indian bread-fruit trees, whose immense pumpkin-like fruit, hanging among its branches, presents such a singular object to European visitants. Ducie was sitting reading on a camp-stool below one of them, and appeared to be a slight dark-complexioned man, of slow precise manners, and formal speech, with a watchful reserved look, as unlike the frankness of a soldier as any thing that could be imagined. After introducing me as his friend, Graham mentioned the mistake which had occurred: "I believe," said he, "it was owing to the illness of Sergeant White, my clerk, who was for a while unable to attend regularly during the time that you were on furlough."

"No doubt of it: that must have been the reason of an oversight so unlike you, Lieutenant Graham," said Mr Ducie, accepting the apology with the air of a person who did not give up the idea that there was blame somewhere else. "But this is a singular communication which I have received," said he, after perusing the letter; "and I should rather wish that in the steps which I must take with regard to it, I should have the benefit of your assistance, Adjutant Graham." Adjutant Graham did not appear to be much flattered with the confidence of our host; but as it seemed to be rather imposed on his official character than offered on personal grounds, he bowed gravely, and said he would be glad if he could be of any service. Mr Ducie then continued: "That you may understand the circumstances, I beg to mention that about eighteen months ago, a communication was sent me by a relation, inquiring concerning an old man of the name of Stubbs—Walter Stubbs—said to reside on this island, and who was supposed to be rightful heir to a considerable landed property in England. My relation—a Mr Semple—is himself connected through his wife with the same property, which I believe falls to his family in default of Stubbs and his issue. Having been able, after a great deal of research, to trace the supposed heir to India, where he lost all clue to his farther motions, he applied to me as being on the spot; the man luckily had not changed his name, so that I was soon enabled to find him, and make the necessary perquisitions. I wrote to Mr Semple in consequence, and this is his answer."

"Stubbs?" said Graham; "is not that one of the old pensioners who reside among the native black people in the village of Colabah?"

"He does reside there, Mr Graham," answered Ducie.

"If your friend is only to succeed in default of his issue, he will make but little of his inheritance, I am afraid; for Stubbs has as flourishing a warren of black children as ever I saw."

Mr Ducie answered by a grim smile, which seemed to hold the claims of Stubbs's progeny very light; and I had frequently heard that the children of an Englishman by a native female could not succeed to British property, except by some special provision.

"That is not our concern, Mr Graham," said Ducie; "but I informed Mr Semple of the circumstance. This is his letter." I happened to be next Mr Ducie, so that the communication came into my hands, the owner retaining one or two enclosures, which I should have liked much to see also; for it was evident there were considerable inducements to prevent the old soldier and his Indian family from getting fair play. The letter was as follows:—

"MY DEAR DUCIE—I received yours, and am much gratified that you have been able to discover the heir. It was the luckiest chance my getting a hint of his being in India; but had you not been on the spot, we could never have succeeded. You cannot imagine how many false claims had to be encountered, and how much riding and running to parish registers and tombstones I have had, before we could establish the right of Stubbs to the property. The landed estate is reckoned to be worth £800 per annum, so that the old pensioner will be quite lifted off his feet. As for Mrs Semple's claim, it falls to the ground if Stubbs has any children who can inherit. You can call upon the old man, and consult with him on the steps necessary for putting him in possession, or for bringing him to Europe, if he wishes it, which I should think unlikely, as he has no friends here, and his conduct in early life, as far as I can learn, was odd enough. All the necessary documents are forwarded to the house of Jervas and Company, where they will be kept till you call for them. I thought it better to send them in that way, than through the post-office."

"Stubbs left this country before you or I were born; but I have often heard my father-in-law speak of him as a wild headstrong youth, who added to the misfortunes in which his family involved itself, by their long and obstinate lawsuit with Mrs Semple's friends. There was a story about his being attached to a young woman, one of our relations, whom the family were forced to disown. She is long since dead; but these are all matters of a very remote date."

"I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as the necessary steps can be taken.—I am yours, &c."

"D. SEMPLE."

"Why, this is better than any eastern romance of them all," said Graham, forgetting the formality of the visit in his interest in the story of the heir. "I have seen the old man over and again, sitting under a tree in the little bazaar, talking with a group of the natives: he speaks all their languages; and with his blue muslin jacket, straw hat, and Russia leather complexion, he looks as much Indian, or at least as

little English, as any Brahmin among them. To think of such an old rajahpoot becoming a gentleman of £800 a-year in England, and handing the estate down to his black-and-white progeny, is capital."

Ducie gave a kind of sarcastic laugh, while he said, "If they are entitled to it, why not, Mr Graham?—the old man will be glad to see it so distributed, I have no doubt."

There appeared to me to be very little sincerity in Mr Ducie's acquiescence, and even his friend's letter, which I had read (I was sure he had some private communication besides), seemed a document written for the purpose of being shown about, in order at once to throw a tinge of discredit on the heir, and to make out a claim of disinterestedness on the part of his agents. I was rather confirmed in this view by Mr Ducie ostentatiously requesting Mr Graham and myself to accompany him while he delivered a letter, which was enclosed, to Stubbs. We accepted the invitation, and set out immediately after taking tea.

Our road led us to return over the same causeway by which we had come; after which, on entering the other island, we came upon a pretty large open space, surrounded by cocoa-nut and other trees, except at one corner, where the village was situated. It was bright moonlight, and I saw that the houses of this Indian town, among which we soon found ourselves entangled, were all of them little low sheds, with their walls made of twigs, warped on wooden framework, and plastered with mud; they were roofed with palm-branches and leaves, and few of them appeared to be more than six or seven feet high. We passed through a narrow lane of such edifices, where hardly any body was to be seen but here and there a little black naked child, which watched our approach with its two bright eyes, peeping from behind a corner till we came near, when it vanished into the shade. The lane, after turning to the right, conducted us at last to an open space which surrounded a little mosque or temple (I could not tell which), whose white walls glittered in the moonlight, and contrasted strangely with the multitude of little dark huts by which it was surrounded. In the corner of the area, opposite to that where we entered, were two or three trees clustering together, while beneath these we could observe, by their white dresses, several of the Hindoo inhabitants seated on a turf bench, to enjoy the coolness of the moonlight evening, which is so delightful in these hot climates. On coming up, Mr Graham, observing one of the people who wore a hat, and not a turban like the others, said to him in English, "Can you show us the house of Walter Stubbs, whereabouts?"

"I am Walter Stubbs, sir," said the man, coming at the same time out into the full moonlight, and touching his hat respectfully. He was a person evidently advanced in years, of middle size, with a complexion very much tanned by the climate, but still of hale and firm appearance. As we stood, the stout old man looked at us with a kind of quiet scrutiny, as if waiting to learn what business we could have with one who had now little to do with English people or their concerns; while I could not but wonder at the chance which was apparently to introduce such a person, as it were, into a new scene of existence.

"Oh, is it you, sergeant—Mr Stubbs?" said Ducie, in a tone where the habits of military authority (for which he was a great stickler) struggled oddly with his evident wish to conciliate the heir of £800 a-year. "I have been looking for you, in order to inform you that a letter has been at last received, in regard to the affair which I mentioned slightly to you about eighteen months ago."

"That is concerning the property, sir; is it?"

"It is, Stubbs—Mr Stubbs. I have this evening, after some delay, received a letter from my friend Mr Semple, informing me that your right is ascertained beyond a doubt, and that there is nothing to prevent your entering upon possession."

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir. I am old, but it will be of advantage to my family."

Ducie gave a kind of cough, but immediately said, "This letter from Mr Semple to you will state the particulars as far as it is necessary for you to know them at present."

"Will some of you gentlemen read it for me?" said Stubbs; "my old eyes will not serve me without glasses, which I have left at home."

The letter was accordingly given to me to read; it was very short, and ran as follows:—

"MR STUBBS—Sir, By the assistance of my friend Mr Ducie, I have been able to trace your title to the property at Westham, and to satisfy myself that it descends to your family, provided your wife be a European woman. All the documents are lodged with Jervas and Company, from whom you will receive them in presence of Mr Ducie. I believe you are aware that, failing you and your heirs, the property falls to my wife as the next relation. I am, &c."

"DAVID SEMPLE."

I observed the old man cast a sharp glance on our companion at mention of the clause which excluded his family; and, on handing him the letter, I said, "It is a pity that your children cannot succeed. Perhaps Mr Semple may be mistaken."

"He will take care there be no mistake on that subject," said Stubbs, with a bitter smile.

"I had understood that your wife was of Christian parentage at least," said Mr Ducie, in an insinuating manner; "in which case there might be some chance of a different interpretation."

"She was born in Poonah, sir, of Mahomedan parents," said Stubbs, abruptly.

Ducie only answered by a stare, and then said, "You will meet us at the colonel's to-morrow morning, Mr Stubbs, where I shall have the packet in readiness, which is now lying with Mr Jervas: you can have some witness there on your part, who is able to write."

"I shall bring White, sir, the adjutant's clerk."

"What! is that the fellow whose carelessness delayed the letter?" asked Mr Ducie.

"I assure you," said Mr Graham, "that White, for the few years he has been in the country, has shown himself both a good clerk and a good soldier; the mistake about your letter must have occurred when he was absent from illness."

"Well, well," said the other, "Mr Stubbs may bring any confidant he pleases: I shall be there with the packet. Will you go now, gentlemen?"

We had proceeded a few steps on our return, when we heard Stubbs calling on Mr Graham, "Adjutant—adjutant;" and my friend, seeing that the old man would not be able to overtake us, stopped to wait for him. I remained also, Mr Ducie being obliged to proceed to the military barracks on some point of duty.

When Stubbs came up, he said to Graham, whom he seemed to consider as a friend, "this Mr Ducie and his relation are seeking to make a handle of my claims, in order to forward their own; and I suspect they would have contrived to do without me altogether, had they thought my family could succeed. Did they say anything of a young woman who should have been heir before either them or me?"

Graham hesitated a little—"They said something about a young person to whom you were engaged in early life, Mr Stubbs, but who is since dead."

"To whom I was engaged, and who is since dead!" said the old man, speaking with a low deep voice, and evidently agitated with strong feeling. "They would say no more, I doubt not. Her name was Agnes Rugley, and they and their friends killed her and ruined me. This property, gentlemen, has been the occasion of some unhappy events—God grant that they may be ended."

There was a pause, neither of us knowing what to reply to observations so unexpected. Mr Graham at last said, "Then you knew of your connection with the property before?"

"Knew of it!" said he, shaking his head, "I knew of it too well. Did not a lawsuit, in which it involved us with these Ducies and Semples, cause the death both of my father and uncle, and of my cousin—my poor—I mean of this Agnes Rugley?" said he, checking himself in something which he would have said. "But what I have to ask of you, sir (addressing Graham), is to request that you would permit your clerk, Sergeant White, to be present to-morrow at the reading of these papers at the colonel's."

"Surely! White is a most deserving lad, and you could not give your confidence to a better."

"Thank you, sir—thank you," said Stubbs, touching his hat, and walking away.

We stood looking after him for a moment, and when we at last turned to go home, Mr Graham said: "this is a strange story, if one can believe what Stubbs says; he was always reckoned a steady old fellow, and performed some singular exploits when he was in service; the colonel has the greatest respect for him. There must have been some foul play of old, both towards him and this young woman whom he speaks of, and I am sure Ducie knows of it all. It will be a pity if they can keep his children out of the inheritance."

"I believe it is quite in their power," I replied; "the children of a woman of this country cannot inherit, if the next heirs insist on excluding her."

"They will do it then, you may depend, and I am sorry for it; for Stubbs has been at more pains with the education of his children than most others in his situation. He is a sensible old fellow. But you will meet me to-morrow at the colonel's; you are sufficiently acquainted with him."

I promised, and we parted accordingly.

I was rather late at my appointment, and found all the other parties present. They had finished reading some papers by which old Colonel Griffiths appeared greatly interested, and he was asking Stubbs some questions about them as I entered, which White, the adjutant's clerk, a good-looking young soldier, was writing down.

"My family cannot inherit the property, then?" said Stubbs.

"If the next heir chooses to insist on the circumstance of their mother not being a British subject," said the colonel, "he can undoubtedly prevent them from succeeding. The question is, will he take advantage of that point?"

"I am instructed that they cannot succeed," said Ducie.

Stubbs cast on the speaker a look of scorn in reply to this remark, and said, "your friends expect to reap the benefit, I suppose; but if Agnes Rugley had been my wife, her children could have inherited, could not they?"

Ducie coloured deeply, but merely said, "I suppose so—I know nothing of Agnes Rugley."

"Ahem! will you look at that, sir?" said Stubbs, handing to the colonel a paper which he took from a beautiful little Chinese card-box.

"This," said the old colonel, "is an attestation of

marriage between Walter Stubbs and Agnes Rugley, spinster."

"And this," said Stubbs, taking another paper from the box.

"It is," said the colonel, "an extract of the records of baptism of Robert Stubbs, son of the before-mentioned Agnes and Walter."

"Yes," said Stubbs, "I have lived to see the end of a train of machinations which ruined my father and his family when I was a lad, and which crushed to the earth a woman who deserved my dearest love. She died; and I was driven to India, where I have spent the prime and strength of my life as a common soldier."

"You were ever an honour to your regiment, Mr Stubbs," said the colonel; "and many a time I have been proud of your gallant conduct. But this paper intimates that you had a son in Europe?"

"He is here, sir. Serjeant White is my son, and the son of Agnes Rugley. He was bred up by a friend of his father and mother, and came to India to share my fortunes."

All eyes were turned on the young man, and certainly a more graceful figure, now that he stood as the heir of a fortune, never appeared. Colonel Griffiths took him by the hand, and said, "I am glad, young man, that my gallant old friend, Mr Stubbs, has a son who is worthy of him. He and I have long been fellow-soldiers, and whatever I can do for you or him, you may command." The young man bowed gratefully.

Mr Ducie departed in a few minutes, and Graham and I also took our leave, Graham saying as we went out, "the colonel will be glad to be left alone to hear the whole story from the old man. Stubbs and he came to India about the same time, and have lived together through battles and fevers innumerable. The rights of the heir are in much better hands now than our friend Ducie's."

A COLUMN ON THE FINE ARTS.

THE hackneyed phrase, that there is no disputing on subjects of taste, seems to imply that every description of whimsicality or prejudice may be defended, or that it is useless to contend against them. The term taste being undefined, or not being referable to any particular standard, has rendered it subject to vague interpretations; nevertheless, we all agree that it is a qualification which enables us, amongst variety, to select the most graceful or beautiful, and that it is most desirable when investigating subjects connected with the fine arts. Impressions may be variously produced on the mind, and gratification may be derived from numerous sources, but it has never been contended, that, when the objects of our pleasure have been trifling or vulgar, the indulgence was favourable to taste; whereas, if the source of our pleasures be refined, there can be no hesitation in applying the term tasteful to our gratifications.

It may be assumed that we naturally possess a disposition to admire pictorial representations. There is not a cottage, where its inmates can afford the expenditure, in which we do not see some effort of art decorating the whitewashed walls. Examine this propensity through the ascending gradations of society—the merchant's villa with its display of cabinet pictures—the splendid gallery of paintings in the nobleman's mansion—and the magnificent collections from the highest schools of art in the royal palaces. If all this do not arise from a love of the arts, to what shall we attribute a propensity so general?

All persons are not equally enabled to judge of correctness of form and beauty of colouring; but, under similar circumstances of education and disposition to cultivate tasteful pursuits, it is reasonable to conclude they would be so, and the same general standard of correctness would be universally acknowledged. The ability to distinguish between the ordinary and the beautiful, may not require an exertion of critical acumen; but, amid the variety of forms and hues that nature presents to our view, to determine which is most appropriate to some particular purpose, or most proper to be selected in unison with others, demands an intimacy with forms and colours as extensive as their combinations may be intricate. Accordingly, we find those who possess those discriminations do not wander in uncertainty as to the effect produced by those combinations of form or colour—their mode of arrangement and power of decision have reference to a standard of excellence. In the human figure, for example, the ideas of grace and beauty entertained by the Greeks are to this day acknowledged throughout civilized Europe. Among English females, those who approach nearest to the form so much admired in the Venus de Medicis, never fail to awaken a corresponding delight, or an intellectual avowal of the presence of that standard by which is determined the perfection of the human form.

If taste be considered that state of the mind which delights in contemplating works of nature or of art, the frequency of its being so occupied must tend to its advancement in judgment. Webb, speaking of our ability to judge of painting, says, "We have all within us the germs of taste, and, if we exercise our powers, are capable of improving them into a sufficient knowledge of the fine arts, for all the purposes of judging correctly." Taste has never been known to start into perfection, but to have required a series of investigations, leading imperceptibly to a conviction of the correctness of certain particulars on which the judgment could safely repose. This may have been obtained by an infinite variety of modes of comparison, and conceptions respecting their truth. Our minds are variously acted upon during such examinations; our feelings are so differently affected, they are touched by sudden impulses occasioned by our mode of thinking, and more particularly by our ordinary pursuits, that it would be surprising if a number of persons were to declare their opinions on a work of art, to have been derived from a similar association of ideas. All might agree in a general expression of pleasure; but pleasure is a feeling that admits of various degrees of satisfaction, influenced by the different modes by which the knowledge was attained, and on which depended the increased gratification. Burke says, "The imagination is the most extensive province of pleasure and pain, as it is the region of our hopes and fears, and all our passions, that are connected with them; and whatever is calculated to affect the imagination with these commanding ideas, by force of any original natural expression, must have the same power pretty equally over all persons. For, since the imagination is only the representation of the senses, it can only be pleased or displeased with the realities, and, consequently, there must be just as close an agreement in the imaginations as in the senses of persons." But neither our senses nor our imaginations are invariably the same; they are operated upon by time, place, and circumstances. To whatever extent these may promote or retard the acquirement of taste, might be a useless inquiry; since we know, that, by perseverance alone, the requisite quickness of apprehension, or the cultivated understanding, can be derived, which enables us to feel that our highest gratifications do not arise merely from inspecting a work of art, but chiefly from those acquired ideas with which such objects may be associated.

The history of those painters who have attained to the highest eminence in their profession, is sufficient to convince us that their elevation was gained by assiduity. Why is it that those who instruct themselves frequently make the greatest proficient? Depending on their observation, their faculties are in constant requisition; the knowledge they obtain is derived from experience; they reflect, till judgment teaches them to distinguish between affectation and simplicity, between finery and beauty; they also know that their brightest talent is indebted for its lustre to a series of laborious studies, before they can possess acquirements that enable them to feel mentally, and express themselves naturally.

The great and liberal Reynolds cleared away the mysticism that bewildered those who desired to obtain a knowledge of the fine arts. His lectures, delivered at the Royal Academy, are interspersed with the most satisfactory arguments, tending to prove that almost every object of which we are in pursuit may be acquired by diligent observation and its accompanying experience. Reynolds found this position disputed by many—still he reiterated that nothing was denied to well-directed labour. Thomson, who felt as Reynolds did, says, "All is the gift of industry, whatever exalts, embellishes, or renders life delightful;" yet the principle thus advocated by a painter and a poet, both of whom have dignified their country, is still disputed or tardily admitted.

There are persons who possess lively imaginations, others who are dull, even to apathy. The mass of mankind have faculties fluctuating between these extremes, while we find some who have no admiration of the fine arts, because they perceive nothing therein that conveys an idea of pleasurable sensations: this may be deemed a misfortune, proceeding either from indisposition or from incapacity—perhaps the proper chord has not been struck to which the soul might be attuned. Other persons, possessing a delicate sensibility, will extract pleasure from the representation of any subject that has the slightest association with the appearances of objects they have previously ad-

mired in nature; the expressing of delight, arising from such a source, has been considered the effect of enthusiasm, or a bewildered imagination.

To form a comparative judgment of objects, is a power of which every individual is master. Who that placed a dock-leaf or a thistle by the side of a picture, in which either of those objects was represented, would be incapable of distinguishing between the successful imitation and the failure? The capacity to retain in the mind's eye so vivid a recollection of remote objects, as to detect dissimilarity in pictorial representation, is a power requiring but little mental exertion. To possess a feeling for the beautiful, amid the intricacy of natural forms and colours, and to recognise them when represented, is an exercise of taste in the fine arts. It is the basis on which refinement may easily be elevated—a structure which becomes more valuable and extensive in proportion as we have been assiduous in collecting the materials of which it is composed.

Those who are unacquainted with the mechanism of art are astonished at the vast powers possessed by an artist over a few simple materials, by means of which he presents to our view the beautiful in nature that his application has enabled him to select. There is no distinction between knowledge obtained from nature by an artist, and the knowledge gleaned by an unprofessional admirer of nature. There is no patent right in the acquirement of taste, any more than there is a royal path to the mathematics—"all is the gift of industry." If there be any who entertain the idea of arriving at the possession of taste independent of study, they must expect something like enchantment to operate in their favour. Those who neither feel nor regret the want of taste, are least likely to exert themselves for improvement.

There is an affectation of musical taste, of poetic feeling, and of intimacy with the art of painting. Now, all these must be supported at considerable risk, for nothing can be more absurd than the constant endeavour to appear that which we are not. The dread of the truth peeping from beneath the disguise, and the consequent exposure of our ignorance, demands a greater exertion of the mind to surmount, than even the study necessary to the acquirement of a tolerable portion of valuable information. We should endeavour to become sensible of our defects, that we may entertain a hope of their removal. All extraordinary modes of acquiring information, like the cramming for a degree at the universities, become stumbling-blocks, that impede the search for what is genuine. Hints on the road may be useful; but even these should be examined, and their correctness ascertained, before they can be valuable to the traveller after taste in the fine arts.

So numerous are the productions of the pencil, so various are the peculiarities of style, enriched by beauty of colour, elegance of composition, or grandeur of effect, that to be unacquainted with the principles of that power which can so pleasingly affect our perception, influence our feelings, or command our approbation, implies a deficiency in education of a nature connected with the dark ages. In this period of general improvement, it is absolutely incumbent on us to read extensively, and to study nature assiduously, for the acquirement of taste, to enable us to appreciate talent, or to apply just and liberal criticism.

The simplest effort in drawing by a child is frequently calculated to excite sensations of pleasure; but the ability to point out one line or touch deserving of approbation, is not only estimable in the judge, but it is of incalculable value to young aspirants. From that moment may be dated a desire for improvement—a love of art has been implanted—appeals to nature become frequent—feeling is acquired—truth rendered evident—and taste is the result of such employment. Even this slight exercise of taste and judgment on the sketches of a child should be regulated by a knowledge of the object in nature, without which it is nothing more than ignorant presumption; for it should be recollected, that whoever studies art alone will have a narrow manner of considering all objects, and of referring them to that particular style to which their attention may have been directed. We may profit by the instruction which painters afford, but even they are indebted to the beautiful in nature for the most alluring of their productions.

To judge of a picture, or to decide on its excellence from the reputation of the artist who painted it, is productive of confusion, and often the confirmation of ignorance. Artists have their rise, meridian, and set, of talent. Richardson was of opinion there never was a faultless picture, and rarely one to be seen in which there were not notorious defects. The circumstance that a picture is highly esteemed by its possessor, or that it was once in the gallery of some distinguished personage, or that the artist or some picture-dealer received a large sum of money for it, offer no proof of superior excellence, nor ought that to influence the judgment of an admirer of truth and nature. The intrinsic merit of the picture is the criterion—Will it bear the ordeal of comparison with its original? If it will not, approbation is properly withheld. Thus it should be throughout the vast variety of subjects presented to our inspection. It is the language of the painter addressed to our knowledge and experience in the beauties of nature. If we be incompetent to the understanding of his appeal, let us neither insult him, nor become the promulgators of our ignorance. As in ordinary conversation the

greatest pleasure experienced by the parties is their being reciprocally understood, so, with the production of an artist, the satisfaction he conveys is attributable to the knowledge we possess of his subject, and the sources of his information.

The dog that ran against a picture on which steps were represented, and the bird that picked an imitative bunch of grapes, were alike deceived. Had they been capable of appreciating the talent displayed in those paintings, they would have been delighted with the truth of representation.

SAILING DOWN THE OHIO.

[By AUDUBON.]

THE natural features of North America are not less remarkable than the moral character of her inhabitants; and I cannot find a better subject than one of those magnificent rivers that roll the collected waters of her extensive territories to the ocean.

When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself, were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselves with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattress, and our friends furnished us with ready-prepared viands. We had two stout negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking, that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while, on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length extends to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed—some laden with produce from the different headwaters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio: others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

The margins of the shores and of the river were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild

turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when, one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the state of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased; we imagined we heard cries of "murder;" and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot—when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.—*American Ornithology.*

THE POISONER, A TALE OF GERMANY.

[The following remarkable story of real life is condensed, in the Foreign Quarterly Review, from Feuerbach's German Criminal Trials. We have in general a decided objection to the horrible, whether in the shape of supernatural fictions, or of transactions of an atrocious character in real life. The former tend to confound, in young minds, all proper perceptions of natural facts; while the latter, by familiarising the same minds with wicked actions, and giving the charm of fame to their perpetrators, are apt to lead to a similar, instead of (as their promulgators sometimes profess to hope) a contrary line of conduct. At the very best, such narratives are not favourable to the improvement of taste; and, for all reasons put together, we carefully avoid them in the present work. There is a difference, however, between an account of a criminal, such as those in the Newgate Calendar, where the circumstances of the crime are alone dwelt on, and one where the *state of mind* which produced the crime is inquired into and moralised upon; and as the following story, in addition to its extraordinary interest, possesses this salutary property, we make no scruple to present it to our readers.]

In 1806, a widow, about fifty years old, resident at Pegnitz, and bearing the name of Anna Schonleben, was received as housekeeper into the family of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaser, who had for some time previous been living separate from his wife. Shortly after the commencement of her service, however, a partial reconciliation took place, in a great measure effected through the exertions of Schonleben, and the wife returned to her husband's house. But their reunion was of short duration, for in the course of four weeks after her return she was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which in a day or two she expired.

On this event, Schonleben quitted the service of Glaser, and was received in the same capacity into that of the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann, then unmarried. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he was in delicate health, and had suffered severely from the gout, so that Schonleben had an opportunity of showing, by the extreme care and attention which she bestowed upon his comforts, her qualifications for the office she had undertaken. Her cares, however, it seemed were unavailing: her master fell sick in spring 1809, his disease being accompanied with violent internal pains of the stomach, dryness of the skin, vomiting, &c., and he died on the 8th May, after an illness of eleven days. Schonleben, who had attended him with unremitting attention during his illness, administering all his medicines with her own hand, appeared inconsolable for his loss—and that of her situation.

The high character, however, which she had acquired for her prudence, care, and gentleness, as a sick-nurse, immediately procured her another in the

family of the Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was at that time on the point of being confined. This event took place on the 13th May, shortly after the entry of the new housekeeper, who made herself particularly useful, and mother and child were going on extremely well, when, on the third day after the birth, the lady was seized with spasms, internal heat, violent thirst, vomiting, &c. In the extremity of her agony she frequently exclaimed that they had given her poison. Seven days after her confinement, she expired.

Gebhard, the widower, left without any one to take the management of his domestic affairs, thought that, in the meantime, he could not do better than retain in his service the housekeeper, who, during his wife's illness, had distinguished herself so much by the zeal and assiduity of her attentions to the invalid. Some of his friends attempted to dissuade him from retaining an inmate who seemed by some fatality to bring death into every family with which she became connected; but Gebhard, who was not of a superstitious turn, laughed at their apprehensions, and Schonleben remained in his house, now invested with almost unlimited authority.

During her residence here, many circumstances occurred, which, though at the time they excited little attention, were subsequently recollected and satisfactorily established. These will be hereafter alluded to: meantime we proceed to that which first directed suspicion against her. Gebhard had, at last, by the importunity of a friend, who (from what ground he did not explain) had advised him to dismiss his housekeeper, been prevailed on to take his advice, and had communicated as gently as possible his resolution to Schonleben herself. She received it without any observation, except an expression of surprise at the suddenness with which he had changed his mind, and the next day was fixed for her departure for Bayreuth. Meantime she bustled about as usual, arranged the rooms, and filled the salt-box in the kitchen, observing that it was the custom for those who went away to do so for their successors. On the morning of her departure, as a token of her good will, she made coffee for the maids, supplying them with sugar from a paper of her own. The coach, which her master had been good-natured enough to procure for her, was already at the door. She took his child, now twenty weeks old, in her arms, gave it a biscuit soaked in milk, caressed it, and took her leave. Scarcely had she been gone half an hour, when both the child and the servants were seized with violent retching, which lasted for some hours, leaving them extremely weak and ill. Suspicion being now at last fairly awakened, Gebhard had the salt-box examined which Schonleben had so officiously filled. The salt was found strongly impregnated with arsenic. In the salt-barrel, also, from which it had been taken, thirty grains of arsenic were found, mixed with about three pounds of salt.

That the series of sudden deaths which had occurred in the families in which Schonleben had resided, was owing to poison, now occurred to every one as clear; and they almost wondered how so many circumstances could have passed before their eyes without awakening them to the truth. During her residence with Gebhard, it appeared that two visitors who had dined with her master, in August 1809, were seized after dinner with the same symptoms of vomiting, convulsions, spasms, &c. which had affected the servants on the day of Schonleben's departure, and of which the more unfortunate mistress of the family had expired; that on one occasion she had given a glass of white wine to Rosenhauser, a servant who had called with a message, which had occasioned similar symptoms, so violent indeed as to oblige him for a day or two to keep his bed; that on another, she had taken a lad of nineteen, Johann Kraus, into the cellar, where she offered him a glass of brandy, which, after tasting, and perceiving a white sediment within it, he declined; that one of the servants, Barbara Waldmann, with whom Schonleben had frequent quarrels, after drinking a cup of coffee, was seized with exactly the same symptoms as her companions; and what, perhaps, appeared the most extraordinary of all, that at a party given by her master on the 1st September, having occasion to send her to his cellar for some pitchers of beer, he himself, and all the guests that partook of it, five in number, were almost immediately afterwards seized with the usual spasms, sickness, &c., which seemed to accompany the use of those liquids whenever they were dispensed by Schonleben.

Although from the long period which had elapsed since the death of those individuals, whose fate there was reason to suppose had been so prematurely accelerated by this smooth-faced poisoner, there was no great probability that any light would be thrown upon these dark transactions by an inspection of the bodies, it was resolved on at all events to give the matter a trial. The result of this ghastly examination, however, was more decisive than could have been expected; all the bodies exhibited, in a greater or less degree, those appearances which modern researches into the effects of poisons have shown to be produced by the use of arsenic; and in one of them in particular, that of the wife of Glaser, the arsenic was still capable of being detected in substance. On the whole, the medical inspectors felt themselves warranted in concluding, that the deaths of at least two individuals out of the three had been occasioned by poison.

Meantime, Schonleben had been living quietly at Bayreuth, seemingly quite unconscious of the storm

which was gathering around her. Her finished hypocrisy even led her, while on the road, to write a letter to her late master, reproaching him with his ingratitude in dismissing one who had been a protecting angel to his child; and in passing through Nurnberg, to take up her residence with the mother of her victim, the wife of Gebhard. On reaching Bayreuth she again wrote more than once to Gebhard; the object of her letters evidently being to induce him again to receive her back into his family. She made a similar attempt on her former master, Glaser, but without success. While engaged in these negotiations, the warrant arrived for her apprehension, and she was taken into custody on the 19th October. On examining her person, three packets were found in her pocket, two of them containing fly-powder, and the third arsenic.

For a long time she would confess nothing; evading with great ingenuity, or resisting with obstinacy, every attempt to obtain from her any admission of her guilt. It was not till the 16th April 1810, that her courage gave way, when she learned the result of the examination of the body of Glaser. Then at last, weeping and wringing her hands, she confessed that she had on two occasions administered poison to her. No sooner had this confession been uttered, than she fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, and was removed in strong convulsions from the chamber.

We shall condense into a short connected statement the substance of the numerous examinations which this wretch subsequently underwent, and of the information acquired from other sources, by which her statements were in many particulars modified, and in some points refuted. Born in Nurnberg in 1760, she had lost both her parents before she reached her fifth year. Her father had possessed some property, and till her nineteenth year she remained under the charge of her guardian, who was warmly attached to her, and bestowed much care on her education. At the age of nineteen, she married, rather against her inclination, the notary Zwanziger, for such, not Schonleben, was her real name. The loneliness and dullness of her matrimonial life contrasted very disagreeably with the gaieties of her guardian's house; and in the absence of her husband, who divided his time between business and the bottle, she dispelled her ennui by sentimental novel-reading, weeping over the Sorrows of Werter, and the struggles of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. The property which fell to her on her coming of age was soon dissipated by her husband and herself in extravagant entertainments and an expensive establishment, and a few years saw them sunk in wretchedness, with a family to support, and without even the comfort of mutual cordiality or esteem; for the admirer of Pamela, whose sympathetic heart had bled for the Sorrows of Werter, now attempted to prop the falling establishment, by making the best use she could of her personal attractions (which, hideous and repulsive as she appeared at the time of her trial, she described as having once been very considerable), while her husband, as mean and grovelling in adversity as he had been assuming and overbearing in prosperity, was a patient spectator of his own dishonour. Shortly afterwards he died, leaving his widow to pursue her career of vice and deceit alone. During the time which intervened between the death of her husband, and that when she first entered the service of Glaser, her life had been one continued scene of licentiousness and hypocrisy. Devoid of principle from the first, mingling chieftly with others who, though of respectable or exalted rank, were as destitute of it as herself; forced to pretend attachment where none was felt; to submit where she would willingly have ruled; sometimes laughed at or treated with ingratitude where she was really labouring to please; a wanderer on the earth for twenty years, without a resting-place or a sincere friend; she became at last a habitual hypocrite, to whom falsehood seemed to be actually more natural than truth. Rage and disappointment at her fate, and a bitter hatred against mankind, seemed to have gradually been maturing in her heart; till at last all the better sympathies of her nature were poisoned, and nothing remained but the determination to better her condition at the expense of all those ties which humanity holds most sacred. When and how the idea of poison dawned on her—whether suddenly, or by degrees, her confessions did not explain; but there is every reason to believe that this tremendous agent had been employed by her previous to her appearance in Glaser's house. Determined as she was at all hazards to advance her own interests, poison seemed to furnish her at once with the talisman she was in search of;—it punished her enemies, it removed those who stood in her way;—its operation afforded her the means of rendering her good qualities conspicuous in her affected sympathy for the sufferer;—nay, administered in smaller quantities by her experienced hand, it was equally effectual in preventing a second visit from a disagreeable guest, or annoying a fellow servant with whom she had a quarrel. By long acquaintance, poison had become so familiar to her, that she seemed to look on it as a useful friend; something equally available for seriousness or jest; and to which she was indebted for many a trusty and secret service. When the arsenic which had been taken from her pocket was exhibited to her some months afterwards at Culmbach, she seemed to tremble with delight; her eyes glistened as she gazed upon it, as if she recognised a friend from whom she had long been separated. Of the crimes which she

had perpetrated, too, she always spoke as of slight indiscretions rendered almost necessary by circumstances—so completely by repetition had murder itself lost its character of horror.

From the first moment she had entered the house of Glaser, the idea of obtaining an influence over his mind, so as to secure him as her husband, had occurred to her. That he was then married, was immaterial: poison would be the speediest process of divorce. First, however, the victim must be brought within the range of her power; hence her anxiety to effect the reconciliation of the pair, and the return of the wife to her husband's house. The plan succeeded, and within a few weeks after her return, Zwanziger commenced her operations. Two successive doses were administered, of which the last was effectual. "While she was mixing it," she said, "she encouraged herself with the notion that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment in her old age." This prospect having been defeated by her dismissal from Glaser's service, she entered that of Grohmann. Here her common mode of revenging herself upon such of her fellow-servants as she happened to dislike, was to mix fly-powder with the beer in the cellar, in the hope of creating illness, though not death; and of this beer it happened more than once that some of the visitors at Grohmann's table also partook. These, however, were mere preparations "to keep her hand in;" the victim for whom her serious poisons were reserved was her unfortunate master. Here also she had for some time indulged the hope of a matrimonial connexion; infirm and gouty as he was, she thought she would obtain such an ascendancy over him as to induce him to descend to this alliance; when all at once her hopes were blasted by hearing of his intended marriage with another. For some time she tried, by every means in her power, to break off the connexion; but her arts proved ineffectual, and Grohmann, provoked by her pertinacity, had mentioned to a friend that he could no longer think of retaining her in his service. The wedding-day was fixed; all hopes of preventing the marriage were at an end; and nothing now remained for her but revenge. In five days afterwards, Grohmann fell a victim to poison.

From this service Zwanziger passed into that of Gebhard, whose wife soon shared the fate of Grohmann; for no other reason, according to her own account, than because that lady had treated her harshly, and occasionally found fault with her management of the house. Even this wretched apology was contradicted by the facts proved by the other inmates of the house. The true motive, as in the preceding cases, was, that she had formed designs upon Gebhard similar to those which had failed in the case of Glaser, and that the unfortunate lady stood in the way. Her death was accomplished by poisoning two pitchers of beer, from which Zwanziger from time to time supplied her with drink. Nay, even her husband was made the innocent instrument of his wife's death, by administering the same liquid to the invalid. Even while confessing that she had thus poisoned the beer, she persisted in maintaining that she had no intention of destroying the unfortunate lady; if she could have foreseen that such a consequence would have followed, she would rather have died!

During the remaining period, from the death of Gebhard's wife to that of her quitting his service, she admitted having frequently administered poisoned beer, wine, coffee, and other liquids, to such guests as she disliked, or to her fellow-servants, when any of them had the misfortune to fall under her displeasure. The poisoning of the salt-box she also admitted; but with that strange and inveterate hypocrisy which ran through all her confessions, she maintained that the arsenic in the salt-barrel must have been put in by some other person.

The fate of such a wretch could not of course be doubtful; she was condemned to be beheaded, and listened to the sentence apparently without emotion. She told the judge that her death was a fortunate thing for others, for she felt, that she could not have left off poisoning had she lived. On the scaffold she bowed courteously to the judge and assistants, walked calmly up to the block, and received the blow without shrinking.

BATTLE BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

As I was one day sitting in my arbour, my attention was engaged by a strange rustling noise at some paces distant. I looked around without distinguishing any thing, until I climbed one of my great hemlock-stalks, when, to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long: the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present! Their heads were compressed to a very small size, their eyes flashed fire; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself, and hurried towards the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and, half creeping, overtook and again attacked the other, which placed itself in the same attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was beautiful; thus opposed, they fought with the utmost rage, but, notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage, the water-snake

seemed desirous of retreating towards the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, it pulled the latter back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the water-snake took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by this acquisition became a match for its fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length. They pulled, but pulled in vain, and in the moments of the greatest exertions, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads. At one time the conflict seemed decided. The water-snake beat itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched. The next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate. Victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to the one side and sometimes to the other, till at last, the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, for, by their agitations I could trace, though not distinguish, their mutual attacks. They soon re-appeared on the surface, twisted together as on their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled, and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than, abandoning it to the current, it returned on shore and disappeared.—*Letters from an American Farmer.*

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN-OF-WAR VESSEL.

(Concluded.)

THE grand divisions of the crew are into petty officers, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys. This division has reference to rank; but there are others, into which considerations of this kind do not enter. Such are the military divisions, and the divisions into larboard and starboard-watches, into forecatermen, fore, main, and mizentopmen, afterguard, waistmen, holders, &c.

The petty officers are appointed by the commander, and may be degraded by him without the formalities of a court-martial. They are selected from among the most experienced and trustworthy of the seamen, and receive eighteen dollars per month. They consist, on board of a frigate, of a master-at-arms, eight quartermasters, four boatswain's mates, eight quarter-gunnery, a boatswain's and gunner's yeoman, a carpenter and sailmaker's mate, an armourer, a cooper, cook, and cockswain.

The highest and most responsible of the petty-officers is the master-at-arms. He is, if I may be allowed the expression, the principal police-officer of the ship. He has charge of all the prisoners, and every morning makes out and hands to the commander a list of their names, with a specification of the crime for which each is confined, and the time when he was put in confinement. If he allows any of them to escape, he is liable to be punished in their stead. He counts the blows audibly when a prisoner is flogged with the cats. It is his duty to search those suspected of thefts, and when a man dies, to take an account of his clothes and other effects. At public sales he is the auctioneer. He has charge also of the berth-deck, and it is his duty to see that it is kept in good order. All property that falls in his way for which he cannot find an owner, is thrown into the "lucky bag," the contents of which, if not finally claimed, are sold at auction.

The office of quartermaster is one of some dignity and considerable importance. His duties are not laborious, but they require vigilance, carefulness, judgment, and a thorough acquaintance with practical seamanship. In port, only one of them keeps watch on deck at a time. You may know him by his spy-glass and his busy, bustling air. He is all eye and all locomotion. He cocks his telescope at every new object that appears, and gives it a thorough scrutiny. It is his duty to keep a look-out for signals from other ships, and to report them to the officer of the deck; and also to report to him all boats that come alongside, and all other movements and occurrences in the harbour, which he may deem of sufficient importance. At sea, two of the quartermasters are required to be on deck during the day, and half of them at night. One is stationed at the wheel to steer the ship, and the others keep a look-out as in port. When the log is thrown, they hold the minute-glass. They have to strike the bell every half-hour, and take turns in mixing and serving the grog. In entering and leaving a harbour, when it is necessary to sound, one of them is stationed in each of the main chains to heave the lead. All the colours and signals are under their charge.

Boatswain's mates are an indispensable class of

men on board of a man-of-war, but their office is the most invidious and least desirable of all. Their duty is to enforce the orders of the officers, and, to enable them to do this, each is furnished with a hemp whip, consisting of only one lash, called the colt. They have to perform all the flogging, and the men hate them therefore as they would so many incarnate devils. In the ordinary flogging the colt is always used; but when all hands are called to witness punishment, another whip, composed of nine lashes, and called the cats, is employed. Each of the boatswain's mates has a silver whistle suspended from his neck, with which he echoes the orders of his superiors. He has a different pipe for almost every important order that can be given. For instance, there is one for calling all hands, another for hoisting away, a third for hauling taught and belaying, and so on of others. Amid the darkness and fury of the tempest, when the orders of the trumpet are drowned by the loud uproar of the elements, the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle reaches the ear of the sailor on the top of the highest mast, and no language could convey to him a more definite meaning than its well-known tones.

The duty of the quartergunners is to keep the guns, and all other things belonging to the gunner's department, in proper order. They have to inspect the guns frequently, to see that every thing about them is well secured, and at night report their condition to the officer of the deck every two hours. When all hands are called to reef or furl sails, the quartergunners and quartermasters are charged with the mainyard.

The yeomen and mates of the forward officers have charge of their respective store-rooms, and keep accounts of the expenditures of articles from each of their departments. They make out monthly and quarterly returns of these expenditures, which are handed to the captain, examined by his clerk, and inserted in the general account-book.

The armourer is the ship's blacksmith. The cooper opens the provision barrels when their contents are wanted, and performs other matters in his line of business, when necessary. The duties of the cook are somewhat arduous, and it requires a good deal of patience and care to perform them acceptably to the crew. The meals must always be reported "ready" at seven-bells morning, noon, and night. At noon, when dinner is reported ready, the cook takes a specimen to the officer of the deck, who inspects it, to see that it is properly cooked. The cockswain is designed for the captain's boat, but our commanders sometimes, perhaps generally, give this rank to their steward, and select a quartermaster, or other trustworthy person, to perform the duties of cockswain.

There are two other officers, who have not even the rank of petty officers. They are the ship's corporals. They take turns in keeping watch at night on the gundeck, and their duty is to see that no light is burning in any part of the ship where it is not allowed. They make an hourly report to the officer of the deck.

Having dispatched the petty officers, I come now to the rest of the crew, of which the seamen generally compose about one-half. Those of this rank must have seen a good deal of sea service, and are supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with practical navigation. If they are found to be greatly deficient in this respect, they are degraded. They receive twelve dollars per month, and are appointed to the most honourable and responsible stations in the ship. They have a good deal of the pride of profession, entertaining the utmost contempt for all who do not know what salt water and heavy gales are.

The ordinary seamen receive ten dollars per month. They must have had some experience in naval matters, but are neither expected nor required to be finished sailors. Promotions from the rank of ordinary seamen to that of seamen are not unfrequent. The landsmen are as green as a cucumber, having never smelt the ocean, nor been initiated at all into the mysteries of a seafaring life. Their pay is eight dollars.

Of the boys, there are two classes—those who receive eight dollars, and those who receive five dollars per month. They are employed principally in the capacity of servants to the officers. Two are allowed to the captain, besides his steward, one to the first lieutenant, one to every two of the other wardroom officers, and one or two, according to the pleasure of the first lieutenant, to the cockpit, forward officers, and each of the steerage messes. Some are employed as cooks at the galley, and others as messenger-boys on the quarterdeck. The boys and all others on ship-board, who do not keep watch, are called *idlers*.

On board of a frigate there are six military divisions; one on the quarterdeck, one on the fore-castle, three on the gundeck, and one on the berthdeck. The last is commanded by the purser, and each of the others by a lieutenant. It is the business of those who compose the purser's division to pass up powder to the combatants. Every officer and man is included in one or the other of these divisions, and is stationed in a particular part of the ship. These are the stations for action, and are called general quarters. The crew is mustered and inspected at quarters always once, and on board many of our ships, twice a-day. There are ten or twelve men to each of the guns in a broadside, called first and second captains, spungers, loaders, powder-boys, &c. The first intimation of quarters is a blast from the bugle, calling the music. The boarders run for their caps, and every man seizes

a cutlass. At the first tap of the drum, there is a general rush throughout the ship, and before the music has ceased, you may hear the midshipmen of the divisions calling over the names, George Bell—first captain, sir—James Anderson—second captain, sir—William Stokes—powder-boy, sir—and so on. Having called the names, the midshipmen report to the officers of their divisions, the officers of the divisions to the first lieutenant, and he again to the captain. The order is then given to "beat the retreat." Another rush takes place, the cutlasses and boarding-caps are returned to their places, and the men, as the case may be, proceed to their daily labours or their evening diversions. All this is but the work of a moment. Sometimes the call to quarters is beaten in the dead of night, and then the men are obliged to get up, lash their hammocks, take them on deck, and stow them in the nettings, and be ready to answer their names in the space of about eight or ten minutes. The midshipmen have to do the same. They generally, however, avoid the labour of carrying their hammocks on deck, by stowing them in the mess-room. This is to accustom them to sudden alarms. but it is not often practised.

What is of vastly more importance is experienced in the art of gunnery; and it must be mentioned, to the honour of our naval officers, that they are indefatigable in their exertions to render our seamen expert and ready in this branch of their profession. In good weather some of the divisions are exercised at the guns almost daily, and on board most of our ships, one day in the week, there are general quarters for that purpose. On these occasions, all the evolutions of a regular engagement, such as loading and firing the guns, boarding, extinguishing fire, &c., are gone through with. All this is of course a mere sham, and not an ounce of gunpowder is burnt; but it gives the men experience, makes them expert at working the guns, and cannot fail to fill them with confidence and bravery in the hour of real peril.

In the general quarter bill, the surgeons are stationed in the cockpit. Here all the wounded are brought, and all the surgical operations performed, in time of action. The chaplain is also stationed in the cockpit to give pious counsels, and administer the comforts of religion to the dying.

In addition to their general quarters, the men are also stationed for getting under weigh, and coming to an anchor for tacking and veering, and for other general evolutions. I have sometimes been astonished to see how quick, in the darkest night, it is discovered that a man is missing from his post, and how speedily he is searched out and brought to it. But not only does every man know his station: he has a specific duty to perform at every order, and a failure on his part might disconcert the whole operation. Thus, it will be seen, that, notwithstanding the complicated nature of naval evolutions, and the apparent confusion which must necessarily prevail when all hands are called, there is in fact the greatest possible order, efficiency, and harmony of action. I might go on *ad infinitum* with details of this kind, all tending to show the admirable adaptation to each other of the parts, and the general perfection of the whole of that system of internal polity which prevails on board a man-of-war, but I am afraid of trespassing upon my reader's patience.

The whole crew is divided into two equal portions, called larboard and starboard watches, from the fact that those belonging to one of the divisions stow their hammocks in the larboard, and those belonging to the other, in the starboard nettings. When at sea, each of the watches at night takes a turn of four hours on deck, while the others are allowed to "turn in." Those in their hammocks call it their "watch below." Those, however, who keep watch on deck, when the weather is fair and the ship under easy sail, are allowed to sleep, if they do not disturb the general tranquillity by their ungracious snoring. In port, only a quarter-watch is called, except in squally weather, and these are for the most part allowed to stow themselves away somewhere on the gundeck.

At sea, the marines, in succession, all do duty as sentries in the following places—one at the cabin-door, one at the scuttle-butt, one at the brig, and one at the fore-passage on the berthdeck. The rest are obliged to pull and haul on the ropes like the sailors, but they are excused from going aloft. In port there are three additional sentries, viz. one at each of the gangways, and another on the bowsprit. During the day, a sergeant's guard, consisting of thirteen, are required to be dressed in uniform, and to remain on the quarterdeck. A marine in uniform must never pass the capstern without paying it his respects: in undress, he is not required to show it more politeness than a sailor.

The reader may be curious to know how so many persons as compose the crew of a frigate can find employment in the ordinary business of the ship. The time of most of them is chiefly occupied in "keeping the ship in order." This might seem, at first, a simple affair, and capable of being soon dispatched; but there are more things included in "keeping a ship in order" than the philosophy of a greenhorn ever dreamed of. Not only must every part of her be kept as clean as a lady's parlour, and every article arranged for inspection as carefully as a coquette would adjust her toilet, but there are kinds of work to be performed, of which a person unacquainted with a man-of-war could form no conception. The "bright

work" requires immense labour. This consists in scouring all the belaying-pins and rings on the spar-deck, the brass on the capstern, about the companion-ways, and in other parts of the ship: the monkey-tails, iron handspikes, and cutlasses; the two rows of iron stanchions which support the spar-deck, the hoops of the spit-boxes (of which there is one to every gun, and a plentiful quantity distributed throughout other parts of the ship), the battle-axes, priming-wires, &c. All this is to be done every day, and if but a modicum of rust is left, woe be to the luckless wight at whose door it lies. It is sure to give employment to a boat-swain's mate. Besides this, all the ladders, combings of the hatches, wooden handspikes, &c. must be scraped perfectly clean. Add to all this the labour performed by the different gangs of mechanics, and the working of the guns, and loosing and furling sails for the pure purpose of experience, and the wonder will rather be, that so few men should be required, than that so many can find employment.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUNS.—PARASELENE, OR MOCK MOONS.

The parhelia, or mock suns, vary considerably in appearance, and in their relative position to the accompanying halo, being sometimes observed at the spot where one halo meets, or bisects another; and sometimes within the circumference of the principal halo, while it is itself surrounded by smaller halos. These mock suns have usually a stream of white pyramidal light, extending like the tail of a comet from them, and they vary much in the intensity of the light they exhibit. "A rare and curious phenomenon (says Mr Tyler) was observed on the 11th of January last. The weather had been mild for a number of days previous, and on that day the thermometer ranged from 23° to 30°. The atmosphere was so hazy that a shadow was but faintly visible, the haziness being most dense near the south horizon, but growing rarer, and finally disappearing a little north of the zenith. The first appearance was a brilliant parhelion. Its form at first was nearly circular, and its apparent diameter a little greater than that of the true sun. Its light, which was of a brilliant white, was so intense as to pain the eyes. In a few moments, another parhelion, of equal brightness, appeared at the same distance on the east side of the sun, and at the same altitude. When first seen, it appeared a little elongated vertically, and slightly coloured. Both these parhelia retained their size and appearance for a few moments, and then began to lengthen in a vertical direction, and show the prismatic colours with considerable brilliancy. Directly above the sun appeared, at the same time with the parhelia, a coloured arc, having its centre in the zenith, and its convexity towards the sun. The exterior was red; the other colours were merged into each other, but the blue and green were predominant, though faint."†

"I do not recollect (says Captain Scoresby) to have observed these phenomena more than thrice. The first occurred on one of my earliest voyages to the fishery, and passed off as a wonderful appearance, without inducing me to minute the particulars. I perfectly recollect, however, that there were two or three parhelia, and four or five coloured circles. The primary one encompassed the sun, the remainder had their centres in its circumference; and some of its intersections exhibited the splendour of the parhelion. Some of the circles almost equalled in their colours the brilliancy of the rainbow, a grand arch resembling which was also at the same time displayed in the opposite quarter. The other two instances occurred on the passage. The one when outward bound, April 14, 1807, latitude 64° or 65°, consisted of several parhelia, which, accompanied by coloured circles, and arcs of circles, and succeeded by a lunar halo, together with the aurora borealis, proved the harbinger of a tremendous tempest. The last phenomenon of this kind which I saw appeared on the passage homewards in 1811. It consisted of a large circle of luminous whiteness, passing through the centre of the sun in a direction nearly parallel to the horizon, intersected in various places with coloured circles of smaller dimensions. At two of the intersections of the coloured with the white circle, were exhibited brilliant parhelia of an irregular form."‡ Such are the singular and peculiarly striking phenomena which frequently occur in those dreary regions, which appear to have been set apart for the reign of eternal solitude, in the bare attempt to explore which, many of the most enterprising British navigators have only hazarded their lives to encounter greater and greater difficulties, until they arrived at length at insurmountable barriers to farther progress.

Paraselenæ, or mock moons, have been in like manner occasionally seen, and are certainly not less interesting. Hevelius, in the year 1660, described several of such at Dantzic. On the 1st of December 1819, many were observed by Captain Parry, at the dis-

* From "Two Years and a Half in the American Navy." London, Bentley.

† American Journal, vol. xxi. p. 189.

‡ Scoresby's Account of the Arctic Regions, p. 392.

tance of $21\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ from the moon. One of them was close to the horizon; another perpendicularly above it; other two on a line parallel to the horizon. "Their shape was like that of a comet, the tail being from the moon. The side towards the moon was of a light orange colour. During the existence of these mock moons, a halo or luminous ring appeared round the moon, and passed through all the mock moons, at which instant two yellowish-coloured lines joined the opposite mock moons, and formed four quadrants, bisecting each other at the centre of the circle. These appearances varied in brightness, and continued above an hour." Many similar instances of such phenomena might be cited, but the truth is, that all descriptions, however correct, must be inadequate to convey the actual impressions such appearances excite. The aspect of the heavens, under the most common and frequent circumstances, to a contemplative mind, gives rise to the most serious and elevated reflections; but when the sun and moon seem to change their wonted colours—when halos or glories unlooked for break around and encircle them—when the sun and moon are reflected in false images amidst the bright and dazzling exhibition of other extraordinary phenomena, mankind naturally pause to gaze and wonder; the philosopher, admiring not less the effect, examines into the causes of the apparent prodigy; while the ignorant spectator, "planet-stricken" by the first survey, turns within himself to yield only to the suggestions of an ignorant and delusive imagination.

The truth is, that all philosophical investigations, even into the most strange and eccentric phenomena of nature, while they enlarge our ideas, and reconcile us to, at first sight, singular anomalies, inspire us with a stronger and higher confidence in the wisdom manifested throughout creation; for who, as a "poor child of doubt, whose hope is built on reeds," can walk with confidence through paths along which every successive step plunges into deeper and deeper darkness? We naturally, after surveying the appearances and the effects of such phenomena, are anxious to examine into the causes by which they are produced; and it will, as a general principle, be found that the most apparently complex ends are generally by Nature effected by the simplest means. Here we find no difficulty. Already it has been explained how the intervention of a cloud, or any modification of invisible vapour, may reflect entire, or break down into its elementary rays, the white light proceeding either from the sun or moon, and to this we owe the appearance of such halos, parhelia, or paraselenae. In a former article in this series,† we explained wherefore a very intense degree of cold always exists in the higher regions of the atmosphere; and this, aggravated by the cold which is produced in wintry seasons, occasions minute angular pieces of ice to float in the higher strata of the air, which refract in all directions the rays of the sun or moon. "The production of halos (says Sir David Brewster) may be illustrated experimentally by crystallising various salts upon plates of glass, and looking through the plates at a candle; when the crystals are granular, they will produce the finest effects. A few drops of saturated solution of alum, for example, spread over a plate of glass, so as to crystallise quickly, will cover it with a perfect crust, consisting of flat octahedral (eight-sided) crystals, scarcely visible to the eye. When the observer, with his eye placed close behind the smooth side of the glass plate, looks through it at a luminous body, he will perceive three fine halos at different distances encircling the source of light."‡ That such crystals of ice, analogous to the crystals formed by the alum on the glass, exist disseminated through the atmosphere, there is no doubt; and that, owing to their angular forms, they will refract the rays of the sun and moon round them, is equally obvious. Accordingly, the existence of such particles of ice in the atmosphere, at the time when such halos occur, must be expected, and should such be concomitant, will render the explanation perfectly satisfactory. In the arctic regions, the existence of such particles of ice floating about in the atmosphere is proved by the sense of touch, by their pricking the skin like needles, and raising blisters on the face and hands; and at these very times, such halos, parhelia, and paraselenae, are of most frequent occurrence. In winter, when such frost-smoke occurs, these phenomena are often seen; but in summer, when this does not occur, such halos and mock suns and moons are seldom visible. In the temperate regions, such appearances only arise during the colder months of the year, when such crystals of ice exist in the higher regions of the air, and are not observed during summer. Lastly, halos, properly so called, seldom or never occur in the torrid zone, where such crystals of ice are less likely to occur than in the temperate regions. Accordingly, without entering into any minute account of the speculations which have been broached concerning the minute forms of the prisms of ice necessary to produce modifications in the extent and character of these halos, we may conclude this article, proposing to consider in our next the appearances and causes of other luminous meteors, the consideration of which we hope will not be unacceptable to the readers of the Journal, with

whom it has been our wish to traverse the paths of science, not as a task or heavy labour, but as a recreation from graver pursuits, saying, with the immortal Milton,

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose
But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

IMPRISONMENT OF AUTHORS.

[By D'ISRAELI.]

IMPRISONMENT has not always disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies, but often unquestionably has greatly promoted them.

In prison, Boethius composed his work on the Consolations of Philosophy; and Grotius wrote his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works: the detail of his allotment of time to different studies, during his confinement, is very instructive.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.

Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well-known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt: the name of the place, though not that of the author, has thus been preserved; and another work, "Fleta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in knowing the Bodies of Metals, &c., by Sir John Petrus, 1693;" who gave it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the Tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected: he became, in consequence, an enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote the Eikon Basilike, *The Royal Image*, addressed to his son; this work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr Gauden, who was incapable of writing the book, though not of disowning it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement: and it is said Mary Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished History of the World, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruits of eleven years of imprisonment. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote "Aphorisms" for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives: and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his History of the World." He was, however, assisted in this great work by the learning of several eminent persons; a circumstance which has not been noticed.

The plan of the *Henriade* was sketched, and the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the Bastille; and "the Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan was produced in a similar situation.

Howel, the author of "Familiar Letters," wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet prison: he employed his fertile pen for subsistence, and in all his books we find much entertainment.

Lydiat, while confined in the King's Bench for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Parian Chronicle, which were first published by Prideaux. This was that learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to: an allusion not known to Boswell and others.

Freret, when imprisoned in the Bastille, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. His dictionary was always before him, and his principles were got by heart. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by all the powers of scepticism.

Sir William Davenant finished his poem of Gondibert during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbrooke Castle.

De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and it has been supposed served as the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. There he also composed his *Jure Divino*.

Wicquefort's curious work on "Ambassadors" is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of Maggi. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by

inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library, and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labours he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions; *De Tintinnabulis*, on Bells, a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.—*Curiosities of Literature*.

MONKEYS.

In a course of lectures on natural history, by M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilare, recently published, it is stated that monkeys are susceptible of *ennui*. A celebrated philosopher of the last century, who was certainly much more of a man of talents than of a natural philosopher, pretended, in the first instance, that to his hands alone man was indebted for his superiority over other animals. It was objected to Helvetius, that monkeys, having four hands instead of two, ought, according to him, to be much superior to man in intelligence. But he replied that monkeys, kept by the disposition of their bodies in perpetual motion, were not susceptible of *ennui*—one of the principles, in his opinion, of human perfectibility. Helvetius would see in M. Geoffroy's work, that in this supposition he was again in error; and besides, that the organization of monkeys differs in so many important respects from that of man, that it is manifest the monkey species must for ever be at an infinite distance from the human. One curious fact, and which alone would determine that question, is, that it has been ascertained that the young monkey is much more intelligent than the adult. By a remarkable law of nature, the more the physical strength of the monkey increases, the more its intellectual power diminishes.

PLAINS OF TROY.

The plains of Troy, so famed and flourishing in ancient days, are now barren and desolate. The sculptor sees no statues, the architect no remains, and the painter any thing but a picturesque view. It is fit only for the collegian or the moralist. The classic Scamander is but a muddy stream, winding through an uncultivated plain, covered with stunted oaks, underwood, and rushes. At the opposite extremity of the plain stand the tombs of Hector and Achilles, that of the latter near the Hellespont, where the Greek fleet was moored. Near is the grave of his friend Patroclus. All their glories are now reduced to a few *tumuli*, about 30 feet high. The Scamander is between 200 and 250 feet broad, and very muddy, having the appearance of being much flooded. Farther up the plain its course becomes undistinguishable among the marshes. After passing a smaller river, you arrive at an ancient *tumulus*, not far from the shore. What is most striking in this monument is the existence of an arch, which forms an entrance to the centre. Above are the remains of a square basement, on which the column of the tomb may have formerly stood. On your return you see the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and some others.—*Webster's Travels*.

POETRY.

[The following poems are not only entitled, from their merit, to appear in this or any other periodical work, but they further bear a value in the light of intellectual curiosities. They are the composition of a young lady, aged only thirteen years, the daughter of a respectable writer to the signet in town.—Ed. C. E. J.]

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Oh, no! she never told her love, nor dreamt that mortal knew
What made that once bright cheek so pale, and dimmed those
 eyes of blue;
Or what unbidden bade the tear from those bright eyes to flow—
She hid her sorrow in her heart; but was it hid? Ah, no!
For oft the blushing cheek would tell, the quivering lip reveal,
What in her young, o'erburdened heart, she struggled to conceal.
They saw her slender graceful form grow thinner every day;
They marked the smile upon her cheek, like sunshine, pass away.
And, like a worm within the bud, love on her cheek did prey;
Till rest forsook her sleepless couch, and peace her thoughts by day;
And wand'ring reason almost fled, and left her fallen throne;
And grief grew weary of its tears, and love itself was gone.
But yet she ne'er confessed her grief, nor whispered to the air
The passion of a slighted love, the cause of all her care.
Guileless she lived, yet lonely died, for none could soothe her woe—
She sleeps where wildflowers sadly wave, where sighing breezes blow.

SONG.

Oh, mark yon little bounding bark,
That skims along the main!
Ye roaring waves, be merciful—
Return it safe again.
And blow, ye breezes, gently blow,
And waft it to the shore;
For one young heart would break with woe,
Should it return no more.
A fair one stands at her lattice high,
And she sees it come in sight;
Her heart beats as it ventures nigh,
And she watches with delight.
Her lover's in yon little bark,
That rises with the foam;
Then, gently blow, ye vernal gales,
And waft the sailor home.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. BIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

* Parry, *Op. Cit.*

† See articles of Popular Information on Science, on the Atmosphere.

‡ This experiment is so easily made, that we warmly recommend it to our young readers. See Sir D. Brewster's *Optics*, Lardner's *Encyclopedia*, p. 277.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 86.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Town and country people think in a manner essentially different from each other. Their habits—their pursuits—the whole scenery and circumstances of their lives, are different; and hence arises the distinction between their sentiments. Though these two orders of beings are only fulfilling, each in their own way, a part of the general scheme of mutual utility; though the country is, as it were, the grazier, and the town the cook—the country the forester and the town the carpenter—the country the grower and the town the seller—yet it is curious to see what odd jealousies and invidiousnesses prevail between them. Country people, visiting the town, are sometimes observed to be extravagantly resolute against the weakness of confessing any admiration of the grandeur and fashionable fopperies of the town—though it is quite certain that every ruralist on earth looks either to a Mantua or a Rome of his own, as the grand arbiter of fashion and instructor in manners. In Scotland, all the Lothians, Fife, and the border counties, regard Edinburgh as the fountain and centre of any thing *fine*: all Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and thereabouts, looks to Glasgow. About Galloway, they have a prostrate admiration of Dumfries; and over the Tay, Aberdeen is the cynosure of all neighbouring eyes, except it be a few near Inverness. But yet, when the provincialist comes to his respective capital, watch him as you will, he will not say any thing admiring of it, unless perhaps there be an Englishman in company. They compare every thing disparagingly with the green hills and shining streams, upon which they have been accustomed to look at home. Nay, the country folk will tell you that they perceive the air of the town as soon as they come within a mile or two of it, and are like to die of suffocation till they get out of it again. Every thing, they say, in the way of food, is inferior there, not being raised from the natural pith of the earth, but from wretched chemical forcings; the big buildings are only *big*; all the gentlemen are lawyers, that suck honest men's blood; and the more common-looking people are pickpockets. In fact, all the time that an honest countryman is in town, he is in a state of mingled scorn, terror, and distrust. He walks about the pavement (which hurts his feet dreadfully, because of its wanting the agreeable roughness and tenacity of a country road), glaring with an inapt, foreign, curious look at every window and sign, and evidently labouring under an idea that scores of people are hovering around him in all directions, to play him some mischief, if they can but catch him off his guard. He complains terribly of the distance from one friend's residence to another, as if he were not accustomed to go three times the diameter of the town occasionally to see a neighbour. And whether he "stays" in a hotel, or "puts up" in a humble inn, it is all one—he is in a perfect agony to be gone. He only takes care first to buy a shawl for his wife, and a few mimic guns, fiddles, and picture-books, for his children—"for they always expect something," he affectionately remarks—and then back he flies to his rustic solitude.

It is curious, on the other hand, to remark the correspondingly strange notions of a city-immured person respecting the country. Almost all know a little of it—but only a little. If they know little, they care less. It is only about the month of July, that, for the first time in the year, you begin to hear the city folk talk of the country. They then suddenly pluck up a kind of tender interest in the welfare of that neglected part of the world—something akin to the concern which one has about a woman about to add to the numbers of the human race. They begin to be anxious

about the harvest, upon which they know (for they do know this much) a great deal of their own comfort for the next year depends. You then hear one person say to another, as they pause to shake hands on the street, "Capital weather this for the country!—The wheat must be ripening very fast." Or else, if three people meet under some shelter to shun a shower, it is—"Very severe plump this—very good, though, for the country—shower much wanted." About this time, indeed, the town people become quite magnanimous in the cause of the country. If they only can convince themselves that a shower will do any good elsewhere, they will endure bucketfuls on their own persons with the greatest fortitude and patience. The agricultural interest is not at all aware of the real depth of concern which the commercial world takes in their business at this time—what kind inquiries are made after the prospects of the season—what fond wishes are breathed for propitious weather—what anxiety is expressed about the progress of the harvest! If any man has been a few miles out of town, and can tell something of the appearance of the fields, the hum at a dinner-party subsides in order to hear what he is saying. A gentleman across the table, respecting what he has seen out of doors. "A field of barley cut down, sir, last Wednesday, at Ceres, in Fife [most appropriate locality for such a wonder]—the first of the season—reaping expected to be very general next week. All owing to the fine weather in May. Farmers say they have not known a heavier crop since the ninety-six. New oats are expected at Dalkeith market on Thursday." And then every man eats his dinner with a gratulatory relish, springing from the assurance that "things are all well in the country." Even among humble artisans, who hardly ever see ten inches of blue sky, an interest of a most profound character is felt respecting the harvest; and it is amazing how well they are acquainted with the technical provincial phrases appropriate to the subject. The measure and price of meal is to them a matter of the keenest and most immediate interest; and they are political economists enough to know how intimately that matter is connected with the appearance of the fields in July. It is amusing, sometimes, about seven o'clock on a summer morning, to see perhaps a couple of old red-cowled men—shoemakers, perhaps, or small shopkeepers—taking a stroll with their hands in their pockets under their aprons, about three hundred yards out of town, where, amidst the villas of the suburbs, there may flourish a mere remnant of a field covered with growing barley;—they inspect this with a calculating air, and have their own unprofessional remarks on its appearance. And then they come back to town, and talk for a week about the crops. Or on a summer Sunday evening, when all the fashionable, and even what is called the respectable world, keeps haughtily within doors, how delightful it is to see the honest mechanic taking a stroll in some of the highways or byeways a little way out of town, along with his wife and perhaps one or two of his children! His clothes are decent, though perhaps deficient in *expression*, and still marked with the creases incurred in their ordinary-day sinecurism. He probably carries his youngest child in his arms, while the wife sails on broad and large in a red shawl in front, attended by a few walking youngsters—who are ever and anon asking her questions about some rural object that strikes their eyes for the first time. It is about six o'clock; and though the house is deserted and locked up, the kettle has been left very near the smothered fire, so as to be ready, when they return, for the infusion of the tea, which is destined to conclude the day's humble and well-earned enjoyments. As he moves along, with his arms clasped

close round his little one, and the back of his coat swinging loose and free of his back, he prattles with his straggling family group about all the cows, and the horses, and the farm-yards, they come in sight of; and ever and anon he takes an interested and knowing look at the oat fields, as if he saw in them the shadow of his coming pottage, and wondered what meal would cost next year per peck. If the weather be clear, with the sun shining over-head, then he rejoices, for two reasons—it is pleasant for a walk, and it promises to "do good to the country." If a shower comes on, it discomposes him and his family not a little, and drives them, a little dragged perhaps, into the next public-house; yet he suffers all with a good grace and a resigned heart—"it may perhaps be of service to the country." If in passing along he sees a boy intruding upon a field of grain, for the purpose of plucking and bruising a few ears, he cries to him in an authoritative tone of voice, to come out of "the victual;" this last phrase being the one which he is disposed to apply to grain, when he wants to treat it with more than usual respect. Whenever the group comes to a place where the enclosing fences are somewhat lofty, then has he to lift up his children one by one, that they may look over and see what they can see. The wife occasionally asks questions about the neighbouring seats, and, in talking of these unusual matters, a style of speech steals unconsciously upon the worthy couple, which is considerably different in tone and language from what they use at home on the week-days. They feel somewhat like civil strangers, in a higher rank of life, explaining things to each other in an urbane and genteel kind of manner; and it is not till they reach home, and recommence household realities, that they become exactly as familiar as they usually are with each other.

It is the most ridiculous thing in the world to institute invidious comparisons between the country and the town, or to say that the balance of advantage lies on either side. Cowper's celebrated line is a fallacy.* Much of both the country and the town is the creation of the Almighty, and much of both is the creation, in a certain sense, of man. The fields are rendered by man very different from what they were originally; and though his handiwork is more observable in the city, still there is only a difference in degree. The institutions of social life prevail in both town and country; and though there is perhaps more sophistication in the latter, still that too is only a difference in degree. If we concede that social life was intended as the proper condition of man, we must allow that the clustering of certain of the race in cities must have been as expressly contemplated from the first, as the dispersion of others over the face of nature—for the existence of masses of population is a necessary consequence of social life. In this, as in every thing else, man has his choice. If he prefers the air and sights of the sweet-breathed country to the conventional conveniences of a city, he is right for himself and for his kind. If he prefers these conventional conveniences, at the expense of some of the said air and sights, then he is right too. For by either way the general good is advanced. In short, we would like to see all sorts of people removed above inconsiderate prejudices respecting the lot and choice of their neighbours. Even to wonder how another man lives, wanting the things which *you* appreciate in your own destiny, shows an absence of proper reflection, and would be as well avoided. No man can know what happiness there is in the condition of his fellow-men, unless he put himself into the same situation. Then

* "God made the country, but man made the town."

he is apt to find, that, in the sphere and caste where he formerly thought there was nothing but unmingled misery, there exist many unseen comforts and blessings, which redeem its outward aspect.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.—No. III.

THAT there are likings and dislikings among the inanimate particles of matter, may appear strange, yet, nevertheless, it is true. Boys like the amusements of a holiday better than their school tasks, plum-pudding better than porridge; and some one of their companions they will keep company with, play with, and fight for, in preference to all the others. Men have their likings and dislikings, too, and women no less so; in short, this is one of the universal laws of nature. Now, there are several ways in which matter shows this fellowship, and these have been distinguished as different kinds of attraction. Thus, if a stone is thrown up into the air, it immediately descends again to the earth; if it is taken up the slope of a high mountain, and allowed its own liberty, it will immediately roll down into the lowest part of the plain; in fact, it has a tendency or inclination always to draw as near as possible to the earth's centre. And this is the case with all bodies or masses of matter on the surface of the globe; they are continually subject to a law which draws them to the earth's centre. Thus, too, the earth itself, and the other planets, are drawn in a circle round the great centre of attraction and gravity, the sun. If you take two small thin cut pieces of cork, and place them on the surface of a glass of water, you will find, that, whenever they are put within an inch or half an inch of each other, they will rush together, and adhere or stick so that we may lead about both by dragging one forward with the point of a pin; this shows you that this kind of attraction acts when the substances are at a distance. There is another kind of attraction called *cohesive*. Thus, if you take two small drops or globules of quicksilver, and place them on a smooth piece of paper or table, so that they touch each other, they will immediately join, and become one; but if you take one globule of the same, and a small bit of iron or steel, and put them in the same way in contact, they will not adhere together. Two drops of water on a cabbage-leaf will readily run into each other, and become one; but a drop of water and a drop of oil will refuse to do so. This cohesive attraction, then, takes place only among the particles of the same body, and it is by this law that masses of stone, or iron, or mercury, or water, always keep together. It is by this law, too, that the particles of bodies arrange themselves in those beautiful forms called crystals. Thus, if as much sugar be put into boiling water as it will dissolve, and if the boiling be continued for some time, and then the vessel with its contents laid aside to cool slowly, the particles of the sugar will arrange themselves into forms all of one particular shape, and produce the well-known substance sugar-candy, or crystals of sugar. Our table-salt is also an instance of crystallization, and alum and Epsom salts are examples of the same. We often see in a severe frost in winter the window-panes beautifully ornamented with tree-like figures; this is the moisture or water in the air which has been slowly frozen, and which has thus assumed various figures as its crystals were successively formed. An elegant specimen of crystallization may also be made in the following manner:—Take a common phial with a pretty wide mouth, and put into it about a drachm of sugar of lead (acetate of lead); fill up the phial with water, and shake it to dissolve the powder; then take a small piece of the metal zinc, to be got at any copper-smith's shop; tie a thread round it, the ends of which are to be drawn through a hole made in the cork, so as to suspend the zinc in the phial about an inch from the top; lay the phial aside; and in the course of a few hours a substance like metallic leaves will be found hanging in clusters from the zinc. These leaves are the crystals of lead which have been separated from the acid, which acid has combined with the zinc, for which it had a greater liking or affinity. And this leads us to speak of a third kind of attraction, called chemical affinity. When certain bodies are brought close to each other, or mixed, a chemical action takes place—they unite, but in doing so a substance is formed different from either of the originals. All bodies, however, will not thus mix together; and sometimes when two refuse to unite, on the introduction of a third they will all join in cordial union. Thus, if you take a little oil and a little water, and shake them together in a glass, they will not combine; the mixture, it is true, will get turbid, but on laying it aside for a few minutes, the oil will be found floating above, and the water lying sullenly below; but if to these substances thus in the sulks you add a few drops of strong ammonia, or a little soda or potash, and then shake them, the whole will form a white thickish mixture, which will be in fact a liquid soap. Before this law of chemical attraction acts, it is necessary that the substances should be brought close together; and thus it is different from the attraction of gravity, which, as

We have seen, acts at a distance, and when bodies are far asunder. Nay, it is not only necessary that they should be in close contact, but in many cases very close, or rubbed hard together. Thus, if you take a small quantity of flour of sulphur, and an equal portion of chlorate of potash (a few grains of each), and simply mix them together, no action or union takes place; but if you put these into a mortar, and rub them smartly with the pestle (taking care to have the hand protected with a glove), they will explode with a crackling noise; here the friction has brought the particles of each into close contact. In order that chemical action may take place, it is also in most cases necessary that one or both of the substances be fluid. Thus, if you mix a little of the powder of nitre and flour of sulphur, no change or mixture ensues; but if you melt the nitre over the fire, and then add the sulphur, a bright flame is instantly produced. If from a box of common soda-water powders you take a paper of the blue and a paper of the white kind, and mix them, while dry there is no action; but if you throw this mixture into a glass of water, a violent effervescence takes place. Here both substances become liquid, and the acid of the one powder combines with the soda of the other, while the fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, is set at liberty, and causes the numerous air-bubbles. Heat also very much assists chemical action: many substances that will not mix in cold water readily combine when the water is made to boil. If you take a glass flask, and put into it an ounce of spirit of wine, and a third of an ounce of aquafortis (nitric acid), weakened with two-thirds of water, nothing will take place; but, on applying the slight heat of a spirit lamp below, a gas or air will be disengaged, which will take fire on the approach of a lighted candle. On putting the flask into cold water, the action is stopped; on applying heat again, it is renewed. But perhaps the most singular circumstance connected with chemical attraction is the fact alluded to at the commencement of this subject, that certain bodies have such a strong affinity or inclination for each other, that they will rush together and unite under every favourable circumstance; nay, that some individual matters will cleave to each other, though both at the time are in intimate union with other substances. Thus, in the case of the soda powders above alluded to, in one powder we have two substances, soda and carbonic acid, which have a strong affinity for each other, and in ordinary circumstances remain combined together apparently the best of friends; but no sooner does the soda meet with the tartaric acid of the other powder, than it instantly leaves the carbonic, and unites with the tartaric, for which it has a stronger affinity. Changes of this kind can be illustrated, in many substances, half a dozen of times in succession. Thus, sulphuric acid readily combines with ammonia or hartshorn; if you add a little lime, it flies to this, and leaves the ammonia; add soda, and it leaves the lime; potash, and it leaves the soda; strontia, and it leaves the potash; and, in preference to all, if the earth baryta be added, it will cleave to this. If you add two or three compound substances of different properties, you have then a regular country dance of it, cross hands and up the middle, hubbub and confusion prevail, till at last a complete change of partners takes place, and every substance will be found in the end closely joined to that which it likes best. The investigation of these changes, these likings and rejections, constitutes the great charm of chemistry, and it also constitutes its great and important use in the arts. By knowing these affinities of bodies, one can frequently obtain out of a useless mixture some valuable substance; by combining two useless substances, a third of great importance may be obtained; by simply putting in a few drops of a certain substance into a mass of others, one can distinguish the nature of some or all the substances of the mixture hitherto unknown; in short, the improvements in the arts, in every thing that regards the comfort, and elegance, and health of modern civilization, has mainly depended on the perfection of these chemical discoveries. We have still another circumstance to mention with regard to the union of bodies. Some unite apparently in any proportion in which they happen to come together, while others will only unite in certain fixed quantities. Thus, if you have a phial, containing a quantity of water, you may drop a few drops of sulphuric acid into this, and it will readily diffuse itself through the whole, and impart its peculiar acid taste; you may still continue to drop in more of the acid, and still the water will unite with it, and become stronger and stronger; in fact, there is no limit to their mixture. But if you take the same quantity of water, and put into it a small quantity of table-salt, a certain portion of this salt will be readily dissolved, until you come to a point where the water will take up no more; the excess falls to the bottom untouched or unaltered. All salts, and indeed all substances (with the exception of fluids just mentioned, and in these, circumstances may prevent the rule from being apparent), seem to have certain proportions in which they unite with each other, and which proportions they never vary. It is from these innumerable combinations in various measures and degrees, that all the vast variety of substances on the earth are formed; and however numerous and different in their properties these may be, yet, as has been shown in No. I., all are compounded out of some two or more of fifty-four simple or elementary bodies existing in nature. Thousands of

chemical changes are continually going on around us, bringing about a never-ending change on the face of all things; so that the earth is one vast chemical laboratory, where operations of the most stupendous magnitude are daily performing.

Thus, a continual distillation takes place from the sea, and fresh water is separated from its salts, which, descending in rain, feeds vegetation, and affords springs and rivers for the benefit of man and animals. Then the vegetable world extracts the salts of the earth, and combines the air of the atmosphere with their juices, affording food for myriads of animals. The superfluous vegetation decays, or is decomposed into earth and air, affording a soil and juice for the growth of other plants; and man and animals, after having performed their allotted part, are also reduced by a chemical change into their parent dust. If we add to this the decomposition of wood, and coals, which have once been wood, by burning in the fire, whereby their ingredients are changed, but not a particle of them lost, we shall complete the circle of changes and transformations which are daily and hourly going on in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, where, although much appears to be wasted and dissipated, yet such is the accurate and careful details of nature, that it is highly probable the whole sum of matter composing the earth is neither one grain more nor one grain less than what it was at the period when it first came forth from the forming hands of an Omnipotent Creator.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

"MAYHAP you didn't know Sam, one of the worstiest tars that ever handled a marlin-spike, or took his trick at the helm. Many's the time we have spun our yarns together, shared each other's 'baeca, or fought at the same gun; and tell me what can bind the ties of kindred stronger?"

One day (shortly after the mutiny at Spithead) we were cruising off Brest, and it came on to blow a stiff breeze from the north-west; so the hands were turned up to reef topsails. Now, we had always been considered the smartest ship in the fleet, and the topmen prided themselves on beating every one else, so they were at all times eager to get to their stations. Sam, in hurrying up the hatchway, happened to come in contact with a young midshipman that had scarce ever dipped his hands in salt water, or bit the mark out of a king's biscuit, and nearly capsized him. It warn't done intentionally; but the small officer, without hesitation, struck him a blow; and though it didn't hurt him much, yet his feelings were wounded, and that to Sam was worse than a broken limb. However, no time could be spared for parleying, for the gale was freshening; so he turned to the young gentleman, gave him a look of stern reproach, and shinned away aloft like a sky-rocket. Well, d'ye see, after shortening sail, and the watch called, Sam was ordered aft on the quarter-deck; for the midshipman, not content with striking him, had also complained to the first lieutenant (who had only joined us a few days before), charging him with mutinous conduct and insolence. "Indeed, sir," said Sam, "I couldn't help it—I didn't mean to offend Mr —: it was all accidental, and I'm sorry for it." "What do you say to that, Mr —?" said the lieutenant. "It was not an accident, sir," replied the midshipman, "but designedly done, for I saw him afterwards turn round and grin at me." "Grin! no, sir, I didn't grin. I certainly looked round, when Mr — here he paused, too proud to mention the blow—"but let it rest, let it rest." "No, my man," rejoined the lieutenant, "I shall not let it rest: the dregs of a mutinous spirit are still operating among you. Here, boatswain's mate, get a rope's-end, and give this fellow a starting." "That's hard, sir," said Sam: "I've always done my duty, and every officer in the ship would answer for me." "Silence, sir! not a word. Boatswain's mate, do your duty." But the poor fellow, who was a messmate of Sam's, fumbled so long, that the lieutenant gave him a rap on the head to freshen his way. By this time the men gathered round the gang-ways, and along the lee side of the deck, all wondering what was the matter; for they knew their shipmate to be the most peaceable obliging man on board, and the best seaman to boot; so whispers ran along, and doubtful looks, as if every one tried to read the other's thoughts. "Do your duty, boatswain's mate!" bellowed the lieutenant. Jack Hawser raised his arm, looked at his messmate (who stood firm as a rock, without betraying a single emotion of fear), and then dropped it again with an expressive shake of the head. The lieutenant now got into a violent passion, and, seizing the end of the top-gallant clew-line, laid it across Jack's shoulders. Again the rope's-end was raised; and Sam, seeing how matters stood, mildly told his messmate "to obey orders, and do his duty." "Lay it on!" roared the officer, observing Jack again hesitate; "lay it on the scoundrel; you're a set of mutinous dogs altogether." Jack was about to give the blow, impelled by the pain from the lieutenant's stripes, when, observing the calm, composed, yet pitying look of his messmate, he dashed the rope's-end on the deck, and, turning to the officer, exclaimed, "If I do, I'll be hanged." At this moment loud murmurs were heard amongst the men, who came pressing farther aft; but fortunately the next minute the captain walked out of his cabin, and finding the first lieutenant belabouring the boatswain's

mate, while the determined countenances of the crew threatened tumult, "Avast, avast, sir," he cried out, "what is all this? I'm sorry to see you in so degrading an office, sir. Pray, what has caused all this violence?" The ship's company were eagerly crowding on the quarter-deck; but their clamour immediately subsided when they heard the captain's voice. "Sir," replied the officer rather haughtily, "these men are mutinous;" loud murmurings arose among the people. "Silence, my men," thundered out the captain, erecting himself in the attitude of one determined to be obeyed: "the first I hear utter a word shall be instantly put in irons: if you are injured, I am here to do you justice." Then, turning to the officer, "Be more guarded in your expressions, sir, and let me know as briefly as possible what has occasioned this commotion." "This young gentleman, sir, brought me a complaint against one of the men, for wilfully running upon him so as nearly to knock him down, and for using insolent language." "Where is the man?" "Here, sir," pointing to Sam. "Who, this—the man? why—but I must hear farther." So he questioned him about it, and Sam explained what had taken place, which was proved by the evidence of all who had witnessed the transaction. "But why, sir," addressing the lieutenant, "were you starting the boatswain's mate?" "Because, sir, he would not execute my orders, in punishing the man." "There he was wrong, for obedience in a seaman is the first test of duty. I honour him for his humanity and noble feeling, but he has my censure for disobedience of orders; however, as he has already suffered chastisement, I shall say no more. As for this man, sir," pointing to Sam, "I only wish that you, sir—yes, you—possessed a heart equally brave and honourable. This man, whom you have stigmatised, and would have punished unjustly, preserved this ship and the lives of her officers during the late insurrection at Spithead. 'Tis true, for the time being, the captain was deprived of his command, and this man elected by the delegates instead; but such was his excellent conduct in restraining the seamen from acts of violence, or even trivial insult, that the duty was carried on by the officers with the same attention as before; only, in one thing they were all determined, not to lift an anchor till their grievances were redressed; and perhaps—but that has been settled. Now, attend, sir, to what I am going to say: while the pendant is waving over our heads, bear in remembrance that I am captain of my own ship, nor will I suffer a hand to be raised against any of the people, unless through my directions." Some of the men began to cheer. "Silence, fore and aft, men; these cheers are disgusting to me, and I am highly displeased with your conduct. Have you ever found me regardless of your comforts or privileges, that you should thus assemble tumultuously together? But there are some among you on whom I shall have a bright eye, and therefore recommend them to keep a sharp look-out. Call the watch, boatswain's mate, and send the rest below."

As the calm frequently follows the tempest while the long-rolling waves are yet violently agitated, though the howling of the gale has ceased, so did the turbulence of the seamen subside, and, slowly quitting the deck, they scarcely raised their heads to look their commander in the face. Sam still stood by the "Jacob's ladder," and after the captain had taken a few turns, he stopped before him. "As for you, my man," said he, "your attachment to your king and country in the hour of peril has not been forgotten; continue in the conscientious discharge of your duty, and no one here shall harm you; nay, more, when we return into port, I shall use my interest in getting you promoted." "God bless your honour," replied Sam; "I hope your honour don't want to get rid of me: I'd rather sail with you, sir, than be made a lord." "Well, well," returned the captain, "go to your duty now; we'll speak about it another time."

A few weeks after this the fleet put in to Torbay to water, and all the boats were busily engaged in going to and from the shore, while many of the officers made short excursions into the country. During this period the first lieutenant did not forget Sam, for, being left in command, he harassed him incessantly; but the poor fellow scorned to shrink, or even complain. He was a married man, too, and his wife (who resided with her parents between Torbay and Plymouth), not having seen him since the mutiny came alongside in a shore-boat, expecting to have an interview; but the commanding officer would not suffer her to come on board, alleging an order to that effect, which excluded women from the ship; so that poor Sam had only the cheerless satisfaction of passing a few minutes with her in the boat, vainly endeavouring to soften her anguish, and soothe her disappointment. All hands exclaimed loudly against this tyranny, and would most probably have proceeded to open resistance; but they remembered the late rebuke of their captain, and the remonstrances of Sam himself restrained them from open violence.

Well, d'ye see, we sailed again, and cruised to the westward in the chops of the Channel. One evening, just about dusk, blowing very hard, we sprung our bowsprit, and the first lieutenant came out upon it to see the extent of the injury. At this moment a cry was heard on the fore-castle, "A man overboard, a man overboard!" but the gale was so strong, that it could not be heard aft. Sam, however, who was standing on the lee gangway, caught the sound; and, repeating it as loud as possible, sprang upon the ham-

mock-nettings. The ship had very little way through the water; and every soul on deck crowded to the same spot, with the ends of ropes and other things to throw to the unfortunate swimmer; but he was nowhere to be seen. "Where is he?" exclaimed the captain, jumping by the side of Sam: "lower the quarter-boat down. Can you discern any thing of him?" Sam was silent; but his keen eye seemed resting on a particular eddy in the sea. "Where is the first lieutenant?" continued the captain; "why is he not aft here?" "Tis Mr L—— that's overboard, sir," cried a dozen voices at once. "I see him, sir," said Sam, starting from that fixed attitude he had maintained; "I see him!" and instantly dashed into the waves. The dark body of the lieutenant was now plainly visible, as it emerged from the deep, and lay for a moment inanimate upon the white foam of the billows, while Sam, with his sinewy arms, was cleaving the liquid element, and throwing aside the spray. Before, however, he could reach the officer, the body began gradually to settle down again, and, when he reached the spot, was no longer to be seen. Breathless expectation sat on every countenance (for though all hands disliked him, yet sailors forget animosities in a time of trouble); but what was their surprise—what was their horror—when the brave fellow, who had so gallantly risked his life to rescue his bitterest foe, disappeared in an instant! The ship had now forged considerably ahead, and, owing to the confusion occasioned by the accident, the boat was some time in lowering down; but at last they shoved off, while every eye was anxiously strained in the direction where Sam and the lieutenant had last appeared. The heavy wave rolled on unburdened, displaying its lofty top, as if in triumph, crested with sparkling foam. "There he is!" exclaimed the captain, as the struggling seaman rose upon the hollow of the swell: "pull to starboard in the boat, and stretch out, my lads—stretch out." This latter was delivered through the speaking-trumpet;—the officer heard it—waved his hat, and, catching sight of Sam himself, steered directly for the spot. Hope glowed in every breast at the prospect of his deliverance; but transient was its ray. A mountain wave came curling its monstrous head, threatening destruction to the gallant little crew: it caught the boat, nearly filling her with water, and drove them past their object. Darkness now obscured them from our view; though now and then we could just discern amidst the gloom a black speck, as it rode on the top of the billow. Another boat was immediately manned; lights were hoisted, and false fires burned; but nearly an hour elapsed, and no cutters returned. The captain paced the poop in violent agitation, frequently stopping to make inquiries, and to look himself. At last, "Here's a boat upon the weather quarter," exclaimed a little midshipman; and immediately added, "There's two, sir—there's two—only look, there they both are! Hurrah, my lads: thank God! they're safe." In a few minutes more they rowed alongside. "Hand over a rope's end," cried the officer in the headmost boat, which was the first that had been sent away. The rope's end was handed over. "Some one must be hurt," said the humane surgeon, who stood ready to render his assistance. "I imagine so," returned the captain, "for I fear the poor fellow is lost. As for Mr L——, there cannot be the faintest hope: he has perished without doubt." While this conversation was passing, the men were occupied in carefully raising some one up the side; and just as the captain had finished his sentence, an apparently lifeless body was lifted over the gangway. "Tis Mr L——," shouted the surgeon; "tis my poor messmate!" and instantly sprang forward to assist in carrying him below. "Have you saved the man?" inquired the captain; but before his question could be answered, Sam appeared upon the deck. He staggered through exhaustion towards the captain, and fell senseless at his feet. "Carry this brave fellow into my cabin directly," cried the captain, raising him in his arms, "and send the surgeon's assistant here immediately." "I am here, sir," replied the young man; and, following them into the cabin, poor Sam was after some time recovered. The first lieutenant had been conveyed to the ward-room, and every exertion used for two hours, without showing the least symptoms of returning animation: at the expiration of that time his pulse returned; and in another hour he uttered some incoherent words, and sunk into a deep sleep.

Sam told his tale. When he first disappeared, finding he had missed his object, and trusting to his skill, he dived after the sinking officer. Catching him by the hair, he brought him to the surface; but the lieutenant was senseless, and Sam was compelled to let him go. Again he dived, and again brought him up, when the boat missed them, till, almost exhausted, his strength began to fail, and both were settling fast. Once more Sam quitted his hold, but he determined, as help seemed to be at hand, to make one desperate struggle. He again dived, and writhed his hand in the officer's hair. The effort was too much; and despair even of his own life darted upon Sam's mind—when, at this moment—at this very moment—before he had raised his head above the water, he felt his arm firmly grasped, and the next was hauled up to the bows of the boat, one of the men having thrown himself over for this purpose, while another held fast by his foot.

What need of saying more? Sam was made a boatswain, and now lays up in ordinary in Chatham river;

while Mr L—— learned to temper "mercy with judgment," and became one of the best and most humane officers in the British navy.*

TRADITIONS OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH.

[From Reekiana, by R. Chambers.]

CRIMINALS, notwithstanding every consideration of the meanness which characterises some crimes, and the wickedness and cruelty of others, are an interesting portion of mankind. The interest respecting them is not confined to the young ladies, who conceive that "the youth in his cart has the air of a lord," and

— "cry, there dies an Adonis."

It is felt by all mankind. The reasons are, that criminals become distinguished and notable above their fellow-creatures—singled out, as it were, and placed in a conspicuous flock, with a pale around them, which the ordinary people of the world will not, dare not overleap. They are interesting, often, on account of their courage—on account of their having dared something which we timorously and anxiously avoid. A murderer or a robber is quite as remarkable a person, for this reason, as a soldier who has braved some flesh-shaking danger. He must have given way to some excessive passion; and all who have ever been transported beyond the bounds of reason by the violence of any passion whatever, generally gain the wonder, if not the admiration, of the rest of the species. Among the inmates of the Old Tolbooth, some of whom had inhabited it for many years, there were preserved a few legendary particulars respecting criminals of distinction, who had formerly been within its walls.

One of the most distinguished traits in the character of the Old Tolbooth was, that it had no power of retention over people of quality. It had something like that faculty which Falstaff attributes to the lion and himself—of knowing men who ought to be respected on account of their rank. Almost every criminal of more than the ordinary rank ever yet confined in it, somehow or other contrived to get free. An insane peer, who, about the time of the Union, assassinated a schoolmaster that had married a girl to whom he had paid improper addresses, escaped while under sentence of death. I am uncertain whether the following curious fact, related to me some years ago by Sir Walter Scott, refers to that nobleman, or to some other titled offender. It was contrived that the prisoner should be conveyed out of the Tolbooth in a trunk, and carried by a porter to Leith, where some sailors were to be ready with a boat to take him aboard a vessel about to leave Scotland. The plot succeeded so far as the escape from jail was concerned, but was knocked on the head by an unlucky and most ridiculous accident. It so happened that the porter, in arranging the trunk upon his back, placed the end which corresponded with the feet of the prisoner uppermost. The head of the unfortunate nobleman was therefore pressed against the lower end of the box, and had to sustain the weight of the whole body. The posture was the most uneasy imaginable. Yet life was preferable to ease. He permitted himself to be taken away. The porter trudged along the Krames with the trunk, quite unconscious of its contents, and soon reached the High Street, which he also traversed. On gaining the Netherbow, he met an acquaintance, who asked him where he was going with that large burden. To Leith, was the answer. The other inquired if the job was good enough to afford a potation before proceeding farther upon so long a journey. This being replied to in the affirmative, and the carrier of the box feeling in his throat the philosophy of his friend's inquiry, it was agreed that they should adjourn to a neighbouring tavern. Meanwhile, the third party, whose inclinations had not been consulted in this arrangement, felt in his neck the agony of ten thousand decapitations, and almost wished that it were at once well over with him in the Grassmarket. But his agonies were not destined to be of long duration. The porter, in depositing him upon the causeway, happened to make the end of the trunk come down with such precipitation, that, unable to bear it any longer, the prisoner fairly roared out, and immediately after fainted. The consternation of the porter, on hearing a noise from his burden, was of course excessive; but he soon acquired presence of mind enough to conceive the occasion. He proceeded to unloose and to burst open the trunk, when the hapless nobleman was discovered in a state of insensibility; as a crowd collected immediately, and the city-guard were not long in coming forward, there was of course no further chance of escape. The prisoner did not eventually recover from his swoon till he had been safely deposited in his old quarters; but, if I recollect rightly, he eventually escaped in another way.

In two very extraordinary instances, an escape from justice has, strange as it may appear, been effected by means of the Old Tolbooth. At the discovery of the Rye-house Plot, in the reign of Charles the Second, the notorious Robert Ferguson, usually styled "the Plotter," was searched for in Edinburgh, with a view to his being subjected, if possible, to the extreme vengeance of the law. It being known almost certainly that he was in town, the authorities shut the gates, and calculated securely upon having him safe within their toils. The Plotter, however, by an expedient

* Abridged from "Greenwich Hospital, a Series of Naval Sketches," Robins, London. 1826.

worthy of his ingenious character, escaped by taking refuge in the Old Tolbooth. A friend of his happened to be confined there at the time, and was able to afford protection and concealment to Fergusson, who, at his leisure, came abroad, and betook himself to a still safer shelter in the Continent. The same device was practised in 1746, by a gentleman who had been concerned in the rebellion, and for whom a hot search had been carried on in the Highlands.

The case of Katherine Nairne, in 1766, excited, in no small degree, the attention of the Scottish public. This lady was allied, both by blood and marriage, to some highly respectable families. Her crime was the double one of poisoning her husband, and having an intrigue with his brother, who was her associate in the murder. On her arrival at Leith in an open boat, her whole bearing betrayed so much levity, or was so different from what had been expected, that the mob raised a general cry of indignation, and were on the point of stoning her, when she was with some difficulty rescued from their hands by the public authorities. In this case the Old Tolbooth found itself, as usual, incapable of retaining a culprit of condition. Sentence had been delayed by the judges on account of her pregnancy. The midwife employed at her accouchement (who continued to practise in Edinburgh so lately as the year 1805) had the address to achieve a jail-delivery also. For three or four days previous to that concerted for the escape, she pretended to be afflicted with a prodigious toothach; went out and in with her head enveloped in shawls and flannels; and groaned as if she had been about to give up the ghost. At length, when all the janitory officials were become so habituated to her appearance, as not very much to heed her exits and her entrances, Katherine Nairne one evening came down in her stead, with her head wrapped all round with the shawls, uttering the usual groans, and holding down her face upon her hands, as with agony, in the precise way customary with the midwife. The inner doorkeeper, not quite unconscious, it is supposed, of the trick, gave her a hearty thump upon the back as she passed out, calling her at the same time a howling old Jezebel, and wishing she would never come back to annoy his ears, and those of the other inmates, in such an intolerable way. There are two reports of the proceedings of Katherine Nairne after leaving the prison. One bears that she immediately left the town in a coach, to which she was handed by a friend stationed on purpose. The coachman, it is said, had orders from her relations, in the event of a pursuit, to drive into the sea, that she might drown herself—a fate which, however dreadful, was considered preferable to the ignominy of a public execution. The other story runs, that she went up the Lawnmarket to the Castlehill, where lived Mr —, a respectable advocate, from whom, as he was her cousin, she expected to receive protection. Being ignorant of the town, she mistook the proper house, and, what was certainly remarkable, applied at that of the crown agent, who was assuredly the last man in the world that could have done her any service. As good luck would have it, she was not recognised by the servant, who civilly directed her to her cousin's house, where it is said she remained concealed many weeks. Her future life, it has been reported, was virtuous and fortunate. She was married to a French gentleman, was the mother of a large and respectable family, and died at a good old age. Meanwhile, Patrick Ogilvie, her associate in the dark crime which threw a shade over her younger years, suffered in the Grassmarket. This gentleman, who had been a lieutenant in the — regiment, was so much beloved by his fellow-soldiers, who happened to be stationed at that time in Edinburgh Castle, that the public authorities judged it necessary to shut them up in that fortress till the execution was over, lest they might have attempted a rescue.

The Old Tolbooth was the scene of the suicide of Mungo Campbell, while under sentence of death (1770) for shooting the Earl of Eglintoun. In the district where this memorable event took place, it is somewhat remarkable that the fate of the murderer was more generally lamented than that of the murdered person. Campbell, though what was called "a graceless man," and therefore not much esteemed, was rather popular in his profession of exciseman, on account of his rough, honourable spirit, and his lenity in the matter of smuggling. Lord Eglintoun, on the contrary, was not liked, on account of the inconvenience which he occasioned to many of his tenants by newfangled improvements, and his introduction into the country of a generally abhorred article, denominated *rye-grass*, which was fully as unpopular a measure as the bringing in of Prelacy had been a century before. Lord Eglintoun was in the habit of taking strange crotchets about his farms—crotchets quite at variance with the old-established prejudices of his tenantry. He sometimes tried to rouse the old-fashioned farmers of Kyle from their negligence and supineness, by removing them to other farms, or causing two to exchange their possessions, in order, as he jocularly alleged, to prevent their furniture from getting mouldy, by long standing in particular damp corners. Though his lordship's projects were all undertaken in the spirit of improvement, and though these migrations were doubtless salutary in a place where the people were then involved in much sloth and nastiness, still they were premature, and carried on with rather a harsh spirit. They therefore excited feelings in the country people not at all favourable to his character. These,

joined to the natural eagerness of the common people to exult over the fall of tyranny, and the puritanical spirit of the district, which disposed them to regard his lordship's peccadilloes as downright libertinism, altogether conspired against him, and tended to throw the glory and the pity of the occasion upon his lordship's slayer. Even Mungo's poaching was excused, as a more amiable failing than the excessive solicitude about the preservation of game, which had always been the unpopular mania of the Eglintoun family. Mungo Campbell was a man respectably connected, the son of a provost of Ayr, had been a dragoon in his youth, was eccentric in his manners, a bachelor, and was considered at Newmills, where he resided, as an austere and unsocial, but honourable and correct man. There can be no doubt that he rose on his elbows and fired at his lordship, who had additionally provoked him by bursting into a laugh at his awkward fall. The Old Tolbooth was supposed by many, at the time, to have had her usual failing in Mungo's case. The interest of the Argyle family was said to have been employed in his favour; and the body, which was found suspended over the door, instead of being his, was thought to be that of a dead soldier from the castle substituted in his place. His relations, however, who were very respectable people in Ayrshire, all acknowledged that he died by his own hand; and this was the general idea of the mob of Edinburgh, who, getting the body into their hands, trailed it down the street to the King's Park, and, inspired by different sentiments from those of the Ayrshire people, were not satisfied till they got it up to the top of Salisbury Crags, from which they precipitated it down the *Cat Nick*.

So ends our gossip respecting a building which has witnessed and contained the meetings of the Scottish Parliament in the romantic days of the Jameses—which held the first fixed court of law established in the country—which was looked to by the citizens in a rude age as a fortified place for defence against external danger to their lives and goods—which has immured in its gloomy walls persons of all kinds liable to law, from the gallant Montrose, and the faithful Guthrie and Argyle, down to the humblest malefactor in the modern style of crime—and which, finally, under the name of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, has been embalmed in the imperishable pages of the greatest fictitious writer our country has ever produced.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

To the enthusiastic lover of the vastness, the beauty, and variety of nature, few situations are capable of imparting the same delight which he feels when the winter he has passed amidst the sophisticated circles of fashionable society, and the narrow compass of the streets of a city, is over, and the earth, having once more donned her summer robe, invites him to go forth and contemplate its loveliness. It was in the blooming month of June that I turned my steps westward from the capital of Scotland, to visit several places celebrated for their beauty, which I had never seen. There is something in the view of new prospects, and in the treading on new ground, which has always had the most exhilarating effect on my mind; and I arrived at the end of my first day's journey in the best possible mood for enjoying the pleasure that awaited me. It was a clear, soft, balmy evening when I left the vehicle which had conveyed me from town, in order to prosecute on foot the remainder of the way to the place which was the present object of my travels, and where I intended to remain for some days, that I might have an opportunity of examining its works of complicated art, as well as its scenes of natural and picturesque beauty; there being in the place I was about to visit very extensive cotton-mills, whose site is at the bottom of a deep ravine, through which flows one of the principal rivers of Scotland. For the short distance of somewhat less than a mile, which I traversed before reaching the place of my destination, there were no very remarkable features in the country around to attract attention, or excite admiration, which was all in favour of the impression to be suddenly made, when the object of interest burst upon my view, and I beheld the vale through which the river winds, in all its luxuriance of beauty, lying at my feet, at a very considerable depth.

There I stood, in a perfect trance of delight, while I contemplated the circuitous paths which descend the banks in a perpetual zig-zag, and lead to the mills amidst trees of different kinds, whose foliage still retained the first bright and unsullied verdure of spring. The large masses of building, though constructed in straight and stiff lines, are prevented from appearing monotonous by their standing separately—by the manner of their disposition, the inequalities of the ground, and the scene of beauty in which they are embosomed, between the banks of the river, that are now precipitous, and now receding—in one place clothed with young plantations to the water's edge, and in another

studded with trees the growth of ages, and interspersed alternately with rugged rocks and green slopes. The view was indeed like that of a fairy land, which I almost imagined myself to be entering after having left the every-day world behind me. I have seldom visited large manufacturing establishments without revolting from the moral picture they exhibited, in the squalid misery, or the impress of reckless vice in the people; but here every thing accords with the first delightful impression that you are entering a favoured spot, enclosed and kept apart from the wickedness that reigns in the earth; for you behold nearly two thousand of your fellow-beings rescued from idleness, want, and vice, by means of the benevolent and wise regulations to which they are subjected, and the unremitting care taken to put those regulations in force. Here all are well instructed, and supplied not only with the necessities and decencies of life, while they are exempted, in as far as the nature of things admits, from its calamities, but also with many of its innocent recreations and enjoyments. Here health, order, neatness, and amity, prevail, while instances of depravity are exceedingly rare; and it enjoys the proud pre-eminence of being pronounced the place most free from crime of any in Scotland.

These peculiar features of this "happy valley," together with its contiguity to a domain of far-famed and almost unrivalled scenery, and the historical recollections of the adjacent country, which was in times long past the theatre of valiant and glorious deeds, naturally give an uncommon interest to every thing connected with it, and inspire or encourage in its visitors a certain imaginative temperament. It was thus that I felt myself daily impelled, during my stay within its romantic influence, to follow the river in its sinuous windings: to stand on the beetling precipices which overhang its leaping cataracts: to descend to its rocky caverns, and tread its tangled woods: and, above all, to question such persons as chance threw in my way, in the hope of finding some spot more certainly and more recently connected with the history of a human heart, than those spoken of in the vague legends of the olden time, and which might give to it the charm of association. For some days, I was disappointed in what, I am well aware, would be called by the generality of mankind a foolish fancy; but one evening, following a footpath into a thicket of birch and alder, I entered a small square space, round which a dilapidated hedge of mingled beech and thorn ran on three sides, and where from amidst the tall coarse grass peeped forth several low grave-stones scattered round a tomb, whose large flat surface gave it rather a more imposing appearance. On many of the smallest stones the letters were nearly obliterated, and on the rest they only signified the name and age of those they commemorated. The larger one was more communicative, for, beginning with that impressive entreaty, "Stop, traveller," after which we always expect to learn some tale of unusual interest, it went on to tell that its youthful tenant had been born in a distant part of England: that he had for a short period filled the place of schoolmaster at the manufactory: that he had gained the love and esteem of the people: and that, at the early age of eighteen, he had fallen from an overhanging cliff of the river into one of its deepest and darkest pools, out of which he was taken a lifeless corpse.

Just as I had finished reading the inscription, I heard a rustling noise among the bushes, and the careless whistle of a country lad, who presently passed along one side of the enclosure; and being anxious to learn of him why this little spot had been set apart for the purpose of sepulture, I was informed, that it was the burial-place of *strangers*. On my putting some questions to him relative to the young man on whose grave I was sitting, he pointed out to me one of the low head-stones near to it, as that of the unfortunate's mother, a widow woman, who, on hearing of the death of her only son, had travelled from England to learn the particulars of his sad fate, and to remain near his grave till she should herself occupy one by its side—which she soon took possession of, in this last abode of the stranger. How many affecting and melancholy ideas did this simple relation, and those magic words, *the stranger*, immediately conjure up! "Are we not all strangers in this poor pilgrim world?" said I. Why, then, are these mouldering remains separated from their kindred bones in the parish churchyard? Why are they outcasts from that common receptacle of mortality? Would the dust of the old inhabitants of the country be aggrieved by this intermixture? No, the sleep of the grave is too sound to be disturbed by the intrusion of strangers—it is the living dust alone that is thus punctilious. What is a stranger but a fellow-being launched like ourselves into this fleeting world—a brother of mortality, feeling like ourselves the same wants and wishes, joys and sorrows—one who has left a home that his heart yearns after with all its soothing of kindred affection, and its haunts of early days, and who vainly seeks in a strange land for something to fill the aching void created in his bosom! And the poor youth who lies beneath, and whose pulse no longer throbs with those recollections, toiled, perhaps, and studied on, in the fond hope of once more returning to cheer the heart of his widowed parent in his hallowed home, while she yet lived to bless him, little dreaming of the sad and sudden end that awaited him. His last sufferings were quickly over. But it was not thus with the mother. She too, had cherished the hope of his re-

turn; but he would come no more to cheer her solitary abode, to support her in her few remaining steps to the grave. The last solace of her life was gone, and, aged and destitute of worldly hope, she took her mournful journey, that she might hear his name repeated by those whose regard he had won—that she might contemplate the objects he had so lately looked upon—that she might spend the short time allotted to her near his early grave, and be undivided from him in death. Nor had she long, it appears, to wait, for the arrow had sped to her desolate heart. The wound was mortal beyond the healing balm of consolation, and she lies beside him in the burial-place of the stranger.

Thus it is with frail and helpless man, whose life is ever subject to the most calamitous changes—who cannot foresee a single event—who, when he begins his journey of life, knows not through what paths it is to lead him, or how, or where, or when, it is to terminate.*

SELF-APPRECIATION.

THE self-appreciation of all men is perhaps pretty much alike: the grand difference lies in the power of concealing it. In one point of view, he whom the world calls the vain man is only the most candid, while the person denominated modest is only so far a hypocrite. Nevertheless, as the intrusion of our self-appreciation before the eyes of others is to them disagreeable, it must be considered as a violation of the convenience of our fellow-creatures, which, like all similar annoyances, they are entitled to resent; and as it at the same time betrays a want of self-command, or of knowledge of the world, on the part of those manifesting it, mankind are equally justified in characterising it as either a defect in character or in conduct. Whatever, therefore, be the comparative simplicity of intentions in the vain man, his fault is one which it is for his advantage to combat, and, if possible, suppress.

When any man conceives that he possesses some peculiar mental qualification which should bring him to distinction in life, let him exert that property in every feasible way for the end he has in view. All kinds of doings are tolerated in such a person: he may write upon the loftiest theme in the world, or attempt a scientific project, which, if successful, would revolutionise the general affairs of mankind. One thing, however, he *must not do*: he must never breathe a word to a living creature, that could be interpreted into a confession of his own sense of superiority. To put forward the slightest verbal or written pretension to a merit which either has or has not yet been conceded by the voice of his fellow-creatures, shipwrecks him at once, by stamping him as "a vain man." Nay, if he so much as receives a compliment in a way not perfectly modest—if he treats it in the least as a matter of course, or as a thing which he thought he had reason to expect—if he do not, in fact, express a perpetual wonder at the honours that come upon him, and appear, all the time he is writing and fighting for praise, to be unconscious of there being any such thing in the world, he is equally sure to get this condemning reputation. The world will allow him to be as great a dissembler as he pleases, but it will not allow him to show the most distant symptom of self-esteem—an expressive enough proof of the leniency with which mankind often treat real vices, while simple weaknesses are punished without mercy.

It is a common remark, that modesty is always found in the same proportion as true greatness. And so it well may. When the literary society of Portsmouth came to pay their respects to Sir Walter Scott, then about to depart for Italy, and to make him an honorary member of their body, he expressed himself as oppressed with a compliment, to which "so humble an individual as he" had no pretension! Such, we have learned from one of the society, were nearly his exact words; and innumerable anecdotes of this eminent man could be adduced to the same effect. Now, with us the wonder would have been greater, if a man who received praise so abundantly and so readily, had continued to appear externally coy of it, or even in his heart received it with satisfaction. It was, in his case, water poured upon the drowned. The man from whom, in reality, modesty of this kind is least to be expected, is he, who, getting little spontaneous praise from his fellow-men, finds himself under the necessity of giving them a gentle hint now and then as to his pretensions, and thus ravishing what he cannot get by fair means. Such a man has no acquired reputation

to risk by his want of modesty, and thus one of the greatest checks is wanting. The backwardness of mankind makes him desperate, and, seeing that he cannot be worse than he is, he hesitates not to tell them that he is at least no inconsiderable person in his own eyes. If such an individual, however, were suddenly to become really worthy of the admiration of his fellow-men, every step he advanced would be a pledge for his modesty, and he would at no time appear less aware of the existence of his laurels, than at the moment when they were actually blinding him with their luxuriance.

The strong and the feeble parts of human nature are so curiously mingled, that we sometimes find in one man the power to excel almost all others in a certain department of exertion, accompanied by an imbecility of character which causes him to seem even more vain and childish than the most unideaed fop. All who have been much acquainted, for instance, with literary men, must have remarked, that, in some, the power of composing language seemed rather to arise from a disease in their minds—a kind of suppuration—than from any superior organization or innate genius. Vanity is an almost unfailing peculiarity in such persons; and if they do any good at all, to no other impulse or motive can it be traced. While these considerations call for our wonder, they should also make us humanely lenient towards the class of offenders whom we are pointing out to public notice. I may grant that the manifestation of self-esteem is an annoyance to others; yet I am inclined at the same time to suspect, that he who is most anxious for praise himself, is likely to be most fretted by seeing it thus self-applied in another. On no other principle does it appear to me explicable, that men visit this foible with so much reprobation and ridicule, while they will strain every nerve, and scout every received moral maxim, in order to explain away the actual wickedness of some talented favourite, who perhaps despised them, and made them his tools. It is the part of a good spirit to regard this weakness with gentleness, as one which does no real harm to any one, while it is evidently a source of happiness to the individual in whom it is manifested. There are many points in human character more worthy of rebuke and more liable to reformation than this; and the pleasures of life are not so abundant as to enable us to spare even one so peculiarly founded on delusion.

THE PLAGUE OF THE WEST INDIES.

THE people of this country frequently grumble at the variableness of the climate, and conceive themselves to be labouring under many discomforts. But they forget that they are entirely free of those dreadful plagues of warm countries—hosts of troublesome insects. The intolerable pest of America is the mosquito; yet it is surpassed by the insects of the West India islands, which are the source of never-ceasing annoyance. Mrs Carmichael, the intelligent authoress of a work on the West Indies, just published, relates the following remarkable instance of the prevalence of the insect plague:—

"One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill by an unusual number of black birds, whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree near the kitchen. I asked D., who at that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of those black birds? She said, 'Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God; dey are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noontime how the ants will come and clear the houses.' At this moment I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D.'s, I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur-ants crawling about the floor of the room: my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table where their legs did not communicate with the floor. They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them; and next they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not nearly so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle, for not only were the floor and the walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur-ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store-house. The windward windows of this room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and the jack-

spaniards, on the panes of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivably short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm.

From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chaisseurs. I opened a large military chest full of linens, which had been much infested—for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters. I found the ants already inside: I suppose they must have got in at some opening at the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chambers built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store-room at the end of the other house, for a place of retreat; but, to get the key, I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever: the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice; and, strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them (as they had the insect tribe), covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period. We next tried the kitchen; for the store-room and boys' pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said, 'Ah, misses, you've got the blessing of God to-day, and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning.' I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock, the great strife began with the rats and mice; and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors. But the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnants of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the black birds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois-doux trees in the neighbourhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock, the whole was over; before sun-down, the negro houses were also cleared out in the same way; and they told me they had seen the black birds hovering about the almond-trees, close to the negro houses, as early as seven in the morning. I never saw those black birds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times."

ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT BOYS

FROM A FRENCH PRISON.

LIEUTENANT BOYS, an officer in the British navy, has written an interesting account of his escape from the fortress of Valenciennes, where he was confined as a prisoner of war. In accomplishing his object, he had to encounter unheard of miseries, and at the outset found considerable difficulty in persuading some of his comrades to accompany him. Having at length settled the preliminaries of escape, he thus proceeds to detail his adventures:—

"Not an hour was lost in procuring every thing needful for the occasion; but before we could fix the precise day, we resolved to obtain some information respecting the obstacles in our passage to the upper citadel, that being the only way by which we could possibly escape. It was necessary to be very cautious in this particular, and many schemes were suggested.

At length, hearing that that part of the fortifications abounded in wild rabbits, my greyhounds were offered to one of the gendarmes, whenever he chose to make use of them; and the fellow mentioned it to the *maréchal de logis*, who was equally pleased with the expectation of sport, for they verily believed that such beautiful English dogs could kill every rabbit they saw. Shortly afterwards, the gendarme came, with the keys in his hand, for them, the *maréchal de logis* waiting at the gate. The dogs, however, had been taught to follow no one but their master, so that their refusing to go afforded me an opportunity of making an offer to accompany them, which was immediately accepted.

Whitehurst, Hunter, and two or three others, requested to go with us; four other gendarmes were ordered to attend, and we went in a tolerably large party. We took different directions round the ramparts, kicking the grass, under pretence of looking for rabbits; few were found, and none killed; but we succeeded in making our observations, and in

* This little burial-place for strangers is on the wooded bank immediately above New Lanark, and contains the tombstone and inscription mentioned above.

about an hour returned, fully satisfied of the practicability of escape, though the difficulties we had to encounter were, to scale a wall, to ascend the parapet unseen, to escape the observation of three or four sentinels and the patroles, to descend two ramparts of about forty-five feet each, to force two large locks, and to get over two draw-bridges. These were not more than we expected, and we therefore prepared accordingly.

On our return, we fixed the night of the 15th November for the attempt. In the meantime, my friend M'Intosh, then residing in town, got iron-handles put to a pair of steel boot-hooks, given to me by Craig, which I intended to use as picklocks. The only thing now wanting was another rope; and as that belonging to the well in the midshipmen's yard was (from decay) not trust-worthy, in the night we hacked several of the heart-yarns, so that the first time it was used in the morning it broke. A subscription was made by the mids, and a new one applied for. By these means we had at command about thirty-six feet, in addition to what our friends had before purchased of the boys. Every thing was now prepared; the spirits and provisions in the knapsacks were concealed in the dog-kennel.

On the 14th, Whitehurst communicated the secret to a young mid, named Mansell, who immediately proposed to join, and my consent was requested; but I strongly objected, under the impression of his being unable to endure the privations and hardships to which we might probably be exposed: by the persuasion of Ricketts and Cadell, however, I at last consented.

At length the time arrived which I had so ardently desired, and the feelings of delight with which I hailed it were such as allowed me to anticipate the happiest results. The thought of having lost so many years from the service of my country, during an active war, had frequently embittered hours which would otherwise have been cheerful and merry, and now proved a stimulant to perseverance, exceeded only by that which arose from the desire I felt to impress upon the minds of Frenchmen the inefficacy of vigilance and severity to enchain a British officer, when compared with that milder and more certain mode of securing his person, 'confiding in his honour.'

As the sun declined, our excitement increased. Our plans had been conducted with such profound secrecy, that only our most confidential friends entertained the slightest suspicion of our intention. At the usual hour we retired to rest; at half-past eleven we arose, and, in preparation for our departure, went into the midshipmen's little yard, unspiced the well-rope, and returned to the apartment. Desirous of bidding adieu to our messmates, the six who slept in the room were awakened. On seeing the manner in which we were equipped, the rope slung over the shoulder, the knapsacks, the implements, and the laugh each one was endeavouring to stifle, they were so confused, that they could not, for the moment, comprehend why we were thus attired. When told that we intended being in England in ten days, they exclaimed, 'Impossible!' and argued against the attempt, as nothing better than the effect of insanity, insisting that we were obstinately running, with our eyes open, into the very mouth of destruction. But as such remarks, if listened to, might only have tended to create incision, we shook hands, and said, 'Good night.' When about to depart, Cadell observed, we had better wait a few minutes, as it was then very star-light, and nearly a calm. His advice was attended to, and we impatiently waited the passing of a cloud, in the hope of its increasing the obscurity; but the clouds dispersed, the wind died away, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the watch-calls of the sentinels, and the occasional footsteps of the patroles. This anxious state of suspense continued until two o'clock, when we again rose to depart, but were prevented by the kind interference of our friends, who insisted on our waiting a little longer, arguing, that as I had met with so many disappointments, and had so repeatedly avowed my intention to act prudently, we ought to wait, even till the morrow-night, if necessary. 'What folly,' continued Ricketts, 'to blast all your prospects by false notions of honour;' but the idea of flinching at this crisis was so repugnant to my feelings, and so wounding to my pride, that it was with the utmost reluctance I could consent to postpone the attempt another minute. On reflection, however, I felt the propriety of his remarks, and also that our liberty and lives being, in a great measure, dependent upon my discretion, it behoved me not to allow my judgment to be influenced by the opinions of the illiberal or hot-headed, who I feared would attribute our delay to other causes than the real one. However, that mattered little: patient and persevering, we anxiously watched the stars, and, sensibly alive to every thing that could for a moment endanger the confidence reposed in me by my companions, I listened with attention to their opinions, when, finding them to coincide with my own, and the clock now striking three, we agreed to postpone the attempt till the following night, and then start about eight P.M. All present promised secrecy: we replaced the well-rope, returned our knapsacks to the care of the greyhounds, and retired to bed.

The next morning nothing material occurred: the movements of the preceding night were unsuspected. In the afternoon we amused ourselves with writing a letter to the commandant, in which we thanked him

for his civilities, and assured him that it was the rigid and disgraceful measures of the French government which obliged us to prove the inefficacy of 'locks, bolts, and fortresses,' and that if he wished to detain British officers, the most effectual method was to put them upon their 'honour;' for that alone was the bond which had enchained us for more than five years. This letter was left with Ricketts to be dropped on the following day near the 'corps de garde.' At half-past seven P.M., we assembled, each provided with a clasp-knife and a paper of fine pepper, upon which we placed our chief dependence, for, in case of being closely attacked, we intended to throw a handful into the eyes of the assailants, and then to retreat.

The plan was, that Hunter and myself were to depart first, fix the rope, and open the opposing doors; a quarter of an hour afterwards, Whitehurst and Mansell were to follow. By these means we diminished the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more upon his own care; for if Hunter and myself were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety; and if, on the contrary, they were discovered, we hoped to have time during the alarm to gain the country. Our intentions were to march to the sea-side, and range the coast to Breskins, in the island of Cadsand, opposite Flushing, and if means of getting afloat were not found before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage-boat for Flushing, and, about mid-channel, rise and seize the vessel.

It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and, as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise; indeed, things were so promising an appearance, that we resolved to take leave of a few other of our brother officers. Accordingly, Messrs Halford, Rochfort, Wright, Miller, Mahony, Robinson, and two others, were invited; to these I detailed our exact situation, the difficulties we had to contend with, and the means of surmounting them; reminded them of our letter to the commandant of last month, and the glory of putting their threats into execution in spite of his increased vigilance; read the one we had that afternoon written, and proposed that any of them should follow that chose, but with this stipulation, that they allowed four hours to elapse before they made the attempt. Upon which, it being a quarter past eight, Hunter and I, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker, or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed.

We first went into the back yard, and, assisted by Rochfort, who was now convalescent, but not sufficiently strong to join the party, got over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road, and climbed silently upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the back of the north guard-room, lying perfectly still as the sentinels approached, and, as they receded, again advancing, until we reached the parapet over the gateway, leading to the upper citadel. Here the breastwork over which we had to creep was about five feet high and fourteen thick, and it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below; but, fortunately, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to take shelter in their boxes. With the utmost precaution we crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork, towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry of 'Sentinelle prenez garde à vous,' similar to our 'All's well'; this, though it created for a moment rather an unpleasant sensation, convinced me that we had reached thus far unobserved.

I then forced the poker into the earth, and, by rising and falling with nearly my whole weight, hammered it down with my chest. About two feet behind, I did the same with the stake, then slipped the eye of the well-rope over the head of the poker, and fastened a small line from the upper part of the poker to the lower part of the stake. This done, we gently let the rope down through one of the grooves in the rampart, which receives a beam of the drawbridge when up. I then cautiously descended this half chimney, as it were, by the rope. When I had reached about two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, struck against the side, and rebounded against my chest; this I luckily caught between my knees, and carried down without noise.

I crossed the bridge, and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence. We then entered the revelin, proceeded through the arched passage which forms an obtuse angle with a massive door leading to the upper citadel, and with my picklock endeavoured to open it; but not finding the bolt yield with gentle pressure, I added the other hand, and gradually increased the force, until, by exerting my whole strength, something broke. I then tried to file the catch off the bolt, but that being cast iron, the file made no impression; we then endeavoured to cut away the stone in the wall which receives the bolt, but that was fortified with a bar of iron, so that it was impracticable. The picklocks were again applied, but with no better success. It now appeared complete check-mate, and, as the last resource, it was proposed to return to the bridge, slip down the piles, and float along the canal on our backs, there being too little water to swim and too much mud to ford it. Hunter,

with the most deliberate coolness, suggested the getting up the rope again, and attempting some other part of the fortress. In the midst of our consultation, it occurred to me that it would be possible to undermine the gate: this plan was no sooner proposed than commenced, but having no other implements than our pocket-knives, some time elapsed before we could indulge any reasonable hopes of success: the pavement stones under the door were about ten inches square, and so closely bound together, that it was a most difficult and tedious process. About a quarter of an hour had been thus employed, when we were alarmed by a sudden noise, similar to the distant report of a gun, echoing in tremulous reverberations through the arched passage; and as the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate, creating a belief that we were discovered. We jumped up, drew back towards the bridge, intending, if possible, to steal past the gendarmes, and slip down the piles into the canal; but the noise subsiding, we stood still, fancying we heard the footsteps of a body of men.

The recollection of the barbarous murderers at Biche, on a similar occasion, instantly presented itself to my sensitive imagination; it is impossible to describe the conflicting sensations which rushed upon my mind during this awful pause. Fully impressed with the conviction of discovery, and of falling immediate victims to the merciless rage of ferocious blood-hounds, in breathless anxiety I stood and listened, with my knife in savage grasp, waiting the dreadful issue, when, suddenly, I felt a glow flush through my veins, which hurried me on with the desperate determination to succeed, or make a sacrifice of life in the attempt. We had scarcely reached the turning when footsteps were again heard, and, in a whispering tone, 'Boys.' This welcome sound created so sudden a transition from desperation to serenity, from despair to so pleasing a conviction of success, that in an instant all was hope and joy. Reinforced by our two friends, we again returned to our work of mining, with as much cheerfulness and confidence as though already embarked for England. They told us the noise was occasioned by the fall of a knapsack, which Mansell, unable to carry down the rope, had given to Whitehurst, from whom it slipped, and falling upon a hollow sounding bridge, between two lofty ramparts, echoed through the arched passage with sufficient effect to excite alarm. Whitehurst, with much presence of mind, stood perfectly still when he landed on the bridge, and heard the sentinel walk up to the door on the inside, and stand still also; at this time they were not more than four feet from each other; and had the sentinel stood listening a minute longer, he must have heard Mansell land.

Three of us continued mining until half-past ten, when the first stone was raised, and in twenty minutes the second. About eleven, the hole was large enough to allow us to creep under the door. The drawbridge was up; there was, however, sufficient space between it and the door to allow us to climb up; and the drawbridge being square, there was, of course, an opening under the arch. Through this opening we crept, lowered ourselves down by the second rope, which was passed round the chain of the bridge, and keeping both parts in our hands, landed on the 'garde fous.*' Had these bars been taken away, escape would have been impossible, there not being sufficient rope for descending into the ditch. By keeping both parts of it in our hands, the last man was enabled to bring it away, otherwise four ropes would have been necessary.

We then proceeded through another arched passage, with the intention of undermining the second door; but, to our great surprise and joy, we found the gendarmes had neglected to lock it. The drawbridge was up. This, however, detained us but a short time; we got over, crossed the ditch upon the 'garde fous,' as before, and landed in the upper citadel. We proceeded to the north-east curtain, fixed the stake, and fastened the rope upon the breastwork for the fourth descent. As I was getting down, with my chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched hold of the rope, and Mansell, of his coat, whilst I endeavoured to grasp the grass, by which I was saved from a fall of about fifty feet. Fortunately, there was a solitary tree in the citadel; from this a second stake was cut, and the rope doubly secured as before. We all got down safe with our knapsacks, except Whitehurst, who, when about two-thirds of the way, from placing his feet against the rampart, and not letting them slip so fast as his hands, got himself in nearly a horizontal position; seeing his danger, I seized the rope, and placed myself in rather an inclined posture under him; he fell upon my arm and shoulder with a violent shock. Fortunately neither of us were hurt; but it is somewhat remarkable, that within the lapse of a few minutes we preserved each other from probable destruction.

The vivid imagination of the indulgent reader will better depict than I can describe our feelings at this momentous period; suffice it to say, that we heartily congratulated ourselves upon our providential success, after a perilous and laborious work of three hours and

* The 'garde fous' are two iron bars, one above the other, suspended by chains on each side of the ridge—when down, serving the purpose of hand-rails.

three quarters; and, in the excess of joy, all shook hands.

Having put our knapsacks a little in order, we mounted the glacia, and followed a footpath which led to the eastward. But a few minutes elapsed, when several objects were observed on the ground, which imagination, ever on the alert, metamorphosed into gendarmes in ambush; we, however, marched on, when, to our no small relief, they were discovered to be cattle. Gaining the high road, we passed (two and two, about forty paces apart) through a very long village, and having travelled three or four miles, felt ourselves so excessively thirsty that we stopped to drink at a ditch; in the act of stooping, a sudden flash of lightning, from southward, so frightened us (supposing it to be the alarm-gun), that, instead of waiting to drink, we ran for nearly half an hour. We stopped a second time, and were prevented by a second flash, which alarmed us even more than the first, for we could not persuade ourselves it was lightning, though no report was heard. Following up the road in quick march, our attention was suddenly arrested by a draw-bridge, which being indicative of a fortified place, we suspected a guard-house to be close at hand, and were at first apprehensive of meeting with a serious impediment; but observing the gates to be open, we concluded that those at the other extremity would be also open, and therefore pushed forward. We drank at the pump in the square, when it was recollected that this was the little town of St Amand. Directing our course by the north star, which was occasionally visible, we passed through without seeing a creature.

About an hour afterwards, still continuing a steady pace, four stout fellows rushed out from behind a hedge, and demanded where we were going. Whitehurst and Mansell immediately ran up; and as we previously resolved never to be taken by equal numbers, each seized his pepper and his knife in preparation for fight or flight, replying, in a haughty tone of defiance, "What is that to you?—be careful how you interrupt military men!" then whispered loud enough for them to hear "la bayonette," upon which they dropped astern, though they still kept near us.* In the course of a quarter of an hour, on turning an angle of the road, we lost sight of them, and continued a rapid march, frequently running, until about five A. M., when we were unexpectedly stopped by the closed gates of a town. We retraced our steps a short distance, in the hope of discovering some other road, but we could find neither a footpath, nor wood, nor any other place of concealment. We quitted the high road, and drew towards a rising ground, there to wait the dawn of day, in the hope of retreating to some neighbouring copse. No sooner had we laid ourselves upon the ground, than sleep overcame us.

Our intention was, if no wood could be seen, to go to an adjoining ploughed field; and there scratch a hole in which we could hide ourselves from a distant view; upon awakening from a short slumber, we reconnoitred around, and found our position to be near a fortification; being well acquainted with such places, we approached, in the hope of finding an asylum. At break of day, we descended into the ditch, and found the entrance into the subterraneous works of the covered way nearly all blocked up with ruins and bushes; an opening, however, was made; we crept in, our quarters were established, and the rubbish and bushes replaced in the space of a few minutes."

Unfavourable as the condition now was of these intrepid Englishmen, they contrived to procure friends willing to aid in their liberation. By good luck, they became acquainted with a smuggler, who offered to convey them to England, although at a great risk to all parties. The author thus concludes his interesting narrative:—

"At length, on the 8th of May, positive information was brought that all would be in readiness at ten o'clock at night; accordingly, at that hour, the weather fine, and the night dark, we marched down from our place of concealment to the beach, and as soon as the patrol had passed, the private signal was made and answered. The boat gliding silently in shore with muffled oars, we rushed in with the rapidity of thought, and, in an instant, were all safe afloat; each seized an oar, and, vigorously applying his utmost strength, we soon reached beyond the range of shot.

It were in vain to attempt a faithful description of our feelings at this momentous crisis; the lapse of a few minutes had wrought such a change of extremes, that I doubt, if amidst a confusion of senses, we could immediately divest ourselves of the apprehensions which constant habit had engrafted on the mind; nor, indeed, could we relinquish the oar, but continued at this laborious, though now delightful occupation, almost without intermission the whole night.

When the day dawned, the breeze freshened from the eastward, and as the sun began to diffuse his cheering rays, the wide expanse of liberty opened around us, and in the distant rear the afflicted land of misery and bondage was beheld with feelings of gratitude and triumph. No other object intercepted the boundless prospect save a solitary gun-brig, which was soon approached. Naturally anxious to proceed with dispatch, we passed on, and, unobserved, reached a considerable distance, when a boat was discovered making towards us. Being in no fear of Frenchmen

thus venturing so far from land, we hove to; and, having made the officer acquainted with the circumstances of our embarkation and destination, again spread the canvass, and made rapid progress to the N.W. About noon, the wind still increasing, and the sea rising, it was deemed prudent to close-reef the sail. While thus delightfully scudding before the foaming billows, which occasionally broke as if to overwhelm our little boat, only fifteen feet in length, each eye was steadily fixed a-head, anxious to be the first to announce land. It was not, however, till towards three P.M. that the white cliffs were seen. Although our situation was already replete with joy and gladness, still the first sight of our native shore, after so long an absence, coupled with the recollection of conquered difficulties, excited increased happiness, and afforded ample compensation for past sufferings, though not without a pleasing hope that promotion would be their reward.

On falling in with a fishing smack, at the back of the Goodwin Sands, the master welcomed us on board, and taking the boat in tow, ran for Ramsgate. On entering the harbour at five o'clock, I landed with such ineffable emotions of joy, that, with a heart throbbing almost to suffocation, regardless of the numerous spectators, I fell down and kissed with rapture the blessed land of liberty."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HUMBOLDT.

HUMBOLDT, one of the most successful of modern travellers, and who still survives, fulfils in the mind of intelligent men the perfect idea of a person every way suited to the pursuit of knowledge in remote regions of the globe. He is at once an astronomer, a physiologist, a botanist, a metaphysician, an antiquary, a philologist; he is learned in statistics and political economy; and this assemblage of acquirements, so rarely found united in a single individual, are in him accompanied with sleepless activity of mind, and with all the zeal, enterprise, and vigour, necessary to give them their full effect.

Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. After studying at Gottingen and Frankfort on the Oder, in 1790 he visited Holland and England; and the fruit of this his first effort in a vocation in which he was to become so renowned, was a work entitled "Observations on the Basalts* of the Rhine." In 1791, he studied mining and botany at the mining school in Freyberg, where his talents, acquirements, and amiable deportment, bought him golden opinions of all men. In the year following, he was appointed assessor in the mining and smelting department, and soon afterwards removed to Baireuth, as overseer of the mines in Franconia. Here he introduced a variety of improvements—in particular the establishment of a mining school at Steben; he also made several valuable galvanic experiments, the results of which he published in 1796. In the year previous to this, he voluntarily abandoned his office, from an insatiable desire to travel. He went to Italy, and in the autumn of the same year traversed a part of Switzerland. In 1797, he visited Paris, where he formed a connection with Aimé Bonpland, a pupil of the medical school and botanic garden in the French capital. From Paris, Humboldt set out for Madrid, with a considerable collection of instruments; for he had for some years cherished the design of travelling within the tropics at his own expense. In 1799, the court granted him permission to travel through the Spanish colonies in America; and he thereupon sent for his young friend Bonpland, who joined him immediately, and set sail with him from Corunna.

The plan of travel which these two friends sketched for themselves, was laid out upon a more extensive scale than that of any journey hitherto undertaken by private persons. Five years was the period in which they proposed to explore distant regions, and in that space of time no two individuals ever collected so much useful information, and returned to Europe so richly fraught with oblations, amassed with unwearied zeal, and which were destined for the altar of science. Our travellers landed at Teneriffe towards the end of June 1799. After making various philosophical excursions into the country, they ascended the Peak, which, according to Humboldt, rises 12,176 English feet above the level of the sea. This remarkable mountain has been ably described by our traveller; and our knowledge of its geology, botany, &c., now scarcely admits of improvement; indeed, this may be said of almost

* Basalt is one of the species of trap rocks which are frequently exhibited in the form of columns, as in Fingal's Cave, Isle of Staffa. For further information, see Account of the Globe, Information for the People, No. 6.

every region explored by the gifted Prussian. In July they arrived at Cumana, the capital of New Andalusia, in South America. During this and the following year, they visited the coasts of Paria, the Indian missions, and the province in which they landed; travelling likewise through New Barcelona, Venezuela, and Spanish Guiana. It would be an endless task to attempt the enumeration of all the new philosophical and other observations made by Humboldt and his companion in these excursions: it is sufficient to say, that nothing which can add to our information upon the nature of the country, its history and inhabitants, is overlooked. They fixed the longitude of Cumana, Caraccas, and many other important places; added vastly to our knowledge of the general phenomena of earthquakes and volcanos; and, in fine, presented Europe with a faithful and full-length picture of the several countries which they visited—such a one as the philosopher will frequently examine for facts to establish his inductions, the geographer to collect materials for his compilations, and the moral philosopher and philologist to be enlightened upon the nature of man and his language. From Caraccas they went to the charming vallies of Aragua, where the eye luxuriates over the splendour of tropical vegetation. They afterwards travelled into the interior as far as the equator; traversed the vast plains of Calabozo, Apura, and the Llanos, where the thermometer stood in the shade at 106–115° of Fahrenheit, and the hot surface of the earth showed, for 42,000 square miles, but a very slight difference of level. They also observed upon the sand here, the phenomena of refraction and singular elevations. At San Fernando of Apura, they commenced a voyage of above 500 leagues in canoes, surveying the country, and ascertaining the height of the various elevations, by means of philosophical instruments and some of the heavenly bodies. They descended the Rio Apura, which disembogues its waters into the Orinoco in the seventh degree of north latitude, ascended the latter to the mouth of the Rio Guaviare, and passed the remarkable waterfalls of Ataris and Maipure, where the cave of Atarnipo encloses the mummies of a nation which was destroyed in a war with the Caribs and Maravites. After navigating various rivers, visiting the mission of Javita, and the sources of the Grigina (Rio Negro), they descended this river to the fort of San Carlos, and the boundaries of Grand Para, the principal capitaney of Brazil. Our travellers now undertook a long and hazardous journey for the purpose of determining the branch of the great Orinoco, called Cassiquari, which unites that river with the famous Amazon; but the difficulties encountered from the savage Indian tribes rendered it an impossibility to reach the sources of the Orinoco. From Esmeralda, a solitary and remote Christian settlement on the upper Orinoco, they travelled the whole length of that river to its mouth at St Thomas, or Augustura, in New Guiana, a distance of nearly 1000 miles. Humboldt relates a curious circumstance which occurred during his stay here: An Indian having gone to anchor his canoe in a cove where there were not three feet of water, a fierce crocodile, which would seem to have been here the lord of the manor, seized him by the leg, and carried him off. With remarkable courage and presence of mind, after having searched in vain in his pocket for a knife, he thrust his fingers into the animal's eyes. The monster, however, succeeded in effecting the destruction of his victim, after plunging to the bottom of the river, and drowning the Indian, and rose to the surface and dragged the body to a neighbouring island. He also relates a remarkable fact, that one of the many savage tribes whose country he had to traverse, are in the habit of swallowing quantities of earth, in which, to all appearance, there is not a particle of nourishment, for the purpose of allaying hunger.

After encountering severe hardships in their journeys to various places, our travellers took their departure for Cuba, one of the West India islands belonging to Spain. Here they were employed three months, partly in determining the longitude of Havannah, the capital of that island, and partly in erecting a new furnace for boiling sugar. It was now their intention to have gone to Vera Cruz, from that place, to the Philippine Islands, and from thence, if practicable, through Bombay, Bassora, and Aleppo, to Constantinople. Humboldt had made arrangements previous to quitting Paris, that if the French expedition should take effect during his absence, he would unite himself to it. Circumstances occurred, however, which prevented him from accomplishing his purpose. In March 1801, he sailed along the southern part of the island of Cuba, making astronomical observations of different points in the group of islands called the Jardin del Rey, together with the landing-places in the harbour of Trinidad. At Rio Sinu, a place hitherto unexplored by the foot of a botanist, he made a short stay collecting specimens. A desire to find some celebrated plants induced the travellers to spend several weeks in the forests of Turbaco, which were adorned with the most splendid flowers. They afterwards descended the river Magdalena, of which Humboldt sketched a chart, whilst his companion employed his time in studying the vegetable tribes which peopled its banks. From Honda, they travelled to Santa Fe-de-Bogota, the capital of New Granada. The valuable collections of Mutis, a celebrated botanist, the waterfall of Tequendama, the mining works of Mariquita, Santa Anna, and De Zipaguirra, the natural bridge of Itonzo—two rocks rent asunder by one of those terrible con-

* These men were robbers.

vulsions of nature so frequent in these regions, and supporting a third, which seems to tremble in the air to every breeze—these remarkable objects engaged the attention of our travellers till September 1801. The weather here now becomes very unfavourable for travelling; but nothing could damp their enthusiasm, or deter them from prosecuting their labours. They set out for Quito, a province and city of the republic of Colombia. The city lies upon the volcanic mountain Pinchincha, at an elevation of 6550 feet above the level of the sea. They then descended the valley of the river Magdalena, crossed the Andes at Quindin, where a forest of storax and beautiful passion-flowers blow unchilled on the bosom of the eternal snows of Tolina. Barefooted and wet, more resembling ardent religious devotees performing a severe act of penance, than individuals travelling for their own pleasure, and the benefit of science and mankind, they reached the valley of the river Cauca. After having traversed the province of Choco, the region of the metal platina, they ascended to Popayan, at the foot of the snow-capped volcanos of Purace and Stora, passing through Calito, and the gold-washings of Quilichao. In this remarkable climate the thermometer stood always at 70–74° of Fahrenheit. After laborious exertions, they succeeded in reaching to the crater of the volcano Purace, the mouth of which is filled with boiling water, and, in the midst of perpetual snow, continually exhales a vapour of what is called, in chemical language, sulphuretted hydrogen, a gas somewhat similar to that with which our streets and houses are lighted.

After crossing the steep Cordilleras of Almaguer, and traversing many inhospitable and mountainous regions, they arrived at the city of Quito, on January 6, 1802. The kingdom of Quito is remarkable for its gigantic mountains, its volcanos, its vegetation, its ancient mountains, but, above all, for the manners and customs of its former inhabitants. The philosophical survey of our travellers occupied them for nine months. They twice ascended to the crater of the volcano Pinchincha, where they performed experiments to ascertain the composition of the air, its electrical, magnetical, and hygroscopical peculiarities, its elasticity, and the degree of temperature of boiling water. They made repeated excursions to the mountains of Aritosana, Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, and Chimborazo, whose summits are crowned with a diadem of perpetual snow. Humboldt made some important discoveries with regard to the Andes. He has fully established the important fact, that some of the volcanos with which they abound have considerably sunk since 1753, with which result the reports of the inhabitants also entirely coincide. He was also convinced that all these stupendous masses were formed by crystallisation. Our travellers scaled the summits of the most remarkable mountains, reaching an elevation hitherto unattained by human foot. They ascended Chimborazo, June 23, 1802, 18,576 French feet above the level of the sea. The blood exuded from their eyes, lips, and gums, and they became almost torpid through the excessive cold. A narrow deep valley prevented them from reaching the most remote summit of the mountain, which is about 1344 feet higher. Cotopaxi is the loftiest of those volcanos of the Andes which have produced eruptions at recent periods; its absolute height is 18,878 feet, and is, consequently, 2625 feet higher than Vesuvius would be were it piled upon the top of the Peak of Teneriffe. The form of this celebrated mountain is the most regular and beautiful of all the colossal summits of that mighty chain of which it constitutes a link. It is a perfect cone, and covered with snows, "and sunset into roses sees them wrought." At that time the mountain may be seen from an immense distance shining with dazzling effulgence.

Our travellers having quitted Quito, pointed their course towards the great river Amazon, visiting on their way the ruins of Lactacunga, Hambato, and Riobamba, situated in a country the natural landmarks of which had in 1797 been nearly obliterated by earthquakes, which destroyed, besides, 40,000 individuals. They then passed to Loxa, where in the forests of Gonzanama and Malaetes they examined the trees which yield the Peruvian bark. Leaving Loxa, they entered Peru by Ayavaca and Gounca-bamba, traversing the ridge of the Andes, to descend to the river Amazon. They were compelled to cross the Rio de Chayna no less than thirty-five times in two days. They saw the splendid ruins of the Causeway of the Incas (monarchs of Peru), which passes over the porphyry rocks of the Andes at a height of from 7670 to 11,510 feet. They then took a raft, and embarked upon the river Chayma for the Amazon, and ascertained the astronomical situation of their junction. Humboldt followed the Amazon to the cataract Rentewa, and at Tomependa drew up an accurate plan of this unknown part of the river. His companion, in the meanwhile, had been busily employed upon the vegetable kingdom. In returning to Peru, our travellers, for the fifth time, crossed the Andes. In seven degrees of south latitude, they determined the position of the magnetic equator, or the line in which the needle has no inclination. They likewise examined the rich mines of Hualguayok, where native silver is obtained at an elevation of 12,790 feet above the surface of the sea. From Caxamarca, which is celebrated for its baths and ruins, they descended to Truxillo, in the neighbourhood of which are included the ruins of the immense Peruvian city Mansiche, decorated with pyramids, in one of which, in the eighteenth century, was

found a quantity of beaten gold to the value of 4,000,000 livres. Descending the western side of the Andes, they for the first time obtained a magnificent view of the great Pacific Ocean, and of the long and narrow valley bounded by its shores, where rain and thunder are unknown. They followed the arid coast of the Southern Ocean through Santa and Guarmey to Lima, where Humboldt was fortunate enough to observe with considerable accuracy, in the harbour of Callao de Lima, the termination of the planet Mercury's transit over the sun, a celestial phenomenon which some time before he had undertaken a long journey to obtain a glimpse of.—We shall continue the narrative in another article.

FIELD FLOWERS.

[By THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with faery delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.
I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.
Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.
Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore:
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.
Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had seathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.
—New Monthly Magazine.

SHAPE OF THE EARTH, ITS SIZE, AND DENSITY.

[From the American Almanack for 1831.]

THE level portions of the earth's surface seem at first view perfectly flat. But if we examine them more critically, and for a considerable extent, we shall find that they are decidedly convex, or swelled out in the middle. The light of a lighthouse requires to be raised, in order to be seen at any considerable distance. Let it be placed on a level with the sea, and a person of the common height, or whose eyes are less than six feet above the surface of the sea, would not be able to see it at the distance of four miles, however strong and clear the light might be. But upon raising himself higher and higher, he would at length, when his eye had reached an elevation of ten or eleven feet above the surface, be able to discern it just grazing the surface of the water. The same effect would be produced if the light were raised ten or eleven feet, and the eye of the observer were on the level of the ocean. And a light 60 or 100 feet high disappears in like manner by sinking lower and lower; only the distance at which we are required to place ourselves to produce this effect, becomes greater and greater according to the elevation of the light, and according also to our own elevation above the level of the sea. The most convenient position for a nice observation of this kind is an extended lake, when covered with smooth ice. We will suppose ourselves provided with a common leveling instrument, or any long tube capable of being fixed in an exactly horizontal position, which is easily determined by a water-level, or by being at right angles to a plumb-line. Let us suppose that the line of sight through the tube is precisely four feet from the ice, and that the tube can be turned in all directions without varying from a horizontal or level position. If we now look through the tube at an upright rod or pole placed with one end on the ice at different distances, we shall be able to establish, in the most satisfactory manner, the following important facts:—

1. The line of sight, or *apparent level*, as it is called, departs from the surface of the ice, or *true level*, in whatever direction we look.
2. This departure, or *difference of level*, is the same in all directions as to the points of the compass, where the distance from the observer is the same.
3. The difference of level for a distance of one mile is 8 inches.
4. If we double any distance, the difference of level is quadrupled; and if we triple the distance, the difference of level is nine times as great, and so on, according to the law of the squares; that is, the difference of level for one mile being 8 inches, that for two miles is not twice 8, but four times 8, or 32 inches, and that for three miles is 9 times 8, or 72 inches.

Similar observations being made in other places in different parts of the earth, we arrive at essentially the same results.

The facts above given lead to conclusions not less curious and striking.

1. The earth's surface is curved, instead of being

plane, or flat, and plumb-lines, or lines perpendicular to the surface, are not strictly parallel, but incline more and more the farther they are apart, and tend to meet at some point within.

2. The earth appears to be equally curved in all directions, and the law of the departure of the apparent from the true level, indicates a spherical surface.

But while we have thus found out the general dimensions of the earth, we have discovered that the form is not exactly that of a sphere. The length of a degree increases as we proceed from the equator toward either pole. We hence infer that the earth is flattened about the polar regions, and more convex between the tropics. The average length of a degree is 69 1-15th miles. But the length of a degree in latitude 66°, is about two-thirds of a mile greater than at the equator. The same phenomenon is indicated also by the pendulum. A clock which keeps correct time at the equator, is found to gain more and more as it is carried toward either pole, in consequence of a quicker motion of the pendulum, resulting from a nearer approach to the centre, and a greater power of gravity.

Is the earth solid or hollow, and if solid, how dense is it? Would it be equivalent to so much water, or would it exceed it, and how much would it exceed it? It may seem very difficult to answer these questions, and yet they have been answered most satisfactorily. It is now abundantly proved, not only that the earth is solid, but that the interior parts are more and more compact the nearer we approach to the centre, as we should naturally suppose. We are able to estimate the influence which a mountain exerts upon a plumb-line, by observing how much it is drawn out of the direction of an exact perpendicular; and then, by comparing the size of the mountain with the size of the earth, knowing at the same time of what materials the mountain is composed, we are able to say how much the matter of the whole earth exceeds that of the mountain. It is thus ascertained that the matter composing the earth is about five times as dense as water, or, in other words, would weigh, under the same circumstances, five times as much as the same bulk of water. Now we know that the matter near the surface, is, for the most part, either water or earthy and stony substances, only two or three times as heavy as water. The density of the interior parts, therefore, must greatly exceed that at the surface, in order that the average may amount to five times the density of water, as is ascertained by actual observation.

It may be thought that the above method of determining the quantity of matter in a mountain is liable to great uncertainty. It should be known that we do not rely upon a single experiment, or even upon one single method, for so important a result. A balance has been contrived, depending upon the twisting and untwisting of an extremely fine wire suspended perpendicularly,* by which the mutual tendency (or relative weight) of two balls of lead, has been accurately estimated and compared with the force exerted by the great mass of the earth; and these delicate experiments have afforded a striking confirmation of the result above stated.

* A balance of this construction, applied to electrical forces, has been estimated to weigh to the sixty-thousandth part of a grain.

PREJUDICE, THE SPIDER OF THE MIND.

Of Prejudice it has been truly said, that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited; still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the Spider of the Mind.—*Retrospective Review*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott used to repeat the following striking lines, as an ancient inscription found at Melrose Abbey:—

The earth goeth on the earth, glittering in gold;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth—"All shall be ours!"

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by SMITH & ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALVANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER," AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 87.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

SAVING.

A MAN is very apt to deceive himself into an idea that he *cannot* save, and that it is of no use attempting it. He convinces himself that his income is little enough for present necessities, and puts off the hope of accumulation, if he forms it at all, to that happy period when he shall be in somewhat better circumstances. His circumstances *do*, perhaps, improve; but his wants have extended as much, and still the time for saving is far ahead. Thus he goes on and on, resolving and re-resolving, until he is at last surprised by some sudden calamity which deprives him even of his ordinary earnings, or by death, which cruelly cuts him off in the very midst of the best intentions in the world.

Did any man, we would ask, ever experience a falling off in his income, even to so small an amount as a shilling in the week? Many answer they have. Did they continue to live at that reduced rate? They reply, We did so—we were compelled to do it. Very well; and pray what is the difference between being compelled to live a shilling a-week cheaper, and compelling yourself to do it? Or suppose a stationary wage, and a rising corn-market. Did you not find, that, though bread rose a penny or two per loaf, and other provisions in proportion, you still contrived to make your income procure something like the usual exhibition of victuals? You answer, Yes. And where, I would ask, is the difference between spending a small extra sum upon certain articles of food, and laying it by for accumulation, supposing it not to be so needed? It is clear, that, if you had the fortitude and strength of character to make the saving as much a matter of compulsion as the other circumstances are, you *would* save. You have, therefore, no excuse to present for your *not* saving, except that you are too weak-minded to abstain from using money which is in your power.

And yet of what infinite importance is saving, both for the community and for individuals! Without saving, which produced capital, we should yet have been all in the condition of herdsmen and hunters. Every man would have had to labour for himself. There would have been no systematic labour—no combined efforts—no public works—no men paying wages to others. All the improvements conferred on the earth by culture, by roads, by cities, by factories, by the arts of refinement, are the offspring of *SAVING*—and these would have all been wanting. Such—such is the mighty general good which has resulted from this virtue, too often stigmatised for its mean or its magnificent views, for its paltry stinginess, or its grasping ambition! Nor is it less beneficial to individuals. What, let us inquire, is the condition of a working man who never attempts to save? He of course gives up all hope of ever being better, or more his own master, than he is. But that is not all. He deliberately encounters the almost certain prospect of coming to a much less happy condition. When old age overtakes him—as it must, if he be spared by the pressure of long-continued toil—he becomes a burden either upon some public establishment or upon some individual—a condition alike odious to himself and to those whom he burdens—a condition unjust, unnatural, and destructive of all right principle and manly feeling. To live, indeed, without saving, is to live the life of a slave—with only this difference, that, by the former plan, you are not equally provided against the contingencies of sickness, and lameness, and the certain infirmities of old age.

There would be much more saving, we believe, than there is, if men would only make a beginning. Perhaps they never can by any means spare above a mere trifle at any given time, and that they think *too small*

to be worth *laying by*. If they were suddenly to become possessed of a larger sum, it might put them into heart, as one would say, and they would then go on very prudently, adding every week what they could avoid spending. Thus we have known a man, who had all his life only intended to save, having suddenly got five pounds as a legacy, become all at once a noted accumulator, and end by rising to a very respectable condition in life. People who have the disposition to save, ought to struggle with the weakness of supposing that any sum is too little to lay by. Little as it may be by itself, the next similar sum doubles it exactly, and when once it is a little way on, it is not only safe itself, but every subsequent spare shilling is safe too. Why, if there is no other way of getting into conceit with this excellent habit, cannot a workman leave over a small part of his wages every week with his employer, till the necessary kernel is accumulated? Only, by whatever means, make a beginning. Nothing can be done without that. And when that is done, the turn is half ended.

Working men should have it always present before their eyes, that *saving* constitutes all the difference between themselves and their employers. A human being, thrown into a civilised part of the world without anything but his native strength, finds every thing appropriated already, and no man will give him any thing without an equivalent in labour. Labour, then, is his doom, till he can himself save or accumulate something. The more he accumulates, be it skill, or character, or money, the more independent he becomes, and the more qualified to be director of the labour of others. When he has realised some little capital, he employs it as a master, and increases it by taking advantage of the moneyless condition of those whom he himself lately resembled. This is the way of the world, and no man can attempt other expedients for advancing himself without ruin sooner or later. Let no labouring man despair of the course here pointed out. It is well known that many of the principal manufacturers in England were originally workmen, and rose to the extensive command which they now have over the labour of others, purely by that easiest of all devices—a little saving from their weekly income. In many other cases, it is found that these enviable men are the sons of manufacturers, who once were workmen; and whether capital be in the hands of its actual creator, or of one who only inherits it, still it is equally the result of *saving*. But what need is there for further argument with the man who does not save, than to show him that there are some of his own rank who do? In England, there is above thirteen millions of money in the public funds, which has been deposited there, through Savings Banks, during about twenty years; and all, or most of that sum, is the property of working men. Some individuals have so much as two hundred pounds laid aside for future use—and enviable men are they—enviable alike for their proud and self-gratulatory feelings, and for the assurance they possess that they can hardly ever cease to be independent. The general average of the deposits is only thirty-four pounds; but even that is a wonderful protection against the evils of a laborious life.* A man possessed of this sum can never be the slave of any one master, or the bondsman of any un-

prosperous locality. If a master should try to injure him, he can afford to take his chance of being a fortnight without one. He can, in fact, make his choice of masters. If any personal distress comes upon him, he is not reduced at once into the unhappy condition of a pauper; he does not re-appear among his fellows with the ignominious stigma of charity stamped on his honest face, and continue for ever after a degraded being in his own eyes. He is in reality rich—for to have more than we require to spend, is riches. It is from this prudent and right-spirited class of men that many of our future "masters"—many of our future gentry and nobles—are to arise.

There is one class of persons whom it becomes, above all others, to save—we mean the fathers of families. Many men encounter the responsibilities of this situation—which it cannot be supposed they would do, if they did not expect advantages equivalent to the responsibilities—without ever thinking, or *only* thinking, of providing for the discharge of those responsibilities in the event of their decease. They blindly and shamefully live on from day to day, under the hazard of leaving their families next hour—next moment—to the charity of a world, each individual of which reasonably declares that he has enough to do in providing for his own. If the world had a little more reflection, and saw a little more clearly the relative duties of men, it would visit conduct of this kind with a degree of the very same reprobation which it inflicts upon flagrant dishonesty, open cruelty, or actual desertion. Perhaps, if downright saving were necessary for guarding against the destitution of an orphan family, there would be a better excuse for not resorting to it. But this is not the case. There are now institutions of all kinds, which, for wonderfully small entrance-sums or annual payments, afford assurance against the current risk of death, and preclude the necessity of amassing a full provision in money. Into one or other of these institutions, every man in the enjoyment of an income has it in his power to enter. If he does not, but persists in sacrificing every penny of his earnings in the indulgences of the passing day, he deserves, even during his life, the execrations of all good men, and, after his death, a public mark of infamy.

NATURE'S MAGIC LANTERN.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

It is well known, that, in warm summer mornings, the valleys among our mountains are generally filled with a dense white fog, so that, when the sun rises, the upper parts of the hills are all bathed yellow sheen, looking like golden islands in a sea of silver. After one ascends through the mist to within a certain distance of the sunshine, a halo of glory is thrown round his head, something like a rainbow, but brighter and paler. It is upright or slanting, as the sun is lower or higher; but it uniformly attends one for a considerable space before he reaches the sunshine. One morning, at the time when I was about nineteen years of age, I was ascending a hill-side towards the ewebuchts, deeply absorbed in admiration of the halo around me, when suddenly my eyes fell upon a huge dark semblance of the human figure, which stood at a very small distance from me, and at first appeared to my affrighted imagination as the enemy of mankind. Without taking a moment to consider, I rushed from the spot, and never drew breath till I had got safe amongst the ewe-milkers. All that day, I felt very ill at ease; but next morning, being obliged to go past the same spot at the same hour, I resolved to exert, if possible, a little more courage, and put the phenomenon fairly to the proof. The fog was more

* The total sum deposited in English Savings Banks amounts to L.13,080,255. The depositors are in number 367,812, being an average of L.34 for each. There are, however, 4237 who have above L.200 each in these banks; 7627 who have more than L.150; 17,214 who have above L.100; and 162,621 who have above L.50. The number of those who have less than L.20 is 187,770. The total of Savings Banks in England is 334; besides which, there are a number of friendly and charitable societies, whose deposits are included in the above calculation. In Wales there are 25 Savings Banks, possessing in all L.314,903. In Ireland, there are 73 Savings Banks, possessing L.905,056. The increase of both depositors and deposits is very remarkable.

dense than on the preceding morning, and when the sun arose, his brilliancy and fervour were more bright above. The lovely halo was thrown around me, and at length I reached the haunted spot, without diverging a step from my usual little footpath; and at the very place there arose the same terrible apparition which had frightened me so much the morning before. It was a giant blackamoor, at least thirty feet high, and equally proportioned, and very near me. I was actually struck powerless with astonishment and terror. My first resolution was, if I could keep the power of my limbs, to run home and hide myself below the blankets, with the Bible beneath my head. But then again, I thought it was hard to let my master's 700 ewes go wild for fear of the de'il. In this perplexity (and I rather think I was crying) I took off my bonnet, and scratched my head bitterly with both hands; when, to my astonishment and delight, the de'il also took off his bonnet, and scratched his head with both hands—but in such a style! Oh, there's no man can describe it! His arms and his fingers were like trees and branches without the leaves. I laughed at him till I actually fell down upon the sward; the de'il also fell down, and laughed at me. I then noted for the first time that he had two colley dogs at his foot, bigger than buffaloes. I arose, and made him a most graceful bow, which he returned at the same moment—but such a bow for awkwardness I never saw! It was as if the Tron Kirk steeple had bowed to me. I turned my cheek to the sun as well as I could, that I might see the de'il's profile properly defined in the cloud. It was capital! His nose was about half a yard long, and his face at least three yards; and then he was gaping and laughing so, that one would have thought he might have swallowed the biggest man in the country.

It was quite a scene of enchantment. I could not leave it. On going five or six steps onward, it vanished; but, on returning to the same spot, there he stood, and I could make him make a fool of himself as much as I liked; but always as the sun rose higher, he grew shorter, so that, I think, could I have staid, he might have come into a respectable size of a de'il at the last.

I have seen this gigantic apparition several times since, but never half so well defined as that morning. It requires a certain kind of background which really I cannot describe; for, though I visited the place by day a hundred times, there was so little difference between the formation of that spot and the rest of the hill, that it is impossible to define it without taking a mathematical survey. The halo accompanies one always, but the gigantic apparition very seldom. I have seen it six or seven times in my life, always in a fog, and at sun-rising; but, saving these two times, never well defined, part being always light, and part dark.

One-and-twenty years subsequent to this, I was delighted to read the following note, translated, I think, from a German paper, concerning the Bogle of the Broken, an aerial figure of the very same description with mine, which is occasionally seen on one particular spot among the Hartz mountains, in Hanover. It was taken from the diary of a Mr Hawe, and I kept a copy of it for the remembrance of auld lang syne. I shall copy a sentence or two from it here; and really it is so like mine, that one would almost be tempted to think the one was copied from the other.

"Having ascended the Broken for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing the phenomenon. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene toward the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Hinrichshöhe. In the south-west, however, a brisk wind carried before it thin transparent vapours. About a quarter past four, I looked round to see if the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed, at a very great distance, a human figure, of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having nearly carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same, on which the pleasure that I felt cannot be described; for I had made already many a weary step, in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity.

"I then called the landlord of the Broken (the neighbouring inn), and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the

two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made, these figures imitated, but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faintly defined, and sometimes strong and dark."

I can easily account for the latter part of the phenomenon; for it could only be when the clouds of haze, or, as he calls them, "thin transparent vapours," were passing, that the shadows in the cloud could possibly be seen. But how there should have been *three* of them, and not either four, or only two, surpasses my comprehension altogether. It is quite out of nature; and I am obliged to doubt either Mr Hawe's word or the accuracy of his optics.

Among the other strange sights which I have seen among the hills, I reckon one of the most curious to have been a double shadow of myself, at a moment when only the real sun was above the horizon. One morning, in April 1785, I was walking on the Moor-Brae of Berry Knowe, gathering the ewes, when, to my utter astonishment, I perceived that I had two shadows. I immediately looked to the east, where the sun had just risen above the horizon, expecting to see two suns. But no—there was but one. There was not even one of those mock suns called by us weather-gaws. Yet there was I going to a certainty with two shadows—the one upright, and well defined, and the other tall, dim, and leaning backward, something like a very tall awkward servant waiting upon and walking behind a little spruce master. The tall one soon vanished, as I turned the hill into a glen called Carsen's Cleuch; but I never forgot the circumstance; and after I became an old man, I visited the very spot, as nearly as I could remember, again and again, thinking that the reflection of the sun from some pool or lake which I had not perceived, might have caused it; but there was no such thing. I never mentioned the circumstance to any living being before, save to Sir D. Brewster, who, of all men I ever met with, is the fondest of investigating every thing relating to natural phenomena: he pretended to account for it by some law of dioptrical refraction, which I did not understand.

But what I am now going to relate will scarcely procure credit, though, on the word of an honest man, it is literally true. I once saw about two hundred natural apparitions at one time, and altogether. One fine summer morning, as I was coming along the Hawkshaw rigg of Blackhouse, I perceived, on the other side of Douglas Burn, in a little rich glen called Brakehope, a whole drove of Highland cattle, which I thought could not be fewer than ten scores. I saw them distinctly—I never saw any beasts more distinctly in my life. I saw the black ones, and the red ones, some with white faces, and four or five spotted ones. I saw three men driving them, and turning them quietly in at corners. They were on each side of the burn of Brakehope, and quite from the drove road. I was once thinking of going to them myself, but I wanted my breakfast, was very hungry, and had no charge of that part of the farm: so I hastened home, and sent off the shepherd who had the charge of it, to drive the drove of cattle from his best land. His name was Robert Borthwick. He seized a staff in high chagrin at the drivers, and ran off; and Messrs William and George Laidlaw both accompanied him, with good cudgels in their hands. They are both alive and well to testify the truth of my report: at least, when they went to Brakehope, there were no cattle there, nor man, nor dogs, nor even sheep! There was not a living creature in the bottom of the glen where I had seen the drove, nor the mark of a cow's hoof. I was of course laughed at as a dreamer and seer of visions; for, in fact, after inquiring at our neighbours, we found that there was not a drove of Highland cattle at that time in the district. I was neither a dreamer nor a seer of visions. I was in the highest health and spirits. It was between eight and nine o'clock on a fine summer morning of mingled clouds and sunshine. I was chaunting a song to myself, or perhaps making one, when I first came in view of the drove. I was rather more than half a mile from it, but not three quarters of a mile; and as there never was a man had clearer sight than I had, I could not be mistaken in the appearance. In justification of myself, I must here copy two or three sentences from my note-book; but from whence taken, I do not know.

"On Sunday evening, the 28th ultimo, as Anthony Jackson, farmer, aged forty-five, and Matthew Turner, the son of William Turner, farmer, aged fifteen years, while engaged in inspecting their cattle grazing in Havarah Park, near Ripley, part of the estate of Sir John Ingleby, Bart., they were suddenly surprised by a most extraordinary appearance in the park. Turner, whose attention was first drawn to the spectacle, said, 'Look, Anthony, what a quantity of beasts!' 'Beasts!' cried Anthony; 'Lord bless us, they are not beasts, they are men!'

"By this time the body was in motion, and the spectators discovered that it was an army of soldiers dressed in a white military uniform, and that in the centre stood a personage of commanding aspect, clothed in scarlet. After performing a number of evolutions, the corps began to march in perfect order to the summit of a hill, passing the spectators only at the distance of about one hundred yards. No sooner had the first detachment, which seemed to consist of several hundreds, and extended four deep over an inclosure of thirty acres, attained the hill, than another

assemblage of men, far more numerous than the former, arose and marched without any apparent hostility after the military spectres. These were dressed in a dark uniform, and, at the top of the hill, both parties joined, and formed what the spectators called an L, and, passing down the opposite side of the hill, disappeared. At this time a volume of smoke, like that vomited by a park of artillery, spread over the plain, and was so impervious, as for two minutes to hide the cattle from Jackson and Turner. They were both men of character and respectability, and the impression made on their minds was never erased."

In addition to this, I may mention, that, during the last continental war, all the military and volunteers in Ireland were hurried to the north to defend the country against a spectre fleet, which had no existence in those seas. And I find, likewise, in my note-book, the following extraordinary account, which I think was copied long ago from a book called "A Guide to the Lakes of Cumberland." I was always so fond of those romantic and visionary subjects, that I have added thousands of *lees* to them, but in this I shall not deviate one word from the original writer's narrative.

"Souter Fell is nearly nine hundred yards high, barricaded on the north and west sides with precipitous rocks, but somewhat more open on the east, and easier of access. On this mountain occurred the extraordinary phenomena, that, towards the middle of the last century, excited so much consternation and alarm—I mean the visionary appearances of armed men, and other figures, the causes of which have never in the smallest degree received a satisfactory solution, though, from the circumstances hereafter mentioned, there seems reason to believe that they are not entirely inexplicable.

"On a summer's evening of 1743, as David Stricket, then servant to J. Wren of Wilton Hall, the next house to Blakehills, was sitting at the door with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along the side of Souter Fell, a place so steep that no horse can travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell.

"The next morning, Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation that they should find the man lying dead, as they were persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him. They expected likewise to find several dead horses, and a number of horse-shoes among the rocks, which they were sure the horses could not but throw, galloping at such a furious rate. They were, however, disappointed, for there appeared not the least vestige of either man or horse, not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof on the turf, or among the small stones on the steep. Astonishment, and a degree of fear perhaps, for some time induced them to conceal the circumstances; but they at length disclosed them, and, as well might be supposed, were only laughed at for their credulity.

"The following year, 1744, on the 23d of June, as the same David Stricket, who at the time lived with Mr William Lancaster's father, of Blakehills, was walking a little above the house, about seven in the evening, he saw a troop of horsemen riding on the side of Souter Fell, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Mindful of the ridicule which had been excited against him the preceding year, he continued to observe them in silence for some time; but being at last convinced that the appearance was real, he went into the house, and informed Mr Lancaster that he had something curious to show him. They went out together, but before Stricket had either spoken or pointed out the place, his master's son had himself discovered the aerial troopers; and when conscious that the same appearances were visible to both, they informed the family, and the phenomena were alike seen by all.

"These visionary horsemen seemed to come from the lower part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place called Knott. They then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell, till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain. Thus they described a kind of curvilinear path, and both their first and last appearances were bounded by the top of the mountain.

"The pace at which these shadowy forms proceeded, was a regular swift walk, and the whole time of the continuance of their appearance was upwards of two hours; but farther observation was then precluded by the approach of darkness. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last, or the last but one, in a troop, would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same changes were visible to all the spectators, and the view of the phenomena was not confined to Blakehills only, but was seen by every person at every cottage within the distance of a mile. The number of persons who witnessed the march of these aerial travellers was twenty-six."

It would therefore appear that my vision of a drove of Highland cattle, with their drivers, was not altogether an isolated instance of the same phenomena. It is quite evident that we must attribute these appearances to particular states of the atmosphere, and suppose them to be shadows of realities; the airy resemblance of scenes passing in distant parts of the country, and by some singular operation of natural causes thus expressively imaged on the acclivities of the mountains.

A TALE OF CLYDESDALE.

In the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on the very edge of a steep bank, at the foot of which runs a considerable stream, and on two sides closely embosomed in a thick wood of stately trees, stands an old dark and time-worn castle, still, however, sometimes inhabited for a short time during the shooting season, by the nobleman whose ancestors erected it. A summer tour, many years ago, led me into the vicinity of this ancient building; and as it had been a celebrated stronghold of one of the most renowned and powerful families in the kingdom, I felt an irresistible desire to visit it. It was at that time entirely deserted, except by two old domestics, a man and a woman, and exhibited all the tokens of neglect which are generally manifested in a place which has fallen under the misfortune of being forsaken for more modern and gayer dwellings. On making an application at the castle for permission to see its interior, I was much struck with the venerable countenance, the white hairs, and the grave and respectable appearance of the aged man, who, with an air of ceremonious deference, admitted me, and became my guide through its various apartments. If I at first thought him somewhat formal and taciturn, I had no occasion to complain of these freezing qualities when we entered a large apartment, and he began to recount the exploits of the ancient heroes whose dark portraits ornamented the walls, and perceived that I was nearly as well acquainted with them as himself. This historical knowledge of the family on my part seemed to establish me immediately in the good opinion of my guide, and he became animated with a sort of gratified pride as we discussed the merits of each individual named by him.

At length, after having gone over all those who had figured down to the time of Charles the First, we arrived at some which he walked quickly past, as if anxious to hurry over them with as little notice as possible. "This," said he, of one of these pictures, "was the first wife of that earl next her, and that lady on his other side was his second wife, and that gentleman on the other hand of her was a relation of the family." He then became more communicative with regard to the next picture in rotation.

Meanwhile, I had stopped to contemplate the first of the four portraits which he seemed so unwilling to notice. It was that of a very young woman of a remarkably sweet but melancholy countenance; and my curiosity being raised, I called him back, to ask if he had nothing to relate of those whose resemblance he had thus hurried past.

"Ah, there is enough to tell about them, but no good, and I never care to repeat the tale," said the old man, mysteriously shaking his head, half closing his eyes, and compressing his lips.

"There is, then, some story that belongs exclusively to these four portraits," said I.

The old man came to my side, and, pointing up with his finger to the picture of the man which hung between his two wives, he said, in a subdued tone of voice, "That is the 'Bloody Earl,' and strange and horrible things went on in this castle while he possessed it."

"I am very fond of hearing such stories," said I, taking out my purse, and presenting him with two dollars, "and I shall think myself indebted to you if you will relate to me all you have hinted at."

"Put up your purse, sir," he said, as if his pride was hurt by my offer; "I never take money from strangers; and if I felt rather unwilling to satisfy your curiosity with regard to what formerly happened here, it was because I am not in the habit of mentioning it. But as you seem to be anxious about it, and to be so well acquainted with the history of the family, I will satisfy you. But first take a look of these four pictures, for I always think I see their history in their faces."

"Well, then," I replied, "let me try if I can read any thing of their fortunes in the same way. And to begin with this young lady: she looks gentle and patient, and as if by that melancholy smile she was trying to conceal some inward sorrow."

"Right," responded the old man.

"And this 'Bloody Earl,' as you have called him, has a singular expression in those large gloomy eyes, as if of incipient madness; and that stern mouth, which looks as though it could not smile, gives, with the deep markings at its corners, and the dark sallow hue of the complexion, a look of sullen malignity to the countenance, which seems to breathe a death-chill on the beholder."

"Go on, sir," said my guide.

"But as to this lady on his left hand, I see in her only a somewhat bold-looking beautiful woman, who seems to be demanding admiration of her charms, and, perhaps, of the style with which she has been playing on the lute she holds in her hands." An affirmative nod was all the notice taken of these remarks, and I passed on to the next picture.

"And here," I continued, "I alone perceive a very handsome young fop of his time, who seems, by his long curled hair, his profusion of embroidery and lace, and the number of rings on his slender white

fingers, to have set off his person to the best advantage."

"You shall judge presently, sir," said my cicerone, as soon as I had finished my comments, "in how far these pictures speak for themselves; but, in the meantime, I will conduct you to a part of the castle you have not yet seen." The apartments to which he next carried me were those which had been formerly the finest in the castle, and were, he informed me, most inhabited by the personages of whom we had been last speaking. They were large, and had been furnished most sumptuously; but their magnificence was now tarnished and faded, and the whole appeared so gloomy, that they seemed like the very mansions of death. The old man pointed out to me, in the last room to which he led me, some dark spots on the oaken floor, which he assured me were blood-stains. There is hardly an ancient mansion to be met with free from such sanguinary marks, and I paid but small attention to them, being anxious to hurry through the rooms, that my guide might have leisure to begin the story he had promised me. This was the very chamber, however—by way, I suppose, of making it more impressive—in which he had determined to tell it; and having requested me to seat myself in a high-backed chair which stood by the side of the bed, and apologised for sitting down himself, on account of his age, he took possession of a low seat at some little distance from mine, and leaving, by his position, the blood-stains, which were by the bedside, full in my view, he began the recital of his extraordinary tale.

"You must know, sir, that I am the third generation of my family who have served this noble house, and that it was from my father, to whom my grandfather told it, that I learnt what I am about to make known to you, and which, as a faithful servant, I should not perhaps have thought myself at liberty to divulge to any one, had the title and estates continued to descend from father to son in the old line; but they have passed to another branch of the family, who heed little the mention of such old stories. My grandfather was not above five years older than the Bloody Earl, and brought up from a boy to attend upon him as his confidential servant. Thus it was that he had more to say with him than any one else, and enough to do he had to try to keep him out of mischief, for he was even in his childhood of such a singularly cruel disposition, that, not content with torturing the dumb animals, he used to delight in beating and maiming all the country boys that came in his way, which his attendant was obliged to find some way of making up for to their parents. When he grew up to man's estate, this disposition showed itself in the many duels he fought with other young men, and in his always preferring to use the sword, because it was more butcher-like. About the time, however, of his father's death, and his coming to the title, his nature seemed to be perfectly changed, for he then fell desperately in love with the Lady Mary, whose picture you passed so just a judgment on; for she liked some other person, and it was only, they said, by her father's command that she married the earl; and, indeed, it looked like it, for though she was greatly beloved for her kind heart, and her mild and sweet manners, she always seemed so broken-spirited, that it would have touched the hardest heart to look upon her. Well, the earl continued to doat upon his lady for some months after his marriage, and to seem quite a different man. Then he grew dissatisfied, because his wife did not look happy; and again all his ferocious nature returned with tenfold fury, just as you have seen some fierce wild animal that seemed to have been tamed for a little, break out again, and be more dangerous than ever; and he would kill his most favourite horses and dogs on the most frivolous pretence, or on none at all, when that fit was on him, and would threaten the lives of his domestics, so that they dared not appear in his sight; but he never offered to harm my grandfather, who was a pious man, and who could not bear to leave him, because he had been in a manner brought up with him, and, as he minded him more than any body, he always hoped, one day or other, to see him mend by his good advice; but, alas! that day never came. Well, sir, to continue, the poor young lady we were speaking of had not been married to him a twelvemonth, when she was found one morning dead in her bed, and every body thought she had died of a broken heart, for being crossed in her first love. But my grandfather would have been of a different opinion, only that there were no marks of violence about her, and that she looked so calm, just as if she were asleep, and that there was nothing discomposed about that bed, beside which you are sitting."

"What," said I, feeling much interested in what he had told me of the unfortunate young lady, "was it on this bed, then, that she drew the last breath of her ill-fated existence! But you have said there were no marks of violence: from whence, then, came the blood-stains on the floor?"

"That blood," replied the old man, "was not hers—but you shall hear. The lady was no sooner dead, than a change again came over the Bloody Earl, and he grew sullen and moping, and would see no one but his usual attendant, and shut himself up, and would never go out but in the night, to walk among the dark cliffs and woods, and often it was thought he would take his own life. So, after he had lived in this way for two or three years, the gay young gentle-

man, who was his cousin, and whose picture is on the left of the earl's second wife, came to the castle, and he made shift to see him, in spite of his orders to the contrary, and when it was thought he would have killed him for it: in place of that, he took wonderfully to him, and turned so fond of him, that he could not bear him out of his sight; and then he began to get gradually more sociable; and when the next winter came, every one was surprised when his young relation got him persuaded to go with him to London—for the young man was an Englishman, the son of the sister of the earl's father, who married a nobleman of that country. It was in the swaggering wicked times of Charles the Second, after his restoration; and so, in his carousings at the court, the earl's young cousin introduced him to the lady whose picture you thought looked so bold. And bold and bad enough she was, for it was pretty well known that she had been one of the king's attendants. She was reckoned very beautiful, and she played upon the lute and sung to it in such a wonderful manner, that it seemed to bewitch every one who heard her. At length, she so far charmed the earl, that he married her, and brought her straightway down to this castle, and his gay young cousin came with them. And then there were such doings as these old walls had never witnessed before, and the earl seemed never to take one moment to think, for multitudes of company, and balls, and masquerades, and hunting, and gambling, and all manner of godless doings, that were enough to terrify any wise man to behold. But in some months my lady tired of this place, and would go to London again, and the earl would not consent, but swore nothing should make him leave it; and so there grew upon that, great disagreement between them; and she, being a daring woman, what did she do but set fire to the castle with her own hands, in hopes of obliging the earl to quit it! The fire was, however, discovered before it had done much damage, though some of the under apartments are still blackened by the smoke. Well, in this scheme of going to London her husband thought she was partly prompted and abetted by his cousin, and so he hated as much as he had ever loved him, and then again he began to resume his old ferocious habits, and act and speak like the 'Bloody Earl.' The room where my grandfather slept was close to the earl's, and he always burnt a lamp; and being one night waked out of his sleep by the opening of the door, he looked up, and saw the earl enter, with his dark eyes all blood-shot, and flashing with terrible and savage brightness, and his whole body trembling with the rage of his heart; and my poor grandfather grew sick with terror, not that he feared for himself, but he felt sure that his master had been about some murderous work; and the more so, that, being half undressed, the breast and sleeves of his shirt were all sprinkled with blood, as though it had spouted out upon him from wounds he had been inflicting on some one. But the earl left him little time for conjecture, as he told him directly, with diabolical satisfaction, that he had just done for his cousin. Upon that, my grandfather started out of bed, and passing the earl, flew up to this room, in the hope, that, if life was not quite extinct, something might be done for the poor young man; but it was too late; the last spark of life had flowed out at his veins, for he was stabbed in many places, and the bed and this floor were drenched in his blood. And there he that was so young, and had been so gay and so thoughtless but the night before, lay with his shirt all open and torn in the struggle, his breast covered with wounds, and his long, curled, and sweet-scented hair, that he used to be so proud of, all matted with gore."

"Now, then," said I, wound up to the last pitch of horror and disgust, "the brutal miscreant would surely meet his reward. He would be hanged at last."

"One would have thought so indeed," replied the old man; "but that was a reign when money could do any thing; and so the 'Bloody Earl' bought himself off with a great ransom from his just punishment, and got the king's pardon under pretence of derangement, and on bail for a great sum being given by his wife that she would keep him under confinement in this castle during the rest of his life; and so some rooms were fitted up for him below, and strongly secured with bolts and bars; and the iron-hearted woman, his wife, used to come here sometimes with company in the summer time, and never saw him; and then it was that his fearful punishment came, when he heard the revellings above his head in the castle, and knew she was there, and could now go and come without his control. But when she was gone again, then he used sometimes to calm down, for he was no more deranged than he had always been. And when his old attendant, for he still remained faithful to him, and still waited on him, thought he saw his opportunity, he used to try to bring him to a better mind; but when he spoke to him of repentance, of faith, and of pardon from above, he was always distressed, and disappointed in his hopes of any good change, for he got quite furious, and used to utter such dreadful words as made him shudder; and my grandfather, who could not help feeling attached to him, because he had always, even in his worst moods, shown regard for him, used to take on sadly when he considered his wretched and lost condition, and always thought, that, though his singular blood-thirsty propensity seemed in a manner natural, yet it and his other evil habits might have been corrected and got much the better of, if he had not been so foolishly indulged in his childhood and

youth by his doating parents. But I have not told you all his evil yet; for, after he was shut up, he confessed to my grandfather that he had destroyed his first sweet wife, by giving her a sleeping draught, and then running a long gold wire through her heart, because he was jealous of what he considered her continued attachment to her first love; and that he had murdered his cousin from the same motive of jealousy. Now, sir, to finish my strange and melancholy story, the earl, after he had been two years shut up, grew mad in reality, and then he wore himself out in his furious fits of impotent rage, and wasted away, and soon died; and they said his last bad lady came to great want before she left the world, by means of her gambling and other extravagances."

As I threw a backward glance, when I had left the castle, on its noble avenue of gigantic trees, where the rank and tall weeds were growing unmolested, and on the ancient pile, whose stately towers showed, by the weather stains on their grey stones, that decay had begun its work of destruction, and thought on the gay and grand carousals that had once been held there, I felt, while the story of some of its unhappy inmates was still fresh in my memory, the small necessary connection of rank and wealth with happiness and virtue, and felt grateful that I had been born in that mediocrity of station, where I was not tempted by worldly greatness to forget the paths of rectitude.

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE FORTH.

THE FORTH is generally held the second of Scottish rivers, though the Clyde may perhaps be fully as much entitled to precedence after the Tay. The Forth is at least one of the most distinguished streams on the east side of Scotland, and, with its firth or estuary, is frequently the object of historical notice. It has its chief sources in two upper branches, one of which rises like a rill from the north side of Benlomond, and flows through the north-western part of Stirlingshire, in an easterly direction, under the appellation of the Water of Duchray, till it joins the other branch above Aberfoil. This second arises in Loch Chon, further to the north, and, after falling over a precipice, forms first Loch Ard, and then several smaller expansions. Being joined, the united stream receives the name of the *Avondow*, or *Black River*, which it retains for five miles, till it reaches Gartmore, when the title of the Forth is conferred on it. Besides receiving accessions from various small tributaries, it receives some large streams before reaching Stirling, as the Goodie, the Teith, and the Allan. In many places it serves as the boundary between Perthshire and Stirlingshire, but it chiefly belongs to the latter county.

As the Forth approaches Stirling, it becomes a solemn dull river, of a blackish colour, very much resembling some of the sluggish waters in England. It flows through a rich flat district of country, mostly of an alluvial soil, and winds in the most capricious manner amidst corn fields and verdant meadows. Above and below Stirling, these windings or *links* are extremely beautiful, the water describing a long series of sweeps, which are all but formed into perfect circles. In sailing along its serpentine course to or from Stirling, the stranger is puzzled and amused to the last degree by the variety of positions into which he is thrown in regard to the surrounding objects—Stirling for instance being at one moment full in his eye, and the next at his back—while all observation of the cardinal points is fairly out of the question. At Stirling the Forth is crossed by a stone bridge, celebrated as a very important pass. Small vessels ascend this length, and steam-boats ply at the height of the tides. The river continues in this condition for about twenty miles, or six by a direct course, to Alloa, which is the head of the regular navigation. It then expands into a bay twenty miles in length, and from two to eight in breadth. At the bottom of the bay the land projects on each side, and forms the strait called the Queensferry. This gut in the waters of the Forth measures about two miles in breadth, but is rendered much less in appearance by an island called Inch Garvie, lying nearly in the middle, between the two shores. This strait forms the great thoroughfare betwixt the south and north of Scotland, in which capacity it has been used from the most remote period. It derives its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore—a princess celebrated for her charitable and beneficent virtues, who frequented the passage of the Forth here on her numerous excursions to and from Edinburgh and Dunfermline.

The Forth continues contracted to about three or four miles in breadth, for a distance of four miles, when it gradually again expands into an arm of the sea or *firth*. It is now entitled the Firth of Forth;

and, as it approaches Leith and Edinburgh on the south shore, and Kirkcaldy on the north, swells out to from six to nine miles in breadth. From this point it continues to expand for many miles to the eastward, and is finally lost in the German Ocean at Dunbar on the south coast, and Crail on the north, draining, as it has been calculated, a superficies of 574 miles. From Alloa to its junction with the ocean, the distance may be about fifty miles. The Firth of Forth is of great importance to the country as regards navigation and commerce. In ancient times it was considered dangerous for sailing vessels, but such is no longer the case. It has shoals at different places; however, they are all correctly laid down in charts, and for this and other reasons a wreck here is nearly unknown. The only seaport of any consequence on its shores is Leith, the port of Edinburgh, half-way up on its south side. On the opposite coast of Fife, the harbours are all better than on the Edinburgh side, but they are less frequented.

The trade carried on by means of the Firth of Forth has been considerably augmented of late years by the institution of the Forth and Clyde Canal, which opens into it at Grangemouth, and gives a passage to and from Leith by water with the west of Scotland. Within the last twenty years it has been made very useful in steam navigation. At all times of the day, it presents to the eye different steam-vessels engaged in ferrying across, or in carrying passengers up and down the channel. In the mouth of the Firth lies the flat Isle of May, and between Leith and Kirkcaldy lies Inchkeith, an island of several miles in circumference. Both have lighthouses. Farther up there are a few islets in different places. The whole have a bare, and generally a rocky appearance. In some, there are the remains of religious edifices. At different places on either side are fishing villages, from whence boats are sent out to sea to catch white fish, for the daily markets at Edinburgh and elsewhere. In certain seasons vast quantities of herrings are caught, most of which are sold in a fresh state. A considerable quantity of oysters are also taken in the Firth, but as regards quality and size they are generally inferior to those in many places in the United Kingdom. The Firth of Forth comes repeatedly under notice in the history of Scotland, as having been the sea which bore to the metropolis navies engaged in warring against the kingdom, or in bringing royal personages to the country.

THE KNOT-RECORDS OF PERU.

It is generally known that the inhabitants of Peru were found, on the discovery of America, to possess a degree of intelligence and a range of social institutions, which plainly pointed out that the nation must have previously had a communication of some kind with Europe. Among the other circumstances distinguishing them from savages, was their system of recording events and conveying ideas by means of knotted cords, called *Quipos*. From the accounts left by the Spaniards who discovered the country, it appears that these *quipos* were, in general, formed of the intestines of animals, like our catgut, on which were knots and loops, the varieties of which represented letters; and there was a class of men like our notaries and clerks of council, whose business it was to compose these volumes; the name given to these officers *Quipo-camayos*. The knots are diversified by colours, for minute distinction. There is extant, in a Spanish work published in 1608, a minute account of all that took place at a meeting between Garcilasso de la Vega, an officer of the king of Spain, and the inca of Peru; being a transcription of the report or record taken of the proceedings by two *Quipo-camayos*, who sat all the time in the hall of audience, engaged upon their task. In the year 1827, there appeared in London a small quarto volume, giving an account of a bunch of these knot-records, which had fallen into the hands of one Alexander Strong, a ship-carpenter, and been brought by him to this country. The story given as to their transmission from an ancient inca of Peru, through many different hands, until they came into those of Mr Strong, need not be repeated here; but we shall give a description, so far as we are able, of the object itself.

The *quipos* recovered by Strong were contained in a box of wood which had been cut out of a solid block, and measured eighteen inches in length, by eight in breadth and depth. On the outside were painted many apparently unmeaning figures, including one, however, of a man on horseback, which is said to be alluded to in the *quipos* within, as representing a dream, in which one of the Peruvian incas foresaw the arrival of the equestrian people by whom they were to be overcome.

The *quipos* consist of seven bunches, each of which is formed upon a ring of animal sinew, bedaubed with different paints, and measuring from three to six inches in diameter. The whole form one narrative, which begins with the smallest ring, and goes on to the largest. From the circumference of each ring, proceed from thirty to a hundred cords, exactly resembling the smallest strings of a violin; each string

being from twelve to fifteen inches long, and united at both ends to the ring, so as to form what in a ribbon would be called a bow. On each string are from ten to thirty knots of different degrees of complexity, from a simple through-put, to a complication of loops and twists of three quarters of an inch in diameter. The knots and intervening portions of the string are covered with a substance which gives them the appearance of having been dipped in sealing wax; the colour being for the most part green, but in some of the knots yellow, and in others red.

Alexander Strong, who purchased them for ten pounds, from a person who had bought them at Buenos Ayres, with the hope of selling them to advantage in Britain, also received with them a key, consisting of five small slips of leather, scrawled over with something like writing; and it ought to rank high among anecdotes of perseverance, that this humble and unlettered man actually taught himself Latin, in order that he might acquaint himself with the key, which, strange to say, is in that language, and then submitted to the inconceivable drudgery of untying the whole successive parts of this worse than Gordian knot. Having first arrived at English for the various Latin words, he proceeded to apply them to the various knots which they referred to, and finally, by wonderful skill and industry, made out a rude narrative of the whole, which remains as a monument of his extraordinary task.

It appears that, in the *quipos* belonging to Mr Strong, proper names are given in red knots, numerals in yellow, while other parts of speech are in green. On examining the numerals in the *quipos*, it is found that, instead of advancing as we do by *tens*, the Peruvians advanced by *threes*; which is perhaps the reason that certain American nations have been represented as unable to count farther than three. *One* is represented by the commonest knot, such as sempstresses generally make on a thread previously to taking the first stitch. *Two* is represented by a knot, in which the end is put through once more before drawing tight, as a sempstress does when it is desired to increase the magnitude of the knot. And *three* is expressed by performing the same operation an additional time. But *four* assumes a new conformation, for it is expressed by a *loop* of the simplest kind, such as is made, in nautical language, by taking a bend on the light of the rope; and *five* is expressed by the same kind of loop, with an additional twist in the *clinch* or part where the whole is drawn tight; and *six* has another twist still. *Seven* is another kind of loop, which is manifestly different from *four*, though it would probably puzzle a fore-castle-man to define the difference in words. *Eight* is the same with the addition of another twist in the *clinch*, and *nine* with another. *Ten* is no loop at all, but a portentous kind of a knot, such as might be made in a cat-o'-nine-tails where the object was to kill. *Eleven* is the same with an additional twist in the *clinch*; and *twelve* with another. *Thirteen* is the same kind of knot as *ten*, only with a loop sprouting out on one side; and *fourteen* and *fifteen* distinguish themselves by their twists as before. In this manner the system goes on to a hundred—for so far the unknown apocryphal has chosen to carry his operations—exhibiting a new knot at every third numeral, and expressing the two next by additions at the *clinch*. The knots, as may readily be imagined, in time grow exceedingly complicated and artificial; but they invariably adhere to the *ternary* system described.

The number of knots in the skin of proper names is 102, and in the three collections of green knots, 231; so that, with the addition of the hundred numerals, the whole number of knots or ideographic symbols is 433. The positive contents, as presented by the key, are in the main very analogous to the account of Peruvian traditions given by Humboldt and Bonpland, as follows:—"The cosmogony of the Mexicans—their traditions on the subject of the mother of mankind falling from her first estate of happiness and innocence—the notion of a great inundation, in which a solitary family escaped upon a raft—the account of a building like a pyramid, raised by the pride of mankind and destroyed by the anger of the gods—the ceremonies of ablution practised at the birth of children—their idols made of maize flour kneaded into paste, and distributed in portions to the people collected in the inclosure of the temples—their confessions of sin made by penitents—their religious associations like our convents of men and of women—the belief universally extended, that white men with long beards, and of great sanctity of manners, had changed the religious and political system of their countrymen—all these circumstances together had led the ecclesiastics who accompanied the army of the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, to believe that at some very remote period Christianity had been preached in the newly-found continent. Some learned Mexicans thought they discovered the apostle St Thomas, in the mysterious personage, high-priest of Tula, whom the Cholutans knew under the name of Quetzalcoatl. There is no doubt that the doctrines of the Nestorians, mixed with the opinions of the Buddhists and the Chamans, found their way through Mantchou Tartary into the north-east of Asia. It is possible, therefore, to suppose with some appearance of reason, that ideas connected with Christianity may have been communicated by the same road to the Mexican races, and particularly to the inhabitants of that northern region from which the Tolteques migrated.

SINGULAR STORY OF EDWARD GUNN.

SOME time about the middle of last century, there flourished in Edinburgh a respectable tailor, whose name for the present shall be Gunn. This individual, at his decease, left a family, of which the most remarkable member was a son named Edward, who at an early age showed an uncommon taste for drawing and painting, and who was accordingly educated with a view to his following out that art as a profession.

In the year 1788, there occurred one of those midnight brawls so common at the time, which, however, was attended with very unpleasant consequences, unnecessary to be here particularised. The affair had assumed so serious an aspect, that several young men of respectable connections found it necessary to go into retirement for a season. Mr Edward Gunn was then a wild, roving blade; but whether he had any share in the riotous proceedings alluded to, was not exactly ascertained. Be this, however, as it may, the fact is certain, that he shortly afterwards took his departure for London, accompanied by a twin-sister, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. Here he remained in obscurity for several years, at the end of which period it was given out that he was dead, and that his sister was about to return to her native city. Accordingly, the supposed young lady (who was no other than Mr Edward himself in disguise) made her appearance; and, what may appear hardly credible, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a very masculine voice, and a beard which was by no means equivocal, he succeeded not only in imposing upon the public in general, but even upon his guardian, who never knew of the deception up to the day of his death. By this gentleman's influence, the soi-disant Miss Gunn succeeded in establishing a most respectable drawing and painting academy for young ladies. Such were the talents and assiduity of the teacher, that her school soon rose into celebrity, and continued for at least twenty years the most prosperous establishment of the kind in Edinburgh; in addition to which, she attended all the principal female boarding-schools, to give instructions in that branch of education.

As the analogy which subsists between poets and painters is sufficiently known, it will not appear surprising that Miss Gunn should have essayed her talents in rhyme; and, accordingly, at the period of the threatened French invasion, she published a poem, entitled, "Compliments to Painters," in which she indulged in some pretty free remarks upon her brethren of the brush, and against whose anticipated malice she invoked the protection of the Edinburgh volunteers, who were then in great vogue, in lines commencing thus:—

"Guard and protect me, all ye volunteers,
Brave Scotia's champions, matchless cavaliers!"

The success which attended her drawing establishment might have enabled her to realise a very competent fortune, had it not been that latterly she fell into very dissipated habits, which soon occasioned a gradual falling off in her school, and ultimately reduced her to extreme poverty. After undergoing all the vicissitudes of hardship and privation, she was at length necessitated to take refuge in the charity workhouse, where she had remained only a short time, when the notable discovery was made, that the supposed female belonged to the opposite sex. This circumstance having been reported to the managers, and it being proved, besides, that she was an incorrigible drunkard, she was forthwith expelled from that establishment. Thus was she again thrown upon her own resources; and having resumed the male attire, which she had laid aside for full thirty years, she (or rather we must now say *he*) had recourse to his old profession, and contrived for a time to pick up a precarious livelihood. What was his ultimate fate, the writer of this is unable to state; but during a temporary gleam of prosperity, Mr Gunn married a young woman, about twelve years ago, by whom he had several children—upon one occasion twins. The person who communicates this narrative, about twenty years ago received lessons in drawing from him when in the female disguise, and has frequently seen him latterly in male attire. As to whether the male or female habit became him most, the opinion of the landlady with whom he resided some time previous to his marriage may be taken:—"Weel-a-wat," she used to

say, "he was an unco thief-like limmer of a woman; but troth, he's a weel-faured wiselike chield, now that he's a man."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HUMBOLDT, *concluded.*

IN January 1803, our travellers took their departure for Guayaquil, in the vicinity of which they found a magnificent forest of palms, and other trees, which here vegetate in indescribable luxuriance. From this place they proceeded by sea to Acapulco, in New Spain. It was Humboldt's intention only to make a few months' stay in Mexico, and return with all possible speed to Europe. But, amongst other circumstances, the attractions of so beautiful and diversified a country determined him to remain until the middle of winter. After making various philosophical observations and experiments, our travellers set out in the direction of Mexico. They passed through the burning valleys of Mescala and Papagayo, where the thermometer stood in the shade at 104° of Fahrenheit, traversed the elevated plains of Chilpanzulgo, Tehuilotpec, and Tasco, where oaks, cypresses, fir-trees, and European grain, flourished in a mild climate. After visiting the silver mines of Tasco, the oldest, and formerly the richest, in Mexico, they reached the capital, which is very pleasantly situated, and is distinguished from all the cities of the New World by its scientific institutions. After a residence of some months, during which Humboldt corrected the longitude of Mexico, our travellers visited the celebrated mines of Moran and Real del Monte, and examined the obsidian Oyamel, which lie embedded in the layers of pearl-stone and porphyry, and served the former inhabitants for knives. The basaltic columns are as remarkable for their regularity as those of Staffa: some are horizontal, and others have various degrees of inclination, but they are for the most part perpendicular. After visiting other parts of the kingdom, they set out for Guanajuato, a large city, placed in a narrow defile, and celebrated for its mines. They were here occupied for two months with measurements and geological investigations, examined the baths of Comagillos, whose temperature is about 25° of Fahrenheit higher than that of those in the Philippine Islands, and then traversed the valley of St Jago to Valladolid, the capital of the former kingdom of Meoacan. Notwithstanding the continuance of the heavy autumnal rains, they descended by Patzquaro, which is situated on the edge of an extensive lake towards the shores of the Pacific Ocean, to the plains of Jorullo. Here they entered the great crater, making their way over crevices exhaling ignited sulphuretted hydrogen, and experiencing much danger from the brittleness of the lava. The formation of this volcano is one of the most extraordinary phenomena which have been observed in nature. The plain of Malpais, covered with small cones from six to ten feet high, is part of an elevated table-land, bounded by hills of volcanic and other rocks. From the time of Columbus's discovery till 1759, the surface of the country had experienced no remarkable vicissitude. In June of the above year, however, hollow sounds were heard to issue from the earth, and these were followed by a series of earthquakes which continued for two months. From the beginning of September, every thing seemed to announce the re-establishment of tranquillity; but on the night of the 28th, the subterranean thunder again began to peal in the ears of the affrighted inhabitants, who fled for refuge to the neighbouring mountains. A tract not less than from three to four square miles rose up in the shape of a dome; and flames were also said to issue from a space of above six square miles, while fragments of red-hot rocks were hurled to an immense height, and the earth, convulsed far and wide, reeled like a sinking ship. Thousands of the small cones noticed above suddenly appeared; and in the midst of them six great masses, called hornitos or ovens, sprung up from a gulf. The most elevated of these, which is about 1640 feet above the original level of the plain, is the great volcano of Jorullo, which burns continually. At the time when Humboldt visited this place, he was informed by the natives that the heat of these ovens had formerly been much greater. The thermometer rose to 203° when placed in the fissures exhaling aqueous vapour. All the cones emitted a dense smoke, and from some or them subterranean sounds were heard to issue. The Indians of this province are represented as being the most industrious of New Spain. They have considerable talent for cutting out images in wood, and dressing them in clothes made of the pith of an aquatic plant, which, being very porous, imbibes the most vivid colours. At Toluca, our travellers visited the wonderful hand-tree, the *cheiram-thostemon* of Cervantes, of which at one time there was supposed to exist but a single specimen. After their arrival at Mexico, they spent some time in arranging their botanical and geological collections, and in making philosophical observations. In January 1804, they quitted Mexico, with the intention of examining the eastern declivity of the Cordillera of New Spain. They also measured the great pyramid of Cholula, an extraor-

dinary monument of the Tolteck race. It is composed of bricks, apparently sun-dried, alternating with layers of clay. Our travellers now descended to the port of Vera Cruz, where they embarked for Havannah, from whence they went to Philadelphia, spending here and at Washington two months, and then set sail for Europe.

The results of this expedition, conducted with so much talent and zeal, have been of the very highest importance. Previous to Humboldt's visit to New Spain, our information regarding that interesting and extensive territory was meagre and inaccurate. From various causes, none of the least of which was the narrow policy of the government there established, it lay for centuries in dim obscurity of "darkness visible," which the eye of research was unable to penetrate. The maps were very inaccurate, and even the latitude and longitude of the capital remained unfixed. This gave rise to a curious circumstance: A total eclipse of the sun took place on the 21st of February 1803, and threw the inhabitants into a state of great consternation; for the almanacks, calculating from a false indication of the meridian, had, in predicting the event, announced that it would be scarcely visible. To Humboldt belongs the honour of having dispelled in some measure the darkness in which we remained regarding that country. It would be impossible almost to give an idea of the vast mass of intelligence contained in his great work upon the subject. Never traveller returned to his native land so richly fraught with all that could interest and instruct. With respect to natural history, the information already laid before the public eye, obtained from the observation of six years, exceeds any thing that had been presented by the most successful cultivators of the same field during a whole lifetime. The rich collections which the travellers brought with them are unique in their kinds, and of inestimable value. They contain, amongst other things, 6300 kinds of plants. The account of their travels was published by Humboldt in the splendid work which appeared at Paris, Hamburg, and London, in 1810 and following years. The whole series, which consists of twelve volumes quarto, and three volumes folio, with two collections of maps and one of picturesque engravings, has been justly called, by a competent judge, "a work of gigantic extent and richness, to which the modern literature of Europe can hardly offer a parallel." The first division is devoted to general physics, and to an account of their journey. The first part of this account is contained in the numbers already published, under the separate title of "Vues des Cordillères et Monumens des Peuples de l'Amerique," and is adorned with about sixty engravings: the second division relates to zoology and comparative anatomy; the third contains a political essay on New Spain; the fourth is devoted to astronomy; the fifth to mineralogy and magnetism; and the sixth to botany.

The labour required for reducing the observations of our travellers to a state fit for the public eye, must have been very great. The mind of Humboldt, however, is as much characterised by its activity as by the vastness of its acquirements. He engaged himself besides in various investigations, part of which were published in the foreign journals. In concert with M. Gay Lussac, with whom he lived in the most intimate friendship, he has made numerous magnetic experiments, and verified Biot's theory respecting the position of the magnetic equator. They have found that the great mountain chains, and even the active volcanos, have no appreciable influence on magnetic power, and have established the fact that it gradually diminishes as we recede from the equator. On the return of the philosophers from America, Bonpland was appointed by Bonaparte to the office of superintending the gardens at Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine had formed a splendid collection of exotics. In 1813, he went to Buenos Ayres, as professor of natural history. In 1820, he made an excursion into the interior of Paraguay; but when he arrived at St Anne, on the eastern bank of the Parana, where he had established a colony of Indians, he was unexpectedly surrounded by a large body of soldiers, who destroyed the plantation, and carried him off a prisoner. He was confined chiefly in Santa Martha, but was allowed to practise as a physician. Humboldt applied in vain for the liberty of his friend, for whom he cherished a sincere affection. According to a late report, he has obtained his liberty. In October 1818, Humboldt visited London, where it is said the allied powers requested him to sketch a plan of the political situation of the South American people. For the execution of his plan to undertake a scientific journey to the East Indies and Thibet, the king of Prussia, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in November 1818, granted him a yearly pension of 12,000 dollars, and the use of the necessary instruments. But this journey was abandoned. Humboldt lived many years in Paris, devoted to the sciences, till, in the winter of 1822, he was called to accompany the king of Prussia on his journey through Italy. His residence at Naples was the cause of his inquiries into the formation of volcanos, the result of which he gave to the public in a small essay. In the latter part of 1826, he returned from Paris to Berlin. In 1827, he made a journey to Northern Asia, as far as the confines of China, in which he was much assisted by the Russian government, which wished to obtain, through him, more correct information respecting the character and contents of the Ural Mountains.

No regular narrative of this journey has yet been published, but the following outline of it we have obtained from an able work by Mr Macgillivray, entitled, "Travels and Researches of Baron Humboldt," which is an abstract of a French work entitled "Fragments of Asiatic Geology and Clemitology, par A. de Humboldt."

Our traveller, accompanied by MM. Ehrenberg and Gustavus Rose, embarked at Nignei-Novgorod, on the Volga, and descended to Kasan and the Tartar ruins of Bolgari; from thence he went by Perm to Jekatherinenburg, on the Asiatic side of the Uralian Mountains—a vast chain, comprising several ranges which run nearly parallel to each other. The highest summits scarcely attain an elevation of 4000 or 5000 feet, but, like the Andes, they follow the direction of a meridian from the neighbourhood of Lake Aral to the vicinity of the Frozen Sea. A month was spent in investigating the central and northern parts of these mountains, malachite mines of Goumescherskoi, the great magnetic ridge of Blagodat, and the celebrated deposits of Mourzinsk, in which topaz and beryl are found. Near Nignei-Tagilsk (a country which has been compared to Choco in South America, in respect of its character and productions), a mass of platina (the heaviest, most durable, and in many respects the most valuable of the metals, not excepting gold), weighing about 2½ lbs. troy, has been found. From Jekatherinenburg the travellers went by Tioumen to Tobolsk on the Jotisch, and from thence by Tara (a desert of Baraba, which is dreaded on account of the torments caused by the multitudes of insects) to Barnaul on the banks of the Ob, the picturesque lake of Kolyvan, and the rich silver mines of Schlangenberg, Riddersk, and Zyrianovski, situated on the south-western declivity of the Altaic range. They proceeded southward from Riddersk to Oust-Kamenogorsk, and passed through Boukhtarminsk to the frontier of Chinese Zungaria. They even obtained permission to cross the frontier, in order to visit the Mongol post of Bates, or Khonimailakhon, northward of the lake Dzaisang, and returned to Oust-Kamenogorsk. From this place they went along the steppe of the Middle Horde of the Kirghiz, by Semipolatsinsk and Ouish, and the lines of the Ichim Cossacks and Tobol, to reach the southern part of the Ural, where, in the vicinity of Miask, in a deposit of very small extent, and at a few inches depth, were found three masses of native gold, one of which weighed about 1½, and the other above 28 lbs. troy. They next proceeded along the Southern Ural, to the fine quarries of green jasper at Orsk, where the river Jaik crosses the chain from east to west. From thence they passed by Souberlink to Orenburg, which is below the level of the sea, and then visited the famous salt-mine of Letzki, situated in the steppe of the Little Kirghiz Horde. They afterwards inspected the principal place of Ouralssk Cossacks; the German colonies of the Saralov government, on the left bank of the Volga; the great salt-lake of Eldon, in the steppe of the Kalmucks; and a fine colony of Moravians at Sarepta; and, finally, arrived at Astracan. The principal objects of this excursion to the Caspian Sea were the chemical analysis of its waters, which Mr Rose intended to make; the observations of the barometrical heights; and the collection of fishes, for the great work of Baron Cuvier and M. Valenciennes. From Astracan the travellers returned to Moscow by the isthmus which separates the Don and the Volga, near Tichanskayu and the country of the Don Cossacks. In the course of seven weeks, Humboldt had passed over the frontiers of Chinese Zungaria, between the forts of Oust-Kamenogorsk and Boukhtarminsk, and Khonimailakhon (a Chinese post to the north of the lake Dzaijang), the Cossack line of the Kirghiz steppe, and the shores of the Caspian Sea. In the important commercial towns of Semipolatsinsk, Petropalauka, Troitzkaia, Orenburg, and Astracan, he obtained from the Tartars, Bucharians, and Tachkendis, information respecting the Asiatic regions in the vicinity of their native country. At Orenburg, where caravans of several thousand camels annually arrive, an enlightened individual, M. de Gens, has collected a mass of materials of the highest importance for the geography of Central Asia. It is understood that this illustrious traveller is now engaged in the preparation of these his journeyings into the Asiatic Continent.

A TURKISH SKETCH.

THE Mahomedans generally, and the Turks in particular, are a people who place a great deal of blind dependence on Fate, or Providence. Instead of using the means to effect a special purpose, they will sit down in apathy, and believe that God will do all that is required for them. This species of folly is well illustrated in the story of "Anastasius," a work which will hardly have been perused by many of our readers. The incident is thus related:—

"I possessed not that even temperature of mind which steers clear of extremes; I could never do any thing in moderation. My soul fired at the recent instances I had witnessed in Mavrocordato and others, of immense fortunes made in trade; and, already in love with wealth on its own account, I doubly revered it in view of the power obtainable through its influence; for ambition would never leave me entirely quiet, but, when it was turned out of doors, stole in at the window, and added its persuasions to the other motives which had determined me before to become a

first-rate merchant. So fast galloped my imagination, that already I saw myself standing with one leg in Cashmere, and with the other in St Domingo; with the right hand loading hemp at St Petersburg, and with the left gold and negroes on the Guinea coast; and covering with my vessels at once the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the Euxine and the South Sea. I had genius; I could, if I chose, force perseverance; and the only trifles wanted were capital, credit, and correspondents.

Providence had just kept in store for me the only person ready to hold all these desiderata at my disposal on the shortest notice. I found every thing needful in an old Moslem, grown enormously rich through nothing but his undeviating perseverance to do all that, by common calculation, ought to have reduced him to beggary. In the true spirit of predestination, Welid maintained that no mode of conduct begot ill-luck so infallibly as caution. 'It manifested mistrust,' he said, 'in the ways of Providence; and one single pious ejaculation at the outset of an enterprise was worth all the calculations of worldly wisdom.' Indeed, Welid might quote his whole life in proof of this doctrine.

But, to go no farther back in the recapitulation than the instances of the last twelvemonth.—The Porte had sent away for riotous behaviour the Slavonians who do the garden work about Constantinople, just at that period of the spring when the setting fruits require constant irrigation. All Welid's neighbours strained every nerve to supply the deficiency, while Welid alone saw the pining of his oranges, his citrons, and his pumpkins, with perfect apathy, and only exclaimed, 'God is great!' What was the consequence?—The sky, usually of brass in that season, all at once opened its sluices, and made Welid's garden, on the very brink of annihilation, yield a double crop.

Again: the unusual rains, in the hottest month of the year, had produced a dreadful plague. Most of Welid's friends took some precautions against the infection, while Welid alone seemed by preference to go where the malady was rifest, and only repeated, 'God is great!' What ensued?—Not a finger of Welid's ached all the time; but he became heir to every one of his relations who had evinced more prudence.

And again: the dampness of the summer was followed by an autumn so dry, that every night saw Constantinople disturbed by some dreadful conflagration. Several of Welid's acquaintance therefore watched their premises, while Welid heard the cry of fire in his very yard, without saying any thing but 'God is great!' How did the business end?—Welid's house indeed was burnt to the ground: but the falling walls discovered a deposit of gold and jewels sufficient to build a score of palaces.

What, therefore, could be more natural than for Welid to infer, that the more imprudences he committed, the less he could fail to prosper? Nor did he lack examples of the mischiefs arising from a more wary conduct; for—not to mention his own brother, who, with a sincere and heartfelt wish for wealth, had, from the mere apprehension of making a bad hit, never made a good one; nor his nephew, who, grudging a servant's wages, had, in his loneliness, been murdered by a band of robbers; nor his cousin, who, to save his old vessel a scouring, had sold his gold for brass—what but Emin's resorting to medicine in a malady from which he might have recovered, had made him take a deadly poison? What but Talib's fear of a pursuing foe had caused him to fall into a torrent, and be drowned? And what but Nasser's inventing a most ingenious trap for thieves, had kept him confined by the leg in his own fetters, until he died of hunger amidst all his dearly purchased treasure?

The vast fortune which Welid had by his imprudence acquired, I advised him to employ in some grand speculation, and to make me his partner in the concern. Others might not have thought me the fittest person for a commercial associate, but I repeated 'God is great!' until Welid committed all his affairs to my management. We went, he, his son, and myself, to Smyrna; there freighted a vessel with cotton, and resolved to carry our merchandise to Marseilles, where we could not fail to find a good market. As I contributed but little toward the purchase, my portion was to be but small in the profits: this, however, remained a tacit clause between us, too well understood to be expressed. No regular account, no legal vouchers, no written memorandum whatever, was drawn up of our respective shares. Welid was not a man to trouble himself about such formalities. 'Each knew his own,' he said, 'and that was enough.'

In one respect, however, he showed an invincible obstinacy. He had taken it into his head that it would be manifesting his trust in Providence to hire the first vessel he should meet with. This happened to be precisely the oldest and craziest concern in the harbour—a thing on the eve of being broken up as unfit for service. The circumstance, however, so far from deterring, only confirmed Welid in his purpose. He thought it a most fortunate opportunity of signalling his reliance on heaven, and no entreaty or remonstrance could make him desist from freighting this miserable wreck, in preference to a dozen stout vessels disengaged. He would not even insure. It was flying in the face of Providence, and almost as bad as atheism or blasphemy; so that, unable to persuade my partner, I had insurance made in my own name on the whole cargo.

We now set sail. Hardly had we got into the latitude of Chio, when Welid's son—as hale a boy to all appearance as ever was seen—suddenly fell ill, and died. Our crew, chiefly Provençals, doubted not his being a victim to the plague, which had begun to spread in Smyrna, and became almost petrified with terror. Welid himself, though he had appeared fond of his child while alive, shed not a tear on his death, bore his loss with his inherent apathy, and only as usual exclaimed 'God is great!' I felt so angry with him for his insensibility, that I almost longed to see him go to the shades after his boy.

The sailors only wondered that so infirm an old man as Welid—after having sat open-mouthed, as it were, to inhale the contagion which had felled a robust youth—should still continue to breathe, but did nothing to get rid of him, and suffered him to live on unmolested. It is true that scarcely had his son breathed his last, than there arose a storm, of which the very first blast shivered our bark to splinters. It sent twelve fine young sailors and their captain to the bottom, but kindly spared Welid and me; and as the cargo was now lost at all events, I determined to atone for whatever evil thoughts might, without my leave, have risen in my breast, by doing my utmost to save my partner. I lugged him after me on a floating hencoop; and, as it had not required an out of the way rough sea to make an end of our crazy skiff, this vehicle supported its load, until the wind and current carried us ashore on the neighbouring coast of Samos.

Welid, who had only suffered himself to be saved, like one of his bales of cotton or bags of corn, without making a positive resistance, experienced on this rather trying occasion so little extraordinary wear and tear of body or mind, that, weak and old as he was, he still brought ashore strength enough to cry out with great satisfaction on the loss of his cargo, as he had done on that of his child, 'God is great!'—while I, on whom had fallen all the weight of exertion, could scarce articulate from exhaustion.

Our shipwreck close to the land in broad daylight had collected round us a number of fishermen, all impressed with becoming gratitude towards Providence, not so much for having spared our lives, as for having destroyed our vessel on their shore. Too late, however, to push our persons back into the waves from which we had just emerged, they exerted themselves the other way, and helped us on, lest we should witness their proceedings in regard to the wreck. The little money we had in our pockets was employed in getting ourselves conveyed, as soon as the storm subsided, to Kooshadasi on the mainland of Anadoly; but this short voyage completely exhausted our finances, and on our arrival we had not a para left.

Nor were we, for the present, in want of a para. The Turk, where bigotry interferes not with his better feelings, is as charitable as he is confiding. He neither attributes good fortune entirely to man's own sagacity, nor ill-luck solely to his imprudence, and neither is apt to listen with suspicion to the tale of the indigent, nor to cast blame on the conduct of the unfortunate. Looking upon adversity as proceeding from the same high source from whence flows prosperity—feeling as little degraded by the pressure of God's hand upon him, as elated by its support—he confers charity without pride, as he asks it without meanness. We, therefore, who came as supplicants, in need of every thing, found every thing we needed. Every inhabitant vied with the rest in supplying our necessities, and providing for our comforts. Hence Welid, who wanted repose, resolved to avail himself for a few days of the hospitality so handsomely tendered; while I only requested a horse and a guide, to take me on to Smyrna. The two animals soon were found, and I set off.

My first care, on arriving at this place, was to recover the insurance on the shipwrecked cargo. After some delay, occasioned by legal inquiries, affidavits, &c., I got indemnified for every bale of cotton put on board. Welid, who in the meantime had also reappeared, declined to share in the recovery, as he had refused to join in the insurance. It was only by stratagem I could make him accept a small part of the produce. No way cured, however, by his loss, of his blind confidence in his destiny, he continued to commit fresh imprudences, until, from the condition of a wealthy merchant, he became reduced to that of a poor basket-maker; but whenever we met, he still would lay aside his osier twigs to point to heaven, and to cry out, 'God is great!'

A CHAPTER FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

THERE is hardly any thing more odious in our great manufacturing and trading system, than combinations, whether of masters or workmen. Combinations are neither more nor less than conspiracies to secure private and unnatural advantages at the expense of the public, and in their character are essentially opposed to those generous and really profitable principles of free trade which all sound-thinking men are now ready to advocate, and which at least the working classes have been long strenuous in insisting upon as necessary for their welfare. We hold it as an imperishable maxim in our general economy, that every thing vicious will sooner or later find its level. Truth

and justice will survive, though all mankind were to combine to extirpate them. It is one of the imprescriptible just rights of man, that he is entitled to make the most of his labour. He ought to be at liberty to roam over the whole earth to seek out employment suited to his abilities or his taste; in the same degree so should the master be entitled to get his work done where and how he chooses. Both have equal rights and privileges to be respected. And it will be found in the long-run that this species of liberty is the most profitable, as well as the most comfortable for all parties. Combinations to restrict such a freedom, as being adverse to the great principles which secure the rights of individuals, may appear to be advantageous for a while, but they cannot exist beyond a brief period of time. They are founded on a fallacy. The present generation may encourage them; but the next, if more intelligent, which it is likely to be, will look upon them as simply resulting from that species of ignorance which in the dark ages of our history invested bodies of men with the injurious privileges of trading incorporations, and conspired against the welfare of the community.

Mr Babbage, in his admirable work on Machinery and Manufactures, thus illustrates the subject of combinations:—"The effects arising from combinations amongst the workmen, are almost always injurious to the parties themselves. There are numerous instances in which the public suffer by increased price at the moment, but are ultimately gainers from the permanent reduction which results; whilst, on the other hand, the improvements which are often made in machinery in consequence of 'a strike' amongst the workmen, most frequently do an injury, of greater or less duration, to that particular class which gave rise to them. As the injury to the men and to their families is almost always greater than that which affects their employers, it is of the utmost importance to the comfort and happiness of the former class, that sound views should be entertained by them upon this question. For this purpose a few illustrations of the principle which is here maintained, will probably have greater weight than any reasoning of a more general nature, though drawn from admitted principles of political economy. Such instances will, moreover, present the additional advantage of appealing to facts known to many individuals of those classes for whose benefit these reflections are intended.

There is a process in the manufacture of gun-barrels for making what, in the language of the trade, are called *skelps*. The *skelp* is a piece or bar of iron, about three feet long, and four inches wide, but thicker and broader at one end than at the other: and the barrel of a musket is formed by forging out such pieces to the proper dimensions, and then folding or bending them round into a cylindrical form, until the edges overlap, so that they can be welded together.

About twenty years ago, the workmen employed at a very extensive factory in forging these *skelps* out of bar-iron, 'struck' for an advance of wages, and as their demands were very exorbitant, they were not immediately complied with. In the meantime, the superintendent of the establishment directed his attention to the subject; and it occurred to him, that, if the circumference of the rollers, between which the bar-iron was rolled, were to be made equal to the length of a *skelp*, or of a musket-barrel, and if also the grooves in which the iron was compressed, instead of being equally deep and wide, were cut gradually deeper and wider from a point in the rollers, until it returned to the same point, then the bar-iron passing between such rollers, instead of being uniform in width and thickness, would have the form of a *skelp*. On making the trial, it was found to succeed perfectly, a great reduction of human labour was effected by the process, and the workmen, who had acquired peculiar skill in performing it, ceased to derive any advantage from their dexterity.

It is somewhat singular that another and a still more remarkable instance of the effect of combination amongst workmen should have occurred but a few years since in the very same trade. The process of welding the 'skelps,' so as to convert them into gun-barrels, required much skill, and after the termination of the war, the demand for muskets having greatly diminished, the number of persons employed in that line was very much reduced. This circumstance rendered combination more easy; and upon one occasion, when a contract had been entered into for a considerable supply to be delivered on a fixed day, the men all struck for such an advance of wages as would have caused the completion of the contract to be attended with a very heavy loss. In this difficulty, the contractors resorted to a mode of welding the gun-barrel, according to a plan for which a patent had been taken out by them some years before this event. It had not then succeeded so well as to come into general use in consequence of the cheapness of the usual mode of welding by hand-labour, combined with some other difficulties with which the patentee had had to contend. But the stimulus produced by the combination of the workmen for this advance of wages, induced him to make new trials, and he was enabled to introduce such a facility in welding gun-barrels by rollers, and such perfection in the work itself, that, in all

probability, very few will in future be welded by hand-labour.

The process consisted in turning a bar of iron, about a foot long, into the form of a cylinder, with the edges a little overlapping. It was then placed in a furnace, raised to a welding heat, and taken out, when a triblet, or cylinder of iron, being placed in it, it was passed quickly through a pair of rollers. The effect of this was, that the welding was performed at a single heating, and the remainder of the elongation necessary for bringing it to the length of the musket-barrel, was performed in a similar manner, but at a lower temperature. The workmen who had combined were of course no longer wanted, and instead of benefiting themselves by their combination, they were reduced permanently, by this improvement in the art, to a considerably lower rate of wages: for as the process to which they had been habituated required peculiar skill and considerable experience, they had hitherto been in the habit of earning much higher wages than other workmen of their class. On the other hand, the new method of welding was far less injurious to the texture of the iron, which was now exposed only once, instead of three or four times, to the welding heat, so that the public derived advantage from the superiority, as well as from the economy of the process. Another advantage has also arisen from its introduction; for the new process is now applied to the manufacture of iron tubes, which can thus be made at a price which renders their employment very general. They are now to be found in the shops of all our larger ironmongers, in various lengths, and of different diameters, with screws cut at each end, and are in constant use for the conveyance of gas for lighting, or of water for warming our houses.

Similar examples must have presented themselves to those who are familiar with the details of our manufactures, but these are sufficient to illustrate one of the results of combinations."

BRISSON'S CAPTIVITY IN AFRICA.

SHIPWRECK on the coast of Africa, particularly on the western coast, has been always attended with peculiar circumstances of horror and distress. The unhappy sufferers, on escaping from the raging billows of the ocean, find themselves exposed to unmitigated misery, on a barren and inhospitable coast, abounding not only with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, but also inhabited by men of a most barbarous disposition, exceeding in ferocity even the savage animals of the desert themselves. The country of Morocco, which extends about 600 miles along the shores of the north-western part of Africa, is possessed by a race of men who are characterised as being jealous, deceitful, superstitious, and cruel to a most excessive degree; so that any mariners who have had the misfortune to be wrecked on these coasts, have almost invariably met with immediate death from their hands, or have been condemned to suffer the miseries of a most wretched and hopeless captivity amongst them. There are two sorts of inhabitants in Morocco—the Arabs, who dwell in moveable villages, composed generally of about 100 tents each; and the Berberes, Barbars, or aborigines, who live in towns and villages. There are also a great number of Christian slaves, and some merchants on the coast, besides a multitude of Jews, who carry on almost all the trade, especially by land, with the negroes, to whom they send large caravans, which travel over vast deserts almost destitute of water. The inhabitants of these western parts of Africa have, therefore, been long a various and mingled race, and, along with the other nations on the African coast as far as the borders of Egypt, are known to Europeans by the general denomination of *Moors*.

On the open plains of Morocco the climate is torrid, yet genial. Its grand chain of mountains, denominated *ATLAS*, from whence the neighbouring ocean has received the name of the *Atlantic*, has its summits often covered with snows; and between these and its bases, there is presented almost every diversity of climate and temperature. Excessive rains sometimes deluge the level districts, to the destruction both of vegetables and animals; there is sometimes a drought, which continues till vegetation is almost wholly withered; and armies of locusts occasionally devour the produce of the most fruitful seasons, before it can be converted to the use of man. Sheep and oxen are the most plentiful among the domesticated animals in these countries; the camel is the common beast of burden; the horse and the mule are employed for riding; fowls, pigeons, and partridges, hares, and, in the northern parts, rabbits, are in sufficient abundance. The wild animals of the forests and mountains, are, deer of different sorts, antelopes, foxes, bears, lions, and tigers.

Monsieur Brisson's account of his shipwreck on these barbarous coasts, attended with all its usual

horrors, and of a most distressful captivity in consequence of it, among the savage inhabitants, is possessed of great interest and importance. The interest is almost equal to that which is excited in reading Byron's *Narrative*; and a great similarity exists between his sufferings and those of Monsieur Brisson, from whose narrative we shall now select a few of the most interesting particulars.

His voyages to Africa, the author says, had already been productive of many hardships and much loss to him, when he received an order from the French government, in the month of June 1785, to embark for the island of St Louis, at Senegal. When he arrived at the Canaries, the vessel on which he was aboard passed between these isles and that of Palma; but the captain, having refused to follow M. Brisson's advice, the ship was soon after driven upon the coast, and cast away. In many particulars, it will be observed that this catastrophe is remarkably similar to that of the *Medusa* in later times. Immediately after this fatal occurrence, he asked the captain at what distance they might be from Senegal; but the answer he received not proving satisfactory, he informed his companions in misfortune, that he could not flatter them with the hope of being able to conduct them to any village of the tribe of Trargea, where he might perhaps have been known to some Arab, who had relations at the island of St Louis, in which case their captivity would have been shorter and less rigorous. "I am afraid," added he, "of meeting with some hordes of the tribe of Ouadelims and the Labdesseba, a ferocious people, who live like real savages, who always wander through the deserts, and who feed on the milk of their camels."

According to M. Brisson's conjecture, they fell immediately into the hands of the Labdesseba, and these barbarians, after plundering the ship, stripped him and his companions, and then crowded them into a small hut, covered with moss, which was above a league distant from the sea. As M. Brisson's master happened to be a *talbe*—for so these savages name their priests—he thought he should procure some alleviation of his misfortunes, by bestowing upon him the few jewels he had in his possession; namely, two watches with their chains, a ring set with diamonds, and two hundred livres in specie. The *talbe* hereupon made him great promises, but he soon proved to be as deceitful as he was barbarous. To avoid another tribe still more savage, the Arabs made their prisoners proceed, by forced marches, to the interior parts of the country, during which they were so oppressed with thirst, that they could scarcely move their tongues. In this situation they obliged them to climb mountains of a prodigious height, and covered with sharp flints, by which their feet were dreadfully cut and mangled. Their masters made a kind of paste of barley meal, which they mixed with water in the hollow of their hands, and swallowed without chewing it.

"As for us slaves," says M. Brisson, "we had nothing to eat but the same kind of paste. The Arabs threw it to us upon a kind of carpet, which our patron generally spread below his feet when he repeated his prayers, and which he used as a mattress during the night; after having kneaded this leaven a long time, he gave it to me, that I might divide it among my companions. One can hardly conceive how disagreeable this leaven was to the taste. The water with which it was mixed had been procured upon the seashore, and had been preserved afterwards in the skin of a goat newly killed. To prevent it from corrupting, they had mixed a kind of pitch with it, which rendered the smell of it doubly nauseous. The same kind of water was given us to drink, and, bad as it was, our allowance of it was extremely small."

Next morning, after a most laborious march over a plain, upon which the rays of the sun fell almost perpendicularly, the prisoners were employed in unloading the camels, and in pulling up roots; a labour which was exceedingly painful, as in that country the root and herbs are mixed with briars and thorns. When the sand was well heated by the fire, the Arabs covered a goat with it, until it was completely baked; and immediately, without giving themselves time to free it from the sand which adhered to it, they devoured it with incredible voracity. After having thoroughly gnawed the bones, they made use of their nails to scrape off the remaining flesh; after which, they threw them to their miserable slaves, bidding them eat quickly, and make haste to reload the camels, that their journey might not be retarded. At length, after a march of sixteen days, during which they were exposed to the greatest hardships and fatigue, they arrived in a most deplorable and extenuated condition, at the habitation of their masters. The reception which they met with from the women was mortifying in the utmost degree. When they had satisfied the first emotions of their curiosity by looking at them for some time, they bestowed the most abusive language upon them, spit in their faces, and even pelted them with stones. The children, copying their example, amused themselves by pinching them, pulling their hair, and scratching them with their nails. The heat was so excessive, that the flocks, half-starved, could find no pasture, and the sheep and goats returned with their dugs almost empty; and yet it was their milk, and that of the camels, which was to supply food for a numerous family. "One may judge after this," says M. Brisson, "how much our portion was diminished; as we were Christians,

the dogs even fared better, and it was in basins destined for their use that we received our allowance!"

Their situation became every day more wretched. The end of October was approaching, and a single drop of rain had not fallen for three years. The plains and valleys were entirely burnt up, and nothing remained for the nourishment of the cattle. The desolation was universal, when an Arab from a distant part of the country came to inform them that refreshing showers had covered those parts where he resided with abundance of vegetation. Joy then succeeded to fear and distress. Every one struck his tent, and all set out together. This was the thirtieth time they had changed their habitation, and that their fatigues had been renewed, for these hordes never remain above twelve or fifteen days in the same encampment. At length they arrived at the wished-for spot, where the sand was so impregnated with moisture, that the least pressure of the body made the water spout up in great abundance. Here the prisoners would have thought themselves very happy, could they have procured a hurdle made of osier twigs to repose upon, and a coarse-napped carpet of wool to cover them; but amongst the Arabs none but those who are rich use such pieces of furniture. To add to their misfortunes, their portion of food was increased, but only with water, so that in a little time they had nothing to eat but water whitened with meal, which weakened them to such a degree as can hardly be conceived. Wild plants and raw snails were then almost the whole of their aliment.

M. Brisson's master had promised to send him to Mogador, and to furnish him with the means of procuring his liberty; but he soon put an end to his dissimulation, and this unfortunate man lost every hope. He no longer met in the fields his miserable companions, and he regretted above all the loss of the captain. One evening he found him stretched out on the sand, and in such a condition that he scarcely knew him but by the colour of his body. In his mouth he held one of his hands, which only his extreme weakness prevented him from devouring. Hunger had so much changed his figure, that his appearance was horrid and disgusting. A few days after, the second captain, exhausted by want, fell down under a tree, where he remained exposed to the attacks of a monstrous serpent. Some hungry crows frightened the venomous reptile by their cries, and, perching upon the dying man, began to tear him to pieces; while four savage monsters, still more cruel than the furious snake, beheld this scene, and suffered the unhappy wretch to make vain efforts without deigning to lend him the least assistance. M. Brisson endeavoured to save him if possible, but he was prevented by the Arabs, who ill used and insulted him. Not knowing which way to bend his steps, he hastened away from this scene of horror.

Almost all the prisoners sunk under their misfortunes in succession, and no one was left to comfort Brisson under his sufferings; he became frantic through excess of thirst, and even the Arabs themselves died from the same cause. They preserved with the greatest care the water which they found in the stomachs of their camels, and boiled their flesh in it. At length his master's brother-in-law purchased him for five camels; and this man having occasion to go to the court of the emperor of Morocco upon business, he carried M. Brisson along with him. The French consul at that time was luckily in great favour with the emperor, on account of some presents which he had made him; for this reason the emperor set all the prisoners at liberty, and amongst the rest M. Brisson, who then found his way, once more, home to his native country.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

[From Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.]

A SENTIMENTAL PIGEON.

A man, set to watch a field of peas which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old cock pigeon who had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, and nourished from his own crop, and assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner. The labourer took up the dead bird, and tied it to a short stake, thinking that it would frighten away the other depredators. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued, day after day, walking slowly round the stick. The kind-hearted wife of the bailiff of the farm at last heard of the circumstance, and immediately went to afford what relief she could to the poor bird. She told me that, on arriving at the spot, she found the hen bird much exhausted, and that she had made a circular beaten track round the dead pigeon, making now and then a little spring towards him. On the removal of the dead bird, the hen returned to the dove-cot.

INGENUITY OF BEES.

A large brown slug made its way into a glass hive, where the operations of the bees could be distinctly seen. Having killed the slug, and finding that they were unable to get it out of the hive, they covered it over with the thick resinous substance called propolis, and thus prevented its becoming a nuisance to the colony. Into the same hive, one of the common brown-shelled snails also gained admittance. Instead of em-

bedding it in propolis, the bees contented themselves with fixing it to the bottom of the hive, by plastering the edge with that substance. I have now in my possession a regular fortification made of propolis, which one of my stocks of bees placed at the entrance of their hive, to enable them the better to protect themselves from the attacks of wasps. By means of this fortification, a few bees could effectually guard the entrance, by lessening the space of admission, which I had neglected to do for them.

INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

He informed me that a friend of his, an officer in the forty-fourth regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

A POODLE DOG.

A friend of mine had a poodle dog possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was, however, under little command. In order to keep him in better order, my friend purchased a small whip, with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return, the whip was put on a table in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterwards found concealed in an outbuilding, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was, however, again lost, but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, who was suspected of being the culprit, he was seen to take the whip from the hall-table, and run away with it, in order again to hide it. The late James Cumming, Esq., was the owner of the dog, and related this anecdote to me.

PROPER PRIDE IN A DOG.

A gentleman, a good shot, lent a favourite old pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.

THE ANTIPATHY OF THE HEN TO WATER.

Is well known, yet the following is a curious instance of habit overcoming nature:—A hen, who had reared three broods of ducks in three successive years, became habituated to their taking to the water, and would fly to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and patiently and quietly watch her brood as they swam about it. The fourth year she hatched her own eggs; and finding that her chickens did not take to the water as the ducklings had done, she flew to the stone in the pond, and called them to her with the utmost eagerness. This recollection of the habits of her former charge, though it had taken place a year before, is not a little curious.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea,
We ask not such from thee!

Yet more—the depths have more. What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal royalties.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main,
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more—the depths have more. Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old—
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more—the billows and the depths have more.
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast—
They hear not now the booming waters roar.
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long—
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down—
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead.
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

—New Monthly Magazine.

ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

The present Samuel Chifney presents the beau ideal of a jockey; elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace, all united, and power in his saddle beyond any man of his weight that ever yet sat on one. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is son of the late celebrated jockey of his name, by the daughter of a training groom, consequently well bred for his profession, to which he is a first rate ornament. Such a rider as James Robinson may slip him, but no man can struggle with him at the end, and his efforts in his saddle, during the last few strides of his horse, are quite without example. There are, however, peculiarities in his riding. Excellent judge as he is of what his own horse and others are doing in a race, and in a crowd one too, he is averse to making running, sometimes even to a fault. Let whatever number of horses start, Chifney is almost certain to be amongst the last until towards the end of the race, when he creeps up to his brother jockeys in a manner peculiarly his own. But it is in the rush he makes at the finish that he is so pre-eminent, exhibiting, as we said before, powers unexampled by any one. His riding his own horse, Zingane, for the Claret stakes (Craven meeting, 1829), was a fine specimen of his style, when contending against Buckle and James Robinson, and winning, to the astonishment of the field. In height, he is about five feet seven inches, rather tall for a jockey, and not a good waster. In fact, he is subject to much punishment to get to the Derby weight. Samuel does not ride often, but whenever he does, his horse rises in the market, as was the case with his father before him at one period of his life.

Some anecdotes are related of Chifney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and, among others, the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus:—"Where are you going, boy; stay with me, and you'll be second." The boy drew back his horse, and a fine race ensued; but when it came to a struggle, we need not say who won it. Chifney's method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. "Suppose," says he, "a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse's fore-legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required," he adds, "to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse." Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he is considered to be the most powerful jockey of the two.

James Robinson, also the son of a training groom, is a jockey of the highest celebrity, and, as far as the art of horsemanship extends, considered the safest rider of a race of the present day. He may owe much of this celebrity to his having, when a boy, had the advantage of being in the stables of Mr Robson, the chief of the Newmarket trainers, and riding many of the trials of his extensive and prosperous studs. When we state that such a rider as Robinson is considered equal to the allowance of three pounds weight to his horse, we can account for his having been employed by the first sportsmen of the day. It is supposed that he has ridden the winners of more great races than any jockey of his time. In 1823, he won the Derby and the St Leger, receiving one thousand pounds from a Scotch gentleman (a great winner) as a reward for the latter; and in the following year he went a step beyond this. He won the Derby, Oaks, and was married, all in the same week; fulfilling, as some asserted, a prediction—according to other authorities, a bet. We may also notice his kindness towards his family, which we have reason to believe is most creditable to him. As a jockey, he is perfect.

William Clift is next entitled to notice, as one of the oldest, the steadiest, and best of the Newmarket jockeys, and famed for riding trials, but he has taken leave of the saddle. William Arnall, who has ridden for most of the great sportsmen of the day, has long been in esteem at Newmarket, and considered particularly to excel in matches. He has been much afflicted with gout, but when well, is a fine rider, and steady and honest, as his father was before him. Being occasionally called upon to waste, he feels the inconvenience of his disorder, and the following anecdote is related of him:—Meeting an itinerant piper towards the end of a long and painful walk, "Well, old boy," said he, "I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier; why should it not enliven the wasting jockey? Come, play a tune, and walk before me to Newmarket." Perhaps he had been reading the Mourning Bride.—Quarterly Review.

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, Booksellers, No. 19, Waterloo Place; and sold by all Booksellers in Edinburgh and every other town in Scotland.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by SMITH & ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Work.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 88.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THERE is a common remark, that, while some persons are blamed and punished for the least transgression, others, who seem as if they were favourites with society, may err as widely as they please, and the world will think of nothing but how it may most plausibly excuse them. This is in a great measure a false, as it unquestionably is a dangerous, supposition; but there are certainly some peculiarities of character of so valuable a kind, that individuals who bear them, are, for their sake, apt to be excused for many trivial offences.

There are some cases of insolvency where this is highly observable. The most of men who fall into this misfortune sink under a sense of mortification and disgrace, from which even conscious rectitude may not redeem them. Fearing they can never regain the respect and confidence of the world, they lose all respect for themselves, all confidence in their own energies, and, falling perhaps into bad habits, soon become objects of pity to all their former acquaintances. There are, however, some cases of insolvency, where, even with less conscious rectitude, the individuals are in a great measure safe from this declension, being floated up by certain circumstances in their situation and general conduct, certain specious and external virtues, which, however unattended by real merit, the world is under some necessity of respecting.

Should the insolvent, for instance, be a decent family man—one who has long maintained what is considered a respectable place in society—who has sat at good men's feasts, and given good feasts himself—who has fulfilled all the regular duties which the world thinks requisite, and committed no glaring error or offence—in short, a good citizen and neighbour:—in that case, so useful are such qualities, and so necessary is it to honour them, that he will be excused by the world for the delinquency, the tenth part of which would have brought execrations upon the head of another man, whose business habits were perhaps better, whose intentions were purer, and whose misfortunes were far less of his own procuring, but whose domestic reputation was not perhaps so good. In the one case, people recollect the exemplary appearance of the man in the midst of his family, and, regretting that a scene so decent and laudable should be broken up, do much perhaps for the restoration of his former circumstances: in the other, there is no such appeal to their moral feelings, and they permit the individual to go down the wind without even a desire that he should be restrained. In some cases, the unfortunate individual has far more anchorages in the good will and respect of the community than others. For instance, he may act as an elder or office-bearer in a place of worship, and thus be identified, in the eyes of many persons, with all that is venerable and good. In such a case—so great are the advantages which a bad man may take of a decent position—he may break and break and break, over and over again, seriously injuring hundreds of his neighbours, and, in fact, living by a mere system of spoliation; and yet he will still be excused—still find friends to set him once more into credit. It is indeed a remarkable proof of the determination of the world at large, to encourage the external ordinances of virtue, that men who pay the proper respect to these, are thus safe from even the most deserved censure for occasional trespasses. And it should be a lesson of great force to all who are entering the world—showing that, without a regard for what society has agreed to consider the decencies

of life, no man, let his other merits be what they may, has a fair chance in competition with his fellows. The philosophy of the question is simply this: the external decencies alluded to are above all things necessary; without them, nothing could be right—with them, there can only be partial wrong: hence, for the sake of encouraging them, a premium is held out, offering to those who will rigidly practise them, a lenient consideration for many venial errors that would otherwise be sharply rebuked. There is a great deal, moreover, in establishing a general reputation. The world has not time to try every offence by particular evidence: it refers such things in a great measure to general character. If that be good, few things are severely punished; if it be evil, the individual is in danger of having every movement, even the most innocent, interpreted into a crime. Indeed, without the habitual practice of religion and virtue, there is no respect, no advantage of any kind, *not even common safety*.

Of all the ways of spending what others gain, that which we have just indicated is perhaps the most promising to those who may be disposed to practise it. In most of the other modes, the spender depends in some measure upon the bounty of Pity—a passion which has never been found regularly liberal in its disbursements. Here he depends upon the credulity and facility of commercial men, whom he has wheedled with his good general character, and the respectability of his domestic circumstances. Be it observed, men will sometimes give away scores of pounds on credit, while they would grudge the most trifling sum to an honest mendicant, who makes no profession of a design to return the money. One of these plausible men will thus sometimes continue, during a long course of life, to defraud the public every year of the sum which he requires for his household expenses, besides something infinitely greater to support his imprudences in business; and though a balance to a large amount is struck against society every third or fourth year, still, somehow or other, it is all excused to him—still he keeps up the same house—still he and his family retain their usual acquaintances, and his eldest daughter is spoken of as an agreeable woman; every thing goes on as usual; nothing will depress him into the victimhood which overtakes so many better men; they will not banish him or his black coat from the post of decency which they occupy every Sunday: whatever should happen, he must still be what he has ever been—he must still have about three hundred pounds a-year.

We have adverted to the idea of a black coat, and must here say a little more upon that particular branch of the subject. A black coat, to many of our readers, will appear a thing of no particular virtue, if the person wearing it be not otherwise entitled to respect. But this is a most mistaken notion. A black coat, upon whatever back it may appear, is a thing of immense importance and effect. It is the principal outward symbol and sign of respectability; and no sensible man, whatever be his circumstances, will ever be without so essential a necessary of life. Want a black coat, and, whatever be your prospects in the world, whatever your talent, knowledge, or virtue, you are viler than sea-weed: have one, and, even though you failed in business only yesterday, you are in a condition to command the obeisance of mankind. We speak with the more confidence on this subject, from having once known a ruined tradesman—a man destitute of all the extrinsic advantages already described—who kept himself afloat for about fifteen years by means of a black coat alone. How this man got

his black coats, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that, come from what quarter they might, he always had one. His brother was also an outcast like himself; but there lay between them this mighty difference, that the one always kept up a good black coat, while the other did not. It was curious to mark the various fortunes which resulted from these various circumstances. Thomas, who kept up the black coat, was able, every now and then, to push himself into some humble kind of business—to take a shop, to get one or two visionary barrels erected upon shelves, and obtain credit for perhaps a gallon or two of spirits, and a few dozens of strong ale. No matter that he sunk again before the next rent-day; it was always meat and drink to him in the meantime; and his obscurity at Fountainbridge did not prevent his rising again next month, by virtue of the eternal black coat, at the Abbeyhill. Thomas, in short, carried on a war of this kind for the length of time we have stated; and, low as his expedients might be, he always had the appearance of a respectable man. Dick, on the other hand, who had not the same philosophical views respecting the efficacy of a black coat, sunk into utter wretchedness and want; or, if he had any resource at all, it was in the somewhat less extreme wretchedness of his brother. It might thus be said that both depended upon one coat: that single useful investment, though in the eye of the world exclusively belonging to Thomas, also served Dick. It did not serve him, indeed, as a garment: Tom had too much regard for it to trust it for a moment off his own back. But it served him indirectly as a means of getting those occasional morsels upon which he lived. Society, it must be confessed, proved at last too many for both of these gentlemen, and their black coat into the bargain—as it always does sooner or later with those who violate its great rule of honest labour; but still it was proved that one man could in a manner half live, and another exist to the extent of perhaps a still larger fraction, for fifteen years, upon the garment we have alluded to. It was not that the coat was less powerful, but society more, that it at last failed in its grand end of enabling its proprietor and his dependent to use what they did not make.

In a family of the kind described at the beginning of this article—supposing it to have fully got into the habit of living upon the substance of others—it is curious to observe how characteristic is every circumstance connected with it. If either a son or a daughter marries, it is sure to be some person equally unsubstantial with themselves—some denizen of a similar house of misery and vain show—and accumulated wretchedness is the only result. All the outgoings and incomings of the family—every transaction of any of its members—its eating, its drinking, its dressing, its washing—betoken a shabby and unprincipled system, the result of long-continued dependence upon the labour of others. The acquaintances of the family gradually cease to be of a respectable stamp, and are at last found to be either young and inexperienced persons who have *something*, or individuals of a maturer age who have *nothing*. The falling of a person who has any thing into a society such as this—which sometimes does happen—is like the falling of a drop of water upon dry sand: his whole substance is almost immediately evaporated away, and he speedily becomes as arid and unproductive as themselves. Of course, no full-grown person who at once possesses sense and pence will trust himself for a moment in the company of such a fraternity. There are some persons, however, who have pence without sense, or at least are entrusted with the administration of pence by other

people; and these occasionally fall into the hands of the ungainly spenders, by whom they are generally made a glorious prey. The result is like that which attends the thrusting of a small dead animal into an ant's nest: if you come back in a day or two, you find it as clean a skeleton as if it had been bleached for centuries by the sun and wind.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ATMOSPHERICAL ELECTRICITY.—PART I.

As we proceed in our inquiries, even through the most popular departments of natural history, we shall occasionally meet with phenomena that appear to be veiled in impenetrable mystery; but the progress that has been already achieved by the toils of science, and the wonderful discoveries that have been effected, encourage us to most earnest perseverance, and warrant the most sanguine expectations that light will be yet thrown on the paths that are now so obscured. The astronomer has discovered the laws which regulate the motions and courses of the distant heavenly bodies; the geologist has penetrated into the bosom, and exposed the internal structure of the loftiest mountains and the deepest vallies; the chemist has broken down, tried in his crucible, and analysed every tangible substance; but there are yet agents of infinite importance which minister to the great economy of nature, and which are of so subtle a description as to escape being tested by the most delicate modes of investigation. Ages passed away, during which the most zealous and accomplished philosophers had no conception of the existence of that universally pervading fluid, which still flashed round them in the lightning, and shone in the fiery prodigies, which, from time to time, swept athwart the disturbed aspect of the heavens. It had been known that amber, when rubbed, possessed the property of attracting light bodies to it; it had been observed that by similar means some other substances would display the same power; but the genius of discovery yet moved only slowly onwards, and it remained for the illustrious Dr Franklin to apply what he had seen on a small scale from electrical batteries, to the phenomena which are observed during thunder-storms. It occurred to him, that by means of a common kite he should have a ready access to the regions of thunder, and, by attaching a proper conductor to the kite, he expected to succeed in drawing down the electric fluid. His experiment was completely successful. Subsequently, the method of performing the experiment with the kite was materially improved, and philosophers now became convinced of the fact, that, under particular circumstances, clouds become highly charged with electrical matter, which in such storms flashes from cloud to cloud, or down to the earth, which may be regarded as the proper reservoir of this mysterious and subtle agent.

Having now, then, established the fact that this invisible fluid exists, and indeed pervades all bodies, we must next understand, that, when accumulated beyond its natural quantity in any body, it will discharge itself to the nearest and readiest conductor that may come within what may be called the "striking distance." This electric fluid, however, does not pass so readily along some as along other bodies: thus, through glass, sulphur, silks, atmospheric air, &c., it passes very slowly, if at all; and these are, therefore, called *BAD* or *NON-CONDUCTORS*, while, through metals, charcoal, melted wax, water, &c., it passes very readily, whence they are termed *GOOD CONDUCTORS*. Its passage through some metals is incredibly rapid; it is truly "swift as the lightning which doth cease to be ere one can say 'It lightens.'" Through a wire extending a length of more than two miles, Dr Watson and several of the members of the Royal Society passed an electrical charge, and the gentlemen at each extremity of the wire felt the shock at the same instant. In another of Dr Watson's experiments, the circuit through which the electricity passed was nearly six miles in length, yet no sensible interval elapsed during the passage of the fluid from one extremity to the other. We have stated that the air is a bad conductor; but when it is removed—that is, when a body is placed in an exhausted air-pump, or in a vacuum—its electricity escapes rapidly. How, then, does it happen that the air becomes at times so highly charged with electricity? The reason is this, that water is a good conductor, and it is the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere that becomes thus impregnated. Instances are recorded, on the best authority, of the atmosphere having been surcharged to a remarkable degree with electric matter. Cæsar informs us in his Commentaries, that, in the African war, after a tremendous storm, the points of the darts of the soldiers shone with a spontaneous light. "In the month of February," says he, "about the second watch, there suddenly arose a great cloud, followed by a dreadful storm of hail, and in the same night the points of the darts of the fifth legion appeared on fire." During the night before the battle which Posthumus gained over the Sabines, the Roman javelins emitted a light like torches; and a similar exhibition occurred during the war which

Belisarius waged against the Vandals. In all these instances, the atmosphere was, in the manner we have described, highly impregnated with electric fluid, and the metal of the spears and javelins being good conductors, attracted it visibly. Owing to the same cause, the hair of the head has appeared as if on fire, an instance of which Pliny states that he himself witnessed. The manes of horses and the tips of their ears have on such occasions appeared luminous.

The electric matter, or some peculiar modification of it, occasionally collects, as in balls or masses of fire, which, without doing any harm, alight on or descend round the masts of ships. They are by seamen called the *FIRES* of *ST ELMO*; and when only two appear, one on each mast-head, they have been called *CASTOR* and *POLLUX*, because such a light appeared on the caps of each of those heroes when they sailed in the Argonautic expedition. We shall here pause to describe this phenomenon, before proceeding to others connected with atmospherical electricity.

ST ELMO'S FIRE.—CASTOR AND POLLUX.

When a ship, bearing a bold and intrepid crew, is sailing beneath a sky that may be said to be pregnant with lightning and other fiery meteors, her position is truly fearful and sublime. The sea that bears her along becomes agitated—the thunder moans in the distance—

"High on the mast, with pale and livid rays,
Amidst the gloom, portentous meteors blaze."

"In the month of June 1808," says an observer, "passing from the Island of Ivica to that of Majorca, on board a Spanish Malacca ship, fitted as a cartel, and manned by about thirty Russians, Genoese, Valencians, and Catalonians, a fine southerly gale, by seven in the evening, brought us within six or seven leagues of the anchorage in Palma Bay. About this time, the sea-breeze failing us astern, was shortly succeeded by light and baffling breezes off the land. No sooner had the setting sun withdrawn his golden beams from the tops of the lofty hills which rise to the westward of the town, than a thick and impenetrable cloud, gathering on the summit of Mount Galatzo, spread gradual darkness on the hills below, and extended at length a premature obscurity along the very surface of the shore. About nine, the ship became becalmed. The darkness was intense, and rendered still more sensible by the yellow fire that gleamed upon the horizon to the south, and aggravated by the deep-toned thunder which rolled at intervals on the mountain, accompanied by the quick rapidity of that forked lightning whose eccentric course and dire effects set all description at defiance. By half-past nine, the hands were sent aloft to furl top-gallant-sails and reef the topsails, in preparation for the threatening storm. When retiring to rest, a sudden cry of *ST ELMO* and *ST ANN* was heard from those aloft, and fore and aft the deck. An interpreter called lustily down the hatchway that *St Elmo* was on board, and desired me to come up. A few steps were sufficient, and to my great surprise I found the topsail-yards deserted, the sails loose, and beating in the inconstant breeze, the awe-struck and religious mariners bareheaded, on their knees, with hands uplifted, in voice and attitude of prayer, in earnest and muttering devotion to *St Elmo* and *St Anne*. On observing the appearance of the masts, the maintop-gallant-mast-head, from the truck, for three feet down, was perfectly enveloped in a cold blaze of pale phosphorus-looking light, completely embracing the circumference of the mast, and attended with a fitting or creeping motion. This curious illumination continued with undiminished intensity for the space of eight or ten minutes, when, becoming gradually fainter and less extensive, it finally disappeared, after a duration of above half an hour. The seamen, in the meantime, having finished their devotions, and observing the lights to remain stationary, returned promptly to the yards, and, under favour of this "spirit of the storm," now performed that duty which on a critical juncture had been abandoned, under the influence of their superstitious apprehensions. During the prevalence of the lights, as well as through the remaining hours of the night, the wind, with the exception of occasional puffs, continued light and variable, and the morning returned with a clear sky, a hot sun, and a light southerly breeze, which in due time brought us safe to our anchorage at Palermo."*

The author of the *Memoirs of Count de Forbin*, in describing a storm at sea, also observes, "We saw upon different parts of the ship above thirty of *St Elmo's* fires, and among the rest there was one upon the top of the vane of the mainmast more than a foot in height. I ordered one of the soldiers to take it down. When he was on the top, he heard the fire, and stated that its noise resembled that of fired wet gunpowder. I ordered him to lower the vane and come down; but scarcely had he taken the vane from its place, when the fire fixed itself upon the top of the mainmast, from which it was impossible to remove it."† Sailors superstitiously believe, that so long as this light glows stationary on the mast-head, the vessel is under the friendly guidance of this aerial demigod; but if it descend, they prognosticate a gale of wind, or some other disaster, the severity of which they consider indicated by the depth of its descent.

On all these occasions, the atmosphere, by means of the moisture it contains, was preternaturally charged

with the electric fluid, which, under ordinary circumstances, remains invisible, and produces no sensible phenomenon. It is only when its equilibrium is disturbed that it becomes perceptible to us. If we charge a body with more electric matter than it should naturally contain, and bring it near to one which contains less than it should naturally possess, the fluid from the former flashes immediately to the latter, and, in so doing, light, heat, and sound, are emitted. When the electric light is examined by means of a *prism*, it is found to be composed of the same seven coloured rays as the solar light; but the proportion of the rays and colour of the sparks varies according to circumstances. "A short spark," says Dr Thomson, "is always white; a long spark is usually reddish, or rather purplish." When the spark is feeble, the most refrangible of the primary rays appear; but when strong, it is of dazzling whiteness. As the late Sir John Leslie however observed, the species of the light emitted depends very much on the peculiar nature of the substance affected. A lump of sugar glows with a green light when electrified. A ball of wood or ivory emits a crimson, and a body of powdered charcoal throws out a yellow gleam. The heat evolved is best exemplified by the effects of lightning, which has been repeatedly known to melt iron; nay, even it has been observed to vitrify, or convert into a glassy substance, the sand which it has struck; in confirmation of which curious fact, we may cite the following from the *London Literary Gazette*:—"It is well known, that, on the highest mountains, tubes of vitrified matter have been found, the exact mode of the production of which has been hitherto undiscovered, but which natural philosophers have in general ascribed to the effects of lightning falling on a sandy soil, and melting or vitrifying the sand to a greater or less depth. All doubt on the subject is now removed by similar tubes having been seen instantly formed in places where lightning has fallen. M. Fiedler, a young German philosopher, has collected several in Germany, which he has presented, through M. Arago, to the French Academy. They are remarkably large: one is about nineteen feet long. It is difficult to conceive how the discharge of an electrical cloud can melt and vitrify a mass of sand so dense. A similar effect could scarcely be produced by the most intense furnaces." The loudness of the sound will depend on the intensity and rapidity of the shock, and the extent of the surface of the body whence the discharge takes place. If the ball which terminates the discharging rod be tapered to a point, the sound becomes dull and obscure, and the more so, as the point is rendered more acute. When the vibrations succeed each other very quickly, their impressions are confounded on the ear into one sound. But this will be further considered, when we proceed to examine the causes of, and phenomena attending, thunder-storms.

PERILS OF A DUTCH CREW WINTERING AT NOVA ZEMBLA.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, the spirit for commercial adventure made rapid progress in Holland, and various companies were formed to promote the interests of traffic. Sensible of the great advantages that would result from shortening the voyage from Europe to the distant climates of the East, the Dutch were at an early period occupied in searching for a passage by the north, which, according to the geographical opinions prevailing in that age, would conduct their fleets to China, Japan, and other places, in half the usual time. Though their attempts in this respect ultimately proved abortive, they were not void of utility, and led to some interesting incidents, which are partly contained in the following narrative.

Three ships sailed from the Texel in 1594, accompanied by a fishing bark, for the purpose of discovering the northern passage, and reached as far as 77° 45' of north latitude, when a vast surface of ice, extending to the utmost limits of the horizon, obstructed their progress. Their commanders, after betaking themselves to the boats, and examining those creeks and shores which they were able to gain, considered it impracticable to proceed, and returned to Holland in about fourteen weeks from their departure.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, another voyage was resolved upon, and its success so confidently anticipated, that no less than seven vessels, six of which were laden with commodities for eastern traffic, sailed on the same pursuit, in the course of the following year. These vessels found Russians collecting whale-oil and the teeth of the sea-cow in latitude 72° or 73° north, with whom they interchanged mutual civilities, and saw a race of people, whom they called Samoides, at the entrance of the Waygat's Straits. Soon afterwards, the ice opposed their advancing towards the north-east, into what they supposed the open ocean; thick fogs prevailed, and a continual change of wind. They passed through the Waygat's Straits, however, and landed at Staten Island; thence surveying the surrounding sea, and observing great quantities of ice drifting from the east, they returned through the Straits, and abandoned the passage as impracticable.

Though these successive failures repressed the ardour of the Dutch, they did not lose sight of an object which they had viewed with such predilection; and two vessels were once more fitted out at the charge of

* An Account of the Fire of *St Elmo*. *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, vol. ix.

† *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xlviii.

the city of Amsterdam, for resuming the voyage of discovery by the north. One of them was commanded by Jacob Hemskirk, an experienced mariner, with whom was conjoined William Barentz, as pilot, a navigator enjoying equal reputation, and who had, besides, been out in both the preceding voyages. In the same vessel, also, was Gerard de Veer, the author of the only history of all the calamities and adventures which ensued in prosecution of the enterprise. John Cornelius Ryp was master or supercargo of the other.

On the 22d of May 1596, the two ships left Holland, and soon afterwards a strange phenomenon was observed in the heavens, consisting of three suns, all visible at a time, each within a parhelion, and a rainbow traversing the whole: besides which, other two rainbows likewise appeared.

Detached flakes of ice were seen floating on the 5th of June, which the people on board, at first sight, took for a flock of swans swimming in the sea, until a nearer approach proved their error. Sailing through water of a deep green colour, they discovered an island about five miles long, in 74° 30' north latitude, on which they landed.

The party with Barentz having descried a white bear in the sea, pursued it in the boat, in hopes of being able to cast a noose round its neck. But, on closing with the animal, its size and menacing aspect deterred them, until they obtained a reinforcement of men and arms. Yet during four glasses that a renewed encounter lasted with the bear, all their exertions to destroy it proved unavailing; and it actually swam away with an axe struck into its back. The boat followed, and one of the men at length cleft its head asunder by the blow of a hatchet. The skin of this enormous animal was twelve feet long; but the people did not relish the flesh. The incident induced them to name the land "Bear's Island."

Prosecuting their voyage, they got so far north as 80° 11', where, after a combat almost equally severe, another bear, whose skin was thirteen feet long, was killed; and they found vast numbers of wild geese hatching their eggs on land in that high latitude. Ranging along the coast, they found a good haven, but could get no farther north on account of fields of ice. The navigation was therefore pursued in somewhat lower latitudes, wherever the ice gave access, until the 1st of July, when Barentz and John Cornelius Ryp, disagreeing about the course to be followed, parted while in sight of Bear's Island.

On the 17th of July, Barentz saw the coast of Nova Zembla, near Lom's Bay, and three days afterwards, being obstructed by the ice, anchored at Cross Isle. Here eight men, having gone ashore unarmed, had a narrow escape from the pursuit of two bears.

The vessel was now amidst extensive fields of ice, and huge masses, to which she was occasionally secured in her progress, appeared floating, or had run aground. One of these was calculated to be sixteen fathoms above the water, and thirty-six under it, that is, more than three hundred feet from the summit to the base. The great fields of ice began to break up, with a noise like thunder, on the 10th of August, and the ship being fast to a huge piece aground, not less than four hundred, of smaller size, were driven past her by a current. Lest she should be carried away by the ice, she was brought nearer the coast, into a more sheltered station; but it was soon necessary to shift her anchorage, according as circumstances required.

Climbing to the top of a lofty mountain in Nova Zembla, the mariners were encouraged with the prospect of an open sea towards the south-east, and concluded that they should thence be able to accomplish the voyage. But after repeated difficulties, losing a boat and also the ship's rudder, they were completely surrounded by ice on the 27th of August. Temporary intervals, wherein the ice separated, succeeded; but at last the ship was enclosed and frozen in on all sides, so that the people were obliged to have recourse to the shore.

There they found a fresh-water river about two miles inland, and saw the traces of animals, which they conceived to be deer: great store of wood likewise lay near the river, consisting of entire trees with the roots, drifted from other countries. Thus having no alternative, the Dutch resolved to winter in this desolate region.

Meantime, the ice accumulated greatly round the vessel: her prow was raised far above its surface, while the stern, sunk behind, was crushed together in such a manner, that the cracking of the timbers rendered the mariners apprehensive she would be utterly destroyed. They had dragged their boat over the ice to the land, and in the next place got out a quantity of arms, ammunition, and provisions, wherewithal to fortify themselves against wild beasts and hunger during their dreary abode.

On the 14th of September, they began to collect the drift wood for building a hut, and prepared sledges, with which it was with great labour drawn over the ice and snow, near to the place where the vessel lay. Thirteen men were employed in dragging the sledges, and three in preparing each lading of wood; but they could make no more than two trips a-day, from fatigue and the approaching darkness.

Whilst thus industriously occupied, the carpenter unfortunately died on the 23d of September, and was next day interred by his surviving comrades, in the cleft of a hill, as the ground was too hard for them to

dig a grave. There were now sixteen persons in all, but some of the number frequently indisposed.

The rafters of the hut were laid, though, on account of excessive cold, the people were scarce able to work; and if any of them chanced to put a nail in their mouths, as workmen are wont to do, it stuck to the skin, and blood followed its removal. Nothing but urgent necessity could have induced them to continue their operations. A great fire was kindled all around the hut, to thaw the earth, that they might bring it up, and make the under part a little closer: the ground, however, was frozen so very hard and deep, that it would not yield on that occasion, and there would have been too great a waste of wood in trying it again.

The people having shot a bear, took out its entrails, and set it upright on its four legs to freeze, in which state they meant, if possible, to carry it to Holland. Some time afterwards, a seaman being suddenly surprised and pursued by another bear, hastily ran towards the ship, with the bear following him, until it reached the first, now frozen over, and totally covered, except one of the paws: here the animal made a stop, and allowed the man time to save his life.

At length the hut was finished on the 12th of October 1596, when half the crew left the ship, to sleep that night ashore: but they suffered severely from the cold, owing to scarcity of bed-clothes; and as the chimney was not completed, the smoke in the hut was intolerable.

In the next place, the launch was dragged ashore with incredible difficulty; and as the absence of the sun was about to leave the seamen in perpetual night, they made all possible haste to land the remainder of the provisions required. They had no hopes of the vessel floating, on which account the rudder was also carried away for preservation, until the ice might thaw in the succeeding year.

The preparations for wintering in Nova Zembla were completed, while the sun was still visible from the surface of the earth. On the 30th of October, a lamp was fitted to burn all night, and supplied with melted fat of bears which had been killed for oil. On the 2d of November, only part of the sun was seen in the horizon; and on the 4th he had sunk entirely under it.

At this time the surgeon contrived a bath for the people in a cask, which was found extremely salutary and beneficial, from their confinement. Setting traps in the neighbourhood, they caught white foxes, which began to be quite common, whereas the bears had entirely left them as the sun disappeared; and their flesh, resembling that of a rabbit, was much relished by the people. A device was soon adopted of placing the traps, so that the captured animal could immediately be drawn into the hut.

On distributing the bread, each man's allowance was restricted to four pounds five ounces in eight days; and as the strength of the beer brought ashore had been destroyed by successive freezing and thawing, each had two small cups of wine daily. A large Dutch cheese was ate by the whole company, and sixteen remaining delivered to the people, each being left to his own economy.

Repeated storms of snow, at this period, began to block up the hut without; and within, the cold was almost insupportable. While the people washed their linen, it froze immediately when taken out of warm water: nay, one side froze while the other was next the fire. They were almost suffocated from the closeness of the hut not allowing proper vent to the smoke; but the fire falling rather lower than usual for some days, ice formed two inches thick on the floor, and the beds were even covered with it. Except when cooking their provisions, the people lay constantly in bed, and then they heard such explosions among the ice at sea, as could only be occasioned by huge mountains bursting asunder, and tumbling down into a confused heap of fragments. Intense cold having stopped their clock, though additional weights were hung to it, they prepared a twelve hour sand-glass, to enable them to ascertain how the time passed.

The cold was so intense on the 6th of December, that they scarce expected to be able to survive it. Nothing could keep them in heat: their wine froze, and they were obliged to melt it every two days, when half a pint was served out to each man. It was their only liquid except snow water; a beverage not very suitable to their condition.

Before this time, the day was so dark, that the mariners could not distinguish it from night: so that on one occasion, when perplexed by the stopping of the clock, they continued in bed, believing it was still night; and on another occasion they only knew that it was night by the moon shining bright, and remaining constantly above the horizon.

On the 7th of December, they considered it necessary to repair to the vessel for some coal that had been left in her, and with this made a good fire in the evening, which revived them greatly. To enjoy its comfort as much as possible, they sat up late, and closed all the apertures of their hut to keep in the heat. But a seaman, already indisposed, who could bear the effect of the fire less than the others, began to complain, and all soon found themselves attacked with giddiness; whence they could scarce stand until opening the door. In fact, he who first reached it, swooning away, fell out on the snow. Gerard de Veer, however, recovered him by sprinkling vinegar in his face, and the admission of the fresh air removed the sensations over-

coming the others. The captain then distributed a glass of wine to the men to strengthen them.

The leather of the seamen's shoes was now frozen to such a degree of hardness, that they could not use them; on which account they made a kind of slippers of skins, and put several pairs of socks over one another to increase the heat. The ice stood an inch thick on the sides of the hut, and when they went out in clear weather, their clothes were whitened with frost and shining icicles. The fire was increased within, taking the precaution of leaving the chimney open, that the smoke might get vent.

Many stars being visible on a clear night, the Dutch by an observation on the 14th of January 1597, found themselves in 76° of north latitude. About that time the wood brought into the hut being all consumed, they began to shovel away the snow on the outside, to come at more, which, on account of the excessive rigour of the weather, was with difficulty accomplished.

Seven of their number next repaired to the ship, and found the ice had risen higher within, and that she was still fast frozen up. In the cabin they caught a fox, which was carried home and ate.

Several successive days of stormy weather confined the mariners to their hut. There they heard the foxes running over it, and, as their provisions were beginning to decline, regretted that they could not catch them. But the intense cold almost absorbed all other sensations, and they had recourse to hot stones laid on their feet and bodies, to keep them warm. However, they comforted themselves, that, as the sun was now at the lowest, he would not be long of returning to gladden them with his view. While sitting before the fire, their backs would be quite white with the frost, and, on stretching their feet towards it for warmth, their stockings would be burnt before they began to feel its influence. A cloth hoisted on a pole, thrust up through the chimney, to show the direction of the wind, immediately became stiff and inflexible.

In this way did the year 1596 terminate, and 1597 begin.

Though it proved necessary to diminish the allowance of wine, when twelfth night arrived the seamen requested the captain to permit them all to make merrym, with some savings of the wine, which several, instead of consuming, had stored up. Therefore, they made pancakes with meal and oil, and, soaking biscuit among wine, were as jovial as if they had been at home in their own houses in Holland.

Again visiting the ship, it was evident to them that bears of different sizes had been there, and on striking a light, and going below, they found the ice a foot higher than formerly. Almost despairing that the vessel would ever float again, they thought it prudent to spare the remaining coals, lest they might find themselves obliged to attempt navigating homewards in the open launch.

The foxes, in the next place, beginning to disappear, indicated the return of bears; for so long as the latter retreated, the former came out, and were but little seen when the bears were numerous.

On the 24th of January, the day being clear, with a west wind, Gerard de Veer, Jacob Hemskirk, and another, went down to the sea-side, towards the south of Nova Zembla, from whence they unexpectedly saw the edge of the sun above the horizon. They hastened to impart the welcome tidings to Barentz and their other companions; but their report was discredited; for Barentz affirmed that it was too early for his return by fourteen days. The two following days being dark and cloudy, doubts of the fact were still farther entertained, and many of the people positively affirmed that it was impossible. On the 26th, a man died who had been some time sick, and next morning his comrades, with great difficulty, owing to the excessive cold, dug a grave for him in the snow, seven feet deep. Having performed the last offices to him, attended by such funeral service as circumstances would admit, they returned within the hut to breakfast. Then discoursing concerning the prodigious quantity of snow which unremittently fell in the place, they said among themselves, that, if again blocked up by it, they should find a way of climbing out through the chimney; accordingly, the captain tried the experiment, while another going out of the hut to ascertain whether he succeeded, saw the complete orb of the sun above the horizon.

The weather still remained uncertain, though the people, relieved from the tedium of perpetual night, took exercise to strengthen them. But their hut was repeatedly blocked up by snow, and to avoid the labour of always clearing it away from the door, they on those occasions found an exit by the chimney.

Bears began to return along with the sun, and one which was killed afforded at least a hundred pounds of grease, which the seamen melted for their lamp. But a number of foxes coming to devour the carcase, the apprehension of other bears being attracted hither induced them to bury it deep under the snow. They considered it expedient to collect more wood for fuel, dragging it on a sledge as before; however, their strength being much reduced, their task was accomplished with far greater labour. Though the cold moderated for a time towards the end of February, its rigour increased about the middle of March, and on the 24th of that month the hut was totally blocked up.

At last the sea began to open, though the mariners despaired of disengaging the ship, or of rendering her serviceable for a voyage. Still she was hemmed in by

ice, sometimes heaped in mountains around her: and their anxiety was increased by observing that, about the middle of March, the sea was so open, that the vessel was within seventy-five paces of it; whereas, a new frost increased the distance on the 4th of May to five hundred paces.

Thus the only means of quitting Nova Zembla seemed to consist in the launch and boat; but the 29th of May arrived before the people attempted to dig either out of the snow. However willing, their reduced strength rendered their progress slow; and after they had laboured hard, compelled them to desist: on another trial they were put to flight by a bear. Six days' work at length enabled them to put the launch in a condition to be dragged over the hard ice and snow to the ship. There they saved off the stern, which was narrow, and built one broader and higher, so that it might be better adapted to stand the sea.

The boat was in the same way got out of the snow, and dragged to the ship, as also several sledges laden with articles from the hut. These operations occupied a long time; they were frequently interrupted, and ultimately accomplished with great difficulty, from the state of the weather and repeated dangers. Nevertheless, on the 12th of June, nothing remained but to smooth the way for the launch and boat, down to the water's edge, and drag them along on the 13th.

This being done, William Barentz, the pilot, wrote a brief recital of what had happened: that he and his companions had left Holland for the purpose of sailing to China by the north; but their ship being frozen up by ice, they were compelled, amidst many hardships, to winter ashore. The narrative he put into a musket barrel, hung up in the chimney of the hut, lest any mariners in future might experience a like adventure. The captain also thought it proper to obtain the subscription of his company to a narrative of their dangers and distresses, and of the necessity to which they were at last reduced, of hazarding a voyage homewards in two open boats.

Eleven loads of goods were in the next place dragged to the water's edge, and then William Barentz and Claes Andrisz, who had long been sick, were drawn on a sledge from the hut to the boats. The whole company was equally divided, and one of the sick attached to each, and, on the 14th of June 1597, after ten months' dreary residence, the mariners set sail with a westerly wind from Nova Zembla.

After undergoing innumerable hardships, the twelve surviving mariners reached Holland, and, to the admiration of the citizens of Amsterdam, appeared in their Nova Zembla apparel. The fame of their adventures was soon disseminated, and they were carried from thence, to entertain the foreign ambassadors at the Hague with a recital of what had befallen them.

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE CLYDE.

THIS large and beautiful river may be called the Thames of Scotland, being the most valuable to the country for commercial purposes, and bringing wealth from all quarters of the globe, to be diffused over a rich and populous territory on its banks. It is the only large stream which pours its waters into the sea on the west coast. It is usually understood that this fine river rises from the same hill, at the southern point of Lanarkshire, from whence also flow in different directions the Annan and the Tweed; but this is only partly correct. The common notions regarding the sources of rivers are frequently altogether fanciful, almost every stream having a number of heads, often not one of which can be justly selected as the chief. Such is the case with the Clyde. It is formed by a concentration of a variety of straggling burns and rivulets, rising amidst the mountains and wastes which separate Lanarkshire from the counties of Peebles and Dumfries. The chief of these tributaries are the Powtrail Water, the Crook Burn, the Evan and Elvan Waters, which coalescing, form a stream, which, after flowing about two miles, receives an accession first from Glengonar Water, and next from Duneaton Water, which constitute it properly the River Clyde, at a distance of upwards of twelve miles from the highest springs of its fountains.

Pursuing a northerly course from its origin to the mouth of Duneaton Water, it continues in the same direction, with a slight tendency to the east as far as Biggar, by which time it has received some more rivulets from the adjacent uplands, when it at once alters its course to the north-west by north. It keeps this direction in almost a straight line to its estuary, except when it makes a considerable semicircular bend to the right a little way below Biggar, till it is joined by Douglas Water on the left. The Douglas Water nearly doubles it in size. It afterwards receives a number of other streams, generally on the left or westerly bank. The Mouse, the Nethan, the Aven, the Calder, the North Calder, the Kelvin, the White and Black Cart, the Forth and Clyde Canal, and the Le-

ven, are its principal tributaries on either side from Lanark to Dumbarton.

The impetus of the waters of the Clyde is very variable. In the upper parts it is rapid, but it soon becomes almost stagnant; winding its path amidst broad rich meadows, in a manner intimately resembling some of the sleepy-looking dull rivers in England. On approaching Lanark, it begins to hasten on its way, in an expanded stream, over a stony bottom, till it approaches the falls, when it proceeds with great deliberation. Of these celebrated falls, two are above and one below Lanark. The uppermost is Bonniton Linn, a cascade of about thirty feet. The next below is Cora Linn, where the water takes three distinct leaps, each apparently as high as that of Bonniton. Between these two falls the course of the water is prodigiously rapid and perturbed. Its channel is contracted, among rocks and precipices, and in some places it struggles through a chasm of not more than four feet in width. Its sides consist of walls of rock, equidistant and wonderfully regular, the jutting points of which are covered with natural shrubbery, and in whose crevices nestle numerous flocks of birds. Upon a rock above Cora Linn, on the southern bank of the river, stands a ruined castle, behind which is a middle-aged mansion, and behind which, again, there is a still more modern and splendid mansion-house. This seat is called Corehouse, and is the seat of George Cranston, Esq., to whom it gives a senatorial title. Corehouse is embowered in the trees and shrubbery which add such grace to the whole of this wild scene. A pavilion, erected above a century ago, stands on the opposite bank of the stream, as a station for observing the fall.

About a mile down the stream from Cora Linn, at New Lanark mills, there is a fall of about four feet in height called Dundaff Linn. Four miles below Cora Linn, and two below Lanark, is Stonebyres Fall, which, like that of Cora, consists of three distinct falls succeeding each other, altogether measuring about seventy feet in height. This is not less romantic than the other falls: wild rugged rocks are equally visible here, and they are equally fringed with wood; but the trees in the neighbourhood are not so tall and stately. There are foot-paths for the use of tourists, along the river at these falls. After a confinement of six miles, in a deep and rocky, but wooded glen, the course through which the Clyde flows gradually opens, the river expands, and instead of being agitated among rude and steep rocks, it flows over a pebbled bed, through alternate tracts of sloping banks and fertile valleys, adorned in some places with a mixture of orchard and coppice wood, and at others with tufts of forest trees.

Thus it proceeds for twelve miles, through the lower part of the parish of Cambusnethan, and the parishes of Dalryell, West Monkland, and Bothwell, on the north side; and those of Dalsersf, Hamilton, and Blantyre, on the south. Here, along the banks of the river, the lands ascend gently on both sides, exhibiting sloping banks and a pleasing well cultivated territory. The appearance of its vicinity alters in the parishes of Blantyre and Bothwell, where the banks are bold and richly wooded. From thence they expand and contract alternately to the extremity of the county. Numerous villages, hamlets, orchards embosomed in woods, gentlemen's seats, and the remains of rude magnificent castles and religious fabrics, contribute to enrich the scenery on the Clyde, and the presence of a number of mills of different kinds attests the trading and agricultural wealth of this beautiful district of Scotland.

As soon as the river reaches Glasgow, its character is at once altered from that of a rural simple stream, to that of a natural canal, suited to the purposes of navigation. At and beneath this city it has been in many places hemmed in and deepened, and for about twelve miles, it flows through beautifully wooded meadow land. As it approaches Dumbarton it gradually widens into the character of a firth, from a mile to two miles in width. Below Greenock, it continues to be about two miles in breadth, with a hilly region on both banks, but especially on the Argyshire side. It shortly takes a sharp turn to the south, and after flowing through the pass betwixt Bute, the Cumbray islands, and the coast of Ayrshire at the Largs, it is emitted into the broad expanse of the sea, between the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, and which partly obtains the title of the Firth of Clyde.

Of late years, the Clyde has been greatly deepened and improved in its navigation betwixt Glasgow and Greenock, and by means similar to those employed on the Thames. Large vessels can therefore now approach the quay at Glasgow at particular states of the tide, and here the view of the various kinds of vessels lying at their appropriate station, at the place called the Broomielaw, is particularly animated. Steam-vessels of all dimensions crowd the channel, and hourly depart for Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, and innumerable places on the river, as well as the West Highlands and islands. By means of the Caledonian Canal, they even keep up a ready communication with Inverness, on the east coast of the Highlands.

Salmon ascend the Clyde as far as the fall of Stonebyres, and the lower bridge of Glasgow is the first obstacle to the sailing of boats or vessels. From its sources to Bute, its length is fully one hundred miles. In conclusion, we add a recent calculation regarding the waters of this important river. The breadth of the Clyde at the New Bridge, Glasgow, is 410 feet, and its

mean depth 3½ feet. The velocity of the water at the surface is 1.23 inch, and the mean velocity of the whole water is 0.558, 132 inch per second. From these data it may be inferred, that the quantity of water discharged per second is 76½ cubic feet. This amounts to 2,417,760 cubic feet, or 473,017,448 imperial gallons, or 1,877,053 tuns. The river Clyde drains about 1-30th of Scotland, or about 1-83d part of Great Britain.

The vale through which the river Clyde flows, from its sources to its mouth, is called Clydesdale; the designation is merely popular, but supplies a secondary title to the Duke of Hamilton.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

IT is little more than a year since the coal-proprietors in the southern neighbourhood of Edinburgh completed a short railway for the transportation of their coal to the capital, whereby they might be enabled to compete, on equal terms, with their western rivals, who, though at a much greater actual distance, had been virtually brought nearer by means of a canal. This railway extends from the southern suburbs to a spot some miles beyond Dalkeith, sending off one branch to Musselburgh, while another is in preparation for a connection with Leith—the four towns of Mid-Lothian being thus brought into the closest kind of contact, and the interior of the country connected immediately with the sea-coast.

The proprietors of this useful public work had at first no intention of throwing it open to passengers. The idea of putting their property to that use was started by an enterprising individual connected with their establishment, and, being put to trial, was soon found so highly advantageous as to occasion some considerable changes in their system. From May 1832, when passengers were first admitted, to the same period in 1833, one hundred and fifty thousand persons were carried (an average of about five hundred a-day), producing in all a sum little short of £4000, one-half of which was appropriated by the shareholders of the railway, to whom it must have been in a great measure a clear profit. During summer, there are about six departures in the day, from all the different extremities of the railway; and it has not been uncommon, on these occasions, to see above a hundred persons moving off at once. This frequentation, to those conversant with the wonders of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, will appear by no means remarkable; but, comparatively, it is quite as much so—quite as triumphant an exemplification of the utility of a railway, and of its power of reproducing work for itself—as that more extensive line has ever presented. Be it remembered, that the existing extremities of this road, opposite to the starting point, are only towns of six or eight thousand inhabitants, presenting no scenes of manufacturing energy worth speaking of, and, though the centres of an agricultural and coal district, yet of one by no means extensive. That such a district should attract and send out about one thousand persons a-day (which has been the average during the summer), is very remarkable, even allowing that many must go for no other object than amusement. It proves, moreover, how effectually the cheapness of a thing tends to promote its prosperity, and how indispensable it now is that all ordinary things should be cheap, in order that the public may avail themselves of their use. The charge for travelling by the railway is so extremely moderate (only sixpence), that many can not only afford it when necessary on business, but also for pleasure, and on these latter occasions not only go themselves, but take a few of their children too. Thousands of persons must thus travel, who would not otherwise travel; thousands enjoy the country air now and then, who otherwise would spend their whole lives in the desert of the city. The good which it does in this way, and in promoting amiable and domestic pleasures among the industrious portions of the community, is altogether beyond calculation.

It is delightful, on a sunshiny Saturday morning, to see the well-dressed family groups which flock to the dépôt at St Leonard's, in order to depart by the ten o'clock coaches. The honest-looking husband, permitting himself to be amused—the decent mother, with her face of quiet happiness—the children clamorous with expectation and curiosity, are all there—along with many other persons not falling under any such classification. Above all, there is no failing to distinguish the Dalkeith shopkeeper, who has just descended from one of the incoming coaches, being bent on some business in town. His pepper and mustard second-cloth trousers—his grey woollen stockings disclosed at the ankles—his roomy coat of Galashiels blue—his broad unbrushed hat—his unpolished stick out by himself—his acre-breadth of beard glistening through the ruddy cheek—are marks which cannot be mistaken in this specimen of provincial substantiality. He has either to see a virtual-dealer in Clerk Street, respecting some bran and shellings, or to buy a hoghead of whisky in the Grassmarket. The railway dépôt is in a somewhat remarkable situation. It

is pitched exactly about the place where the author of the Heart of Mid-Lothian planted the family of Douce David Deans, and immediately under the lofty heights of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, which form so singular a contrast, in their primitive wildness, to the large city now pressing in at their feet. The spot was lately as suburban and sequestered as could be conceived: but its solitude has been effectually broken in upon; and with its spruce new buildings, starting up in all directions amidst the remains of its former meanness, it might be likened to a sluggard taken by surprise, and who hastily endeavours, by a few ill-put-on and inappropriate accoutrements, to fit himself for appearing before company.

From the dépôt, the railway proceeds down an inclined plane of considerable declivity, and at the same time through a tunnel about the fifth of a mile in length, perforated under a slightly elevated part of the King's Park. The carriages descend by their own weight, subject, however, to the control of friction levers, by which the guide can moderate their speed, or altogether interrupt it, by a very slight movement. As you enter the upper end of the tunnel, you perceive the country lying like a picture through the opposite extremity; and the apparent smallness of that aperture, compared with the one by which you are entering, affords perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the principles of perspective that could be in any way obtained: the further end must be many hundred times less in apparent size than the other. The passage through the tunnel gives an equally forcible illustration of the security which is to be derived from science. For a minute, a horrible darkness prevails, and the whole circumstances are such as generally impress the mind with a sense of danger and terror. You know, however, that you are entrusted to a combination of scientific principles, of unerring accuracy and fidelity, and you accordingly rest as tranquilly in your carriage as if you were moving along an open way in daylight. In returning to the dépôt, when you of course ascend through the tunnel, a very striking sight is presented. Suddenly, in the midst of the deep twilight of the scene, a line of carriages rushes past you with the speed of a downward thunderbolt, being simply a train of return waggons, which are employed to take down the opposite end of the rope by which you are ascending. Commonplace as the actual nature and use of this object may be, it strikes the eye in that uncertain light as something supernaturally grand and wild. A dim human figure is seen erect in one of the waggons, who, as he rushes past, appears like a diabolic spirit sailing down the gulfs of Tartarus. The whole pageant is truly terrific.

The lower end of the tunnel is immediately under that lofty basaltic precipice in Arthur's Seat, which bears the popular name of Sampson's Rib—a piece of scenery as magnificently rude as if it were in the centre of the Highlands. You soon leave this sternly alpine scene, and pass between Duddingstone Loch on the left, and Prestonfield House on the right. This seat belongs to Sir R. Keith Dick, Bart., a family tracing its descent from a rich Edinburgh merchant of the seventeenth century, who distinguished himself by lending large sums to the nation during its covenanting struggles with Charles the First, and, never recovering them, eventually died in great poverty during the protectorate of Cromwell. A succeeding representative of the family held the highest office in the magistracy during the brief reign of James the Second (Seventh of Scotland), and had his house burnt, as was suspected, on account of his obsequiousness to the measures of that unpopular sovereign. It is alleged, however, that this gentleman did not lose by his office. He had the address to make a bargain with the city corporation, entitling him to all the refuse of the town for a certain number of years, on the simple condition that he would oblige the citizens by carting it away. It is generally believed that this fortunate paction had a great share in restoring the fortunes of the family.

Duddingstone, on the other hand, is a pleasant secluded village, formerly noted among the citizens of Edinburgh as a place for enjoying sheep-head dinners. The polished skulls of the animals were placed, it seems, as stepping-stones across the domestic pools which always stagnated in the street of a Scotch village; and hence some wag took occasion to represent it in England as a city boasting of several hundred ivory bridges. During the reign of Charles the First, the minister of Duddingstone was Robert Monteath, an extraordinary personage, who afterwards went to France, and assumed the sonorous title of Monteath of Salmonet, a name formed out of his own brain, in covert allusion to the fact of his father having been a fisherman near Stirling. This strange pretender to rank, wrote, in French, a history of the Religious Troubles in Scotland, which has been translated into English, and bears his name as "Robert Monteath of Salmonet" on the title-page. It may be worth remarking, that, in the church-yard wall at Duddingstone, near the gateway, is still to be seen a pair of jougs [from Latin *jugum*, a yoke], an instrument fitted to confine a man by the neck, and formerly used universally for the class of offences now punished in England by the stocks, but which has long been obsolete.

On clearing the high walls which shut out the view of Prestonfield Park, the ground on the right ascends to an eminence rendered picturesque and conspicuous by the ruins of Craigmillar Castle. This was a fa-

vourite out-of-town residence of the Scottish sovereigns, between the time of James the Third and that of James the Sixth. Here Queen Mary was residing when her ministers suggested her separation from Lord Darnley, which, however, was found impracticable: a few months after, he was blown into the air at the Kirk of Field. Her son, King James the Sixth, was living here when he projected the notion of his matrimonial voyage to Denmark. On the left are the beautiful groves surrounding Duddingstone House, a seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, designed by the celebrated Sir William Chambers.

A little farther forward, the country opens finely up in front, and the railway proceeds through level and highly-cultivated fields, the view being terminated by the hills of Fife and East Lothian, and the Firth of Forth. On the right, the ancient village of Niddry is seen up to the eyes in shrubbery, and surrounded by trees. On the left, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, is a cottage once occupied by the factor of the Marquis of Abercorn—an exceedingly handsome place. Some thirty years ago this house was the residence of Mr Thomas Scott, then the factor on this estate, the brother of Sir Walter, and who, in the estimation of that person, possessed abilities fit to have distinguished him in the walk of Scottish fiction. Here, in early life, Sir Walter himself often resided. To the eastward, the Leith branch of the railway parts off. Still farther to the east, is Brunstain House, an old-fashioned manor-house, embowered amidst aged trees. It was the seat of Crichton of Brunstain, who distinguished himself as one of the very first of the Scottish gentry who embraced the principles of the Reformation, and here used to afford shelter to John Knox. It has since been the fate of this house to be occupied by men of almost viceregal authority in Scotland—namely, the Duke of Lauderdale in the reign of Charles the Second, and Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, in that of the second George. On approaching Brunstain, the Dalkeith and Musselburgh branches are found to divide. The latter proceeds about a mile and a half down an inclined plane (descending one foot in forty) to the coast. The other stretches on towards Dalkeith, which it leaves on the left, at the distance of half a mile.—We shall, in our next article, give an account of Dalkeith Palace, which is often visited by the individuals who make pleasure-trips along the railway.

DAVIE.

It is now about a twelvemonth since the family of Mr Hope of Kelbank, in Perthshire, had occasion to pay a visit to the Continent. Of this family it is unnecessary to say more than that it consisted, while settled in Scotland, of Mr and Mrs Hope, with one son and two daughters, all grown up. On the present occasion, the son, Mr George, was entrusted with the charge of the family, as the old gentleman was obliged by business to remain at home for a time, with the intention, however, of speedily joining the rest at Rome. Mr George was an elegant and dashing young man, had spent two fashionable winters in Edinburgh, and in particular had formed an intimate acquaintance with the Baron Damas, an official in the court of Charles the Tenth, at Holyroodhouse.

When Mrs Hope had determined upon the jaunt, she engaged a favourite female servant, by name Margaret, to accompany her abroad; and till a few days before the time appointed for setting out, nothing occurred to mar this arrangement. It was found, however, almost at the last, that Margaret had a "lad," from whom she could on no account part: good wages and foreign sights were no doubt tempting, and a bargain was a thing not to be lightly broken: but what were all these to plighted love? Margaret, in short, could not go. Mrs Hope found it impossible, in the very brief time which now remained, to engage another female servant. It occurred to her, however, as a last resource, that a certain clever little stable-boy, whom they had had for two or three years about the house, and who usually went by the familiar name of Davie, might be brushed up into a tolerably good footboy, provided he would consent to go. No sooner thought of than acted on. Davie was instantly called into the presence of his master and mistress, and asked if he had any objections to going abroad as a waiting-man, instead of remaining at home as only an attendant upon horses. The little fellow brightened at the very mention of such a thing. Objection!—Davie would go to the end of the world with his mistress—if his father and mother would only let him. Mr Hope dismissed the boy with commendations at once for his readiness, and his deference to the will of his parents, and immediately riding over the country to the place where Davie's friends resided, easily prevailed upon them to allow their son to go abroad.

Behold the family party, then, squired by Davie, setting out on their tour to the Continent.

In order that the remainder of our story should have its proper force, we must premise that Davie was essentially a Scotch village boy. He was one of those little Flibbertigibbets—to use one of Sir Walter's ideas—who are always to be seen flying about small towns in Scotland, with bare feet and fluttering attire, working all kinds of mischief against cats and poultry, fishing for eels, and tying their skins by way of trophy

round their ankles, darkened by the sun to the tinge of a filbert, and unconscious of any evil on earth except the Shorter Catechism. Such only, however, was Davie, previous to his being reduced to servitude under Mr Hope. He had since then been put into proper externals—had learned to do a little in the way of serving a table—could whistle the hunting-song in *Der Freischütz*, and even already had manifested a tendency to that jockeyish coxcombry which consists in turning the row of knee-buttons towards the front. In former times, Davie's sun-bleached hair was arranged above the brow in a curious radiating fashion, which bears in Scotland an equally curious vaccine name; but now he had learned to train it neatly forwards, after a manner approved of by various persons of his own rank and station in life—and, upon the whole, he was a fair good-looking boy, though as yet in no respect superior in natural or acquired gifts to the humble duties which it was his lot to perform.

At the French ambassador's office in London, the family obtained a general passport, which expressed that they were going to Rome on business, and in which the redoubtable Davie was of course included as their servant. Nothing particular occurred till they arrived at a hotel in Paris, when, as they were about to sit down to take some refreshment, Miss Hope happened to cast a glance through the window, and saw a troop of *gens d'armes* ranked up in front of the house. "Surely," said she, "there must be some unusually distinguished person in this hotel—see what a fine guard of honour he has at the door!" At that moment two of the said *gens d'armes* entered the room, with a low bow; and while one stood as erect as a poker, the other, who appeared to be the commanding-officer of the party, said very politely in French, "Sir and ladies, I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing you, that you must consider yourselves under arrest."

The astonishment of our honest Scotch friends may be conceived at this unexpected and unaccountable turn of affairs. "Under arrest!" exclaimed young Mr Hope; "for what?" "I beg your pardon, sir," answered the Frenchman; "it is suspected by the French government that you have brought the Duc de Bourdeaux in your party from Holyroodhouse. I can but do my duty, by putting you all under arrest. I think, sir, you are not all here; one of the individuals described in your passport seems to be wanting. He must be immediately had."

The mystery all at once flashed upon the mind of the younger Miss Hope, who exclaimed, in a transport in which mirth struggled with wonder, "George, I declare it's Davie!" "Davie!" said her brother, "what of Davie?"—for the idea was so far beyond all natural likelihood and feasibility, that he could not yet comprehend it. "Why, Davie," replied Miss Hope, "Davie is supposed to be the Duc de Bourdeaux in disguise." At this explanation, the whole party, excepting the Frenchmen, and Davie himself, who at that moment came in with a tray, burst into a fit of laughter, which hardly experienced any check even from the fear of a little temporary trouble. Davie taken for the Duc de Bourdeaux! Davie a legitimate but disinherited sovereign! Davie, who, but yesterday, was stable-boy at Kelbank, and is even at this moment, all unconscious of his honours, engaged in the humble duty of marshalling vinegar and mustard cruets! The idea was too ludicrous. It was more than the risible faculties of man could well bear; and we verily believe, that though the party had seen the muskets of the national guard levelled at them, they must still have laughed. After their merriment had passed the first burst, Mr Hope went up to the commandant, who was looking always graver and graver, and politely begged his pardon for what might appear to him as scarcely the conduct appropriate to the occasion. "I must really say, however, that the notion which the French government has formed as to our poor little waiting-boy, is so outré—so bizarre—that some little mirth is hardly avoidable."

"Pardonnez moi," said the Frenchman; "the description in the passport answers exactly to the Duc de Bourdeaux; it is known also to the French government that you, Monsieur Hope, was a visitor at Holyroodhouse. When these circumstances are taken in connection with the known intention of the ex-king to remove immediately from Scotland, it appears to me as if the probability were pretty strong."

"Well, sir," rejoined Mr Hope, "here is the boy himself; take a good look at him; examine him by question, or otherwise; show him to any person who may have seen the Duc de Bourdeaux before he left France. And if this be the illustrious personage you suspect him to be, I will be happy to submit to the consequences, however disagreeable."

Davie, who had stood for some time in a state of complete bewilderment, with a bread-knife arrested in his surprised hand, and his eye fixed alarmfully on his master (though his sensations referred rather to the gestures than the language), was now brought forward by Mr Hope, and subjected to the scrutiny of the soldiers, none of whom, however, were able to identify him.

"Comment s'appellez vous?" said the commandant, with an evident mixture of involuntary respect in what would have otherwise been the blunt question of a person in authority.

Davie only stared, for the very good reason, that he did not understand the question. His master, however, having explained to him that the gentleman

wished to know his name, the supposed duke answered, in a strong Scotch accent, "Davie Fairbairn, if it please ye, sir."

"Ah, bien," said the Frenchman, in the same tone; "et qui sont vos parents?"

This being likewise interpreted, Davie answered in all simplicity, "My father is the sutor at Collace, and my mother keeps the public."

When this was explained to the interrogator, he elevated his eyebrows with an incredulous expression, and asked if he had been long in the service of his present master.

"Ou, sir, I've been three year 'gain Martinmas wi' auld Mr Hope—I was the groom's right-hand man, sir; but now I'm promoted to wait on the ladies, and I'm gaun wi' them to Ectaly."

"Mon prince," said the commandant, with a mock obeisance, "vous avez employé bien votre temps en Ecosse. J'aperçois que vous avez appris à la perfection la langue." [My prince, you have employed your time well in Scotland—I perceive you have learned the language to perfection.]

The gravity of the family was here once more fairly overthrown, and they laughed long and loud, notwithstanding the evidently rising wrath of the two soldiers.

At length, mastering his mirth, Mr Hope proposed to go with the supposed pretender to the throne of France, otherwise called Davie Fairbairn, under a guard, to the residence of the intendant of police, where he conceived they would be sure to find some one qualified to decide the matter in question. To this the commandant consented, and they accordingly departed in a coach—Davie sitting as proud as a peacock in the back seat, between two of the soldiers, while a detachment was left to guard the ladies in the hotel. They were speedily introduced to the intendant—a very dignified looking person—who, having been informed of the case, set it at once to rest by declaring (what he had every reason to be sure of) that Davie was not the duke.

Mr Hope and his man were then liberated, with many polite expressions of regret, and conducted back to the hotel, under every mark of respect. The former was advised, however, when he called next day at the British ambassador's, to get a separate passport for Davie, for the rest of their journey, as the circumstances which had already marked him out for suspicion might operate elsewhere, and be productive of serious inconvenience to the family. Mr Hope obeyed this counsel; but it was found unnecessary. The story of the mistake at Paris had taken wind, and was known wherever they halted. Davie was, accordingly, treated all through France as a sort of lion—people seeming to feel a kind of interest in one who might have turned out to be Henry the Fifth.

A STATE OF NATURE.

WHILE labouring under the restraints that a state of civilization impose, we are but too apt to find fault with our condition, and, if wrought to a pitch of excitement, perhaps wish that we were well out of the trammels of society, and dwelling in peace in some remote corner of the world, where law and government were alike unknown. Feelings of this description are frequently very chimerical, and, while indulging in them, we forget that the slight troubles that affect us are the penalties paid for a state of social freedom more happy than is enjoyed by almost any people. There are few countries in the world, besides Great Britain, in which a virtuous family can sit down securely at their own cheerful fireside, with their door shut and bolted, and no dread upon their minds of disturbance or personal molestation. And who would not, to enjoy this great boon, give up a little of his individual pretensions for the good of the whole? Man is a gregarious animal; he necessarily prefers society, with all its trammelling conditions, to a life of solitude. The natural independence enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk has its charms, and captivates many a young and ardent mind; but if put to trial, it would soon lose all its zest. The dismal quietness that would prevail, the difficulties of gaining a rude subsistence, the fear of wild beasts or venomous reptiles, the frightful idea of lying in a helpless state of disease, if not dying unheeded and uncared for, form no species of allurements, and would make us exclaim, in the words of Cowper,

"Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

A state of natural independence among fellow-men would be much more irksome and fatal, for the strong would overpower the weak, and the artful, with impunity, would circumvent the unsuspecting. There must be order—there must be law. "A state of nature" (says Doctor Wade, in his excellent History of the Middle and Working Classes), is a state of great inequality; as much so as men's abilities and physical power. It follows that it is civil, not natural liberty, which introduces equity among mankind; by making the law, not force, the shield and arbiter of right.

The natural right of a man to do as he desires, and can, supposes the same right in every other person; but the exertion of so many independent rights would often cause them to clash and destroy each other. A law that would restrain all, might be beneficial to all; because each might gain more by the li-

mitation of the freedom of others, than he lost by the curtailment of his own. Natural liberty is the right of every one to go where he lists, without regard to his neighbour; civil liberty compels him to go on the public road, which is most convenient to himself, consistently with the enjoyment of the same convenience by other persons. The establishment of civil liberty is the enclosure of the waste, by which each surrenders his right of common, for the quiet possession and culture of a separate allotment.

The transition from the natural to the civil state, subjects man to responsibilities to which he was not before liable. In the former, he indulges his appetites, solely with reference to himself; in the latter, he can only indulge them, with reference to the society of which he is a member; and this he is bound to do, first, by the criminal restraint which the law imposes on actions of importance; and, secondly, by the moral restraint, which public opinion imposes on those of lesser degree.

As the natural was the first state of man, it may be inferred that this state would have continued, had not a persuasion arisen that social order would be more conducive to happiness. As the public good was the motive, so it must continue the end of civil society; and for this reason, that there is no obligation imposed on mankind, save their advantage, to maintain the social in preference to the individual state of existence. And upon this principle the laws of a free people are founded, namely, that they shall impose no restraints on the acts of individuals, which do not conduce in a greater degree to the general good.

Whether man has benefited by the introduction of civil society, is a moral problem, which, like other problems not mathematical, can only be solved by inferential testimony. Two reasons make strongly, and, I think, decisively in favour of the affirmative conclusion. First, mankind had their choice, and it is contrary to human nature to suppose that they would voluntarily have left the natural state, had not experience shown them that the social was better. Secondly, by the surrender of a portion of his natural freedom, man appears to have been well compensated by civil enjoyment. Civilization only divests man of a fraction, not the whole of his primitive liberty: all those acts that are personal to himself, he may continue to indulge in as freely as the savage, subject to no other control than public opinion, which he may defy if he pleases. The law restrains public deeds, and this it does because they are hurtful to others, not to the perpetrator only. Such restraint is civil liberty, and he who seeks greater licence, can neither be just nor rational; he can scarcely be a man, but something worse.

The establishment of civil rights entirely supersedes the operation of the natural rights, which previously governed the relation of individuals. The right of revenge, of the strong to oppress the weak, and of all those powers which are supposed to appertain to the wild justice of nature, are abrogated by the institution of society. The law is then supreme arbiter: it may be a bad law, but while it continues un repealed, it is the sole rule, the only tribunal of resort to establish a claim, or redress an injury.

It is unnecessary to illustrate further the distinction between natural and civil liberty. The first is a chimera, like the points and lines of mathematicians; but, like them, it serves as a basis for reasoning, and enables us to deduce the real from the abstract. Alexander Selkirk might possess his natural rights in Juan Fernandez, but nobody else. Two men could not live a day on a desolate island—they could not meet at the fountain for a pitcher of water, without settling the question whether age, strength, or first comer, should have precedence; and the termination of the dispute would be the establishment of civil order between them."

THE SMUGGLERS.

Belay there, my hearties, and ease off your crack,
Come, heave up your anchor, make sail on your tack;
And tip us a yarn of peril and spree,
While the grog round the table in oceans flows free,
Brave boys!

"Och hone agra, Denis, mavourneen, is it kilt ye are? Spake to the poor ould mother that bore ye. Och, confound the villain that fetcht ye that wipe athwart yer brow; and if I catch the murtherin' thafe, I'll set my tin commands on 'im, that I will. Alas! alas! yer gon from me intirely now! Ye'll never more grasp the tiller, or rin out another reef in this world; but it's ye that shan't want a mass t' help ye in the next, tho' I should never whiff another caubeen for it; yer sowl to glory, amin. Dry your eyes, Rose, ma-collen. Weepin' 'll do 'im no good, that lies there dead and gon." "Oh, Nancy, I can't help it when I see him stretched so, and when I think that he'll never more smile on his poor Rose, never again; but hasn't Ned gone for the doctor?" "True for ye, a cushla ma chree, he maybe's there by this, tho' I'm mightily 'fraid his life-lines are cut away, and he must be stowed under the board like his father afore 'im. Och whirra shrew, my poor boy! Och the blessings on yer face, docthur, avourneen, it's me that aint glad to see ye mayhap," said the old woman to the doctor, as he entered the room of the hut in which they were; and while he's doing his best to bring his patient to, we'll say a few words to our readers in explanation of the above.

The small town or fishing village of Fowlham, on the south-east part of England, was at the time of our story one of the chief and most noted haunts of the smugglers of that wild coast. The whole of the population, from their infancy up, were taught, both by precept and example, to consider the free trade as the chief and most glorious end of their lives. The house of each person was, in some manner, adapted for escape or concealment. Steps for the feet, and holds for the hands, were cut in several of the chimneys, and on the roofs several planks were always kept in readiness, to be placed from the ledge of one house to another, in order to facilitate escape, which was the more easily managed, as the streets were narrow, and the top story of each domicile jutted out in the old-fashioned style of the architecture of the time in which they were built. The floors likewise of the rooms could all be taken up, discovering large spaces, capable of holding many a bale of silk and tobacco. Among so many hardy and reckless men, there was always some one who held a kind of tacit authority over the rest, won by many a deed of skill and daring. For many years, Matthew, or Big Mat Smith, as he was generally called, had been their leader. To a frame of iron, he added a mind fearless and unshrinking, and fertile in every expedient necessary to ensure success in their undertakings. He was now sinking into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the only prop of his declining days was his fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter Rose. Of five stalwart sons, not one now remained to him. Two perished in the storm—the rest fell fighting by his side. Success full often awaited on the smuggler's undertakings, and many a whisper of hoarded shot in his locker was rife in the town. 'Twas no wonder that the doctor and the apothecary thrived, for hardly a Saturday night passed without numerous broken heads; for Rose, to no small share of beauty, added more substantial charms of wealth; and this, combined with the almost certainty, that whoever was the favoured one, would in all probability succeed to the skippership of the place, caused such a flow of blood to the fingers of the free traders, that, when not busy otherwise, they were fully employed in toasting the pretty Rose, and giving each other striking proofs of their admiration of the "pride of Fowlham."

After much drinking, dancing, and fighting, Denis McCarthy at last opened a pretty clear road for himself, by beating all his opponents, and lighting a little bit of a spark in Rose's breast, which he was not the boy to let go out for want of fanning; and old Mat himself saw with pleasure his child fixing on Denis for her future pilot through life—for the young Irishman had always borne himself spiritedly and well, both afloat and ashore, and had once even saved the old man's life, by flinging himself before him, and receiving the stroke of a man-of-war's cutlass intended for Mat. Denis, being young and of a hardy constitution, soon recovered, and became prime favourite with his Rose's father. "'Tis mighty odd intirely," said his mother to him, one night as they sat croonin' over their bright fire and clean wiped hearth, "what confidence that same thafe, love, puts into the most fearful little colleen of us all. 'Faix, not more nor a month ago,' there was that same Rose couldn't lift up her eyes from the grund, and ax a crathur, 'How d'ye do?' but now she'll go hangin' on yer oxter the whole day, an' look into your face, too, as bold as brass. The blessin's on her! Och, but ye're the boy for 'em, Deny allanna!"

Nancy and her husband had left Ireland soon after they were married, and after being tossed here and there, at last came to anchor for good at Fowlham. McCarthy soon joined the smugglers, and plied his dangerous and illegal vocation with the greatest assiduity. Working away thus, he managed to get on pretty well for about three years, when, one fine moonlight night, as he was pacing the deck of the "Speed," which was going at a glorious rate before the wind, with the spray dashing like falling snow over her bows, he was met by a leaden messenger from a cruiser, which ran across their bows, and which just gave him time to exclaim, "Very unjontlemanly behavior this," when death steep in, and cut his soliloquy short. Nancy was now left "a poor lone widdy on the wide world, wid a poor faderless bit of a gossoon to provide for;" and nobly she did her duty towards her orphan boy. Many a cruise did Nancy take "wid the boys," and many a run did she lend a by no means useless hand in, till at last "ould Nancy was well to do, plase God, and thrivin'." Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the day on which our story commences.

The pier, the harbour, the town, and all the manifold objects therein, had just begun to emerge from the dim obscurity of night, and to stand broad out in the rays of the rising moon, which, kissing the crests of the dancing waves, glanced on and illumined with one blaze of purple light the eternal cliffs, and gradually faded away into the distant sea, showing, in one coup d'œil, the grand superiority of nature over the works of the sojourners of earth. From every house, street, and alley, the people now began to issue, hurrying fast to the pier. Mat Smith's beautiful new schooner, the "Rose," was that morning to make her first trip. All was ready on board for sailing, and night delayed her but the absence of Denis and the skipper. On all sides cries of approbation and delight arose. "What a tight little hooker! What a clean run along the bends; and then her yards and spars so all a taunto! If she don't take the conceit out

o' the king's men, why, I'm mistaken, that's all. Here they come! here they come!—Good luck attend you, Mat, 'tis you that's the glory of us! Ah, Denis, I give you joy; here's success to you, my lad." Many more uproarious congratulations of the same sort followed the Rose, even till she was far out of the harbour. Night came on, and found her about eleven knots to the southward of Fowllham. The opposite coast had been made, and the run as yet had been quite successful. Mass after mass of fleecy clouds flitted across the moon, their edges rendered luminous as they came within the influence of her rays. The wind was fast hulling, and the gentle undulating motion of the water scarce rippled against the sides of the schooner as she lay in the bight of a small bay about three hundred yards from the shore, casting her huge shadow to the foot of the hoary cliffs themselves. The stillness of the scene added greatly to its beauty. On her starboard side stretched the sea in its broad expanse to the gay shores of France. One sheet of radiance tapering from the extreme verge of the horizon, and gradually extending itself into one broad mellow light, fell across it, till it was stopped by the schooner, looking as she lay, her sides all silvered with the glowing beams, "the forest queen of the deep." On the larboard rose a high range of cliffs, which girt in almost the whole of the coast. Here and there some twinkling lights shone in the distance, marking the place where stood some lowly hamlet, or more lordly tower. "I say, Denis, my hearty," began Mat, soon after the schooner took up the berth we have described, "I can't say as how I feel particularly pleasant this 'ere night, like as if somethin' had ta'en me quite aback, and almost, as it were, cut my life-line adrift. Some harm 'll lay us aboard, I'm thinkin'." I wish those lubberly shore haulers would bear in sight, and we'd this cargo safe stowed, and us alongside o' Rose snug moored by a blazer, with a prime in our mauleys—eh, boy?" "Can't say as how, Mat, but that 'ere prime wouldn't be after being mighty agraable, or I'm thunderstruck—But what a't keeping them shore-goin' spalpeens? Thunder an' turf, no one han't trug the snitch, an' peached—eh, Mat?" "Hope not, boy; but there's the signal! Stir about, every mother's son of ye!"

The signal had been made from the shore that the party there were ready for the cargo, and for starting, and in a few moments they were all standing on the edge of the shore, prepared for their share of the business. A number of strong roadsters stood by, ready to be off to the interior as soon as they were loaded. Most of the group were armed with some weapon or another, chiefly of a rustic kind. "Here, Neptune, here," shouted one who acted as leader of the land party; and a fine large Newfoundland dog, with a rope attached to his collar, bounded into the water, and swam straight for the schooner. A number of kegs and bales, well fastened and tarred to prevent the water getting in, were fastened to it, and immediately drawn ashore. The dog made two or three trips, and a great quantity of goods were thus landed. The ship's boats in the meantime were not idle, and, in an incredibly short time, the whole of the cargo, and Mat and Denis, were safely landed, and the schooner then stood out to sea. Six of the best armed men mounted, and took up their position in front, as the avant-guard. Mat, Denis, and four more, formed the rear. The rest, with the cargo, were in the centre. The word was given to advance, and the party were just in motion, when the look-out, who was stationed upon the glen, through which they had to pass, came running in at the top of his speed, roaring out, "The officers are on us, and the soldiers with 'em!" No time was to be lost. "Away with ye, every one!" exclaimed Mat and Denis together, "away!" And in a moment the whole were flying in every direction, still, however, retaining a hold of their loads, with the exception of our two friends, and the ten men with them, all bold and resolute fellows, and determined to the last to cover the retreat of their goods. In cases like this, when the free traders were met by the officers of the preventive service, they were accustomed to separate, and by the thousand cross roads and hill-paths, to make the appointed place of rendezvous, which was always previously agreed upon. Thus, though a few might be taken, still the greater part escaped with the share of the run assigned to them. As the flying party disappeared one by one, in different directions, the picked, or head men, moved steadily onward. On reaching the mouth of the glen, they were stopped by about twenty man-of-war's men, ranged in line, and commanding the passage. "On, my lads, on for your own sakes!" cried Mat, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping forwards, followed close by his men. On they went, and the pistols of the king's men were discharged in a volley, but, owing to the moon that instant having veiled her light behind a dark cloud, the shots passed harmlessly over their heads, and before the smoke could clear away, horse and men were mixed together in the *mêlée*. Wild shouts, and execrations in every shape, now flew fast and furious. The smugglers seldom, if they could help it, used their fire-arms, and consequently they were always at it hand to hand, tooth and nail. The kicking and plunging of the horses soon bore fright and dismay among the officers of the law. They began to waver, and Denis, that moment rising in his stirrups to make a cut, sung out with the whole force of his Stentorian lungs, "Give it 'em, my jewels! At 'em, my Roses!" He said no more, for a back-handed

stroke of one of his antagonists that instant brought him to the ground.

When the dawning light of sense and perception returned and resumed her wonted seat, Denis found himself in the house of Smith, with Rose holding one hand, and his mother kissing and crying over the other. "Och, hubbaho! mother, what's the row? What are you aither, keenin' over me that way for, agra?" "Och, Denis, avourneen, a cushla machree, a lanna, hould yer tongue, and don't spake, for the docthur says ye'll kill yerself if ye do so. Aisy now, dear, and Rose, the darlin', 'll till ye all about it; eternal blessin's rest on her and hers, for it wasn't her maybe that watched ye all along!" The free traders had been triumphant. Denis was carefully raised up, the cutlass-cut across his brow bound up, and he was then carried to Mat's house in a state of insensibility. The operation for trephine was performed upon him, and for a month he was delirious. He then recovered, and to use his own expression, "bore up from the lee-shore of sickness, with every sail he could crowd, for the port of health and matrimony." A short time after, Rose and Denis became one. And it is gratifying to state, that Rose had sufficient influence over her husband and father to prevail on them not again to attempt the perils of the smuggling profession, which, independent of its dangers and degrading character, in general, sooner or later, brings ruin on its followers.*

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

[From Reekiana, by Robert Chambers.]

IN a mean and narrow alley leading from the head of the Earthen Mound to the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, is an ancient house, once inhabited by the dowager of the celebrated general and statesman, John, second Earl of Stair, who died in 1747. Her ladyship, after long exercising a sway over the *haut ton* of the Scottish capital, died here, November 21, 1759, at a very advanced age. The late Mr Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," informed the author that he recollected her ladyship living in this house. The close takes its name from her ladyship. Some remarkable circumstances in the early life of this lady formed the groundwork of a tale by the author of Waverley, under the title of "Aunt Margaret's Mirror." They are now related here in a more ample form. She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudon, and consequently was granddaughter to that stern old earl who acted so important a part in the affairs of the covenant, and who was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublous times of the civil war. While very young (about the beginning of the eighteenth century), she was married to James, first Viscount Primrose, a nobleman of extremely bad temper, and what was worse, of very dissolute character. Her ladyship, who had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character; but the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even occasion to apprehend that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time she was labouring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her with a sword drawn in his hand. He had opened the door softly, and although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would in all probability have approached her near enough to execute his bloody purpose, before she was aware, or could have taken any measures to save herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Primrose's mother, where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjuror or fortune-teller came to Edinburgh, professing, among many other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition or situation of any other person, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity to go, with a female friend, to the lodgings of this person in the Canonage, for the purpose of inquiring regarding his motions. It was at night; and the two ladies went, with the tartan screens or plaids of their servants drawn over their faces by way of disguise. Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the appearance of the inside of a church, with a marriage party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment, she recognised in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband Lord Primrose. The magical scene thus so strangely displayed was not exactly like a picture; or if so, it was rather like the live pictures of the stage,

than the dead and immovable delineations of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of a progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had, at last, been all made; the priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands; when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and in whom Lady Primrose thought she recognised a brother of her own then abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party. The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and who had come too late; but as he advanced to the party, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered very considerably. He stopped short; his face assumed a wrathful expression; he drew his sword, and rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then became quite tumultuous and indistinct, and almost immediately after vanished entirely away. When Lady Primrose got home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed up in the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers. Soon afterwards, her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked if, in the course of his wanderings, he happened to see or hear any thing of Lord Primrose. The young man only answered by saying, that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, questioned him so closely, that he at last confessed having met his lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the Dutch cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend, the merchant, informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scottish gentleman, who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days; and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but, fortunately, came in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape, his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose! Although Lady Primrose had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised and confounded by discovering them to be consistent with fact, that she almost fainted away. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord Primrose's attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed, she took out her key, and requested him to go to her chamber, to open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when, the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady Primrose had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials on the very evening they were transacted in reality.*

Lord Primrose died in 1766, leaving a widow, who could scarcely be expected to mourn for him. She was still a young and beautiful woman, and might have procured her choice among twenty better matches. Such, however, was the idea she had formed of the married state from her first husband, that she made a resolution never again to become a wife. She kept her resolution for many years, and probably would have done so till the day of her death, but for a very singular circumstance. The celebrated Earl of Stair, who resided in Edinburgh during the greater part of twenty years, which he spent in retirement from all official employments, fell deeply in love with her ladyship, and earnestly sued for her hand. If she could have relented in favour of any man, it would have been in favour of one who had acquired so much public honour, and who possessed so much private worth. But she declared to him also her resolution of remaining unmarried. In his desperation, he resolved upon an expedient by which he might obviate her scruples, but which certainly marks the age as one of little delicacy. By dint of bribes to her domestics, he got himself insinuated, over night, into a small room in her ladyship's house, where she used to say her prayers every morning, and the window of which looked out upon the principal street of the city. At this window, when the morning was a little advanced, he showed himself, *en déshabillé*, to the people passing along the street; an exhibition which threatened to have such a fatal effect upon her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to accept of him for a husband.

She was more happy as Countess of Stair than she had been as Lady Primrose. Yet her new husband had one failing, which occasioned her much and frequent uneasiness. Like all other gentlemen at that period, he sometimes indulged too much in the bottle.

* This story is given as it is said to have occurred: yet tradition may have lent it a colouring favourable to the idea of supernatural agency; and something must likewise be allowed for the excited feelings of the lady, as well as the artifices generally practised by pretended conjurors.—Ed.

When elevated with liquor, his temper, contrary to the general case, was by no means improved. Thus, on his reaching home, after any little debauch, he generally had a quarrel with his wife, and sometimes even treated her person with violence. On one particular occasion, when quite transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately after fell asleep, altogether unconscious of what he had done. Lady Stair was so completely overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter and poignant feeling, that she made no attempt to bind up her wound. She sat down on a sofa near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and perceived her dishevelled and bloody figure, he was surprised to the last degree, and eagerly inquired how she came to be in such an unusual condition? She answered by detailing to him the whole history of his conduct on the preceding evening, which stung him so deeply with regret—for he was a nobleman of the most generous feelings—that he instantly vowed to his wife never afterwards to take any species of drink, except what was first passed through her hands. This vow he kept most scrupulously till the day of his death. He never afterwards sat in any convivial company where his lady could not attend to sanction his potations with her permission. Whenever he gave any entertainment, she always sat next him and filled his wine, till it was necessary for her to retire; after which, he drank only from a certain quantity which she had first laid aside.

The Earl of Stair died in the year 1747 (at Queensberry House, in the Canongate, Edinburgh), leaving her ladyship again a widow.

DRAUGHTS AND DEATHS.

MANY old people, as well as persons in middle life, in this country, are subject to rheumatism, a species of pain or disease, which, like the toothach, meets with little general sympathy, because it is not frequently immediately fatal in its attacks. In the case of many who belong to professions where exposure to atmospheric changes from heat to cold, and dry to wet, necessarily takes place, it is almost impossible to prevent rheumatism occasionally taking effect; but in not a few instances this painful malady might be avoided, simply by being a little more careful of our persons. There are some people, who, because they are stout and healthy, and have good appetites, and have hardly ever been ill all their days, think that they may do any thing with themselves, and therefore cherish the dangerous idea, that "they will not kill." Whenever we see people of this description, we are afraid of them. We know, from experience, that it is they who have the chance of being cut off first among our acquaintances, and so look upon them as persons, who, braving death at every corner, will some day soon be numbered with the dead. On the other hand, we have never any fears for the man who is always complaining of something trifling being the matter with him; for we know that he takes good care of himself, and, like a creaking hinge, he will endure a great deal before he parts with existence. People of this sort are dreadfully jealous of an open window, or a broken pane of glass, or a door standing ajar, and well they may, for it is at these holes that rheumatisms, colds, coughs, consumptions, and deaths, get admittance, and surprise the inmates. There may be often something ludicrous in the fears excited by seeing the openings in windows and doors which we mention; but we would advise all who prefer good to bad health, and a warm bed to a place in the churchyard, to submit to any kind of ridicule, rather than sit down in a room, a church, a coach, or any other place in which there is a draught of air playing about, and seeking whom it may devour. If they be wise, they will either see the opening which causes the said draught, closed, or at once make good their retreat. Better to leave the company, and all its fascinations, sound in lith and limb, than have the chance of retreating with at least a rheumatic pain in the shoulder, which sticks to you for years, and seems as if you were perpetually enduring the cut of an axe or the boring of an awl in your flesh and bones.

We are convinced that many young persons literally kill themselves out of mere carelessness and bravado. We have a distinct remembrance of a fine, tall, stout, gentlemanly man of our acquaintance, thus committing a suicide. He measured six feet three inches in height, was well built in body; and when he shook any one by the hand, it was like the grip of a vice. He was a true Hercules in frame; and on looking at him as he paced along the pavement with graceful ease and stateliness, you would have been inclined to say, there goes a man who will live many years: death will find it no easy matter to bring him down. Such a fallacy! We saw him one fine sunshiny day walking on Prince's Street, and none could be compared with him in point of appearance; people

turned about and looked at him as he passed. Six days elapsed, and he was lying in his grave. Some business or pleasure had called him a short distance into the country. In coming back, he had missed the stage which he expected would convey him back to town. But this was no disappointment; he was fond of a journey on foot; what was a few miles to him? So he walked home, and overheated himself; took off his shoes, and sat for a few minutes in a draught before an open window. In an instant of time he caught his death. A short cough: a creeping cold all over the body: inflammation in the breast, or lungs—it is all one: the doctor: bleeding: high fever: death: the undertaker: funeral letters: and the churchyard. Such was the routine of destruction in the case of perhaps the handsomest man that ever walked on the streets of Edinburgh. Will his example serve as a warning?

We are ever complaining of being affected with colds, and coughs, and rheumatisms, and other diseases; yet we seem to take little care in preventing their intrusion. One-half of the deaths which occur are brought about by our own follies, or our own carelessness. Because we are well, we think we shall never be ill. We go out to evening parties without greatcoats, or cloaks, or something warm to wrap round our mouths and necks in coming home. We come out of theatres heated to the suffocating height of eighty and ninety degrees, and plunge into an atmosphere almost as the freezing point, and that without a fear of the consequences. We are also criminally careless about the state of our feet. We walk about in wet weather, and come home with damp shoes or boots—will not be at the least pains to change them for others which are dry and comfortable. Of course, colds and coughs ensue; perhaps, also, we procure ourselves some smart twinges in the stomach, and administering a dram by way of antidote, probably hasten an incipient inflammation to its crisis. There is not one of our readers who cannot recollect instances of deaths among his acquaintances, caused in this or a similar manner.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair flow'r, that lapt in lowly glade
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on trunk or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He shew'd to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

Not thus I trow: for brighter shine
To the warm skies of thine destiny
Those children of the east—
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parch'd Esdrel's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest—

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write
Their brilliant disks unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnish'd gold.

But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy work,
Our western valley's humbler child;
Where in green nook of woodland wild
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine;
Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
Her wealthiest king array'd.

Of thy twin leaves th' embowered screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
Displays a milkwhite bell;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth th' ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Chang'd thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red;

The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand;
Who at creation gave command,
And wold'st thee thus to be,
And keeps thee still in being thro'
Age after age revolving, who
But the Great God is He?

Omnipotent to work his will:
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assign'd;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep; to make the sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment, kind!

"O There is no God," the senseless say—
"O God, why cast'st thou us away?"
Of feeble faith and frail
The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes! He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine;
Nor deems she that his guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

—*Field Naturalist's Magazine*, September 1833.

MOUNT CARMEL.

No part of the promised land creates a deeper interest in the traveller than the rich and extensive bosom of Mount Carmel; while barrenness spreads on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient "excellency" of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. The scenes in its interior are often bold and romantic in the highest degree; deep and verdant precipices descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly: the shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture ground as in the days when Nabal fed his numerous herds in Carmel. There is indeed a character peculiarly pastoral about the scenery; few grey and naked rocks, or sublime but useless cliffs, are here, as in the mountain of the Temptation, or on Pisgah. And this fertility and vivid verdure, on so sultry a soil, is deeply welcome and refreshing; more especially so the woods that ware over the summit and sides. It is beautiful to stand beneath their shelter on the brink of the mount, and look far on every side, where nought but a forsaken and shadowless land meets the eye. On the banks of the "ancient river," on which "the strength of the mighty" was broken, and the power of Sisera swept away, no solitary tree spreads its shade; the stream rolls between its green and naked shores; these are so low that the river overflows to some extent on each side during the rainy season, and is so deep and rapid as not to be fordable. It was most probably during this season that the army of Sisera, in its flight, was in part destroyed by the waters, for in its usual narrow course the stream is not of sufficient width and power to be dangerous. Just above, on the side of Carmel, is the spot pointed out by tradition as having been the scene of Elijah's slaying the prophets of Baal. There is much of the picturesque about the place; the soil is strewed with several masses of grey stone, around which are many fine trees. It is a pleasing and lonely spot, such as the imagination would hardly have selected for so ruthless yet necessary a deed. But if tradition should err here, there can be no illusion with respect to the scene of the memorable descent of the fire from heaven. When "all Israel was gathered together unto Carmel," it was clearly on this side the mountain, where it descends gradually into the noble plain beneath. The spot was finely chosen by the prophet for the spectacle of his sacrifice; since the multitude of people, coming from the regions of Samaria, might stand with perfect convenience in the splendid and open area of Esdraelon, which is here terminated at the foot of Carmel. The declivity of the mountain, its brink dark with woods, and its sides covered with the richest pasture, looks over a vast extent of country on every side. What a noble subject would this be for a painter! It was an impressive spot, from which we turned with regret, as the fading light warned us to depart.—*Carmel's Travels*

WAGES AND PRICES IN CANADA.

In a letter from a young man, an emigrant, at Kingston, Upper Canada, to his friends in this country, and partly printed in the *Inverness Courier*, the following observations occur on the wages of tradesmen:—"Tradesmen of all descriptions, if steady, do remarkably well here. Joiners have 5s. a-day; masons rather more; shoes are to be had at about the same price as at home, but are of inferior quality. The leather is manufactured in the province, and the shoemaker charges from 5s. to 6s. per pair for his workmanship. Blacksmiths are much in request, and may do well. Coopers are also much wanted, owing to the number of casks used in exporting flour, potash, &c. Tailors charge from 20s. to 30s. for making a good coat, and 6s. 3d. for a common pair of trousers. In harvest, labourers' wages are high; the harvest comes on very rapid, and it is difficult to procure hands. Nearly all the tradesmen, however, are slothful, and addicted to drinking, so that they derive but little good from the excellence of their wages.—The merchants of Canada are a busy, bustling race. They buy all kinds of grain, and pay the farmer partly in commodities. The lumber trade is a speculative business; it is truly astonishing to see the quantity of timber that is floated down the river, even from York to Quebec, a distance of nearly 600 miles. Some of the rafts would cover an acre of ground, being three or four logs in height, and each perhaps two feet square. Hardwood sells at Quebec at a shilling the cubic foot. This is a money-making trade when the rafts arrive safe and speedy; but in cases of accident and long detention, total ruin frequently ensues. On commodities imported from Britain, such as linens, cottons, cloths, prints, cambrics, &c., the retailers have at least 50 per cent. profit—a pretty fair allowance in all conscience."

EDINBURGH: Published by WILLIAM and ROBERT CHAMBERS, No. 19, Waterloo Place.—Agent for Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street.

Subscribers in town may have the Paper left at their houses every Saturday morning, by leaving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place. Price of a quarter of twelve weeks, 1s. 6d.; of a half year of twenty-four weeks, 3s.; and of a year, 6s. 6d. In every case payable in advance.

In LONDON, an Edition is published, with the permission of the Proprietors, by WILLIAM ORR, Paternoster-row, for circulation throughout England and Wales.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY Paul's Work.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 89.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THERE is yet another class of spenders worthy of our attention. It is composed of those individuals, who, on an unforeseen reduction of their circumstances, prefer picking up a miserable subsistence by a dependence on friends and acquaintances, to earning the means of honest living, by engaging in employment below what they imagine to be the standard of gentility.

Undeserved reduction of circumstances is one of the most respectable of all things, and it will always gain respect in the local circle where it is known. Many misfortunes, however, which are called undeserved, are only called so by the sufferers themselves, through a principle of self-love blinding them to the real causes, or by persons who fear they may, deservedly or undeservedly, come to the same pass, and thus, in pleading for pity to others, only ask it by anticipation for themselves. Even where a reduction of circumstances takes place through guiltless misfortune, it is the first duty of the individuals to adapt themselves at once to their new position—to lay themselves out for the best employment, *however humble*, which they have a feasible chance of reaching, or of managing successfully—and to reduce their wants, whatever may be the immediate hardship, to the standard of that new employment. Those who, after their misfortunes, continue to live as well as ever, if they only can obtain the means through credit, are guilty of a great crime, the punishment of which will sooner or later overtake them: they will then find that the original misfortune was nothing to the new ones which their imprudence has permitted to follow. Notwithstanding, however, all the evils threatened to him who will not labour, there are many persons who do not seem accessible to a sense of what reduced circumstances demand of them. With a meanness beyond all expression, they will keep up the *appearance of their former rank* at the expense of all its *real dignity*—will borrow, beg, and incur undischARGEABLE debt in all directions, and thus lay themselves open to the contempt and execration of thousands of individuals, rather than, by taking up the next best course of honest industry, make an open confession of their decayed circumstances, which, after all, it is ten chances to one the world is already acquainted with. Families thus sometimes live for years, in what appears a genteel manner—that is to say, occupy a good house, and generally wear decent clothes—and yet are maintained chiefly by the charity of their own original acquaintances, or by debt incurred without the least prospect or intention of payment; educating their children, too, for learned professions! which they can only accomplish by working upon the pity of all kinds of instructors; a system of mendicancy only differing from the most common that is practised, in so far as it is carried on under the respectable appearance of a desire of knowledge and of advancement in the world. In reality, all bounties that we accept from persons upon whom we have no claim, are of a mean character; for if it were established that the child of a poor person is entitled to gratuitous instruction, why not to any other of the advantages usually bought with money.—and why are the honest and independent poor left without these advantages? No, no; there is no right or certain principle in the world, but that every one must labour for himself in the way his faculties and capital best admit of, taking of course all the chances of the particular walk of life which he thus assumes. If he do not thus labour, and accommodate himself to his reduced circumstances, then he and his family—no

matter how they are connected, no matter how fashionable they were, and would still wish to be—are a drag upon society, and liable to be ranked among the most contemptible classes of spenders.

We sincerely wish that we could, by these observations, give a new turn to the minds of those persons who are reduced by misfortunes, yet who will not accommodate themselves to their reduced circumstances. Abstractly, there is nothing disgraceful in poverty. It may be, as it frequently has been, the lot of the most wealthy as well as the most dignified. And how noble is it for a man to combat such a misfortune!—how worthy of admiration is the spectacle of an honest and unfortunate individual bearing up under his griefs, and by his own manful exertions relieving himself from the difficulties which surround him!—how far superior, in the estimation of the right-thinking part of mankind, is such conduct to that of him who, coward-like, falls behind in the onward march of society, and suffers himself to be fed by the hand of charity, and trampled at last under foot! It behoves every one, more especially every head of a family, to bear these things in remembrance. As soon as misfortune and poverty overtake him, and when every creditable effort he has made to restore himself to his original situation has failed, let him lose no time in endeavouring to gain a subsistence by an employment below the standard he has been accustomed to. If the exercise of his genius fail, what hinders him from resorting to his physical capacities for support? It is no disparagement for the man who has all his days wielded a palette or a pen, to take up a pick-axe or a shovel: it is at least more respectable than to assume the tone and character of a "gentle beggar." At the same time, he will take care that his family act a part becoming their altered circumstances. Those who were born to be served must now serve others, for in servitude there is nothing degrading to right principle, and the rags of decayed gentility will be well exchanged for the substantial garments congenial to a lowly situation.

It is astonishing how soon a family reduced in circumstances will triumph over their misfortunes, and regain something like their former footing, by pursuing the course we point out. The industry they exert, when governed by intelligence, will in general gain a superiority over that kind of stolid labour which is alike destitute of ambition and genius. Besides, a previous good name has advantages which cannot be overlooked; many will most likely strive to assist those who seem so willing to help themselves, while they would neglect, or hold in contempt, those who wanted both the heart and the hand for exertion.

Our heart glows with no small degree of pride when we reflect on the conduct of many individuals, particularly mothers of families in Scotland, who, on a reduction of their circumstances by the death of their husbands, or otherwise, submit with resignation to their humiliated condition, and enter upon occupations more suited to their necessities than either their birth or their feelings. The virtuous struggles which many poor widowed gentlewomen thus make to rear their families, and render them useful members of society, are an honour not only to themselves, but to human nature. They are assuredly entitled to a place in the honoured ranks of *Makers*, and may be permitted to look down with pity on the widely-ramified, and frequently vicious, class of *Spenders*. And who will say that a blessing is withheld from the endeavours of all such meritorious individuals? Their names do not perish off the earth, but are held in esteem by all who know them; and their families, if endowed with the principles of integrity, self-denial, and industry, are almost sure of at length reaching

that exalted station in society, which, without having been purified by their trials, they would in all likelihood never have attained.

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE TWEED.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!

CRAWFORD.

THE vale through which the Tweed flows, and its accessory glens, comprehending four counties, form by far the most interesting portion of Scotland, in respect of poetical, if not also of historical association. This delightful region, which has been from time immemorial the subject and the birth-place of song, and almost every foot of which may be termed classic ground, is indeed the very Arcadia of Scotland. It is the land of Learmont and Thomson, of Leyden and Scott.

The Vale of Tweed, forming the south-eastern limit of the kingdom, comprises the greater part of the district called the Border, so justly celebrated for the martial character of its people. Ever forming, in the language of their most illustrious minstrel, "the first wave of the torrent" poured by our sovereigns into England, and kept perpetually in arms by the corresponding aggressions of their enemies, the inhabitants of this district necessarily exhibited in former times all the features of chivalry. The country at this latter day contains innumerable relics of military antiquities; and, the times of war having been here, as elsewhere, succeeded by "*piping times of peace*," it abounds no less in the remains of a romantic description of poetry, commemorating the marvellous events and deeds of noble daring, peculiar to that period of warlike glory.

Two centuries of domestic tranquillity have now permitted the plough-share of the husbandman and the pipe of the shepherd to take the place of sword and trumpet. The Vale of Tweed has in that time obtained as great distinction by the arts of peace, as it won of old in those of war. The culture of its plains has afforded an example of skill and success to the rest of Scotland; while the gentle lyrics of Cowdenknowes and Traquair, breathing the pure quiet spirit of pastoral love, have acquired a fame as good as the savage ballads of Otterbourne and Yarrow.

The Tweed is held as the fourth of Scottish rivers, ranking after the Tay, the Forth, and the Clyde. It is a river of greater fame than perhaps any of its brethren, on account of its dividing, at the lower part of its course, the two sections of the island. It performs this office for a space of only about twenty out of a hundred miles; but as this is the principal point of communication between the two kingdoms, and the boundary is nowhere else so distinct, it has been assumed by a licence of common speech as indicating the separation in general, so that "*both sides of the Tweed*" is a phrase equivalent to the names of the two kingdoms.

The upper sources of this beautiful and classic stream are found in the parish of Tweedsmuir, Peeblesshire, and in the lofty range of hilly territory, from the opposite side of which flow the slender rivulets which form the commencement of the rivers Annan and Clyde. A small fountain, usually considered "the head of Tweed," at the base of a hill called Tweed's Cross, and named *Tweed's Well*, gives forth a small rivulet, which flows in a north-easterly direction through the parish of Tweedsmuir, receiving on each side various tributary streams. Leaving this district, the Tweed proceeds as a boundary betwixt the parish of Glenholm and Drummelzier, and, after intersecting

Stobo parish at its north-eastern corner, joins its waters with the Lyne—a stream, by the way, equally entitled to be considered “the head of Tweed”—which rises on the borders of Edinburghshire, and is increased in its course by the Tarth, a sluggish little water, from the confines of Lanarkshire. From a north-easterly direction, the river, now greatly enlarged, bends to an easterly course, which it afterwards, with few exceptions, maintains.

Four miles below its junction with the Lyne, the Tweed receives the Maor water, from a minor pastoral vale on its south bank. Here the banks of the stream become romantic and full of interest. The grounds rise with a rapid acclivity on either side, forming one of the chief passes between the upper and lower country; and the ancient baronial forlet, Nidpath Castle, once the residence of Simon Fraser, the distinguished Scottish patriot during the wars of Bruce, rises on the summit of a rocky knoll on the left bank of the stream. Sweeping round the base of this grey and romantic ruin, the Tweed, at the distance of a mile eastward, passes the neat little burgh town of Peebles, which is most agreeably situated on its north bank, in the midst of an amphitheatre of wild browns.

At Peebles, the Tweed receives the Eddleston water, and, at the distance of six miles farther to the east, is increased by the waters of the Leithen on its left, and those of the Quair on its right bank, both pretty sparkling rivulets, and proceeding out of vales consecrated by the Scottish muse. The Tweed soon after enters Selkirkshire, and for some miles is lost amidst a wild hilly district, from which it emerges at the Yair, whose banks have been sung by Thomson. Leaving the inclosures of Yair, the Tweed approaches the vale of Melrose, a rich and flat piece of territory, lying like a luxuriant garden in the midst of a wilderness, ornamented with the venerable ruins of Melrose Abbey, and on the south overhung by the dark towering peaks of the Eildons—the *Trimontium* of Roman history.

In entering the vale of Melrose, the Tweed is joined on the right by the Etrick (previously augmented by the Yarrow), and next, on the left, by Gala Water, a river likewise famed in Scottish song, and now giving its name to Galashiels, a modern town on its banks, and the seat of an industrious and intelligent population. A short way above the confluence of the Gala with the Tweed, stands Abbotsford, half shrouded in the dark masses of plantations which surround it. Before leaving the pleasant and sunny vale of Melrose, the Tweed receives the Leader, from the Vale of Lauderdale, on its left bank. The country here becomes exquisitely beautiful, and the river passing on the left the deep shades of Dryburgh, amidst which repose the ashes of the great northern minstrel and novelist, proceeds for several miles without receiving any tributary of note till it approaches Kelso. Here, on passing on the right the ruins of the ancient castle of Roxburgh, famed in legend and history, the Tweed receives the waters of the Teviot, the largest of all its tributaries, and which almost doubles it in size.

Passing Kelso—one of the very handsomest Scottish inland towns, and situated on the left bank of the stream, which is crossed here by a bridge of noble proportions—the Tweed flows majestically onwards, receiving, on its left bank, the small river Eden, and soon after enters the beautiful district of the Merse, or lower division of Berwickshire, which it separates from Northumberland on the south. At Coldstream it receives the Leet on the Scottish side; and two or three miles farther down, on the English side, it is increased by the torpid waters of the Till, a riverlet adjacent to the fatal field of Flodden, which may be now reached from the Scottish side of Tweed, by means of the stone bridge at Coldstream. Some miles farther on, it receives the Whitadder, a large stream, previously augmented by the Blackadder; and shortly afterwards, passing the ancient town of Berwick on its left, its waters are emitted into the German Ocean.

It is computed that the Tweed, from its sources to the ocean, a distance of ninety miles, drains a superficies of 1870 square miles; but in no part of its course, from the quick flow of its current, is it fit for purposes of navigation. It is, however, ferried in many places by boats, and affords, for considerable distances, a sufficiency of water for the sailing of *trows*, or small flat vessels, used in salmon fishing. Being thus undisturbed by traffic on its surface, and unadulterated by the liquid refuse of manufactories, as well as possessing, in general, a clean gravelly bottom, its waters are remarkably clear and sparkling in appearance. For a long period of time, the Tweed was crossed by only two bridges, the one at Berwick and the other at Peebles; but it has now several stone bridges, besides one of wood at Innerleithen, and three of the chain construction, all of which are of great service to the district, and serve to make the union of the two countries on the banks of the river more complete.

The lengthened district through which the Tweed flows in its course to the ocean, is for the greater part of a pleasing sylvan character, the hills being never far from its banks, and the eminences and lower grounds frequently clothed by woods and plantations, sometimes exhibiting the stunted remains of “the forest,” dedicated to the chase by the Scottish monarchs, and at other times showing grassy swelling hills, devoted to the pasturing of thousands of sheep.

The Tweed and its tributaries have been long the resort of the trout and salmon fisher, every streamlet abounding in these objects of sport to the angler. We believe, however, that in recent times the waters have been fished to such an extent, and not by the most legitimate means of capture, as to be in a great measure harried of its finny tribes. An excellent road, at any rate, pursues the whole line of the river on its left bank, and the angler will find every species of accommodation for his comfort.

The Vale of Tweed being essentially of a pastoral and agricultural character, there are nowhere, of course, any of those overgrown masses of population, which, however suitable to the views of the political economist, are generally supposed to be so little conducive to the promotion of private virtue. The district makes up in the quality of its population what it wants in number. Its inhabitants are alike distinguished by a primal simplicity of manners, and by an attention to the decencies of domestic life, which we shall hardly find so exquisitely combined in districts where superior natural advantages have given occasion to greater industry and wealth. The Merse, the principal division of country on the river, is universally allowed to be the most fertile and the best cultivated part of Scotland; the place where nature has been kindest, and the husbandman most inclined to cultivate her good graces. To the eye of a traveller, it seems rather a portion of rich and lovely England than of this “land of mountain and flood.” It is tinged, as it were, with the geniality of the country to which it adjoins. It possesses the glorious hedgerows of England in the fullest perfection, with the lines of trees between; making each field resemble a splendid picture deeply and doubly framed. Here also are to be seen houses built with less regard to the harsh climate of Scotland, than those farther north. The honeysuckle and eglantine luxuriate around slim cottages and villas, whose large bow-windows, presented towards “the sweet south”—a thing to be seen nowhere else in Scotland—give assurance that there is here a greater sum total of summer delights than of winter discomfort. The sight of such beautiful and well-appointed residences fully justifies the honeymoon taste of the Scottish poet, who says to his mistress,

“We’ll lodge in some village on Tweed.”

But the general aspect of the Merse is worth a thousand of its details, pleasing and admirable as they are; and I do not know a finer sight in Scotland than that which is to be obtained of this luxuriant region, from some point on the Lammermuir or Eildon hills; especially on a fine July day, when the vast umbrageous plain is covered by a flood of glowing light, and the living spirit of repose seems to breathe throughout the far green retreats in the dazzling incense of the summer glim.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LION.

THE usual length of the lion, from the nose to the tail, is about six feet, and the tail itself upwards of three feet, ending in a tuft of blackish hair, and his height at the shoulders upwards of three feet. The general colour of the fur is tawny, paler below the belly. The legs are thick, short, and very strong; the feet large and spreading; the claws are capable of being drawn back, and are not contained in sheaths, but in the hollows between the toes, which are provided by nature for their reception, by the particular articulation of the last joint. The lion may at once be distinguished from all his congeners, by having a long and flowing mane, which rises in the middle of the forehead, and extends backwards over the shoulders, descending on each side of his neck and face. Except in youth, the skin of the lion never exhibits the least appearance of spots or stripes.

When we analyze the moral and intellectual faculties of the lion, it will be found that he manifests the same deceitful and vindictive passions as the whole of his congeners. The generosity and grandeur of his character, which has been handed down to us from remote ages, and which the fascinating pens of Buffon and other writers have depicted in such glowing and powerful language, may be looked upon as a series of beautiful and figurative fictions. His magnanimous forbearance and noble generosity have been greatly over-coloured. His personal history and disposition will be best gathered from the following anecdotes:—

The courage of the lion is proverbial, which alone can be attributed to elevation of sentiment, and the consciousness of his own physical powers, finding that there is no other animal of the forest who singly can overcome him. Attached by nature to the arid plains of Africa and Asia, he ranges uncontrolled, making the timid and defenceless antelope, and all the other beasts of the forest, an easy prey. “His pliable, agile, and sinewy frame, together with the resistless and impetuous fury of his attacks, enable him to overcome even the massive bulk of the elephant, rhino-

ceros, and buffalo. Roving in the boundless desert, the extensive plains, or in the shade of the vast jungles of his native country, he holds despotic sway, and is well deserving the title of the king of beasts. But contrast him in the neighbourhood of large towns and populous districts, and it will be seen that his fortitude and conscious superiority are greatly modified; for in these situations he yields to the power of man, skulking only in the deepest recesses of extensive jungles, or in the impenetrable depths of mighty forests, seeking to overcome his unwary prey, by lying in ambush, and seizing them when they little expect his attacks. To the consciousness of a want of capacity to overcome the lords of creation, must in a great measure be attributed his docility under captivity; and to his native dignity of aspect he is indebted for the general impression mankind have formed of his nobleness of character and amiability of disposition.”

The lion is destined by nature to subsist on animal food alone, and has been invested with physical energies, constructed on principles which give him, in an astonishing degree, the power of destroying animal life. His head is particularly large; his jaws have immense strength, and his shoulders and chest have a depth far exceeding all other animals of his size.

When in captivity, the lion is fed but once a day, and is generally allowed from eight to nine pounds of beef at a meal, exclusive of bones. He generally seizes his food with avidity, instantly tears it to pieces with his claws, and voraciously devours it, contrary to the practice of those in a state of nature.

Africa seems to be the primitive country of the lion, for there he arrives at greatest strength and magnitude. He differs from the Asiatic lion, principally in being of a larger size, more graceful in his form, and in being darker in the colour, and the mane much less. But in Africa there are two varieties of this quadruped, which the settlers have long distinguished by the appellation of the black lion, having a somewhat darker colour, and the mane blackish, in contradistinction to the one which is of a pale colour all over. The black lion is considered the more ferocious of the two if he is pressed by hunger, and is said to be less scrupulous in attacking man than the other. This animal is sometimes of the astonishing size of nearly eight feet from the nose to the insertion of the tail, and the tail itself measuring four feet.

Like all his congeners, the lion sets out on his predatory excursions during the night; and his eyes are so formed, that nature seems to have designed him for a nocturnal animal, being constructed similar to those of the cat, so that the full glare of the vertical sun must be not only troublesome, but even painful to him: it is a knowledge of this which prompts travellers during the night to light fires, and keep them blazing, in order to scare away these dangerous intruders.

Frejus, in his “Relation of a Voyage made into Mauritania,” gives a singular anecdote of a lion, which, he says, was related to him in that country by very credible persons. About the years 1614 or 1615, two Christian slaves at Morocco made their escape, travelling by night, and hiding themselves in the tops of trees during the day, their Arab pursuers frequently passing by them. One night, while pursuing their journey, they were much astonished and alarmed to see a great lion close behind them, who walked when they walked, and stood still when they stood. Thinking this a safe conduct sent them by Providence, they took courage, and travelled in the day-time in company with the lion. The horsemen who had been sent in pursuit, came up, and would have seized upon them, but the lion interposed, and they were suffered to pass on. Every day these poor fugitives met with some of the human race, who wanted to seize them, but the lion was their protector until they reached the sea-coast in safety, when he left them.

There was in the menagerie at Brussels a large lion, called Danco, whose den happened to require some repairs. The keeper brought a carpenter to mend it; but when the workman saw the lion, he started back with terror. The keeper entered the animal’s cage, and led him to the upper part of it, while the lower part was refitting. The keeper then amused himself for some time playing with the lion; and being wearied, he soon fell into a sound sleep. The carpenter having full reliance on the vigilance of the keeper, pursued his work with rapidity; and when he had finished, he called him to see that the repair was to his mind. The keeper made no answer. Having repeatedly called in vain, he began to feel alarm for his situation, and he resolved to go to the upper part of the cage, where, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper sleeping side by side. From the impulse of the moment, the astonished carpenter uttered a loud cry; the lion, awakened and surprised by the sudden yell, started on his feet, and stared at the mechanic with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, lay down to repose again. At length the keeper was awakened by some of the attendants, but did not appear the least apprehensive for his own safety, but shook the lion by the paw, and then quietly led him to his former residence.

A lion, which the French at Fort St Louis in Africa were about to send to Paris, on account of his great beauty, having fallen sick before the departure of the vessel which was to convey him to Europe, was loosed from his chain, and carried into an open area. M. Compagnon, author of “An Account of a Journey

to Bambuk," having returned home from hunting, found this animal in a very exhausted state, and out of compassion poured a small quantity of milk down his throat, whereby the lion was greatly refreshed, and soon after recovered his perfect health. From that time, the lion was so tame, and acquired so great an attachment for his benefactor, that he ate from his hand, and followed him about every where like a dog, with nothing to confine him but a slender string tied round his neck.

M. Felix, the keeper of the animals at Paris, in the year 1808, brought two lions, a male and female, to the Jardin des Plantes. About the beginning of the following June, he was taken ill, and was unable to attend the lions; another person, therefore, was under the necessity of performing this duty. The male, sad and solitary, remained from that moment constantly seated at the end of his cage, and refused to receive food from the stranger, whose presence was hateful to him, and whom he often menaced by bellowing. The company even of the female seemed now to displease him, and he paid no attention to her. The uneasiness of the animal afforded a belief that he was really ill; but he was so irritable, that no one dared to approach him. At length Felix recovered, and, with the intention to surprise the lion, he crawled softly to the cage, and showed only his face between the bars. The lion in a moment made a bound, leaped against the bars, patted him with its paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleasure. The female also ran to him, but the lion drove her back, and seemed angry, and a quarrel was about to take place; but Felix entered the cage to pacify them. He caressed them by turns, and was afterwards frequently seen between them. He had so great a command over these animals, that, whenever he wished them to separate and retire to their cages, he had only to give the order. When he had a desire that they should lie down and show strangers their paws or throats, on the least sign they would lie on their backs, hold up their paws one after another, and open their throats.

The appearance of the lion has become well known in this country, by the public exhibition of various admirable specimens in a living state.

A STORY OF JAMAICA.

For more than a fortnight after my arrival in Jamaica, my energies, mental as well as corporeal, were literally prostrated by the relaxing effect of the climate. After having, with great exertion, got myself apparelled in the morning, in my light garments of linen and gingham, my occupation for the remainder of the day consisted in dragging myself, at intervals, from the sofa in the outer hall, across the slippery polished wooden floor (there are no carpets in Jamaica), to where the water-jar stood in the draught of the open verandah, in order to refresh myself with its contents.

It was not until a few weeks after landing that I was able to look about me. The place of my residence was high up in the interior, near the ridge of the Blue Mountains. My host, a countryman of my own, was proprietor of a thriving coffee plantation, and a gang (to suit my language to the subject) of fifty stout negroes, exclusive of women and children. After I had gathered strength enough, my host, in order to inure me somewhat to the climate, was wont, almost daily, to lead me short excursions on foot to the neighbouring estates and plantations (by which names the sugar and coffee farms are distinguished), with the proprietors or overseers of which we generally remained until the cool of the evening. Afterwards, we made shorter excursions on horseback. On one occasion, in pursuance of an arrangement made overnight, we started at the very first glimpse of day-light, for the purpose of riding about fifteen miles across the country to the property of a gentleman with whom we intended to remain for a few days. We were on horseback, and attended by an active young negro, my friend's body servant, seated on a mule, with our portmanteau before him. It was the coolest morning I had yet felt in Jamaica. The land-breeze was blowing strong and gusty, and showered down on us the heavy night-dews from the prickly lime-trees under which we rode, and not unfrequently we got a buffet from some of the over-ripe golden and perfumed fruit itself. Far down in the precipitous gullies, along the dizzy edge of which our road for the most part lay, and where the shades of night still rested, the yet unextinguished lamps of the fire-flies were still to be seen; whilst, in the more open parts of the pathway, the speckled lizards were frisking about in thousands.

It was indeed a delightful morning, and the only drawback to my enjoyment of it arose from the frightful nature of the roads during our journey, in regard to which, I suspect the denizens of Great Britain to be for the most part in a lamentable state of ignorance—supposing, as they seem to do, that Jamaica is one level expanse of fertile plains; whereas it is in truth

from one end to the other little else than a succession of precipitous mountains, and gleens of immense depth, fully rivaling in many places, if not surpassing, the most rugged and sublime scenery which characterises our own Scotch Highlands. It thus happens that the traveller's place of destination, which, were it possible to take a straightforward or bird's-flight path to it, would not exceed three or four miles' distance, is, by the process of winding down and re-ascending the gorges of the mountains, often protracted to above twenty. The roads themselves, cut out of the sides of the hills, are seldom broad enough to admit of more than one wayfarer passing along at a time; so that when two, coming from opposite directions, happen to meet, one must draw close in to the side of the bank, and stand stock-still, while the other passes forward; the almost inevitable consequence of any dispute as to the point of precedence on these occasions (and such quarrels repeatedly happen betwixt the negroes), being, that the horse or mule of one or other of the parties, and sometimes the riders or drivers themselves, are hurled into the gulf below. These narrow tracks, too, are frequently entirely washed away in many places, by the violent rains that rush down from the hills, so that travelling is often attended with no small degree of danger. This happened to be the case on the morning I now speak of; and constitutionally nervous as I was, and still am—a disease then much heightened by the relaxed state of my system—I must confess that, during my various excursions in the interior, I was repeatedly betrayed into an apparent timorousness of character, which gained me but little credit with the fearless planters, whom practice had rendered callous to all such qualms. On approaching such precipitous passes, my practice—a dangerous one, no doubt, but which I felt it absolutely necessary to adopt—was, instead of checking my horse, like my companions, to his most cautious and slowest pace, to get before them, and ride on as quickly as I could, until, by arriving at the next patch of level ground, I experienced some relief from my giddy sensations.

It was after accomplishing a feat of this kind, and when I had come to a fine level verdant bank, that I was gradually down to a stream of some magnitude, that, with an ejaculation of thankfulness, I laid the reins on my horse's neck, and, lifting my panama from my head, wiped the perspiration from my neck and face. The wearied animal stopped of his own accord, and began feeding on the long guinea-grass that grew rank and wild about the road; and as my friend was some distance behind me, I had leisure for observation. The natural features of the place, indeed, were sufficient to excite interest and attention. High up the bank, the projecting hill, round the side of which I had just passed, came to an abrupt termination, presenting a flat, unbroken, perpendicular surface of solid rock. At a considerable distance below it, and nearer to where I was, lay an immense block of the same kind of stone, and which, but for its enormous size and the distance at which it lay from it, I would have supposed to have been at one time part of the mountain itself. Before and around it were all the appearances of there having been at one time a habitation of some consequence near the spot, although there was now no vestige of a human dwelling to be seen. Between the isolated rock and the end of the mountain appeared the remains of an orchard of tamarind and mango-trees, the latter bearing that superior kind of fruit denominated by the natives No. 11; whilst, from the rock almost down to the road where I was standing, thousands of shadocks and oranges were hanging ripe and untouched upon the loaded branches. Around the whole ran a double row of cocoa-nut trees, forming three sides of a square, the fourth towards myself being open, whose great size betokened them ancient tenants of the soil. From the contour of the whole place, indeed, the idea at once suggested itself to me, that, where the huge piece of rock lay, a human abode ought to have been smiling, with the vines and pomegranates clustering around the green verandahs. I was still engaged in this speculative rumination, when my friend, with his attendant Phillimore, rode up; but instead of greeting me with his usual hearty laugh at my cowardice, as he used to term it, he requested me, with an unusual degree of seriousness, to "ride on."

"Oh, for any sake," I replied, "let us roost a while ere we commence another mid-air flight, and while we are on something like a road!"

"Move on, however, a little way—you will oblige me."

The tone in which he spoke this made me turn round and inquire anxiously if he were well.

"Perfectly—perfectly; but (here he lowered his voice) I never can pass this place without shuddering. Ride on—I will tell you the cause."

I rode forward, accordingly, as he desired me, until, after turning an angle of the hill, where the road became broader, he came up abreast of me, and said,

"I saw you were looking at that great piece of rock lying by itself on the slope of the bank. Did you observe any appearance of a human abode about it?"

"None," I answered, "unless its eligible site for one, and the convenient arrangement of the trees and fences about it; and I was just thinking, if the property were mine, I would soon set about blowing the rock to pieces, and constructing a domicile in its stead."

"I believe you would do no such thing," observed my friend, "did you know all about that place. Will

you believe it, that, on the spot where that huge piece of stone now lies, a fine house once stood, and that it, with all its inmates, about a dozen in number, were in one moment buried under the mass?"

"Can it be possible! When or how did this happen?"

"I can tell you little about it, further than what I have gathered from the disjointed traditional stories in the neighbourhood concerning the catastrophe. People are unwilling to talk of it hereabouts, notwithstanding its having happened so many years ago."

"The particulars, if you please," said I.

"Why, the story runs thus:—The house and property formerly belonged to a countryman of our own, who had amassed great wealth. His family consisted of only one daughter, a fine accomplished young woman, who had been educated in England. When he began to get old and infirm, he took a young Portuguese lad of vicious propensities into his employment, as book-keeper, or negro attendant on his property, who, it is said, basely contrived to insinuate himself into the affections of the old man's daughter. The grief and rage of the father on discovering this were, of course, excessive, and he turned the Portuguese out of doors. The wretch, however, lingered about the property, and at last succeeded in bribing one of the negroes in the house to give his master poison, which soon carried the old man off. The daughter, little suspecting the cause of her father's death, and still retaining her affection for her betrayer, no sooner became her own mistress than she married him. An accidental circumstance, however, soon after discovered to her the murderous transaction, whereupon she ordered him to leave her presence for ever, threatening, if he did not do so, to give him up to punishment. The consequence was, that the ruffian, without scruple, took the same means of ridding himself of the daughter which he had done with the father, and thus became sole proprietor of the property. By his unfortunate wife he had a son; and after her death, he took a woman of his own nation to be his housekeeper, by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters. As they grew up, each seemed to strive to excel the other in all sorts of vice and villany; but as the parent had the precedence in years, he likewise kept the precedence in crime.

The deeds which I have heard narrated as having been transacted in that family, are beyond every thing horrible and revolting. Amongst many other acts of unheard-of cruelty, it is said, that, either from motives of fear or revenge, he lashed the poor ignorant negro whom he had formerly instigated to poison his old master, until he literally tore the flesh from his bones, and in that state tied him up to a tree near his house until the ants devoured him! At last," continued my friend, "a quarrel broke out between the criminal parent and his scarcely less criminal son—the eldest—and the latter was compelled to flee from the house to escape his father's vengeance. He went over to Carthage, whence he contrived to open a correspondence with his stepmother, who was now experiencing all manner of brutal treatment from her lord and master, whose death it was at length concerted between them to perpetrate. The precautions of the old man, however, against the usual and more convenient mode of poisoning, precluded the possibility of their accomplishing it in that manner; and as they were afraid, in case of discovery, to seek the assistance of any of the negroes to execute it in a more violent way, it was ultimately agreed on between them that the son should murder the father with his own hand. He accordingly returned to Jamaica with an accomplice to whom he communicated his fell purpose; and having procured horses at Montego Bay, rode across the country until within a mile or two of his father's house. He then waited in the bush until it was dark, when, directing his companion to remain with the horses in readiness until his return, he proceeded on his diabolical errand. Whether he actually accomplished it, could not be ascertained, though it is almost certain that he must have gained admission to the house, from the circumstance of his never being more seen or heard of. About midnight, the inhabitants of the neighbouring properties were startled by a frightful shock, not at all resembling that of an earthquake; and the howling and screaming of the negroes soon told that some dreadful calamity had happened. On proceeding to the spot we have just passed, you may conceive their feelings of awe and horror on finding the place where that den of crime and infamy formerly stood, occupied only by a huge limb of the mountain, which had buried beneath it in a moment, and for ever, every vestige of the house and its guilty inmates. As the character of that family of crime had been long notorious, it appeared as if the Almighty had been provoked to extinguish them at once from the face of creation, and the rock, on that account, was thereafter appropriately denominated 'JUDGMENT CLIFF.'

"It was certainly a singular and striking incident," I observed, after my friend had concluded his narrative; "but there is another circumstance much less preternatural, which seems rather remarkable: how could such crimes as you have stated to have been perpetrated by this family, be allowed to pass unpunished by the arm of the law?"

"You must recollect," was the reply, "that our criminal code was neither so comprehensive nor so strictly enforced then as now; besides, the stories circulated about these wretches could only have been

proved by the testimony of the negroes, whose evidence, were we to admit in their present ignorant and darkened condition, no white man's life would be safe."

"Might not education," I rejoined, "render them in time worthy of freedom?"

"For mercy's sake do not broach that interminable topic now! Hide on—see, the thunder cloud is creeping down Portland-gap; we'll get a ducking if we don't make haste;" and so terminated our conversation.

FAVOURITISM IN FAMILIES.

PARENTAL affection, with all its amiableness, and its high utility, is liable to some unhappy weaknesses, which often lead to fatal and distressing results. When indulged to an extravagant degree, without being tempered by that judicious severity which is required to keep in check the wayward and imperfect understandings of children, it completely mars their education, or, to use a common and expressive phrase, *spoil* them. When indulged partially among the various members of a family, its effects are hardly less fatal, while its criminality is seldom attended with the same excuse.

The first of these faults is fortunately rare; otherwise the native wickedness of the human heart would not be nearly so much repressed in grown society as it is. But the more guilty, though less fatal weakness, of showing an undue favour to a part of a family, to the exclusion of the rest, is much more common, if indeed it may not be said to pervade, more or less, the bosom of every existing parent. It requires little effort to show that this is one of the most cruel and unreasonable of all vices—though, seated as it is amidst the unapproachable mysteries of the heart, there may be more difficulty in administering to it even a slight degree of correction. External individuals are generally surprised to find that the preference of the parents, where it exists, is not occasioned by any superior merit or more engaging appearance in its objects, but more frequently seems to arise from the very absence of those qualifications. There may, it is true, be cause for the preference, where its object or objects are less favoured by nature than the rest; nay, humanity demands, in such cases, that the affections of the parents should be called forth in larger measure, to compensate, as far as possible, for the deficiencies of nature. But the preference often exists where there is inferior temper and character, without any peculiarity of organization to render it excusable. Love is expended where there is no love in return—where the disposition, on the contrary, is so harsh and cold, that Love, like the bird sent out by Noah, cannot find in it whereon to place his foot—while, on the other hand, children of docile and affectionate character, who might amply repay the fondness and care of a parent, are neglected. There is something so irrational, as well as so unjust, in all this, that observers are lost in astonishment at the blindness which may accompany a passion, in general the most praiseworthy, and beautiful to look upon, of all which animate our nature.

There would be little use in thus adverting to a weakness so well known, and so generally reprehended where it occurs, if we had not some hope of awakening the consciences of many who have no chance of otherwise being informed of their error. We recollect a simple but touching anecdote, which we encountered many years ago in the course of our juvenile reading, and which may perhaps, by being revived here, stir the souls of a few, to whom reasoning on such a subject might be useless. A lady of rank had two sons, from six to eight years of age, named John and Frederick, the former of whom she doted on with an extravagant degree of fondness, while she carried her neglect and contempt to as great an extreme towards his brother. John was in the habit of calling exclusively "My son," as if she had deemed him alone entitled to that endearing appellation. As for Frederick, though he was a child of the best dispositions, and every way worthy of her affection, she held him in such contempt and detestation, as sometimes to scream when he came into her presence, and desire "that odious thing" to be taken out of her sight. All this was the more strange, as John did not seem to regard her with any remarkable degree of affection, but, on the contrary, would sometimes repel her caresses, as more troublesome than agreeable to him, and, in general, rather shunned than sought her com-

pany. One day, when she was in bed very seriously indisposed, she heard the door opened, and a young foot enter the apartment. Having longed exceedingly all the morning to see her favourite child, who, instead of inquiring for her, had been amusing himself out of doors, she now supposed that this must be he, and accordingly exclaimed, in a voice of passionate tenderness and delight, "My son, is it you?" "No, mamma," was the timid answer returned to her inquiry, "it is only Frederick." The poor child had crept, with the longings of undesired affection, to his mother's chamber, expecting to meet some one who could inform him how she was; and, now, terror-struck lest her disappointment at finding him where she expected his more beloved brother, would draw forth her anger, and perhaps increase her illness, he was, after giving the above reply, about to leave the room. The mother, however, was touched by the unconscious accusation contained in her child's words, and, springing from the bed, she clasped him in her arms with an ardour as extreme as her former coldness, assuring him, with tears of penitence and affection, that he too was her son, and never again should be neglected. From that time forward, she was never observed to manifest the least partiality for either of her children.

If this story be true—which it has all the appearance of being—it proves that the reason, when once effectually roused upon this subject, has the power of overcoming the passion which inspires parents with these erroneous attachments. We, therefore, call upon all parents, at this very moment, to take themselves to task, and, if they be self-convicted of any undue preference of one child over another, let them exert their understandings to put down the unjust dictates of their feelings, and endeavour to equalise their affections over the whole of those who have a claim upon them. An injustice towards any individual in the little flock of which they have been made the keepers, is one of the most flagrant cruelties, and one of the most dangerous errors, that can be committed. It is the former, because no cruelty can be so shameful as that which is exercised upon a creature which neither provokes nor can resent it. It is the latter, because it is apt to derange all the best objects which we are enjoined to hold in view in the culture of youth, and thus occasion a serious damage to the general interest.

BOWED JOSEPH.*

THE mobs of Edinburgh have ever been celebrated as among the fiercest in Europe. The one which accomplished the death of Porteous, as narrated in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, was a most surprising instance of popular vengeance, almost surpassing the bounds of belief; though it must sink considerably in our admiration, when we reflect upon the power and ferocity which at all periods have characterised the actions of this monstrous and danger-fraught collective. The time has been when, in the words of the old song, "All Edinburgh" would "rise by thousands three," and present such a strength to the legal authorities that all opposition to their capricious will would be in vain. In the younger days of many now living, even the boys of the High School and of Heriot's Hospital could erect themselves into a formidable body, equally resistless and indomitable. It is a fact, ludicrous enough too, that when the lads of these different schools were engaged in any of those squabbles, formerly so frequent and fatal, between them, they always showed a singular degree of political sagacity when assailed by the town-guard, in immediately joining their strengths, and combining against the common foe, when for the most part they succeeded in driving them from the scene of action. When such was the power of boys and striplings in this ill-protected city, and such the disorderliness of holiday assemblies, there is little left for wonder at the ravages committed by a mob formed of adults, actuated by violent feelings of jealousy, bigotry, and revenge.

Of this uncontrollable omnipotence of the populace, the annals of Edinburgh present many fearful records. At the various periods of the reformation and the revolution, the chapel of Roslin was destroyed by a mob, whose purpose neither cooled nor evaporated in traversing a distance of eight miles. James the Sixth was besieged and threatened in his courts, and in the midst of his parliaments, by a rabble of mechanics, who, but for the stout walls of the Tolbooth, might perhaps have taken his life. The fine chapel of Holyrood House was pillaged of not only its furniture and other valuables, but also of the still more sacred bones which lay within its precincts, by a mob which rose at the revolution, and did such deeds of violence and rapine as fanaticism and ignorance alone could have excited. At the unfortunate issue of the Dover expedition, at the execution of Captain Green, at the Union, and at many other events of less importance, the populace of Edinburgh distinguished themselves by insurrection and acts of outrage, such as have alone found parallels, perhaps, in the various transactions of the French revolution. Even so late as 1812, there happened a foray of a most appalling nature; the sports of an occasion of rejoicing were converted into scenes of frightful riot, unexampled as they were unlooked

for. The fatal melancholy catastrophe of this event had, however, the good effect of quenching the spirit of licentiousness and blackguardism in the Edinburgh youth, and finally undermined that system of unity and promptitude in action and in council, by which its mobs had so often triumphed in their terrible resolutions.

In this fierce democracy, there once arose a mighty leader, who contrived, by means of great boldness, sagacity, and other personal merits, to subject the rabble to his will, and to elect himself dictator of all its motives and exploits. The person who thus found means to collect all the monstrous heads of the hydra within the grand grasp of his command, was a little decrepit being, about four feet high, almost deprived of legs, and otherwise deformed. His name was JOSEPH SMITH, or more commonly "BOWED JOSEPH;" he lived in Leith Wynd, and his trade as a private citizen was a "Buff-Belt-Maker." This singular being, low, miserable, and contemptible as he appeared, might be said to have had at one time the complete command of the metropolis of Scotland. Whenever any transaction took place in the Town Council which Joseph considered to be of very improper tendency; whenever meal rose to whatever Joseph considered to be an improper price; whenever any affair in the city which did not exactly accord with Joseph's idea of right and wrong—in short, "When they werena gude bairns," this hero could, in the course of an hour, collect a mob of ten thousand persons, all alike ready to execute his commands, or to disperse at his bidding. For this purpose he is said to have employed a drum; and never surely had "fiery cross" of the Highland chieftain such an effect upon the warlike devotion of his clan, as "Bowed Joseph's drum" had upon the tinder spirits of the Edinburgh rabble. The "lazy corner" was a lazy corner no longer as he marched along—the town rats, as they peeped forth like old cautious snails from their Patmos in the High Street, drew in their horns and shut their door, as he approached—the West Bow ceased to clink as he descended. It seemed to be their enthusiasm to obey him in every order—whether to sack a granary, break the windows of an offensive magistrate, or to besiege the town council in their chamber. With all this absolute dominion over the affections and obedience of the mob, it is to be recorded to the honour of Bowed Joseph, that however irregular the nature of his authority, he never in any of his actions could be said to have transgressed the bounds of propriety. With great natural sagacity, he possessed a clear and quick-sighted faculty of judgment. And the real philanthropy of his disposition was not less remarkable than his other singular qualities. He was, in short, an advocate for fair play, as he called it, in every thing. Fair play alone was the object of his government, and nothing else.

The following interesting anecdote is handed down concerning Bowed Joseph, which proves his strong love of justice, as well as the humanity of his heart. A poor man in the Pleasance, from certain untoward circumstances, found it impossible to pay his rent at Martinmas; and his hard-hearted landlord, refusing a portion of the same with a forlorn promise of the remainder being soon paid, sold off the whole effects of the tenant, and threw him, with a family of six children, in the most miserable condition upon the wide world. The unfortunate man, in a fit of despair, immediately put an end to his existence, by which the family were only rendered still more destitute. Bowed Joseph, however, did not long remain ignorant of the case. As soon as the affair became generally known throughout the city, he shouldered on his drum, and after half an hour's beating through the streets, found himself followed by a mob of ten thousand people. With this enormous army he marched to an open space of ground, now almost covered by Eldin Street, named in former times Thomson's Park, where, mounted on the shoulders of six of his lieutenant-generals, he harangued them in the true "Cambyes vein," concerning the flagrant and fatal proceeding for the redress of which they were assembled. He concluded by directing his men to seek the premises of the cruel landlord; and as his house lay directly opposite the spot in the Pleasance, there was no time lost in executing his orders. The mob entered, and seized upon every article of furniture that could be found, and in ten minutes the whole was packed in the park. Joseph set fire to them with his own hands, though the magistrates stood by with a guard of soldiers, and entreated him to desist. The eight-day clock is said to have struck twelve just as it was consigned to the flames. When such was the strength and organization of an Edinburgh mob so late as the year 1780, we need scarcely be surprised at the instance on which the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian is founded, happening, as it did, at a much earlier period, and when the people were prompted to their terrible purpose by the sternest feelings of personal revenge.

In the exercise of his perilous office, it does not appear that Bowed Joseph ever drew down the vengeance of the more lawfully constituted authorities of the land. He was, on the contrary, in some degree countenanced by the magistrates of the city, who frequently sent for him to the council chamber, in cases of emergency, to consult him on the best means to be adopted for appeasing and dispersing the mob. On an occasion of this moment, he was accustomed to look very large and consequential. With one hand carelessly applied

* It will be observed, that the above conversation took place before slave evidence was rendered admissible in the colonies.

* The matter of this article appeared originally in "The Traditions of Edinburgh," and "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," by Robert Chambers.

to his side, and the other banged resolutely down upon the table, and with as much majesty as four feet, and a beard of as many weeks old, could assume, and with as much turbulence in his fiery little eye as if he was himself a mob, he would stand before them pleading the cause of his compeers, or directing the trembling council to the most expedient method of assuaging their fury. The dismissal of a mob, on these occasions, was usually accomplished at the expense of a few hogsheads of ale, broached on the Calton Hill, and by the subsequent order of their decrepit general, expressed in the simple words, "disperse, my lads!"

Having for many years exercised an unlimited dominion over the affections of the rabble, "Bowed Joseph" met his death at last, in a manner most unworthy of his character and great reputation. He fell from the top of a Leith coach in a state of intoxication, and broke his neck, which caused instantaneous death. He had been at the Leith races, and was on his return to Edinburgh when the accident took place; and his skeleton has the honour of being preserved in the anatomical class-room of the College of Edinburgh. Though fifty years have elapsed since his decease, Bowed Joseph is not yet forgotten in the town where he governed; for many an old man in Paul's Work and Leith Wynd will call his grandchildren about him of a king's birth eve, and tell them of the immortal achievements of his illustrious contemporary, General Joseph Smith.

An Edinburgh mob, although it may supply excellent subjects for tales, in all its characteristic fierceness and insubordination, is now a matter of mere antiquity. In the present day, the working classes of Edinburgh, from whom it may be supposed the principal materials of the mobs used to be draughted, are in the highest degree orderly, both in private conduct and in their public appearances in bodies. The printing-press, the schoolmaster, and that general improvement of manners which now prevails, have entirely altered the character of the populace, and any mischief now committed through public uproar is seen to arise not from the adult, but the juvenile and neglected portion of the community.

ORACLES AND MYSTERIES.

MANKIND have been the victims of oracles, and mysteries, and pretended conjurors, and what they have chosen to call "wise men," ever since the beginning of time. Not contented with deriving instruction from the great volume of Nature spread out before us, and sufficiently capable, if rightly interpreted, to train the mind to wisdom, our poor infatuated race has too frequently been led to seek knowledge in the vain practice of astrology, divination, and other tricks and absurdities, now divested of all credit, and justly held in contempt by every reflecting mind. "Every one in early life (says an American writer)," in reading ancient history, is troubled to know what measure of credit should be given to the ancient oracles and mysteries, concerning which there are so many marvellous tales to be found. Rollin's ancient history, a book much read among us, often mentions the responses of the oracles of antiquity. The writer was a pious, excellent man, but was fond of the marvellous, and not a little inclined to superstition. He believed that wicked spirits were sometimes permitted, by an all-wise Providence, to reside in these caves or inner shrines, to deceive mankind, by indirectly shadowing forth things to come. Other historians have spoken of the magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers, as having great confidence in their supernatural knowledge.

The first account we have of these *wise men* is that given by Moses, in his interview with Pharaoh. They were soon convinced that they could not struggle with the great Lawgiver, and yielded after a few trials of their skill. These magicians were scientific men, who soon discovered the natural from the miraculous.

The whole worship of Isis, in Egypt, was full of mysteries, and these *wise men* alone had the key to them. Tombs, temples, and all public buildings, and all the arts and sciences, were full of mysteries to the common people. It was the same in Persia and Assyria as in Egypt. The wise men were advisers of the king, and he supported them in ease and dignity. They were called in by Belshazzar to interpret the hand-writing on the wall, but could not read it.

When the Greeks made themselves masters of the learning of Egypt and Babylon, they found these mysteries of no small importance to themselves. They kept up the same air of secrecy, and devoted them to religious purposes. The oracle of Delphos having by accident established a reputation for correct prophecies, continued it, by art, for religious, but more frequently for political purposes. The Pythia, in every age, was a shrewd woman, who knew what was wanted, and who it was that inquired of her for knowledge; and her answers were made accordingly. The Egyptians and the Greeks were well acquainted with acoustics, and sounds were managed for their mysterious responses. That they understood the science of sound, witness the ear of Dionysius. The mysteries of Isis, and the Eleusinian mysteries, were kept up by subterranean caverns, so constructed as to throw strange images before the eyes of the initiated, by means of

moveable lights, and by tubes conveying strange sounds, when they were in darkness, to frighten them. Every one can tell how busy the imagination is when we are a little alarmed for our safety. These strange sounds, persons accompanying those about to be initiated, were allowed to hear, and sometimes they saw flashes of strange lights. There can be no doubt but that some of these ceremonies were awfully imposing. The higher orders unquestionably understood the whole thing, but the lower did not. From the whole concurrent testimony of ancient history, we must believe that the Eleusinian mysteries were used for good purposes, for there is not an instance on record that the honour of an initiation was ever obtained by a very bad man. The hierophants—the higher priests of the order—were always exemplary in their morals, and became sanctified in the eyes of the people. The high-priesthood of this order in Greece was continued in one family, the Eumolpidae, for ages. In this they resembled both the Egyptians and the Jews.

The Eleusinian mysteries in Rome took another form, and were called the rites of Bona Dea; but she was the same Ceres that was worshipped in Greece. All the distinguished Roman authors speak of these rites, and in terms of profound respect. Horace denounces the wretch who should attempt to reveal the secrets of these rites; Virgil mentions these mysteries with great respect; and Cicero alludes to them with a greater reverence than either of the poets we have named. Both the Greeks and Romans punished any insult offered to these mysteries with the most persevering vindictiveness. Alcibiades was charged with insulting these religious rites; and although the proof of his offence was quite doubtful, yet he suffered for it for years in exile and misery; and it must be allowed that he was the most popular man of his age.

These mysteries were continued until some time after the days of Constantine, in the sixth century, when they were prohibited. Sad stories have been conjured up to give importance to the Egyptian mysteries, but no one has attempted to throw any dark shade over those of Greece or Rome. The philosopher will readily believe that there was nothing supernatural in any of their mysteries; and all may set it down as a fact, that the initiated never pretended to any thing like a commerce with the inhabitants of the invisible world. They unquestionably often assumed to possess wondrous powers and great secrets; but this was only a means of keeping knowledge from becoming too common; and this was an error which lasted for ages, even down to our times.

Viewed by the light of a clear understanding, I believe all the marvellous deeds of the magicians, the astrologers, the soothsayers, the Pythia, and the whole tribe of these mystery-dealing beings, vanish into things, if not easily explained, yet certainly to be traced out. Incantations, charms, and talismans, which thicken on every page of early history, are dissolved before the torch of reason.

The Sibylline Oracles of Rome had once great influence among the people, and many honest men have now a belief that these oracles foretold the coming of Christ; but the wise part of our theologians have long since given up this fancy, for it can hardly be called a belief. The fourth pastoral of Virgil contains the supposed prophecy. The following is as fair an account of it as we have seen:—

"The Sibylline Oracles having received information from the Jews, that a child was to be born, who should be the Saviour of the world, and to whom nations and empires should bow with submission, pretended to foretell that this event would occur in the year of Rome 714, after the peace concluded between Augustus and Antony. Virgil, viewing this prophecy with the vivid imagination of a poet, and willing to flatter the ambition of his patron, composed his celebrated Eclogue, entitled *Pollio*, in which he supposes the child, who was thus to unite mankind and restore the golden age, to be the infant with which Octavia, wife to Antony, and half-sister to Augustus, was then pregnant by her former husband Marcellus. In this production the consul Pollio, Octavia, and even the unborn infant, are flattered with his usual delicacy; and the rival Triumvirs, though a short time before in open hostility, have the honour of equally sharing the poet's applause.

"While Pollio, who seems to have been the most accomplished man of his age, and is celebrated as a poet, soldier, orator, and historian, was engaged in an expedition against the *Parthini*, whom he subdued, Virgil addressed to him his *Pharmacutria*, one of the most beautiful of all his eclogues, and in imitation of a poem of the same name by his favourite author Theocritus. This production is the more valuable, as it has handed down to posterity the superstitious rites of the Romans, and the heathen notions of enchantment. Virgil himself seems to have been conscious of the beauty of his subject, and the dignity of the person whom he was addressing, and accordingly has given us, by the fertility of his genius, and the brilliancy of his imagination, some of the most sublime images that are to be found in any of the writings of antiquity."

Some of the Christian fathers have stated, that on the eve of the birth of Christ, all the oracles of the heathen world ceased. It is certain that the Delphic oracles grew into disrepute about this time; but the Eleusinian mysteries, and those of the Bona Dea, were kept up much longer. Milton adopted the belief of

the early fathers of the church, and has expressed his poetical opinion, in an ode upon the subject of the silence of the oracles, which is full of deep interest and exquisite beauties. But there is no more reason to think that he was convinced of this as a fact, than that he believed all the incidents in his *Paradise Lost*.

All superstitions are to be traced to the diseases of the body or the mind. The filtres and charms are made for a diseased body or mind. Sometimes they may be efficacious, by chance; sometimes nature, the best of nurses, overcomes all obstacles, and heals the malady in spite of the nostrums prescribed. Among the ignorant, in all nations and ages, these panaceas are found. The greater the ignorance, the more efficacious the charm. The charm called the *Obi*, or *Obiah*, which is now practised in Jamaica, and other slaveholding places, was brought from Africa, and is now known throughout the country bordering on the Senegal and on the Gambia, and probably is a very ancient superstition. Something resembling this charm has been practised by the Indians all over the North American continent.

Feeble minds, under the influence of supposed guilt, are more likely to be affected by superstitious feelings than strong ones, full of deeds of blood. Sickness, fatigue, and hunger, would have made Hercules a whining child, as chills and fever did the mighty Caesar; but a sound mind in a sound body, with a good education and a clear conscience, will never fear the charms of superstition, the spells of witchcraft, nor the power of magic. The seeds of superstition are too often sown in the nursery, and cherished in our youthful days. Bugbears are too often mingled with lullabies, and raw-head and bloody-bones with the first tales given to amuse infancy. The household divinities should all be pure, kind, lovely characters, having countenances of beauty, and tongues of truth. The stories of the fireside should be free from all hobgoblins and monsters.

There are perhaps many things in our history, and even in our natures and our hopes, hard to be understood, and some portion of them that the Great Author of our race never intended that we should be fully acquainted with. A sound mind will very readily comprehend enough of its powers and capacities to teach it, never to strive to attain what is above human reach, or to sink with fear at that which it cannot readily explain. Seen by the light of philosophy and sound sense, all the marvellous deeds of the magician, the astrologer, and the whole tribe of those who attempt to deceive the people, sink into those of common men."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ROBERT MACKAY, THE HIGHLAND BARD.

To those who look upon Ossian as exclusively the forgery of a modern man of letters, it may be startling to know that the Highlands of Scotland produced, during the last century, various poets, who, without any thing like what is considered as education—without even having learned the letters of the English alphabet, or having ever conversed except in Gaelic—composed verses by no means inferior in merit to those of the supposed son of Fingal. It must of course be obvious, that, if the Highlands produced men of this kind in a recent age, the district might have produced another such as Ossian in one somewhat less recent (though not perhaps in the fourth century), as for many hundred years the general state of intelligence was not greatly altered. One of these Highland bards of distinguished merit was Duncan M'Intyre, a poor Perthshire peasant, whose verses are said to manifest the purest and most delightful sentiment; and yet we remember being informed by the late Mr A. Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology, that, on the Earl of Breadalbane asking Duncan what he could do for him, by way of advancing him in life, the poor man was found to have formed no wish more ambitious than that of being made a soldier in the town-guard of Edinburgh—a ridiculous species of military police, in which the pay was sixpence a-day! Another eminent poet of the north was Robert Mackay, the subject of the present memoir.

Robert Mackay, otherwise called Rob Donn—that is, Brown Robert—was born in the year 1714, at Durness, in Sutherlandshire, the most northerly, and perhaps the most wild portion of the Scottish Highlands. His father was an honest herdsman, of whom nothing particular is related; but his mother is remembered as a woman of vigorous understanding, and a perfect adept in Highland poetry and music. From her, it is evident, Rob received the mantle of Gaelic poesy. Besides the minstrelsy with which she stored his mind, he had no other acquaintance with any kind of literature, spoken or written, except what he gained from hearing extempore translations of Scripture in the parish church. It must be remarked, as sensibly diminishing the wonder of his achievements as an author, that, though there was at that time no such thing as reading in the country, the common people mingled

so much with their more literate superiors, as to put it in the power of any one of tolerable capacity to pick up much of what may be termed general information. In his childhood, Rob tended calves on the hill-side; but at seven years of age he was taken into the family of a gentleman of the clan Mackay, who carried on an extensive business as a dealer in cattle, and began to be employed in the task of driving herds into the south of Scotland and the north of England. As life advanced, his witty sayings, his satires, his elegies, and, above all, his love-songs, began to make him famous, not only in his native glen, but wherever the herdsmen of a thousand hills could carry an anecdote or a stanza, after their annual peregrinations to such scenes as the tryst of Falkirk and the fair of Kendal. Donald Lord Reay, the chief of the clan, and proprietor of the vast tract of mountain-land where Rob was born, was a true-hearted chief, resident constantly among his children, and participating in all their affections; he soon became acquainted with the merit of his humble clansman, and, having perfect confidence in his fidelity and steadiness, promoted him to the office of his *boman*, or cattle-steward—a place of considerable importance in the household of a nobleman whose estate was chiefly employed in the rearing of herds.

Rob now married and settled in life; he was a faithful *boman*, and his master estimated him highly; but the bard had some habits which could not be indulged in the immediate neighbourhood of the noble lord's residence, without giving occasion to scenes of a disagreeable nature in the household; and, after a few years, the connection was broken off, though without any interruption of personal good-will on either side. Rob was an inveterate deer-hunter: from earliest youth it had been his delight to spend days, nights, and weeks, among the wildernesses, in pursuit of this spirit-stirring diversion; and among prouder titles to distinction, his kinsmen honoured him as a marksman of the first order, and a very master of the mountain chase. In his boyish years, no one had ever dreamt of restraining indulgences of this kind; and though now law had been added to law, and regulation to regulation, "Honest theft is the spoil of the wild deer," continued to be a proverb in every mouth, and even the *boman* of Lord Reay was a constant trespasser. More than once he narrowly escaped the arm of the law, and yet nothing seemed capable of converting him from this darling error.

He was more than once detected in the forbidden act, and eventually summoned before the sheriff-substitute, when, in the event of sufficient evidence, the issue must have been banishment to the colonies, in terms of the statute. An anecdote on this occasion, strongly characteristic of the bard, has been lately related to us by his still surviving daughter. He set out to attend the court, early in the morning, accompanied by one of his wonted hunting companions. The prospect of transportation pressed heavily on his neighbour's spirit, but the bard remained seemingly quite tranquil. Not so his wife, who, with lamentations and tears, could not be prevented from accompanying her husband a part of the way. The bard would not even now part with his favourite gun, but shouldered it, at departing, with his wonted glee. They had not proceeded beyond a mile from home, when they came full upon a small flock of deer. The bard was not to be restrained. He fired, and shot two of them dead upon the spot. His wife, in great consternation before, was now not to be pacified. She imagined that her husband had just sealed his doom. He beseeched her to be silent. "Go home," said he, "and send for them; if I return not, you shall have the more need for them; but saluting her, and, in kinder terms, he added, "Fear not; it shall go hard with me if I am not soon with you again to have my share." The fact was, that though thus threatened by the authorities, there was scarcely one of the country gentlemen who would not have gone any length to protect the bard from the violence of the law.

Perhaps the deer-shooting, then, might have been got over. But Rob, in an evil hour, composed a satirical ballad in reference to a transaction of a very delicate nature in the noble household. Rob's Presbyterian spirit was kindled by what he considered as a patronage of impurity in high places; he indited a bitter epithalamium, and received his mittimus from Lord Reay. That the dismissal was reluctant on the part of the nobleman, may be inferred from the affectionate terms of an elegy, in which Rob not long after lamented his death. Meantime, Colonel Mackay, son of the gentleman into whose family he had been taken in his boyhood, readily afforded him shelter and protection. The bard, with his wife and children, removed a little to the northward, and continued happy in the colonel's employment, until the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders was embodied, in 1759, when he was prevailed on by the country gentlemen holding commissions in the new corps, to accompany them. Rob enlisted as a private soldier, but was never called on to take any part in troublesome duty. While his companions in arms were

toiling and fretting at drill, Robert was at large, enjoying his choice society or contemplations.

We doubt not, had the regiment ever been called into action, Rob Donn would have been found at his post. But no such occasion ever occurred. On the peace of 1763, they were marched back to Sutherland, and there reduced, with this honourable distinction in the course of their short service, that no restrictions had ever been required among them, and no man punished. As they had assembled as a corps with the primitive manners of a pastoral life, so they separated with these habits unchanged, and had the happiness of returning to their native glens, without a single individual among them having disgraced his corps, kindred, or district.

Rob Donn returned to his former quarters, and does not appear ever again to have wandered from them. His wife was a kind and prudent one: he turned out a steady and attached husband to her, and a careful and affectionate father to thirteen children. It speaks a very great deal for the worth of his personal character, that although he was decried as a satirist throughout the north Highlands, quite as much as ever Burns was in Ayrshire, he was promoted in due time, with universal approbation, to the dignity of an *elder* in the parish where he resided, and that he continued to hold that respectable and responsible station, without reproach, to the end of his life. The satirist, in short, was decried, but only by the vicious; and the poet was at once respected and beloved by all whose esteem he desired to possess. His society was courted by his equals, still more by his superiors; no social party was esteemed a party without him; no public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one without Rob Donn being there. Rob, as may be supposed, had no objections to his fair share of feast and bowl, but he never contracted dissipated habits of any kind, nor even showed a passing symptom of having taken a glass too much, until his robust constitution gave way, about the period of the grand climacteric. A northern *senachie* has given the following account of his latter end:—

"I remember Rob Donn very well. He was brown-haired, brown-eyed, rather pale complexioned, and, I would say, good-looking. When he entered a room, his eye caught the whole at a glance; and the expression of his countenance always indicated much animation and energy. In figure, he was rather below the middle size, strong, and well formed. In the month of December 1777, he attended the interment of an uncle of mine, who was a *co-age* of his. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, Robert turned to me and said, 'There is my *co-age* committed to earth, aged sixty-three; and before this time next year I shall also be laid down here.' It is remarkable that this prediction was fulfilled, by his death taking place in August 1778; so his age was exactly sixty-three years nine months." Rob was honoured with a funeral like that of a high chief; the proudest and the simplest of the clan stood together with tears in every eye, when he was laid in the churchyard of his native parish; and a granite monument, of some mark and importance, has been erected over his remains, at the expense of a certain number of enthusiastic Mackays, with inscriptions in Gaelic, in English, in Greek, and in Latin.

After enjoying a legendary fame for fifty years, a collection of Rob Donn's poems was published at Inverness in 1829, by Dr Macintosh Mackay, then minister at Laggan, but now of Dunoon, on the Clyde. His satirical pieces are said to be the best; but they lose their relish in a translation. Of his other pieces, including elegies and love-songs, some specimens are given in literal English in the Quarterly Review for July 1831, from which we have derived the greater part of the present memoir. (The article was the composition of Sir Walter Scott.) We shall conclude by extracting a portion of one of the latter kind, composed during a sleepless night at the town of Crieff, in reference to a Highland mistress, from whom he had been long absent:—

"Great is my esteem of the maiden,
Towards whose dwelling the north wind blows;
She is ever cheerful, sportive, kindly,
Without folly, without vanity, without pride.
True is her heart—were I under hiding,
And fifty men in pursuit of my footsteps,
I should find protection, when they surrounded
me most closely,

In the secret recess of that shieling.

Oh for the day for turning my face homeward,
That I may see the maiden of beauty:—
Joyful will it be to me to be with thee,
Fair girl with the long heavy locks!
Choice of all places for deer-hunting
Are the brindled rock and the ridge!
How sweet at evening to be dragging the slain deer
Downwards along the piper's cairn!

Great is my esteem of the maiden
Who parted from me by the west side of the enclosed field;

Late yet again will she linger in that fold,
Long after the kine are assembled.
It is I myself that have taken no dislike to thee,
Though far away from thee am I now.
It is for the thought of thee that sleep flies from me:
Great is the profit to me of thy parting kiss!

Dear to me are the boundaries of the forest;
Far from Crieff is my heart;
My remembrance is of the hillocks of sheep,
And the heaths of many knolls.
Oh, for the red-streaked fissures of the rock,
Where, in spring time, the fawns leap;
Oh, for the crags towards which the wind is blowing—
Cheap would be my bed to me there!"

RHEUMATISM.

LAST week we said a few words on the subject of colds and rheumatism: we now propose to give a short exposition of the nature and mode of cure of the latter complaint, and that in the words of the agreeable author of the *Economy of the Human Body*.

"Rheumatism is divided into *acute*, when there is high fever and excessive pain of the parts affected; and *chronic*, when there is no fever, and when the pains are less severe and intermittent. Acute rheumatism differs from gout, in not usually coming on so suddenly, but gives warning by a gradual increase of pain. Neither is it fixed to one spot like the gout, but is distinguished by its frequent wanderings from place to place, accompanied by a sense of numbness. It seldom attacks the small joints, but is confined chiefly to the larger, as the hip, knee, and shoulder. Acute rheumatism is generally attended by a continued fever, whereas the gout has periodical remissions. Like most inflammatory complaints, it is preceded by rigours and a sense of cold. There is febrile, quick, and hard pulse. The veins near the part affected swell, and a throbbing pain is felt in the arteries. By degrees the pain increases, and the patient suffers cruel torture, which is increased with the least motion. The sense of pain resembles that of a slow tearing or gnawing of the parts, and commonly goes off by a swelling of the joints affected.

Obstructed perspiration, occasioned either by wearing wet clothes, lying in damp linen, sleeping on the ground or in damp rooms, being exposed to cool air when the body has been much heated with exercise, or coming from a crowded public place into the cool air, is the cause which usually produces rheumatism. Those who are much afflicted with this complaint are very apt to be sensible of the approach of wet weather, by feeling wandering pains about them at that period.

From these symptoms it will be seen that acute rheumatism is an inflammatory affection of some texture or textures of the body. Some have supposed its seat to be in the tendinous coverings of the muscles, some in the fibres of the muscles themselves, others in the substance or coverings of the arteries and veins, and others again in the nerves or their coverings. The popular idea that rheumatism is seated in the bones, is a very vague notion.

Acute rheumatism usually comes on with lassitude and rigours, succeeded by heat, thirst, anxiety, restlessness, and a hard, full, and quick pulse. The blood drawn from a vein exhibits a buffy inflammatory appearance, and the tongue preserves a steady whiteness. After a time, excruciating pains are felt in different parts of the body, but more particularly in the joints of the shoulders, wrists, knees, and ankles, or perhaps in the hip, and these keep shifting from one joint to another, leaving a redness and swelling in every part they have occupied, as likewise a great tenderness to the touch. Towards evening there is an increase of the fever, and during the night the pains become more severe, and shift from one joint to another. In no disease do we meet with so many and sudden changings and shiftings of the pain. Sometimes these pains leave the surface and extremities, and attack the internal parts of the body, such as the diaphragm, heart, brain, &c. It is in such cases that rheumatism becomes a dangerous and fatal disease; for, in its ordinary appearance, although a painful, it is not a dangerous affection.

Acute rheumatism being of an inflammatory nature, its cure consists in observing all the rules already laid down in treating of such complaints, such as cool air, low diet, perfect rest, and bleeding from the arm as often and to such a degree as circumstances require. In weak irritable habits, when no great degree of inflammation prevails, and little fever attends, and where the inflammation is chiefly local, bleeding, by means of leeches applied to the part affected, may be substituted instead of using the lancet, and will often be found to afford essential relief. This may likewise be used with benefit when much inflammation prevails in the system, as well as in particular parts, provided that general bleeding has also been practised.

When the pains are general and wandering, no local application should be used in acute rheumatism. All undue warmth, stimulating liniments, and warm fomentations, only aggravate the complaint. On the contrary, when the pain is fixed in one place, where there is redness, heat, and swelling, some cooling evaporating lotion may be applied with advantage, such as two drachms of muriate of ammonia and two of nitre, dissolved in a pint of water, or a weak mixture of camphorated spirits with vinegar or water.

Chronic rheumatism may occur after an attack of acute rheumatism, the one passing into the other, or it may originate in a primary disease. It is attended with pains in the head, shoulders, knees, and other joints, which at times are confined to one particular part, and at others shift from one joint to another,

without occasioning any inflammation or fever; and in this manner the complaint continues often for a considerable time, and at length goes off, leaving the parts which have been affected in a state of debility, and very liable to fresh impressions on the approach of moist damp weather. Little danger is attendant on this species of rheumatism, although it is a painful lingering disease; and a person once having been attacked with it, is ever afterwards more or less liable to returns of it; and stiffness of the joints, and a total disuse of their motions, are often the consequences of frequent attacks.

In chronic rheumatism there is no need of general bleeding from the system; nor is local bleeding resorted to, unless in cases where there is marked redness, tenderness, and inflammation of a particular joint, ligament, &c.

In ordinary cases, some stimulating liniment, as the tincture of soap, with opium, is to be rubbed into the parts several times a-day, and warm flannel afterwards rolled round the limb. Friction with the hand or flesh-brush is to be diligently used, and the vapour-bath applied to the limb, or a warm bath for the whole body is of the greatest benefit in relieving pain.

Pouring warm water from a kettle on the limb several times a-day, but more especially the vapour-bath applied to the limb, has been found of the greatest consequence in obstinate cases of rheumatism: after these, electricity and frictions may be applied. Camphor dissolved in ether, and applied externally, in painful affections of the joints, has likewise afforded singular relief.

The internal treatment consists in attending to the state of the bowels and digestive organs; a derangement of which often causes chronic rheumatism, or pains very much allied to it. For this purpose, moderate doses of calomel, rhubarb, and other purgatives, are to be frequently given.

Exercise, either of the whole body or of particular limbs, is highly important; and, to exercise the arms, the dumb-bells answer very well. For the lower extremities, nothing can be better than walking; and although it may prove a little irksome at first, in some cases, still by perseverance much benefit will soon be experienced. Want of exercise is apt to induce stiffness of the joint.

The clothing should be warm and comfortable, with flannel next the skin; and a flannel bandage put tight on the affected limb often affords relief. The diet should be light, but nourishing.

Chronic rheumatism often seizes the back and loins, giving rise to the disease called *lumbago*. This is a most painful complaint, the patient often being unable to stand upright or move in bed. It sometimes fixes in the hip joint, and is then called *sciatica*. Both these affections are to be treated in the same manner as chronic rheumatism, by frictions, stimulating liniments, mild sudorifics, spare diluent food. After the severe symptoms are over, a large plaster to the back in *lumbago* will be found to give firmness and strength to the muscles."

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

IN a former number of the Journal, we presented our readers with the biography of Washington, a man whose memory meets with the highest respect, not only by the Americans, to whom he secured the blessings of national independence, but by the British, whose warlike efforts he powerfully assisted in frustrating. The following notice of the early days of this great man, is from the *Juvenile Miscellany*, a production of the United States, and will be perused with interest and edification by our young friends, who will see how much depends on attending to the admonitions and guidance of a good mother.

"It is impossible to visit the shades of Mount Vernon (where Washington resided, and now lies buried), to stand near the tomb where the father of his country reposes, to see the gardens which he cultivated, the mansion where he rested from the toils of war, the piazza where he so often lingered to view the setting sun gild the mighty river Potomac, without desiring to be acquainted with his domestic life, and save from oblivion every circumstance respecting him. Many anecdotes of his early years are treasured in this land of his nativity. Some of the most interesting ones were derived from his mother, a dignified and pious matron, who, by the death of her husband while her children were young, became the sole conductress of their education. To the inquiry, what course she had pursued in rearing one so truly illustrious, she replied, 'only to acquire obedience, diligence, and truth.' These simple rules, faithfully enforced, and incorporated with the rudiments of character, had a powerful influence over his future greatness.

He was early accustomed to accuracy in all his statements, and to speak of his faults and omissions without prevarication or disguise. Hence arose that noble openness of soul, and contempt of deceit in others, which ever distinguished him. Once by an inadvertence of his youth, a considerable loss had been incurred, and of such a nature as to interfere immediately with the plans of his mother. He came to her with a frank acknowledgment of his error, and she replied, while a tear of affection moistened her eye, 'I had rather it should be so, than that my son should have been guilty of a falsehood.'

She was careful not to enervate him by luxury, or weak indulgence. He was inured to early rising, and never permitted to be idle. Sometimes he engaged in

labours which the children of wealthy parents would now account severe, and thus acquired firmness of frame and a disregard of hardship. The systematic improvement of time, which from childhood he had been taught, was of great service when the weight of a nation's concerns devolved upon him. It was then observed by those who surrounded his person, that he was *never known to be in a hurry*, but found time for the transaction of the smallest affairs in the midst of the greatest and most conflicting duties. Such benefit did he derive from attention to the counsels of his mother. His obedience to her commands, when a child, was cheerful and strict; and as he approached to maturer years, the expression of her slightest wishes was a law.

Her common influence over him was strengthened by that dignity with which a strength of mind had invested her. This imparted to her great elevation of feeling. During some periods of our revolutionary war, when the fears of the people were wrought up to a distressing anxiety, many mistaken reports were in circulation, which agonised the hearts of those whose friends occupied posts of danger. It would sometimes be said to her, 'Madam, intelligence has been received that our army is defeated, and your son a prisoner.' 'My son,' she would reply, 'has been in the habit of acting in difficult situations.'

At length the blessings of peace and independence were vouchsafed to our nation, and Washington, who for eight years had been divided from the repose of home, hastened with filial reverence to ask his mother's blessing. The hero, 'first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,' came to lay his laurels at her feet, who had first sown their seeds in his soul.

This venerable woman continued, until past her ninetieth year, to be respected and beloved by all around her. At length the wasting agony of a cancer terminated her existence, at the residence of her daughter, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Washington was with her in the last stages of life, to mitigate the severity of her sufferings, by the most tender offices of affection. With pious grief he closed her eyes, and laid her in the grave which she had selected for herself. It was in a beautiful and secluded dell, on the family estate, partly overshadowed by trees, where she frequently retired for meditation, and where the setting sun beams with the softest radiance.

Travellers who visit the tomb at Mount Vernon, will find it interesting to extend their visit to this spot—where the mother of our hero, whom he was thought, in person and manners, greatly to resemble, rests without a stone.

We have now seen the man, who was the leader of victorious armies, the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and the admiration of the world, in the delightful attitude of an obedient and affectionate son. We have traced many of his virtues back to that sweet submission to maternal guidance which distinguished his early years. She whom he honoured with such filial reverence, said, that 'he had learned to command others, by first learning to obey.'

Let those, therefore, who in the morning of life are ambitious of future eminence, lay the foundation of filial virtue, not expect to be either fortunate or happy, while they neglect the injunction, 'My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.'"

BIRD-NESTING IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

MR EARLE, in his interesting "Narrative of a Residence in New Zealand, and Tristan d'Aunha," gives the following amusing piece of natural history, in speaking of his visit to the latter island. It relates to a strange kind of birds called *penguins*, which abound in southern latitudes:—"This day we visited what they call a 'penguin rookery.' The spot of ground occupied by our settlers is bounded on each end by high bluffs, which extend far into the sea, leaving a space in front, where all their hogs run nearly wild, as they are prevented going beyond those limits by those natural barriers; and the creatures who, at stated periods, come up from the sea, remain in undisturbed possession of the beaches beyond our immediate vicinity. The weather being favourable, we launched our boat early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring a supply of eggs for the consumption of the family. We heard the chattering of the penguins from the rookery long before we landed, which was noisy in the extreme, and groups of them were scattered all over the beach; but the high thick grass on the declivity of the hill seemed their grand establishment, and they were hidden by it from our view. As we could not find any place where we could possibly land our boat in safety, I and two more swam on shore with bags tied round our necks to hold the eggs in, and the boat with one of the men lay off, out of the surf. I should think the ground occupied by these birds (if I may be allowed so to call them) was at least a mile in circumference, covered in every part with grasses and reeds, which grew considerably higher than my head; and on every gentle ascent, beginning from the beach, on all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appeared above this grass, sat perched groups of these strange and uncouth-looking creatures; but the noise which rose up from beneath baffles all description! As our business lay with the noisy part of this community, we quickly crept under the grass, and commenced our plundering search, though there needed none, so profuse was the quan-

tity. The scene altogether well merits a better description than I can give—thousands and hundreds of thousands of these little two-legged erect monsters hopping around us, with voices very much resembling in tone that of the human; all opening their throats together; so thickly clustered in groups, that it was almost impossible to place the foot without despatching one of them. The shape of the animal, their curious motions, and their most extraordinary voices, made me fancy myself in a kingdom of pigmies. The regularity of their manners, their all sitting in exact rows, resembling more the order of a camp than a rookery of noisy birds, delighted me. These creatures did not move away on our approach, but only increased their noise, so we were obliged to displace them forcibly from their nests; and this ejection was not produced without a considerable struggle on their parts; and, being armed with a formidable beak, it soon became a scene of desperate warfare. We had to take particular care to protect our hands and legs from their attacks; and for this purpose each one had provided himself with a short stout club. The noise they continued to make during our ramble through their territories, the sailors said was, 'cover 'em up, cover 'em up.' And, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see one of the men at my elbow. Even these little creatures, as well as the monstrous sea elephant, appear to keep up a continued warfare with each other. As the penguins sit in rows, forming regular lanes leading down to the beach, whenever one of them feels an inclination to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet through the whole street, every one pecking at her as she passes without mercy; and though all are occupied in the same employment, not the smallest degree of friendship seems to exist; and whenever we turned one off her nest, she was sure to be thrown among foes; and, besides the loss of her eggs, was invariably doomed to receive a severe beating and pecking from her companions. Each one lays three eggs, and, after a time, when the young are strong enough to undertake the journey, they go to sea, and are not again seen till the ensuing spring. Their city is deserted of its numerous inhabitants, and quietness reigns till nature prompts their return the following year, when the same noisy scene is repeated, as the same flock of birds returns to the spot where they were hatched. After raising a tremendous tumult in this numerous colony, and sustaining continued combat, we came off victorious, making capture of about a thousand eggs, resembling in size, colour, and transparency of shell, those of a duck; and the taking possession of this immense quantity did not occupy more than one hour, which may serve to prove the incalculable numbers of birds collected together. We did not allow them sufficient time, after landing, to lay all their eggs; for, had the season been farther advanced, and we had found three eggs in each nest, the whole of them might probably have proved added, the young partly formed, and the eggs of no use to us; but the whole of those we took turned out good, and had a particularly fine and delicate flavour. It was a work of considerable difficulty to get our booty safe into the boat—so frail a cargo—with so tremendous a surf running against us. However, we finally succeeded, though not without smashing a considerable number of the eggs."

A HAUL OF WOOD IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

How pleasing to the feelings of the enlightened and beneficent part of mankind will be the perusal of the following extract from the letter written by a Mr Morris, in Newfoundland, to Lord Bexley, and quoted as a note in Macgregor's British America. The incident related is one of the best illustrations that could be given of the principle of "peace and good will," which, we trust, will at some time universally prevail:—"It is a general custom at Newfoundland for the labouring classes and others, in the winter season, as a compliment to the clergyman, to bring him from the interior a quantity of wood or fuel. The friends of the clergyman of the established church at Saint John's, some short time ago, proposed what is there called a 'general haul of wood' for his benefit. I had the gratification of hearing the good, pious, and venerable bishop of the Roman Catholic church, address his numerous congregation, and request of them that they would join in the haul of wood, and that their general exertions, in behalf of his brother of the established church, would be more gratifying than any thing they could do for himself. On the day of the haul, it was most gratifying to observe the Roman Catholics, united with their brethren of every other religious persuasion; moving immense masses of wood towards the worthy minister's house. The great body of the working people were Irish, or their immediate descendants; and I can assure your lordship that it warmed my heart, though the mercury was fifteen degrees below zero, to observe the perspiration floating down their manly brows, whilst vying with the people of other countries, and other religions, as to who should pay the greatest compliment to the respected individual. The quantity of wood hauled out by the united efforts of the people was great indeed; but it would be an act of injustice to the individual for whose nominal benefit this haul was made, not to state that it was soon conveyed from his residence to warm the cheerless cottages of the poor, the sick, the widow, and the orphan."

Column for Schoolboys.

THE ROMAN POETS—ELEGIAC AND SATIRICAL.

HAVING in my preceding papers given you a sketch of the more common Latin or Roman classical writers in use at schools, I now proceed to say a few words regarding some others not so generally studied by the young, but of which it is as well you should know something. Those I have now to speak of are of two classes—the elegiac and the satirical poets. Among the elegiacs, we have Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Lucretius; and of the satirists, Persius, Juvenal, and Martial. The whole lived about the beginning of the Christian era.

In the composition of elegiac or sentimental pieces, Ovid has been given the first place among the poets of Rome, though in some respects he has been excelled by Catullus, his contemporary, who possessed great originality of thought. Catullus was born in the year 36 before Christ, of a respectable family. His poems have been justly eulogised by his countrymen, and, to the number of one hundred and fifteen, have come down to the present times. Although he lived before the Latin tongue was in its greatest purity, yet he attained great beauty of expression, simplicity, and ease, and is known to have studied the Greek elegiac poets, Sappho, Simonides, and Callimachus. Catullus wrote a beautiful ode to his native place, the peninsula of Sirmio, in the lake of Benacus, now called Lago di Garda, in Italy, which has been translated into English by Leigh Hunt. It is as follows:

O best of all the scattered lands, that break
From spreading sea or hill-retiring lake,
How happy do I drop within thy breast!
With what a sigh of full, contented rest!
Scarce trusting, that my vagrant toil is o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more
Is aught so blest, as such a loose from care,
When the soul's load rests with us in the chair,
When we return from pilgrimage, and spread
The loosened limbs o'er all the well-known bed?
This of itself repays the grinding toil,
And gives to falling knees the freshening oil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio! meet thy master's smiles;
And laugh, thou sparkling lake, through all thine isles;
Laugh, every social spot, your master's come!
Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home!

Tibullus, who was born a little later, and on the same day with Ovid, in the year 43 before Christ, died when forty-four years of age. Tibullus moved in the first rank of literary men and their patrons. He was an associate of Mæcenas, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace. His elegies, which are reckoned exceedingly beautiful, and by many thought to excel those of other poets, have been translated and published in English; but they are little appreciated in the present day. "From the general tenor of his writings," say the learned authors of the *Bibliotheca Classica*, "he appears to have been of a gay, lively, and cheerful disposition, and it cannot be denied that he made love and pleasure too much the theme of his muse. Like other writers on these topics, to follow either his advice or example would be to forget the dignity of man." Dr Currie, in his *Life of Burns*, has an allusion to the muse of Tibullus breathing in that unfortunate Scottish poet, and awakening strains destined to immortality on the banks of Ayr. Propertius, another Roman poet of a similar character, was born in the year 58 before Christ, and was therefore a contemporary of Tibullus. He wrote no more than four books of elegies.

With regard to the merits of these various elegiac poets, according to modern ideas, little can be said. Their sentiments and the subjects they treat upon are generally alike impure and unfit for popular perusal. In many instances, their writing is only appreciated from the beauty of the language. Lucretius, who flourished during the Augustan age, was a poet somewhat of a different stamp. He was born in the year 98 before Christ, and is known to have become a great adept in the doctrines of the Greek philosopher Epicurus, which he extols in his poetic compositions. Lucretius is thus called a didactic poet, but the instructions he gives the world through his versification would now be considered very miserable. He maintains the eternity of matter, the materiality of the soul, and the non-existence of a Supreme Being. Dr Blair remarks, that the only passages in the works of Lucretius which render the subjects tolerable in poetry, are the digressions on the evils of superstition, the descriptions of the plague, and several other incidental illustrations, which are remarkably elegant, and adorned with a sweetness and harmony of versification peculiar to that poet.

Horace, whom I have already noticed, was the most remarkable of the Roman poets for a delicacy of railery and wit, and in this respect he has scarcely been equalled, even by the most ingenious of the moderns. Persius, Juvenal, and Martial, also displayed much excellence in this dangerous species of composition, but each differed from the other in the style of writing and poignancy of satire.

Persius was born in the reign of Tiberius, about the year 33 of the Christian era, and died at the premature age of twenty-eight, in the reign of the Emperor Nero. Persius completed his education at Rome, where he associated with the most refined men of the age, particularly Lucan, another writer of note, who lived at the same period. In this species of society, being stimulated by an ardent desire for knowledge, he made considerable progress both in philosophy and literature. He possessed a strictness of

principle which appears in his writings, and his life is said to have corresponded with the rigid doctrines of the Stoics, to whose philosophy he attached himself. Persius wrote when very young; but out of his multifarious productions, a few were only distinguished, and of these six satires have been transmitted to modern times. His chief merit lay in contemptuous sarcasm; and he is not esteemed either for the elegance or force of his language. Though attacking the follies of mankind generally, he alludes too much to local and temporary circumstances, and this has tended to lessen his fame. The satires of Persius have been translated into English by Dryden, Sheridan, Brewster, Owen, Madan, Drummond, and others, of whom Brewster and Madan are reputed to be the most successful.

Juvenal was a contemporary of Persius and Martial, or nearly so. He was born in the neighbourhood of Rome, in the year 40, of obscure parents, and of his early history little is known. At an early age he took upon him the duty of lashing the follies of those about him, and of exposing the vicious to contempt; and there was room for the exhibition of his talent. Regardless of the consequences, he directed his satiric effusions against the minions of the court of the Emperor Domitian, for which he was sent into a sort of banishment into Egypt, in the office of a centurion, which he executed for some time. Juvenal possessed a true nobleness of mind. He disregarded wealth, if put in competition with the practice of virtue, which he lost no opportunity of holding up to the admiration of mankind. His keen and forcible satires are justly considered a model of dignified composition, and have been much esteemed in subsequent times. Juvenal lived to an old age, and died in the year 128, at which time the graces of the Augustan age of literature had in a great measure departed. He has been called "the last of the Roman poets;" for none of any eminence appeared after him. The satires of Juvenal have been similarly translated into English verse by Staphylton, Dryden, Gifford, Marsh, and Hodgson, and into prose by Sheridan, Stirling, and Madan.

Martial was a contemporary of Persius, being born in the year 29; he however long survived that poet, and died as late as 104. He lived through the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian; and by the last-mentioned he was raised to the equestrian rank, and promoted to the office of tribune. Martial is known as an epigrammatic writer. His style is full of quibbles and pert satire, but of such a nature as to illustrate the manners of a very licentious age, which did not escape punishment by his pen.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

IN commencing the publication of CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, it was our most anxious wish to establish, for the first time, AN ENGINE OF UNIVERSAL INSTRUCTION, conducted on such principles as would render it a welcome and friendly visitor not only at the firesides of every class of society, high and low, without respect of party or sect, in Great Britain and Ireland, but wherever the English language was spoken, or its literature appreciated. A very short time proved the entire success of our scheme. The JOURNAL has long since found its way, without the aid of patronage, or any other artificial means of dissemination whatsoever, into every part of the United Kingdom, from the most northerly point of Zetland to the British Channel, as well as into all the principal towns in North America, and most other places on the globe where English or Scotch are settled; while, as we predicted, our novel plan of diffusing useful knowledge and innocent means of entertainment, without interfering with the prejudices or prepossessions of mankind, and thereby, as it were, gaining the whole human race for an audience, has been in some measure pursued by others who have followed in our course. With these gratifying results before us, and while regularly disseminating to the extent of two hundred and fifty-four thousand printed sheets monthly, we have frequently had cause for deep regret in perceiving that the newspaper press generally spared no pains to misrepresent the nature of our employment, and, by a most wilful perversity of reasoning, accused us of illegally trenching on the ground possessed by the publishers of stamped sheets. We are, however, glad to say, that a more just and more charitable view of our labours is now beginning to be taken by the newspaper press, whose circulation is much more likely to be increased than diminished through the taste for reading which we create. The *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, one of the cleverest and certainly the most amusing of our provincial prints, in speaking of what has been accomplished by means of improvements in printing machinery, has the following notice of our productions in the paper for September 10:—

"Nor are matters more stationary in the moral world. Society, as we have already remarked, has its tides; and even in the moral statistics and annals of the poor, changes are occurring, calculated to lead to the mightiest results,

and which might well guide the speculations of moralists, statesmen, and economists, were they apprised duly of their nature and existence. Of this we will give an example, of which we were ourselves ignorant till the other day. Conversing with a bookseller, chance brought on the carpet, among other topics, the comparative merits of Chambers's Journal, the Penny and Saturday Magazines, Mrs Johnstone's first number, &c. &c. All of these periodicals, and especially the first, have an extensive circulation in the south of Scotland, and we were surprised when our friend said, seriously and solemnly, 'Yes, Chambers has done what others could not do, not even the Tract Societies; opposition might hamper, but could not hinder the triumph he has achieved; already he is enthroned in the minds of the poorer reading public, to say nothing of others, and has proved to them a real benefactor and friend.' 'How?' we exclaimed, more puzzled than ever. 'How!' by banishing trash, and substituting useful and entertaining knowledge in its stead. If reading be the food and drink of the mind, there is certainly a great difference between a wholesome and a deleterious article or beverage.' 'Granted.' 'Well; not many years ago, I drew L.30 annually for trashy ballads, and still more trashy pamphlets, such as John Cheap the Chapman, Paddy from Cork, &c. A neighbour very near me dealt still more extensively in the same wares; and if you take into view the whole trade, you may form some idea of the wide-spread circulation of ballads, many of which were not free from indecency. But now "the Dublin robber,"

'Who robbed the rich, and did bestow,
And gave to such as were poor and low.'

'John Cheap,' and 'Gregor's Ghost,' are never once asked for, and I no longer keep such trash in my shop. The country people must read something, particularly in winter, when the nights are long and the days short; and although economy be an object with them, they soon learn to distinguish, where a selection is offered, between sense and nonsense. Your high-priced periodicals they cannot buy; but the moment you combine economy with utility, some little bird whistles the tidings, which spread as fast as moor-burn in spring; and if you only choose to watch, on certain days, the milk-boys returning seated on donkeys or donkey-carts, you will discover that almost every urchin among men is thumbing Chambers in place of a ballad, and reaping the benefit of a partial perusal earlier than either his master or mistress. You yourself mention, in your character of Gilbert Burns, how much he felt delighted when Robert took a seat beside him on a barley sheaf, and read the first draft of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' That poem may be unequalled in merit; but the Journal also contains gems which keep down scandal in the harvest field, and are talked of and felt when the reapers unbend their backs at the bottom of a *breck*, or rest during the morning and mid-day meals. The tracts were cast too much in the same mould, wanted variety, and had other faults, which narrowed their circulation, and defeated the praise-worthy intentions of their authors; and my firm conviction is, that Chambers has done more to wean the people from trash, cultivate their minds, and excite curiosity, than all the Tract Societies that ever existed."

The intelligent speaker afterwards adds, that the cheap periodicals "are every where creating something like a soul under the ribs of death, and conferring, even while they are injuring men of original genius, the most important benefit on the community at large." A sentiment here requires in a certain degree to be modified. So far as regards our own publications, men of original genius have no reason to complain of injury. We give employment to a number of literary men, who receive a ready and adequate remuneration for their labours; and, considering the slender chance which most authors have of benefiting by the writing of books, a great deal more money, we venture to say, is thus dispensed in increasing the stock of original literature, than if the old system of publication, to the exclusion of the cheap periodicals, had still existed. By our own publications alone, there are put into circulation upwards of twenty thousand pounds annually, out of which sum an immense number of persons are partially or wholly supported—at least benefited to an extent which would be in no respect compensated by an abandonment of our trade to the former patrons of literature.

EDINBURGH: Published, weekly, by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place; ORR & SMITH, PATERNOSTER-TOW, London; and W. CURRY, Jun., & Co., Dublin. Agent in Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct branch of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.—Subscribers in Edinburgh may have these papers left at their houses as they appear, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place, and paying subscriptions for a quarter, a half year, or a year, in advance.—Price of a quarter of the Journal, 1s. 6d.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER" AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 90.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PALLIATIONS.

"I could see through the soft appliances and easy palliations of some men."—KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

PERHAPS no deliberate crime or error was ever yet committed by any man, without his having some excuse to make for it to himself, not only at the time, but for a long while after. The virtuous part of the public is very far wrong, if it supposes that the *other* portion acts in a mere spirit of recklessness, or in cool defiance of what it knows to be right. In reality, the wicked and the foolish conceive themselves to have just as good motives, and to be as much in the right *abstractly*, as the just and the wise. He who steals rather than work, convinces himself, in the first place, that no work is to be had; the robber upon a large scale always makes up for his assaults upon the rich, by being amazingly charitable to the poor. If any one commits a rash and cruel action, he persuades himself afterwards that he was in a passion at the time, and tries to nurse up his wrath, and keep it warm, that it may still appear to justify what he did. We are never, in short, deficient in excuses and palliations for any offences except those committed by our neighbours; in considering these, we generally contrive to be remarkably candid.

In the lesser affairs of life, we have exactly the same apologetic system. "Bring me a glass of brandy," says one visitor of a coffee-room, "*for I am very cold.*" "Bring me the same, with water," cries another, "*for I am very warm.*" Hardly any one has the honest hardihood of Foote, to call for the liquor "*because I like it.*" No, we will not confess even to ourselves the genuine vicious or self-indulgent motive which lurks at the bottom of our hearts: we are always so *very* polite and fair-spoken within the court of our own conscience. It is only when we see other people going wrong, that our disinterested indignation finds a vent; in such cases, silence would be a crime, forbearance a participation of the offence. We must launch forth, if it were only to show how very far we are from countenancing such doings, how impossible it is that we should ever commit them ourselves.

It is sometimes very amusing to observe how, when a man begins to wax a little wealthy, he also begins to convince himself of the necessity of certain luxuries. The habits and maxims of a straitened home still perhaps cling to him, and, even though certain that he can well afford what he desires, yet such is the effect of his customary state of feeling, that he has to make almost every new indulgence appear to himself in some measure as only an expedient in economy, or at least as absolutely unavoidable. Say that for some time past he has ceased to complain of the exorbitant rents demanded for houses, which used for years to be often in his mouth, and begun to let forth some hints as to the unproductiveness of property, the difficulty of getting good tenants, and the length of plasterers' and painters' bills—that he has even begun to take a curious and unwonted interest in a certain neglected portion of the newspapers, where estates are advertised for sale, and ascertained from his physician that application to business in the evenings is likely to tell soon upon his health—say that he has reached this point:—how delightfully, some fine afternoon, does the vision of a neat curricule, calculated to hold four besides the driver, come into his mind! A curricule, however, is an expensive thing. Moreover, it is a shockingly dashing thing, and does not at all suit with the sobriety of his character. Still more especially, it is a thing which would excite remark among his compeers. What would Gardner say? what would Simpson think? what would they all say at the club?—however, it is absolutely necessary for

health; that is perfectly clear. I think I might venture upon a horse, without being thought *very* extravagant. *Extravagant*, did I say? Why, I believe I would gain by keeping a horse. In the first place, if it improved my health, which it is sure to do, what a saving in doctors' bills! Then, I could only ride in the morning before breakfast; to do so, I must go early to bed at night: that would save me going to the Bridgewater Arms, where, one night with another, I spend half as much as the daily keep of a horse. And then the opportunity of getting this cheap mare, which Johnson says he is tired of, and has no fault whatever—only three-and-twenty guineas, which the hostler tells me I could get for her at any time I chose to part with her. A stable, too, offered at such a reasonable rent by Bennet, and so near our warehouse, that it may serve at the same time for putting lumber off our hands. As for a groom, our own porter, or even one of the apprentices, will be quite able to attend her. So, really, no one can say that I am in the least extravagant—more especially when my health would be so much improved by it. And, as my wife says, if I don't take good care of my health, where will all the family soon be? I am, therefore, determined in future to take proper exercise, and preserve my health whatever be the consequences.

The horse, of course, is bought, and much about the same time it is thought *absolutely necessary* by the lady of the house, that the family should be removed to sea-bathing quarters. This "absolutely necessary" of Mrs Balderstone startles the gentleman a little at first—for why should it be absolutely necessary *now*, and not so before, when our circumstances were not so good? or why should it be absolutely necessary to *us*, while thousands of families struggle through existence without any such expedient being ever thought of. The objections of Mr Balderstone, however, seldom prove of much avail against the sage reasons of his lady. "When you have the horse at any rate," says she, "it would be so convenient. You could ride to town every morning to attend business, and come home in the afternoon to dinner. And only think how moderate the rent of the lodgings is—only three guineas a month, including the use of that large garden. Why, we'll save it all in kitchen vegetables, or gooseberries for the children. And, besides, Willy is really in such a state, that I cannot think of his being kept in town any longer; the doctor says —" &c. Mr Balderstone of course gives in, for not only is he sensible that

"Nocht's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea,"—
as the old song says—but he has himself a treacherous inclination towards the indulgence, on the conviction that his health (that is, his pleasure) "requires a taste of the country air in summer."

This does very well for one year; but if things have been continuing still further to prosper with the worthy couple, riding on horseback is found to be a solitary and somewhat dull kind of recreation; not to speak of the mud which you are occasionally compelled to bring home with you, and which is utterly destructive to clothes. Besides, you cannot well hold up an umbrella in riding, and the showers of rain, which it is now quite impossible to count upon not falling, have already almost brought back that bad cold you had in 1829. A doubt at the same time is also begun to be entertained by Mrs Balderstone, if there be any economy in renting a house in the country, even with the advantages of free vegetables and gooseberries. Some day after these cogitations, or rather one morning at breakfast, Mr Balderstone, with his eyes bent on the advertising columns of a

newspaper, and his hand supplying his mouth with spoonfuls of warm tea, thus suddenly opens his mind. "Why, the very thing I was thinking about. You know, my dear, I have for some time had an idea of buying a gig, being quite done up with that horrid riding: and here, I declare, is what will exactly answer the purpose: listen.—'For sale, an excellent second-hand four-wheeled gig, with double seat, and set of harness in good condition: to be disposed of remarkably cheap, being the property of a gentleman about to leave the country: may be seen at Hobday's from eleven to three, Sundays excepted.' Off I set instantly. No, stop, I mustn't appear to be in a hurry. It would look as if I were too anxious. Let me see; ay, I'll step down about half-past one, and in the meantime I'll go round by the counting-house, and put a few pounds in my pocket. Well, this is really being lucky; you know, I mentioned before there would be no additional expense in keeping a gig, or a thing of this sort. The same horse will answer, the same premises, the shed in the back court will do for keeping all safe, just as well as a regular coach-house; the same person, that is, Samuel Hughes, the porter, will keep the whole in trim, I'll warrant him. Besides, I hear the tax is to be taken off gigs of all kinds; and what more need be said on the subject? In fact, it is all one as to expense, and I am sure there can be no comparison between an amusement which one enjoys by himself, and one in which one's wife and children can participate." "Oh, it would be so delightful," strikes in Mrs Balderstone, who has been listening all the time with pleasure depicted in her countenance. "Such an excellent plan! By all means, go down and buy the gig; it will be very cheap, I daresay. How nice it will be to have a drive occasionally along with *you*: the children, too, would be so much the better of it." "And as to that neat cottage, my dear," continues she, "which you have been offered so low—you will surely just close with it, and we can all go down in May. I am quite tired of this place, where we are completely overlooked by Mrs Hodgson, the controller-general of the neighbourhood. And I am sure the interest of your money could be nothing to the expense of country lodgings, which you know is always very high;" a fact discovered by Mrs Balderstone since last year, but a very good fact for all that.

Having been already pretty well convinced of the advantage of this bargain, you lose little time in completing it—and then behold you with a country-box, and a curricule, all arising from an idea of saving tenpence of an evening at a club, and the "absolute necessity" that "Willy" should have the benefit of sea-bathing! After such wide and rapid stretches, it is easy to see that you cannot long endure the dust to which you are exposed in an open vehicle in summer, or the cold in winter, but must have a full-grown carriage at once; and that when once you have got a carriage, you must also have a somewhat larger house to match with it. In short, you very speedily find yourself living in a style of first-rate expense, though every step you made in advancing to it appeared to you at the time as either an attempt at greater frugality, or a matter of downright compulsion.

It would be all very well if these soft appliances were only brought to bear in such cases as the above. But the unfortunate truth is, that we use them most frequently for the extenuation of real guilt, or to bolster us up in some unhappy error of judgment. We would recommend a rigid self-examination in all the affairs that lie between ourselves and our consciences, and when any thing like an "easy palliation" can be detected, let it be denounced at once at the bar of our

own judgment, and care taken to exclude it for the future. Good is only progressive: many persons may have been in the habit of presenting kind apologies to themselves for their own errors, without knowing that they were doing any harm. It is to such that we particularly address this little essay; and if it should serve to put even a small part of the number upon their guard, its object will have been accomplished.

ADVENTURE OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY HIMSELF.

IT is now many years since, being informed by the people at the Castleton of Braemar, that no Lowlander, and perhaps no human being, had ever explored the sources of the Dee, I resolved to confer upon myself, if possible, the honour which Bruce obtained in his famous expedition to the head of the Nile, and for that purpose arose one morning before daylight, and having breakfasted, and loaded a guide with victuals, set off on my singular adventure. My guide's name was John Finlayson, a shrewd clever fellow, and one who really knew the mountains well, having been an incorrigible deer-stalker, of which the greater part of his discourse consisted.

We passed up by Mar Lodge, through the forest, and up by the linn of the Dee; but these have been already so truly and so accurately described in Chambers's Journal, that I can add nothing to them. All above that, the description does not coincide with my remembrance. The pines become thin and straggling, and stunted in their growth, and at length utter desolation reigns. We came to a farm-house, the last in the glen, inhabited by a Mr Fletcher. He was very kind to us, and we got our dinner there. He took me out, and showed me a part of his sheep, ewes, and widders, mixed. They were rather good black-faced sheep, but in low condition that year. He told me, however, that his farm had no bounds: he might farm as far as he liked in some directions—for upwards of twenty miles at least—and that his great concern was to keep his stock in some reasonable bounds. I think he said he had likewise a stock of Cheviot widders.

I asked him how far we were from the sources of the Dee. He said he did not believe that any living man knew where the outermost sources of the Dee sprung, but that it could not be less than ten miles distance. The day being remarkably fine, we pushed on, but rather uncertain how our adventure was to terminate, Finlayson assuring me from the beginning that I little knew the task I was undertaking. As far as I remember, we walked for an hour; but I had drunk some of Fletcher's whisky-toddy, and may be wrong; I think it was at least four miles farther up the glen, that we came to a shepherd's bothy, the last inhabited place in that wilderness, where we got some milk. The shepherd could not speak English, but he told Finlayson that no man alive knew where the sources of the Dee were, for they had never been seen, and were inaccessible, but that we were at least twenty miles from them. This was staggering news. I made Finlayson ask him, as there was no house nor bothy beyond that, if we could not go from his cot early in the morning, reach the sources of the Dee, and the tops of the Grampian mountains surrounding it, and reach the Castleton of Braemar that night. He answered that it was out of the power of man, and Finlayson coincided in the opinion.

Resolved not to be foiled, we posted on until we came to the place where two mountain streams met, the one named by Finlayson the Guisachan, and the other the Garchary, as near as I can spell them. At this place, the two sister streams conjoining, take the name of the Dee, so that nominally I was at the head of the Dee. But no; that was not what I wanted. I yearned to see its very uttermost springs on the heights of the Grampians, and was resolved to accomplish that at any risk.

Where these two mountain streams meet, and the Dee nominally begins, it is a very considerable river, as large as the Yarrow—pure as crystal, and very rugged and rapid, and I thought it a strange thing to see such a river swarming with fish, and not a human habitation nor a living creature within view, save a few straggling lean deer. As the Garchary keeps the line of the main river, straight N.N.W., I looked on that as the main source, and resolved to investigate that to its springs, the more particularly, as the same far surpassed all that I had ever seen for horrid grandeur. You say the hills are some miles asunder, but in the Garchary, which is at least five miles in length, they are in many places not above a bow-shot asunder. The east side is not far from perpendicular, the western side more than perpendicular, in many places overhanging the torrent. The bottom of the glen is crammed full of rocks, which have tumbled down for ages—ay, for thousands of years before the Mosaic creation—and over these the torrent roars, as white as snow, and a large torrent it is. I wondered to see the streams so large so near the tops of the mountains; but the everlasting clouds of rain and

mist which shroud the Grampian depôts, keep the rivers always full.

In one place the Garchary tumbles over a waterfall, which is at least a thousand feet high. It is not a perpendicular fall like those of Foyers and Grey-mare's-tail, but it seemed to me to fall, at an average, about one foot in two. It is indeed a terrible scene. But as I described it in poetry on the spot, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I shall present you with that instead of plain prose, and I hope you will acknowledge that Childe Harold himself never excelled it.

Well, the bottom of the Garchary being impervious, my guide carried me over the eastern branch with some difficulty, and taking a sweep to the right, we began to ascend the steep brows of Benmuichdhui; for the afternoon being uncommonly fine, and we having still some hours of sunshine before us, I resolved to avail myself of the rare opportunity, and gain the height—for at that time I cared not how much I walked, but rejoiced in it, and the more difficult the undertaking, I liked it the better. Long before we reached the top, we lost sight of vegetation, and got among small whitish stones; while the ptarmigans were croaking around us in hundreds, like as many puddocks, and often fluttering out from amongst our feet. How Finlayson did curse them in his broken dialect, between the Gaelic and the Aberdonian! for I had absolutely refused to let him take his gun with him, a huge family piece, like a carabine, that had been taken by his grandfather on the field of Tranent; and, moreover, I had neither game licence nor liberty to shoot, and I could not think of being taken for a poacher in my friend the Earl of Fife's forests, with whom I was to dine at Mar Lodge one of the following days.

Well, to the top of Benmuichdhui we got, not more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half, before sunset. What a glorious evening! and what a glorious scene for my enraptured eye! I saw every principal mountain in Scotland, from Ben More, in Balquhider, to Ben Wyvis, in Ross-shire—every one of which I knew as well as the hills of Ettrick Forest. But the Grampian muse herself shall describe the scene, for it is far above the capabilities of the Ettrick Shepherd of the present day.

On grey M'Dui's upmost verge I stood,

The loftiest cone of all that desert dun;

The seas afar were streamer'd o'er with blood,

Dark forests waved, and winding waters run;

For nature glow'd beneath the evening sun,

The western shadows darkening every dale,

Where dens of gloom, the sight of man to shun,

Lay shrouded in impervious magic veil,

While o'er them pour'd the rays of light so lovely pale.

But, O, what hard could sing the onward sight,

The piles that frown'd, the gulfs that yawn'd beneath,

Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,

Grim as the caverns in the land of death!

Like mountains shatter'd in the Eternal's wrath,

When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurl'd—

A grizzly wilderness—a land of scathe!

Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled—

A rent and formless mass, the ruins of a world.

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,

Hill behind hill erected locks of gray,

And every misty morion was upraised

To speak their farewell to the god of day;

When tempests rave along their polar way,

Not closer rear the billows of the deep,

Shining with silver foam, and marred with spray,

As up the midway heaven they war and sweep,

Then foild, and chafed to rage, roll down the broken steep.

First did upon the peaks the golden hue,

And o'er them spread a beauteous purple screen;

Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue,

Softening the hills and hazy valleys between—

Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,

As darker shades of the night-heaven came on;

No star along the firmament was seen,

But solemn majesty prevail'd alone

Around the brows of eve, upon her Grampian throne.

Whenever I reached the top of Benmuichdhui, I saw decidedly that I stood upon the highest land in Britain. I had suspected as much for ten years previous to that, for I had often seen it from north, south, east, and west; and although it rose in the middle of the very highest range of the Grampians, I observed, from all quarters, that it still peered considerably above the rest—not much, but still so much as to show that it was the sovereign of them all. I affirmed from that day forth that it was the highest hill in Britain, and it is now proved by the trigonometrical survey, that my conjecture was right. I did, however, think that it was more elevated above Ben Nevis, in Lochaber, than it has turned out to be.

This was the sole survey that I got of "the infant rills of Highland Dee." I think I saw them all which form that branch which is the main one, and the one which keeps the line with the river. I saw no crystal lake such as you describe. None. Before Glen Garchary begins to form between the two mountains, there is a long rivulet comes from the west, which I thought rose near to the sources of the Tilt, in Atholl. It is joined by five or six smaller ones, and their united waters pour together into the chasm of the Garchary. The springs of Glen Aven likewise lay below our feet, and we had a good view of about one-half of that horrible wilderness. I saw no lake, and

Finlayson did not mention any, and I think it must have been a very small one indeed, if I had not seen it in such an evening. But it may perhaps be the source of the eastern branch, Glen Guisachan, which I did not see, for reasons which I shall make perfectly obvious. The wildness of the scene had such charms for me, that I remained on the top of this sovereign of the Grampians till the close of evening.

At length night coming on, Finlayson led me into a cavern, which he had known when a deer-stalking. It could scarcely be called a cavern, for it was merely a little level spot overhung by a rock. It was bedded with fresh heather, and seemed to have been very lately occupied. We took a hearty and plentiful supper, and there being a spring close by, we drank plenty of grog of the very best. I thought I never tasted any grog or toddy so good in all my life; and it not having been the first of many hundreds of times that I had slept upon the mountains in worse circumstances, I wrapped myself well up in my shepherd's plaid, and slept as sound as I had been in a feather bed, resolved to see the sun rise from the top of Benmuichdhui.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread."

When we awoke early next morning, the tops of the mountains were all shrouded in a dark cloud of mist, and a drizzly rain had begun to fall, so that farther investigation in that elevated region was impracticable. We then stretched our course eastward, and crossed the Guisachan high up, keeping always high on the hills along by the fringes of the mist, for I had determined, if the mist cleared up before mid-day, that I would visit the top of Beinnie-Boord, a great mountain which rises above the Mar Forest; for I had a strange propensity, when young and able, that I could never pass by a very high mountain without being on the top of it; and, what you may think as strange, the sensations of pleasure I have always felt on being thus elevated on a fine day, have been about the highest I ever experienced. I believe it is generally allowed that the depression or elevation of a man's mind is in a great measure conformable to the disposition of his bodily frame. What, then, can contribute so much to the elevation of his sentiments as placing him on the top of a very high mountain; for the body being the throne of the mind, who can deny that a mind so highly elevated as to be placed on the summit of Benmuichdhui is not far exalted above all the grovelling creatures beneath. I felt that I was far above a king, and would not have changed stations with one on earth. I was placed above huge masses of eternal snow, above the habitations of the fox and the eagle, and looking down on some of the most shaggy and stupendous ravines of nature.

Well, on we walked, and on and on, through as rough and rugged a country as can well be conceived, till at length we came into the head of a stream called Glenquoich, which we followed, until, near the confluence with the Dee, we came to the house of Mr James Stewart, factor to the Earl of Fife, who received me with great kindness, I having been there with a friend once before. There I remained several days, experiencing the utmost hospitality; but I was greatly mortified to find that he did not know that I was a poet: indeed, I am not very sure if he knew what a poet was; he was nevertheless a kind-hearted gentlemanly Highlander, one of the Atholl Stewarts. He introduced me to his lord, Earl Fife, who had just newly come to the Forest Lodge, along with his brother and a foreigner. We dined with them one day; but even they did not know or discover that I was a poet, notwithstanding I was introduced to them by name. I was received and entertained by them merely as Mr Hogg, a friend of Mr Stewart. This was very gallant; but I have noted it a hundred times both in Edinburgh and London, that, when introduced to any family merely as Mr Hogg, I remained and went away without any one having the least idea who I was. I have often got apologies made to me afterwards; but never one recognised me as the Ettrick Shepherd, when so introduced, in my life. I have often wondered what sort of being they had supposed me to be. Knowing this to have been uniformly the case, I need not have been surprised at my reception on this more than at other times. I certainly would have liked to have been recognised by the Earl, and his brother General Duff (whom I liked exceedingly), as the Ettrick Shepherd; but I durst not for my life tell them, lest they should never have heard of my name.

On the third day that I was with Stewart, who seemed to have imbibed a real attachment to me, he furnished me with a nice pony, well accoutred, to ride to the top of Beinnie-Boord, giving my guide directions as to the route he was to take, which, if he followed, I would never need to alight. I never did; for though I gave him the pony time about one of us rode all the way, and we reached the great broad top of Beinnie-Boord before mid-day; but we could see nothing: for though there was no mist, there was a sort of blue haze pervading the mountains, so that we could not see the very hills that were nearest to us. We saw plenty of red deer that day, and some fine stupendous fellows among them. We saw seventeen in one herd on the side of Beinnie-Boord, all walking deliberately in a string. We saw also a few eagles, some scores of ptarmigans, and whole fields on the height trenched in search of the Cairngorm topazes.

I left Mr Stewart's house on the Saturday, and retired again to my inn, Mr Watson's, in the Castleton

of Braemar. Mr Watson had one very fine sister, Katherine, into whose good graces I tried, with all my sassenach eloquence, to get, but could make nothing of her; she thought it excellent sport, but only laughed at it.

On the Monday morning I rose very early, and again took the hills with my guide, to visit the top of Ben Aven, which being in my opinion the highest next to Benmuichdhuil, and the easternmost of the range, if we except Loch-na-gar, which can hardly be called on the same range, I expected a grand view to the east and north-east. This was the most fatiguing day's march of all; for we could not get up any glen, but across a district, down one steep precipitous hill and up another, till at last we arrived on the summit of Ben Aven, a little after mid-day. After all my toil I could see nothing; the same dim haze still wrapped the mountains as on the Friday before, so that we could only once see dimly the great mountain of Cairngorm, right over against us on the other side of the glen. It was, however, a curious and interesting scene; the ptarmigans were altogether without number—I think I may say thousands of them; and we found twenty-five men digging on the height, or Cairngorm topazes and rock crystals of various kinds. We came to a cottage almost on the very height, thickly covered over with pitch, in which fifteen of them lodged; the rest shifted for themselves elsewhere. In one place we came to a field on the height, where there were upwards of twenty acres all trenched to a great depth; and it is well known that over all Scotland there are great blocks of granite lying, as if dropped down from heaven. Around all these, on the heights, the quarriers had dugged to a great depth, until they met below them. They dugged on two sides till they met, and then they propped these sides up with stones, and dugged below the other two; and under and around these masses the crystals were always found plentiest and richest. The overseer and receiver, who was rather a sensible fellow, and an Englishman, said that he knew perfectly well, from the part of the stone that was above ground, what water the crystals would be of below it. It was his opinion that these Cairngorm crystals were what he called stalactites of granite, and had been distilled out of these rocks for ages, for that there was always a part of the granite adhering to their hinder part. He showed me a great number of various colours. They were regular hexagonal prisms, tapering to a very narrow point. He showed me, likewise, sundry specimens of a curious long irregular fossil, of a hazel colour, which he called asbestos, or some such ridiculous name. He was very proud of having got so many of them, and alleged that no man in the country knew where to find them but himself. He assured me, farther, that they were indissoluble either by fire or water, and that they could be converted into cloth, over which the fire had no power. I always think he must have been lying.

We reached Castleton at a late hour very wearied, and loaded with grand Cairngorm stones which we had gathered in the ravines of the mountains. I found Mr Stewart come down there to meet me and take a parting glass with me, and he and Mr Watson laughed heartily at my hoard of rich crystals, and made me throw them all into the Clunie, save six or seven, which I absolutely refused to part with. Thus terminated my only expedition to the springs of the Dee; but there was one view which I got of Glen Garchary which has left an impression of horrid grandeur on my mind never to be effaced.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST—No. IV.

We shall now proceed to consider each chemical substance in succession, and we shall begin with the *gases*. The word gas, however strange and scientific it may sound, means nothing more nor less than the English word air. As air, however, is the generally understood name for the atmosphere, chemists employ the term gas for all other kinds of airs. Gases, or airs, then, are very important substances with chemists, however trifling they may appear to other people. When a chemist shows you a phial apparently empty, it is not so in reality; it is filled with air, either that of the atmosphere, or of some other colourless and invisible gas. If he takes a phial filled with water, and pours it out, he does not imagine that he has emptied the phial; he has only emptied it of water, while a corresponding bulk of air has pressed in to supply the place of the fluid. If, instead of emptying the phial in the common atmospheric air, he has done so in a jar of any other gas, he can cork up the phial, and lay it aside, and, under certain circumstances, preserve it just as well as he could do any liquid or solid substance. By means of an air-trough and a bent glass tube, the chemist is in the daily practice of transferring or pouring a gas from one vessel to another, with as much precision and nicety as a little water can be poured from one vessel to another. This much it was necessary to say respecting the weight and importance of the gases, lest the uninformed might treat them as light matters. Now we shall proceed to consider *oxygen gas*, perhaps the most im-

portant and universal substance in nature. Although it is to be found every where, in the atmosphere, in the water, and on the earth, yet do not send to a laboratory for a pennyworth of it, as we have seen young chemists at their first outset do—it is not kept there; but we shall describe to you how it is made: when we say *made*, however, we only mean procured. Many substances contain it, and it is the business of the chemist to separate and extract it from these. Common nitre, or saltpetre, contains it in abundance, and one of the easiest ways of getting it is from this substance. Take an earthen retort, or a glass one coated with clay, or an old gun-barrel, with the touch-hole carefully closed up, and put in a few ounces of the nitre in powder; then expose the vessel containing it to a strong red heat, and in a short time oxygen gas will flow out at the opening of the retort or end of the gun-barrel. This gas is to be collected by tying the mouth of an empty bladder over the retort, or it may be collected in phials filled with water, and placed upon the shelf of the air-trough already mentioned. This air-trough consists of a water-tight box, of a round or square form, made generally of tin-plate, open above, and having a shelf, pierced with three or four holes, laid across the box, two inches from the brim or margin. The box is to be filled with water till it reaches above the shelf; and when jars or phials are to be charged with gas, they are first filled with water, and placed on the shelf with the open mouth downwards; in this way, by being immersed in the fluid, they remain filled with water till the gas is introduced from the hole below the shelf, which ascending, from its lightness, gradually fills the phial, and displaces the water into the trough. Another mode of producing oxygen, is, to put into a common glass retort* two ounces of black oxide of manganese, and one ounce of strong sulphuric acid: apply heat, and the gas will be set at liberty. Now, having procured it, we shall next examine its nature. It is a light substance, without any sensible colour, taste, or smell; it is elastic, like all airs; that is, it can be pressed into smaller bulk by a weight or pressure on it, but on this being removed it regains its former bulk: this it will do under all circumstances, and hence it and other airs have been called permanently elastic. But what renders oxygen gas famous is, its power of supporting animal life. It forms a fifth part of the air we breathe, and without its pressure we could not exist for half an hour. All animals, in some way or other, breathe it, or take it into their bodies, and hence it has got the name of vital air. By this breathing, it is taken up by the lungs into our blood; and if a man or animal were confined into a small space, so that he had only a limited supply of air, the moment he had exhausted all the oxygen, he would begin to gasp and pant, and in a very short time would die like one suffocated. Oxygen is also necessary for the support of combustion, or the burning of inflammable substances. It is from a constant current of this gas going to our grates that the coals blaze out and afford heat and light; for without free access to air, and a supply of oxygen, no substance will continue to burn. Now, pure oxygen, such as may be collected in a jar or phial, makes substances burn much brighter than they will do in the common air, which, as we have said, contains only a fifth part of this gas. If you take a small taper or candle, and tie it to a wire, and dip it into a jar of oxygen, you will perceive the light immediately to become ten times more brilliant than before. If you blow out the flame, and immediately immerse it, the taper will rekindle with a sudden burst of flame; but as the gas in the jar is gradually consumed, the brilliancy of the flame ceases, and at last the taper is extinguished when no more oxygen remains to feed it. If a bit of phosphorus be put into a jar of this gas, and set fire to with the point of a red-hot wire, the flame is of the most dazzling brightness. Such is the power of oxygen in promoting combustion, that even metals may be burned in it. Thus, instead of the taper, if you introduce a piece of thin iron wire coiled up, with a small bit of lighted charcoal or touchwood on one end, it will burn with a bright light, throwing out a number of brilliant sparks. A little sand should be put into the bottom of the phial, otherwise the intense heat of the iron will crack and melt the glass. In this instance, the oxygen unites with the metal, and forms a brown oxide of iron; and as a proof that the gas is thus consumed, if, when introducing the wire you cork up the jar at the top, so as to prevent any air from rushing in, you will find, that, after the combustion, if you reverse the phial into the water-trough, and take out its cork, the water in the trough will be forced up by external pressure, to supply the place of the oxygen. In all cases of combustion or burning of bodies, then, the oxygen enters into some new combination with these, and disappears as a gas. But it may be asked, if oxygen is thus so necessary for animal life, and for the combustion of inflammable bodies, why is not the atmosphere wholly composed of it? To this we reply, there is such a case as having too much of a good thing. A little dash of vinegar, or mustard, or pepper, heightens the relish of our dinners; but what stomach could endure a full meal of either of these substances alone? If we lived in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, our existence would be a

short fever of a few days, or it may be hours. In breathing pure oxygen, the pulse acts quick, the chest is tight and contracted, the countenance florid, flushed, and excited, and, in short, all the springs of life are so pushed on and stimulated, that they would be fatigued and destroyed in the space we mention. It is the same with combustibles: every thing on the earth would blaze out in vivid flame, and exhibit a glorious bonfire for a few days; but then they would be consumed, and nothing would remain but barren sterility. To temper this power of oxygen, therefore, other four parts of a gas, of quite a different nature, is mixed with the atmosphere, which has neither the property of supporting flame nor animal life: this gas is called *nitrogen*, and we shall come to speak of it afterwards.

We have already stated that oxygen is universally diffused throughout all nature: it forms part of the air, the greater part of water; enters into the composition of solid rocks; and, in short, is met with in almost every mineral body, as well as in vegetable and animal substances. In its combination with certain bodies, it produces substances which have a sharp acid taste; hence oxygen first obtained its Greek name, which signifies the generator of acids: we shall find, however, that it is not the only substance which is the cause of acidity.

We now proceed to describe another air, called *hydrogen gas*. As oxygen was remarkable for supporting combustion, so hydrogen is no less so in being a highly inflammable substance itself, although it has not the power of supporting flame, or of sustaining animal life. Hydrogen is not quite so prevalent a substance as oxygen, although the circumstance of its entering into the composition of water renders it easy at all times to be procured, and this is done in various ways by decomposing water; that is, by separating this fluid into the two gases of which it is formed. We have already alluded to a method of decomposing water, by passing this fluid, in a state of vapour or in drops, through a gun-barrel, heated red-hot in the middle by placing it in a furnace of coals: in this way the hot iron of the barrel takes up the oxygen of the water, and sets the hydrogen at liberty, which may be collected at the end of the barrel. But the easiest mode of procuring hydrogen is this: Take a retort, furnished with a glass stopper above, and put into it an ounce of iron filings, such as may be procured at any smith's or artisan's workshop; add to this four ounces of water, and then pour in gradually one ounce of sulphuric acid. An action immediately commences between the substances, and a bubbling of air is perceived: this is hydrogen gas, which, if the glass stopper is put in, will pass over by the mouth of the retort, and may be collected by means of jars and the air-trough already described. If a retort is not at hand, a simpler apparatus still may be used, such as a strong phial with a wide mouth, into which put the ingredients as above, and then fix a glass tube into a cork, and put it into the phial; the gas will escape by the tube, and may be collected by tying a bladder on it; or if the tube is bent like the letter S, it may be used in the air-trough. If a taper be put to the end of the glass tube, after the mixture has been some time in the phial, the hydrogen will inflame, and continue to burn as long as the action within continues: as a mixture of hydrogen and common air explodes with some force, care should be taken that no common air remains in the bottle when the taper is put to the tube; and as a farther security, the whole apparatus of the bottle should be rolled round with a coarse cloth. The hydrogen thus procured has usually a strong smell, which is owing to some sulphurous vapours from the iron; for hydrogen, when pure, has neither colour, taste, nor smell. It is the lightest body in nature, being sixteen times lighter than oxygen, and about fourteen times lighter than the common air. It is from this property that hydrogen has been used for filling balloons. If soap bubbles are blown up from a bladder of hydrogen, instead of being filled with air from the lungs, they will mount perpendicularly upwards; and if instead of these a very thin bag of glazed silk be inflated, we have a common balloon, which, being filled with a substance greatly lighter than the surrounding air, mounts upwards just in the same manner as a cork, when set at liberty at the bottom of a basin of water, bounds, from its lightness, immediately to the top. Balloons of larger size are now generally filled with the common coal gas, which, though not so light as pure hydrogen, is yet sufficiently so as to render a large bag lighter than the air of the atmosphere. To show that hydrogen is incapable of supporting flame, you have only to take a lighted taper and introduce it into a jar of this gas, with the open mouth downwards; if this is done quickly, a slight flame is produced in the gas immediately at the mouth; but whenever the taper is fairly plunged into its middle, the light is extinguished. A mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases explodes with considerable force; and if the combustion is slowly brought about in a jar, drops of water will be found trickling down its sides, which shows that, however incredible it may appear, the common fluid water is a compound of two airs, or of eight parts of hydrogen to one part of oxygen. Exploding the two gases in bottles is rather dangerous, but if you take two parts by bulk of hydrogen, and one part oxygen, and introduce them into a bladder with a tobacco-pipe stuck at the mouth, the moment a taper is applied, the bladder will burst with a loud report. If managed in a different way,

* A retort is a pear-shaped glass vessel, drawn out to a tube at one end, and bent at the other, so as to form a vessel fit for distilling any substance when placed over a sand heat or spirit-lamp: they may be got at any glasshouse or chemist's.

the mixture of these gases may be made to produce the most intense heat and light that has ever yet been witnessed. An apparatus for this purpose has been invented, called the *oxy-hydrogen* blowpipe. It consists of a strong copper box, into which the proper mixtures of the gases are introduced by a forcing syringe: there is then a small tube at the top, with a stop-cock, through which the gases pass to become inflamed; but to prevent all danger of explosion, a contrivance of several folds of wire gauze is introduced between the tube and the box—exactly on the principle of the safety-lamp of Davy—by which the communication of the flame to the gas beyond the tube is effectually prevented. With this powerful flame, almost every known substance may be melted. A piece of iron is instantly liquified, and dispersed in brilliant sparks of fire; and even many of the refractory earths that remain untouched by the heat of ordinary furnaces, give way before it. A ball of chalk placed in this flame becomes so intensely heated as to give out a dazzling and overpowering light, which may be seen at the distance of many miles; and this is the contrivance proposed to be adopted in lighthouses for warning ships at sea. Hydrogen is also employed by means of an ingenious apparatus for affording an instantaneous light, which is now very generally employed in places where a taper is frequently needed. It has been found that one of the metals called platinum, when prepared in a certain way, so as to become of a spongy texture, has the property of becoming red hot on exposure to a stream of hydrogen gas. An apparatus is therefore constructed which affords a constant supply of this gas, and, by simply turning a stop-cock, a light is procured from the glowing platinum. Hydrogen is found entering largely into the composition of many bodies. It exists in all animal and vegetable matter; and when they are in a state of decay or decomposition, it is given out in considerable quantity: thus, in low lying marshes, full of decaying vegetables, hydrogen is always found, and, combined with other airs, most probably gives rise to the peculiar unwholesome *malaria* of many countries. It also forms parts of sugar, spirituous liquors—as brandy, gin, whisky—and indeed of every substance, more or less, that is derived from the vegetable kingdom. In short, it is the peculiar province of chemistry to show that all substances, however different they may seem from each other, and however opposite may be their properties, are all compounds of two or more of the substances which have been called simple, many of which are reckoned so, probably because chemistry is not yet so perfect as to show that even they are not compound. Among these substances, oxygen and hydrogen are ranked, because, however many combinations they enter into, they themselves cannot be separated into any thing more simple. Hydrogen derives its name from two Greek words, which signify the generator or former of water.

DANGERS OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IN an early number of our Journal we took occasion to bring forward an article on the nature and tendency of circumstantial or presumptive evidence, as admitted by the Scottish criminal laws in cases of accusation for murder. We then gave a very remarkable instance where a concatenation of circumstances, apparently trifling and unimportant when viewed separately, yet, taken together, formed a chain of evidence which led to the discovery of the guilty person with almost the certainty of ocular testimony. At the same time we promised to give, in a future paper, a counter instance, where circumstances, all tending to bring home guilt to the person accused, and so construed and acted on by the dispensers of the law, had nevertheless been afterwards found to be deceptive, and to have brought down the penalty of guilt on the innocent head. Various causes have contributed to delay our fulfilling this promise; but chiefly from our wish to procure an example where the incidents were of as interesting a description as possible.

The first case we shall notice is one recorded by the celebrated Sir Edward Coke, in his great work, his *Commentary on Littleton*, which is said to have occurred in the eighth year of the reign of James the First of England.

In the county of Warwick, there lived two gentlemen, brothers, one of whom was possessed of considerable landed property. He had only one child, a daughter, the charge of whom he by his will devised to his brother, until she should attain the age of sixteen years, when she became entitled to take her property into her own hands. The uncle, after his brother's death, discharged the duty of guardian, to all appearance with great care and fidelity, until his niece reached her eighth or ninth year, having her instructed in all the accomplishments proper to her age and station. About that period, it happened one day that in consequence of some real or supposed juvenile misdemeanour, the uncle thought himself called upon to inflict a little personal chastisement on his niece, on

which occasion the child was heard, by some of the servants, to exclaim, "Oh! good uncle, do not kill me!" Next morning the child was amissing, and notwithstanding a strict and immediate search was instituted, no traces of her could afterwards be obtained.

From the incident just mentioned, together with the circumstance of the uncle's being the immediate heir to the estates of his lost niece, suspicion naturally fell on him as the supposed murderer. He was apprehended, and committed to jail; but as there existed no direct proof of his guilt, nor indeed of the murder having been committed at all, the "justices of the assize (to use the words of Coke) admonished him to find out the child, and thereupon bailed him until the next assizes." As the time drew near for the fulfilment of this injunction, the uncle, who suspected what the consequences of his non-compliance would be, bethought him of a stratagem for deceiving the officers of the law. He procured a child from a distant quarter, resembling as nearly as might be, in years and appearance, the one that was amissing; and having attired her suitably, he produced her in court as his lost niece. The imposture was, however, discovered; the attempt was regarded as only a farther corroboration of the relative's guilt, and he was tried, condemned, and executed. Time rolled on without the smallest circumstance transpiring to raise a doubt of the justness of the punishment; but in about seven or eight years afterwards—that is to say, when the time arrived at which the girl supposed to be murdered, was, by the will of her father, entitled to claim her property—she, to the surprise of every one, made her appearance, and her identity being clearly ascertained, she was put in possession of her wealth. It turned out, that, early on the morning after being beaten by her uncle, as above mentioned, she was to have gone to attend a school in the neighbourhood; but, instead of proceeding thither, she fled across the country into a neighbouring county, where, from her intelligence, education, and interesting appearance, she was received into a gentleman's family upon whom she had imposed with some plausible story, the fear of being again discovered and claimed by her uncle no doubt inducing her to conceal her real name and situation. There she had resided until the period of her personal freedom had arrived, little dreaming, of course, of the fatal consequences of her flight and seclusion to her unfortunate relative. "This case," adds Sir Edward Coke, "we have reported for a double caveat; first, to judges, that they, in case of life, judge not too hastily upon bare presumption; and, secondly, to the innocent and the true man, that he never seek to excuse himself by false or undue means, lest thereby he overthrow himself as the uncle did."

Sir Matthew Hale, in noticing the above case, and observations by his great predecessor, also mentions another melancholy instance which occurred, he says, in Staffordshire, within his own remembrance. An individual was suddenly amissing in his native place; and suspicion having fallen on a certain person as the murderer, he was apprehended and tried. So strong were the presumptions against him, not only of his having taken the man's life, but even of having afterwards consumed the body *in an oven*, that he was convicted and executed. Within a twelvemonth, however, the supposed victim returned, when it appeared that he had indeed been kidnapped, and sent across the sea against his will by the individual who had been executed; "and so," adds Sir Matthew Hale, "although he justly deserved death, yet he was really not guilty of that offence for which he suffered."

The above examples are sufficient to show both the perilous nature of presumptive evidence, and the undue extent to which it was formerly permitted to bear against the accused. It has accordingly since been recognised as an established principle, both in the law of Scotland and England, that *actual certainty of the murder being committed* must first be got at, ere presumption, however strong, be permitted to affect the innocence or safety of any individual. "I would never," observes the eminent lawyer last quoted, "convict any person of murder, or manslaughter, unless the fact were proved to be done, or at least the body found dead." Burnet, one of the greatest of our Scotch criminal law authorities, lays it down as "a leading and indispensable rule, in judging of presumptive evidence, in no case to admit of its effect, unless there be proof of the *corpus delicti*. Till it be proved that a crime has been committed, it is in vain to inquire whether this or that circumstance ought to have any effect against the party accused. Till it be proved that a murder has been perpetrated, it is in vain to inquire whether a particular individual has been guilty of it."

Although a man's life, however, may thus, in such cases, be protected by the scrupulous jealousy of the law, it is impossible to guard his character from suspicions, which may so affect his circumstances and peace of mind as to render mere existence a boon little to be envied; and we shall now detail to our readers a peculiarly affecting instance of this nature, where the undoubted proof of innocence only arrived after the unfortunate individual had underlain the horrid imputation of murder for many years, and had in consequence been reduced from comfortable circumstances, and a respectable station in society, to a state of unpitied poverty and distress. The individual we allude

to is still alive; and the truth of the narrative will at once be recognised by the inhabitants of the district where the circumstances took place.

It is now about 25 years since, that, on the evening of a market-day at a burgh town in the south of Scotland, a party of four or five individuals were returning together to their domiciles in the country. They were on horseback, and all farmers, with the exception of one, who was a drover or cattle-dealer. The conversation, of course, naturally turned on the market they had been attending, which happened to be an unusually brisk one, and, as most of them had been sellers, their spirits were proportionably high. The cattle-dealer, especially, seemed to be in a remarkably voluble and sanguine humour—spoke freely of his gains by the day's sales—mentioned his intentions of proceeding directly to a large southern fair that was approaching, in order to make purchases to the amount of several hundred pounds; and even, in the heat of his animation and confidence, produced a large pocket-book, boastfully observing that it contained ample funds for the purpose. There was nothing in all this to excite any surprise in his companions, with the exception of one circumstance, that the affairs of the drover, it had been generally surmised for a considerable time past, were by no means in a flourishing condition. These rumours, however, might be false; besides, one lucky hit in the market, they all knew, might at any time change the tide of a man's fortunes.

These cattle-dealers, while travelling in their vocation, seldom, as is well known in agricultural districts, need to pay for their night's quarters in any part of the country where they are at all known—their company being always welcome at the farmer's fireside for the information they bring respecting the state of distant markets, the chance of driving a bargain with them, &c. &c. It was but natural, therefore, that the individual we now speak of should receive an invitation to supper and bed for the night from one of his companions, on arriving at the cross road which turned off the highway towards the house of the latter. This, indeed, was uniformly his home while sojourning in that district, from the great intimacy which subsisted between the farmer and himself. The offer, however, was in the present instance at first declined, and they bade each other good night; but, after riding on a little distance with the remainder of the party, the dealer seemed to regret having done so—spoke of the quantity of money he had about him—the prudence of taking daylight for his journey—his being a good deal wearied—and, finally, turned his horse's head, declaring his determination of overtaking his friend, which he could do in a few minutes, and stopping with him all night.

Next morning the dealer's horse was found by some of the farmer's servants, straying about the barn-yard, saddled and bridled. They at first thought little of it, concluding that the owner had come home with their master, who, from the early hours kept in the country, had arrived after the household had retired to rest on the preceding evening. But when this was found not to be the case, fears began to arise of some accident having happened. Inquiry was immediately made throughout the neighbourhood, but to no purpose; while another circumstance took place during the day which led to suspicions no way favourable to the occupant of the farm-house. A dog belonging to the drover had by some means found its way thither, and getting under the bed where its master usually slept, it kept up a continued howling in that long melancholy cadence in which dogs are popularly supposed to display their instinctive consciousness of recent or approaching death. This it continued to do for several days, resisting all inducements to quit its post; and it was at last necessary to use main force to get it out. Every field in the district was then scoured; ditches and quarries were searched; ponds, pools, and wells were dragged—but all in vain. A wood of some extent in the vicinity was hunted again and again by a pack of hounds belonging to a nobleman, which were then in that quarter, in order to discover the dead body—but still to no purpose. The public interest grew gradually stronger. Intelligence of the mysterious event soon reached the public authorities, and a strict investigation was set on foot. The individuals who accompanied the unfortunate man on the night preceding his disappearance, and who resided in different parts of the country, came forward, and their testimony agreed in every particular—the large quantity of money he said he had about him—the manner in which he meant to dispose of it—the invitation given him by their brother farmer—his declining, and afterwards returning to accept of it—his perfect sobriety—in not one title was there the slightest discrepancy in their evidence. The farm-servants declared their uncertainty as to the time of night when their master arrived at home on the evening alluded to, which seemed to imply caution on his part in entering the house—the strange situation in which the dealer's horse was found next morning—the still more strange conduct of the dog—and their master's evident agitation throughout the subsequent search. The latter himself, when interrogated, either could or would say nothing beyond solemnly declaring his utter inability to account for the disappearance of the man, whom he had not seen, he said, from the time he parted with him on the highway in company with the others: he had ridden slowly home, so that any one wishing to overtake him could easily have done so. As to caution on entering his house, he made it

a rule, he said, never to disturb any of the family, should they have gone to bed, on his return from market or elsewhere, but to dress and supper his horse with his own hands; and the latter statement was confirmed by the testimony of his family.

All this might be true, but was nevertheless far from satisfying the public mind. The farmer was universally looked upon as being in some way or other connected with the disappearance of the absent man; but as no trace of the drover or his property could be discovered about his dwelling or premises, he was allowed to go at liberty. But his freedom, and even his tacit acquittal in the eye of justice, was now of little benefit to him. The brand of the murderer was stamped on his character. By most men he was looked on as decidedly guilty; by many he was regarded with doubt; and, in fact, the presumptions were so strong against him, that even those who disbelieved them, being unable to urge any thing in his exculpation beyond their own secret conviction of his innocence, at last held their peace. Let no man presume to despise public opinion. Its power in this instance was fearfully, though wrongfully, shown. He was shunned every where. On the highway, his former friends avoided him. At market, no one would either buy from or sell to him. The consequences of all this were soon visible. He lost heart; got behind with his rent; his effects were roused off; in short, he became a "broken" man.

Years rolled on, and this victim of *presumptive evidence*—for such he still was—gradually sunk to a state of poverty and desertion; for even after the infirmities of age overtook him, people scrupled to lend their assistance to the *supposed murderer*. At last, by the interest of some individuals less suspicious or more charitably disposed than others, he was enabled to rent a toll-bar in his native county. In this situation he had continued for several years, when a rumour reached the district that the drover had been seen in America by a young man who had recently emigrated from that part of the country. The report, however, was so vague, that it was generally discredited; and not being afterwards confirmed, the old man still continued to lie under the horrid suspicions against him. But justice was doomed to be done to his character at last. One day, while sitting in his toll-house, an individual entered, and, without speaking a word, seated himself in a chair opposite to him. The man was seemingly in the extremity of poverty, but his hat was so much slouched over his features that they could not be seen distinctly. To the inquiries of the old man, whether or not he was ailing, he continued silent for some time with his eyes bent on the ground, but at last looked up in the other's face, and lifted his hat. It was the drover!—the man who had been amissing for more than a dozen years, and whose mysterious disappearance had been the occasion of all his misfortunes. After gazing on each other for some moments in silence, the one doubtful whether a ghost or a living man stood before him, and the other seemingly agitated with strong feelings of shame and contrition, the latter stretched out his hand, and asked the old man if he could forgive his worst enemy. The latter knew not what answer to make to this address, and few more words, indeed, passed between them, for a sudden conviction of the truth at once flashed on the old man's mind, which was confirmed by the guilt-speaking silence of the other. The following, we believe, is the true account of the drover's story:—About the time of his disappearance, he had become deeply involved in extensive bill transactions, and these, together with several severe losses in trade, placed the alternative before him, of either absconding with what money he still possessed, or of remaining to be stripped of every farthing, and thrown into jail. He determined on the former course, and, to prevent pursuit, devised the horrible contrivance—which, as we have seen, he too successfully executed—of throwing the imputation of his murder on some one. After abandoning his horse near the farm-steading of his victim, he fled to the hills, and traversed the country by the loneliest paths, to a distant sea-port on the Solway, whence he got across to Liverpool, and there took shipping for America, in a vessel which he had previously ascertained was on the eve of sailing. He was fully determined, he said, to return when he had made sufficient to satisfy his creditors; but his energies were blighted—nothing throve with him. He often seemed in a way of becoming rich, but some unexpected misfortune always destroyed his hopes. He was at last utterly ruined, lost his health, and was unable to work; and, finding himself, as he thought, dying, he procured a free passage in a homeward-bound vessel, in order, he said, to ask forgiveness of the man he had wronged so much, without which, he declared, he could not die in peace. On being asked why he did not prevent all that wrong by sending home some notification of his being alive, he alleged his fears of being pursued by some of his creditors. But it was too evident, from his manner, that this tardy reparation was not prompted by real contrition, but rather by the cunning of despair, and that, had he succeeded in his pursuits abroad, there would have been little probability of his ever returning to repair the mischief, both to character and property, he had perpetrated by his absconding. The old man saw this, and only saying that he forgave him, and prayed God to forgive him also, desired him to leave the house, and never vex his eyes with his presence more. The wretch, accordingly, departed.

He lived many years afterwards in the same district; and although generally loathed and despised, yet, strange to say, he found much less difficulty in supporting himself comfortably than the poor man he had ruined by treachery.

It is at once with shame, surprise, and regret, that we have to conclude this melancholy story by stating, that the injured old man has been suffered to drag on his existence, unnoticed, in that poverty and obscurity to which the crime of one, and the mistaken suspicions of the many, so undeservedly reduced him. Private charity may have done something to smooth his declining years; but we think—and we are confident the world will think with us—that the poor man who thus fell a victim to mistaken public prejudice, was, in common fairness, entitled to a reparation as public as the injury. Let us hope it will yet be done.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR THOMAS BROWN.

THIS distinguished modern philosophical writer, whose biography is intimately connected with the literary reputation of Scotland, was the son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of the parish of Kirkcubrecht, in the stewartry of Kirkcubright, and was born at the manse of that parish, January 9, 1778. Deprived of his father when between one and two years old, Thomas Brown was conveyed to Edinburgh, where for some years he lived under the charge of his widowed mother. By her he was taught the elements of learning at a singularly early age, acquiring the whole alphabet, it is said, by one effort, or, to use other words, in one lesson, and every thing else with the same amazing facility. When between four and five years of age, he was able to read the Scriptures, and also, it would appear, partly to understand them. One day, at that period of his life, he was found sitting on the floor of his mother's parlour, with a large family Bible on his knee, which he was dividing into different parts with his hand; being asked jocularly if he intended to preach, and was now choosing a text; he said, "No, I am only wishing to see what the Evangelists differ in; for they do not all give the same account of Christ." From the kindly tutelage of his mother he was removed in the seventh year of his age, and placed by his maternal uncle, Captain Smith, in a school at Camberwell, from which in a short time he was transferred to one at Chiswick, where he continued for some years. In these and two other academies he spent the years between seven and fourteen, and acquired a perfect classical education. In 1792, he returned to the maternal roof at Edinburgh, and commenced a course of attendance at the University.

At this period of his life he was deeply read in the English belles lettres, and had even collected a considerable library, which, however, was lost at sea in its passage from England to Scotland. Having gone to Liverpool to spend the vacation of 1793 with some friends, he became, boy as he was, the intimate friend of Dr Currie, the amiable biographer of Burns, who is believed to have been the first cause of his directing his mind to metaphysical studies, by placing in his hands the first volumes of Professor Dugald Stewart's "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," then just published. The impressions he received from this work were deepened next winter, when he attended its author's prelections in the moral philosophy class at Edinburgh College. Yet, much as he admired Professor Stewart, he did not fail, even at the early age of sixteen, to detect that deficiency of analysis which often lurks under the majestically flowing veil of his language and imagery. According to the Rev. Mr Welsh, whose very pleasing memoir of Dr Brown is here followed, the scholar took an early opportunity of presenting to his master a few remarks which he had thrown together in reference to one of his theories. "Those who remember the dignified demeanour of Mr Stewart in his class, which was calculated to convey the idea of one of those great and gifted men who were seen among the groves of the academy, will duly appreciate the boldness of our young philosopher. With great modesty he read his observations; to which Mr Stewart, with a candour that was to be expected from a philosopher, but which not the less on that account did him infinite honour, listened patiently, and then, with a smile of wonder and admiration, read to him a letter which he had received from the distinguished M. Prevost of Geneva, containing the same argument which Dr Brown had stated." This delightful incident was the commencement of an acquaintance between the master and the pupil, which led to more intimate relations, and only ended with the death of Dr Brown. The varied and profound acquisitions of this extraordinary young man soon attracted to him the attention and friendship of many other personages, distinguished by academic rank and literary reputation, especially Professors Robison, Playfair, and Black, and Messrs Horner, Leyden, Reddie, and Erskine. Ere he had completed his twentieth year, he was led, by the spirit of philosophical inquiry, to write "Observations upon Dr Darwin's Zoonomia," in a pamphlet which far surpassed the work which had called it forth. It appeared in 1798, and, while it excited astonishment in those who knew the years of the author, was received in other quarters as the work of a veteran in philosophy. Mr Welsh justly characterises it as one of the most remarkable exemplifications of premature intellect which has ever been exhibited, and states

that, though unfortunate in its object, and the exposure of an unworthy production, it is found to contain the germ of all Dr Brown's subsequent discoveries as to mind, and of those principles of philosophising by which he was guided in his future inquiries.

Dr Brown at this time belonged to an association of young men, which, whether from its peculiar object, the celebrity since acquired by several of its members, or one remarkable result of its existence, must be acknowledged as possessing no ordinary claims to attention. It was called the Academy of Physics, and its object is described in the minutes of its first meeting to have been, "the investigation of nature, the laws by which her phenomena are regulated, and the history of opinions concerning these laws." The first members were Messrs Brougham, Erskine, Reddie, Brown, Rogerson, Birbeck, Logan, and Leyden; to whom were afterwards joined Lord Webb Seymour, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and Messrs Horner, Jeffrey, and Gillespie. The Academy prosecuted its investigations with great assiduity and success for about three years; like many other clubs, the spirit in which it was originated began to change with the changed years and altered views of its members; it flagged, failed, and was finally broken up. The remarkable result of its existence, above alluded to, was the establishment of the Edinburgh Review: a work which has done more to attract attention to Scotland, from alien and distant minds, than perhaps any other, except the series of what are called the Waverley novels. The first writers in this work were Messrs Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Horner, and Brown. The leading article of the second number, upon Kant's Philosophy, was by the last of these gentlemen. Mr Brown, however, did not long continue to contribute; a misunderstanding with the gentleman who superintended the publication of the third number, regarding some liberties taken with one of his articles, was the cause of his retirement.

It is curious to trace the varied destinies of the bright minds which composed the Academy of Physics. At the time when this memoir is written (July 1831), Brougham is Lord Chancellor of England, not only by form and ceremony the first subject of the realm, but also, by virtue of his transcendent abilities, and the concurrence of circumstances, the dominant intellect of the land: Erskine, with taste and talent, has remained in the condition of a private gentleman: Mr Reddie, whose philosophic spirit and excellent sense might have fitted him for a more brilliant lot, became an advocate, and in that capacity, we believe, acts as the assessor or legal adviser of the city of Glasgow: Brown, after a splendid career, has sunk into a premature grave: Birbeck has attained the highest reputation as an expositor of practical science: Logan, by a fortune astonishing to his fellows, but not dishonourable to himself, has devoted his excellent faculties to the duties of a parish clergyman in Scotland: Leyden, Horner, and Gillespie, men who gained, in their various walks, more or less distinction, are consigned to the land of forgetfulness: Sydney Smith is, like Logan, a clergyman, and has sent forth from his parsonage in England many a brilliant article for the Edinburgh Review: and lastly, Jeffrey has just retired from the editorship of that work, which he had conducted for a quarter of a century, to assume the duties of a political character, the highest that he could bear within his native country.

Brown's first ideas as to a profession led him to choose the bar, and for a twelvemonth he prosecuted the dry studies of the law. An insurmountable repugnance, however, to this pursuit, caused him afterwards to study medicine. He obtained his degree of M. D. in 1803, on which occasion he was honoured with the highest commendations from Dr Gregory, not only for his proficiency in medical learning, but for the amazingly fluent and elegant style of his Latinity, of which no one could judge better than that learned professor, himself acknowledged to be the best Latinist of his time in Scotland. Previous to this period, namely, in 1800, when he was only twenty-two years of age, his friends had, unsuccessfully, endeavoured to obtain for him the chair of rhetoric; but a system by which the clergy of the university-seat were almost invariably preferred to the vacant chairs, blasted his hopes on this occasion.

Upon the promotion of Mr Playfair to the chair of natural philosophy, Mr Leslie competed for the vacant chair of mathematics, with a clergyman whose attainments in that study, though more than respectable, certainly could not be placed on an equality with those of the opposing candidate. The church party, knowing that they could not make out any superior qualifications in their candidate on the score of mathematics, endeavoured to produce the same effect by depreciating Mr Leslie's qualifications on the score of religion. Their proflay in a note to Mr Leslie's Essay on Heat, containing an expression of approbation respecting Hume's doctrine of causation. The canvass, which lay in the Town Council, was the cause of great excitement in the literary world, and for some time absorbed every other topic of discourse in Edinburgh. Dr Brown was tempted by his feelings on this subject to come forward with an essay, disproving the inferences which were drawn from Mr Leslie's note; an essay which, in a subsequent edition, he expanded into a complete treatise on cause and effect. Through the influence of this powerful appeal, and other similar expressions of public feeling, the patrons of the chair were shamed for once out of their usual prac-

tion, and Mr Leslie received the appointment. Dr Brown had before this period published two volumes of miscellaneous poems, which, though they did not meet with brilliant success, are yet to be admired as the effusions of an ingenious and graceful mind. In 1803, immediately after receiving his diploma, he began to practise as a physician, and he had hitherto met with considerable success. He was now (1806) taken into partnership by Dr Gregory, and for some time his attention was occupied more exclusively by his profession than was at all agreeable to one disposed like him to give up worldly advantages for the sake of a darling study. The prospect of an occupation more germane to his mind, opened up to him in the winter of 1808-9, when the state of Mr Stewart's health induced him to request the services of Mr Brown as his temporary substitute. The lectures which he delivered in this capacity attracted much attention, on account of his marvellous display of profound and original thought, of copious reading, of matchless ingenuity, and of the most admirable elocution; this last accomplishment having been acquired by Dr Brown in the ordinary course of his school studies. "The moral philosophy class at this period presented a very striking aspect. It was not a crowd of youthful students led into transports of admiration by the ignorant enthusiasm of the moment; distinguished members of the bench, of the bar, and of the pulpit, were daily present to witness the powers of this rising philosopher. Some of the most eminent of the professors were to be seen mixing with the students, and Mr Playfair, in particular, was present at every lecture. The originality, and depth, and eloquence of the lectures, had a very marked effect upon the young men attending the university, in leading them to metaphysical speculations."

The effect of these exhibitions was so great, that when Mr Stewart, two years after, expressed a wish to have Dr Brown officially conjoined to him in the chair of moral philosophy, the usual influence in favour of the clergy was overcome with little difficulty. From the commencement of the session of 1810-11, he acted as the substitute of Mr Stewart, who now retired to the country; and what is certainly very wonderful, he wrote the whole of his first course of lectures during the evenings which preceded the days on which they were delivered. After the first and most difficult step had been got over, Dr Brown obtained a little leisure to cultivate that poetical vein which had all along been one of his own favourite exercises of thought; and accordingly, in 1814, he published his largest versified work, entitled "The Paradise of Coquettes." As this poem appeared anonymously, its success, which was considerable, must have given him high gratification. He was, therefore, tempted next year to bring forth another, under the title of "The Wanderer in Norway." The health of Dr Brown had never been good; and it was now the annual custom of this amiable and gifted being to retire during the summer vacation to some sequestered and beautiful nook of his romantic native land, in order to enjoy the country air and exercise. Sometimes he would plant himself in some Swiss-like spot, hanging between Highland and Lowland, such as the village of Logie in Glendevon. At other times he would lose himself in the woody solitudes of Dunkeld. He had all his life a fondness for romantic and rugged scenery, amidst which he would occasionally expose himself to considerable risks. Walking was his favourite exercise, as he was thus able to pause and admire a rock, a wild-flower, a brook, or whatever else of beautiful presented itself. To his gentle and affectionate heart, one object always appealed with irresistible power—namely, a cottage smoking amidst trees: he never could pass a scene of that kind without pausing to ruminate upon the inexplicable sympathy which it seems to find in almost every breast. Though possessing a heart as open as day-light, the weakly health of Dr Brown, and the abstraction of his studies, seem to have checked that exuberant feeling which assumes the form called love: it is the impression of one of his surviving friends that he never experienced that sensation, at least to any extent worthy of the name. His affections were devoted to his mother, his sisters, nature, books, studies, literary fame.

In 1817, his feelings sustained a dreadful shock in the death of the former relative, who had been his first instructress, and to whom he bore an affection bordering upon reverence. Her remains were first placed in a vault in Edinburgh, and at the end of the winter session moved to the family burying-ground in the old church-yard of Kirkmabreck. This romantic and secluded spot Dr Brown had always viewed with great interest. A few years before, in visiting his father's grave, he had been altogether overcome, and when he saw the earth closing in upon all that remained of a mother that was so dear to him, "and the long grassy mantle cover all," his distress was such as to affect every person who saw him. In 1818, Dr Brown published a poetical tale, entitled "Agnes." But his reputation in this walk of literature was not on the increase. His mind by no means wanted poetical feeling and imagery, but he never could prevent the philosopher from intruding upon his warmest visions, and accordingly there is a decided tameness in all its verses. It may be said, that, if he had not been a great philosopher, he would have been a greater poet; and, on the other hand, if he had not attempted poetry, at least his *living* reputation as a philosopher would have been somewhat enhanced. Towards the

end of 1819, the ill health of Dr Brown began to assume an alarming aspect, and early in the ensuing year he found himself so weak as to be obliged to appoint a substitute to deliver his lectures. This substitute was Mr John Stewart, another of the devotees of science, and, like himself, destined soon to sink prematurely beneath the weight of intellectual exertion. Of Brown it might truly be said, that an active spirit had worn out the slender and attenuated frame in which it was enshrined. At the recommendation of his physicians, he took a voyage to London, and established himself at Brompton, then a healthy village in the vicinity, but now nearly involved in the spreading masses of the great city. Here he gradually grew weaker and weaker, until the 2d of April, when he gently breathed his last.

"Among the more prominent features of Dr Brown's character (says his reverend biographer), may be enumerated the greatest gentleness, and kindness, and delicacy of mind, united with the noblest independence of spirit; a generous admiration of every thing affectionate or exalted in character; a manly contempt for every thing mean; a detestation for every thing that even bordered on tyranny and oppression; a truly British love of liberty, and the most ardent desire for the diffusion of knowledge, and happiness, and virtue, among mankind." In private life he was possessed of almost every quality which renders society delightful, and was indeed remarkable for nothing more than for the love of home and the happiness he shed around him there. It was ever his strongest wish to make every one who was with him happy; his exquisite delicacy of perception gave him a quick fore-feeling of whatever might be hurtful to any one; and his wit, his varied information, his classical taste, and, above all, his mild and gentlemanly manners, and his truly philosophic evenness of temper, diffused around him the purest and most refined enjoyment. Of almost universal knowledge, acquired by the most extensive reading, and by wide intercourse with the world, there was no topic of conversation to which he seemed a stranger. "In the philosophic love of truth, and in the patient investigation of it, Dr Brown may be pronounced as at least equal, and in subtlety of intellect and powers of analysis, as superior to any metaphysician that ever existed."

DIAMOND MINES OF BRAZIL.

SOME years ago, Mr Mawe visited Brazil, in South America, and on his return to England published an account of his travels in that country. Among other interesting notices of places, he gives his readers a description of the mines from whence the diamonds are dug; and the mode in which these valuable stones are procured from the rubbish, or *cascalhao*, in which they are embedded, is curious, and worthy of attention. The diamond mines are situated on a river somewhat about the size of the Thames; and from the stream, aqueducts or canals are formed for bringing the water into the workings, to wash the diamonds. The process of washing takes place in troughs placed in the canals, and the operators are negro slaves, the property of individuals who let them out on hire for this species of labour, at the rate of about eightpence a-day. According to Mr Mawe—

"On the heap of *cascalhao*, at equal distances, are placed three high chairs for the officers or overseers. After they are seated, the negroes enter the troughs, each provided with a rake of a peculiar form and short handle, with which he rakes into the trough about fifty or eighty pounds weight of *cascalhao*. The water being then let in upon it, the *cascalhao* is spread abroad, and continually raked up to the head of the trough, so as to be kept in constant motion. This operation is performed for the space of a quarter of an hour; the water then begins to run clearer; having washed the earthy particles away, the gravel-like matter is raked up to the end of the trough; after the current flows away quite clear, the largest stones are thrown out, and afterwards those of inferior size; then the whole is examined with great care for diamonds. When a negro finds one, he immediately stands upright and claps his hands, then extends them, holding the gem between his fore-finger and thumb; an overseer receives it from him, and deposits it in a bowl, suspended from the centre of the structure, half full of water. In this vessel all the diamonds found in the course of the day are placed, and at the close of the work are taken out and delivered to the principal officer, who, after they have been weighed, registers the particulars in a book kept for that purpose.

When a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of an octavo (17½ carats), much ceremony takes place; he is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom, by paying his owner for it. He also receives a present of new clothes, and is permitted to work on his own account. When a stone of eight or ten carats is found, the negro receives two new shirts, a complete new suit, with a hat and a handsome knife. For smaller stones of trivial amount proportionate premiums are given. During my stay

at Tejuco a stone of 16½ carats was found: it was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers that it might prove heavy enough to entitle the poor negro to his freedom, and when, on being delivered and weighed, it proved only a carat short or the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathise in his disappointment.

Many precautions are taken to prevent the negroes from embezzling diamonds. Although they work in a bent position, and consequently never know whether the overseers are watching them or not, yet it is easy for them to omit gathering any which they see, and to place them in a corner of the trough for the purpose of secreting them at leisure hours, to prevent which, they are frequently changed while the operation is going on. A word of command being given by the overseers, they instantly move into each other's troughs, so that no opportunity of collusion can take place. If a negro be suspected of having swallowed a diamond, he is confined in a strong room until the fact can be ascertained. Formerly, the punishment inflicted on a negro for smuggling diamonds was confiscation of his person to the state: but it being thought too hard for the owner to suffer for the offence of his servant, the penalty has been commuted for personal imprisonment and chastisement. This is a much lighter punishment than that which their owners or any white man would suffer for a similar offence.

There is no particular regulation respecting the dress of the negroes; they work in the clothes most suitable to the nature of their employment, generally in a waistcoat and a pair of drawers, and not naked, as some travellers have stated. Their hours of labour are from a little before sunrise until sunset, half an hour being allowed for breakfast, and two hours at noon. While washing, they change their posture as often as they please, which is very necessary, as the work requires them to place their feet on the edges of the trough, and to stoop considerably. This posture is particularly prejudicial to young growing negroes, as it renders them in-kneed. Four or five times during the day they all rest, when snuff, of which they are very fond, is given to them.

The negroes are formed into working parties, called troops, containing two hundred each, under the direction of an administrator and inferior officers. Each troop has a clergyman and a surgeon to attend it. With respect to the subsistence of the negroes, although the present governor has in some degree improved it by allowing a daily portion of fresh beef, which was not allowed by his predecessors, yet I am sorry to observe that it is still poor and scanty; and in other respects they are more hardly dealt with than those of any other establishment which I visited: notwithstanding this, the owners are all anxious to get their negroes into the service.

The officers are liberally paid, and live in a style of considerable elegance, which a stranger would not be led to expect in so remote a place. Our tables were daily covered with a profusion of excellent viands, served up on fine Wedgewood ware, and the state of their household generally corresponded with this essential part of it. They were ever ready to assist me in my examination of the works, and freely gave me all the necessary information respecting them."

THE SAILOR'S ORPHANS.

WE have much pleasure in noticing with commendation a volume, published in the course of last year, entitled "Real Life,"* in which are happily developed, through the medium of a series of simple stories and anecdotes, a variety of traits of character chiefly in humble life or among the peasantry of Scotland. The following, which is the opening piece, will be found to possess some natural and affecting touches:—

My first recollections of life are those of misery—my mother lying on her bed sobbing in wild grief—the house dark and desolate—my little sister and myself cold and hungry, and wailing, we knew not why, and no one caring for us. Perhaps all our distinct recollections of early life resemble pictures. They represent but one instant of time; and let us look back on them when we may, we always see the same people in exactly the same attitudes, the same dresses, the same expressions of face. At this moment, while I write, I see my mother stretched in an agony of grief upon the bed. I hear the convulsive fetches of her breath. I see the confused dreary apartment—the grate full of ashes, and no fire—an unwashed pan upon the hearth, with the lid half off, and covered with dust—a beam of cold pale light glinting down the chimney upon bits of broken plaster and half-burnt sticks, and think I yet feel the cold, damp, sooty air blow on my cheek. This last impression is so strong, that I have never since felt the same dismal blast but I thought it the very smell of desolation and despair.

The next picture that memory has presented is my mother sitting with her motionless wheel before her pale and motionless figure; her eyes gazing on vacancy, and the untwined thread suspended in her fingers. I see the outer door open slowly and softly, and light from a little black cruize, which hung near the fire, fall full on the benevolent countenance, and the high,

* From Chambers's Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen.

* Waugh and Innes Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

white, unwrinkled brow of Simon the travelling merchant. He stood there a moment, looking on my mother, who did not perceive him. I see him still in my mind's eye stepping gently and silently into the house, and hear my mother's wild scream, when she at length observed him. He sat down by her, spoke to her kindly, and took my poor little alarmed and bewildered sister and myself on his knees, caressing us and giving us gingerbread from his great pocket. Few people are aware of the value of kindness of manner to a child, or how deeply a fond look, or word, or kiss, sinks into their little warm hearts in such situations as we then were. I was too young to understand what Simon or my mother were saying; but I remember her face turned upon us, her large dark eyes widely opened, and in a tone of agony uttering the words "wretched orphans." I did not know what that meant, but guessed it to be something very frightful. The slight and scattered glimpses of light thrown by my memory on a time so long past, only enable me to recollect, that from that night we were never again so unhappy. Simon saw my mother again, comforted her, and she began to work busily, and was once more occupied with the care of my sister and myself.

I now know that this dear mother was married, when a mere girl, to a young sailor, and that he perished in a great naval engagement, leaving an orphan widow, under twenty years of age, with two infant orphans to support. Simon had been at a distance when the news of our misfortune arrived, but, on returning to his home, not far from ours, immediately came to pour the blessed balm of at once heavenly and earthly consolation into the wounded heart. He arranged plans with my mother for her future comfort and conduct, procured the arrears of my father's pay and prize-money, and, through his vivid representations of our case to some of the neighbouring gentry, obtained a small pension for the brave young sailor's widow and orphans. I remember him arriving one sunny morning with a pick and spade over his shoulder, and a great bundle of willow slips under his arm, to put the little yard belonging to our lonely hut in order, and to mend its fence. He always took me along with him to all such pieces of work; taught me to be useful and careful; to weed and to water the new planted kail and willows, and the new-sown turnips; to pick up all sticks, and stones, and litter; and to exert my almost infant strength and activity at once agreeably and usefully. He spoke to me continually; gave me encouragement and applause for all my little feats of ingenuity or agility, and, above all, for any traits of consideration or exertion of thought and reason that I chanced to display. My mother did not sit idle while another was working for her. With great natural abilities, sound sense, and a true independent Scottish heart, joined to much docility, she soon roused herself from the apathy of despair into which she was sinking at the time Simon came to see her. She worked incessantly and usefully; and the worthy man, delighted to find his endeavours to serve her crowned with such success, redoubled his kindness and affection. He brought my sister a weaned calf, which he called her tocher. This she and I concluded was the name of the animal, and it never after got any other. This calf proved the source of wealth to the whole family, and set us completely above want.

After his return from every journey, Simon came to see us, and was ever the forerunner of joy and comfort. His very looks, his mere presence, was comfort. But, besides, he always found something in each to praise and approve. He had always something to show, or tell, or teach; and he set every thing to rights that was beyond our skill or strength. He taught me to plait and then prune the willow fence, and to make baskets of the prunings—a most useful lesson, and easily learned. He also taught me another still easier and as useful—it was, never to leave litter of any kind at my heels, but to carry at once every sort of rubbish to its own proper place. Stones he heaped in one unoccupied corner, there to lie till they were needed. Weeds, sticks, stalks, and blades, were all laid in another heap to decay, and afterwards to be used as manure. "Child," he said, "put nothing to waste; every thing on earth has its use. Only teach yourself betimes to keep every thing where it ought to be, and you will know where to find it; and there will be neither confusion, nor waste, nor time lost, breaking your bones tumbling over rubbish, or hunting for what is destroyed through want of order." My mother had brought us up in such perfect obedience, from the earliest hours of our existence, that contention and discontent were utterly unknown in the house. No scolding—no punishments—my sister and I had not an idea or a wish but to do instantly what we were desired. Thus we were easily taught; and I learned to read so early, and so gradually, and with so little trouble, that I scarcely remember when or how it was; but it is associated in my memory with my mother's love and caresses.

It seems to me that I can look back on a very long period of time in which Simon was our active and never-failing friend. But I can give no narrative of those years, even were the life of a herd-boy likely to afford subjects for narration. Simon provided me with books to read, when, with no companion but my dog, I was at my lonely occupation of herding cattle, sent out to graze among ill-fenced fields; and at night I attended with my sister a school, where we learned

writing and arithmetic. The praises of my master awakened many ambitious feelings in my mind, and these might have led to much mischief, but Simon soon after took me as his servant to learn farm-work; and in the intervals of his journeys, perhaps perceiving the aspirations of my heart, took occasion to tell me what had been his own destination in early life. His father, who had been all his days a pedlar, had acquired so much money as to afford his son a good and even a learned education, intending him, of course, for the church. Through all the preparatory schools, Simon passed with credit to himself, and, at eighteen years of age, was sent to college. There, though the expense of the various classes was very great in comparison with the country schools, it could and would have been borne without murmur or surprise, because it was expected; but even Simon's father, accustomed to buy, and sell, and calculate, had not calculated on such an expense as had actually and unavoidably accumulated before the close of the season, when all came to be summed up. But that was not all. Simon always saw with his eyes and heard with his ears, and every sense pressed conviction on his heart, that, except in very particular circumstances, the learned professions are not for a poor man's son. Where the bent to any particular profession is very strong, and the capacity for acquiring the preliminary branches indisputable, who shall venture to oppose the powerful dictates of nature? Yet, even in this rare case, what father and mother would not dread for their son the long apprenticeship of privation, and temptation, and penury, and mortification, and toil! But, in all ordinary cases, merely because a poor man has been blessed with a son of such good talents, as, by the help of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as an outset, would fit him for an apprentice or clerk in any of the respectable trades or occupations of life, is not satisfied with that, but becomes immediately possessed with the vain desire of making him a minister, he shows in the very wish that he is utterly ignorant of the course to be pursued, every step of which would prove to him a step towards misery and ruin. "It is a possession!" cried Simon, driving his spade deeper in the clod, and letting it stand there for a time; "I say it is nothing but a possession. It is the delusion of the enemy in the semblance of an angel of light to wile poor mortals to misery and ruin! What I have seen, in that one session at college, of human wretchedness! I might add, of vice, but that is best untold; poverty is ill enough without it! How many wretched lads did I there see!

"Among these future doctors and ministers, however, I soon began to distinguish between those who wore the symbols of honest poverty alone, untainted with reckless vulgarity and dirt. Our pursuits and rank being the same, with many of these I became acquainted; and that was the time when I learned what is suffered by lads, even of the highest talents, and unpolluted with a single vice, when thrust, by their own misguided ambition, or the deluding fondness and vanity of their parents, into situations of expense which their humble means are utterly unable to support. There it was I first knew some who had nearly finished their studies and their lives: the body worn to a shadow—the kind, noble heart sunk into despondency by want and woe—and the bright intellect strained to the verge of insanity by over-exertion, surrounded by poverty, and anxiety, and starvation!" Simon's voice trembled with emotion as he spoke. He stood a minute silent, and then resumed his spade, with a cloud on his brow, very unlike the usual sun-bright expression which characterised his face. It was long before he spoke again, and when he did, he abruptly began the same subject which it appeared he had mentally pursued. "That was my first and last season at college. I laboured hard—made all the improvement I could; and, when the session was over, bade it, and every thought of being made a gentleman, farewell. I gratefully thanked my good father for what he had already done for me, but, by an account of what I had seen among my fellow-students, effectually cured him of the wish to make his son a minister."

No man was ever better entitled to direct and advise than Simon; for in all things he practised his own lessons, and exacted far more of himself than of others. If ever it might be said of any mere man, I might dare to say of him, that he went about continually doing good. I loved him and revered him from my infancy as a father, and of late had begun to repeat that honoured title more tenderly in my heart, for it was mingled there with another, and that other was the name of Simon's daughter. I loved, I suppose, as other boys love; though, of course, I thought no boy or man had ever loved like me. Simon, probably, was aware of my feelings before I knew them myself, and soon spoke to me with all the frankness of his upright guileless heart. He threw no obstacles to torment or provoke me to fly in the face of reason and duty; but he calmly explained the enormity of people marrying before having the means of providing for a family—a crime which he illustrated by many a woeful example; and, after pointing out, and placing me on the road through which I might, by my own efforts, obtain these means, we went on peacefully, like father and son, as before. He gave me the management, first of a part, and then of all his farm, during his summer journeys, and also encouraged me to take a small portion of it into my own hands, for which I paid him rent like Jacob. I served him seven years, and they

seemed to me but as seven days. I was not, like Jacob, cheated at the end of them; for these labours had their effect, and enabled me to acquire a legal title to call Simon father. That I have been happy beyond the common lot, will be easily believed, when I say that Simon's daughter is worthy of her parentage.

Years have rolled on; how rapidly they roll, and with ever-increasing speed! Still they have found me a blest and happy man, in spite of an ordinary portion of the troubles and sorrows of this scene of trial.

DIVISIONS OF THE GLOBE.

THE natural division of the surface of the globe is into sea and land, about three-fourths of the whole being occupied by water, although probably nowhere to a depth beyond two or three miles. The remaining fourth consists of land elevated more or less above the level of the sea, interspersed in some parts with smaller collections of water at various heights, and in a few instances somewhat lower than the general surface of the main ocean. Thus, the Caspian Sea is said to be about three hundred feet lower than the ocean, and in the interior part of Africa there is probably a lake equally depressed. We cannot observe any general symmetry in this distribution of the earth's surface, except that the two large continents of Africa and South America have some slight resemblance in their forms, and that each of them is terminated to the eastward by a collection of numerous islands. The large capes projecting to the southward have also a similarity with respect to their form, and the islands near them. To the west, the continents are excavated into large bays, and the islands are to the east. Thus, Cape Horn has the Falkland Islands; the Cape or Good Hope, Madagascar; and Cape Comorin, Ceylon to the east. The great continent, composed of Europe, Asia, and Africa, constitutes about a seventh of the whole surface of the earth; America, about a sixteenth; and New South Wales, about a fifth; or, in hundredth parts of the whole, Europe contains two; Asia, seven; Africa, six; America, six; and Australia, two; the remaining seventy-seven being sea; although some authors assign seventy-two parts only out of one hundred to the sea, and twenty-eight to the land. These proportions may be ascertained with tolerable accuracy, by weighing the paper made for covering a globe, first entire, and then cut out, according to the terminations of the different countries. Or, if still greater accuracy were required, the greater part of the continents might be divided into known portions of the whole surface, and their remaining irregular portions alone weighed. It will be seen, even by a superficial glance at an artificial globe, that the great preponderance of land lies towards the northern hemisphere or half; all the continents lie in this direction, and to the south is a wide expanse of ocean, studded with numerous small and scattered groups of islands. It will be observed, too, that the continents stretch from the north pole towards the equator and south pole, or parallel to the lines of longitude, not across or parallel to the equator. The general inclinations and levels of the continents are discovered by the course of their rivers. Of these the principal are, the river of Amazons, the Senegal, the Nile, the river St Lawrence, the Hoanho, the river La Plata, the Jenisei, the Mississippi, the Volga, the Oby, the Amur, the Orinoko, the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Danube, the Don, the Indus, the Dnieper, and the Dwina; and this is said to be nearly the order of their magnitudes.

We may form a pretty accurate idea of the levels of the ancient continent, by tracing a line across it in such a direction as to pass no river, which will obviously point out a tract of country higher than most of the neighbouring parts. Beginning at Cape Finisterre, we soon arrive at the Pyrenees, keeping to the south of the Garonne and the Loire. After taking a long turn northwards to avoid the Rhine, we come to Switzerland; and we may approach very near to the Mediterranean in the state of Genoa, taking care not to pass the branches of the Po. We make a circuit in Switzerland, and pass between the sources of the Danube and of the branches of the Rhine in Swabia. Crossing Franconia, we leave Bohemia to the north, in order to avoid the Elbe, and coming near to the borders of Austria, follow those of Hungary to the south of the Vistula. The Dnieper then obliges us to go northward through Lithuania, leaving the Don wholly to the right, and the Volga, to pass still farther north between Petersburg and Moscow. We may then go eastwards to the boundaries of Asia, and thence northwards to Nova Zembla. Hence we descend to the west of the Oby, and then to the east of the branches of the Volga, and the other inland rivers flowing into the Lake Arel and the Caspian Sea. Here we are situated in the widely extended elevation of India, in the neighbourhood of the sources of the Indus; and, lastly, in our way from hence towards Kamschatka, we leave the Jenisei and Lena on the left, and the Ganges, &c., on the right. The direction of the most conspicuous mountains is, however, a little different from this. The principal chain first constitutes the Pyrenees, and divides Spain from France; then passes through Auvergne to join the Alps, and through the south of Germany, Dalmatia,

Albania, and Macedonia. It is found again beyond the Euxine, under the names of Taurus, Caucasus, and Imaus, and goes on to Tartary and Kamschatka. The peninsula of India is divided from north to south by the mountains of Gate, extending from the extremity of Caucasus to Cape Comorin. In Africa, Mount Atlas stretches from Fez to Egypt, and the mountains of the moon run nearly in the same direction. There is also a considerable elevation between the Nile and the Red Sea. In the New World, the neighbourhood of the western coast is in general the most elevated. In North America, the Blue Mountains or Sony Mountains are the most considerable, and the mountains of Mexico join the Andes or Cordeliers, which are continued along the whole of the west coast of South America. There are several points in both hemispheres, from which we may observe rivers separating to run to different seas. The highest mountains in the world are the Himalaya range in Asia, which are upwards of twenty-eight thousand feet; Chimborazo, in America, twenty-one thousand; the Abyssinian mountains in Africa, from ten to fifteen thousand; Mont Blanc, in Switzerland, fifteen thousand; and the Appenines, upwards of nine thousand feet. The plains of Quito, in Peru, are so much elevated, that the barometer stands at the height of fifteen inches only, which at the level of the sea stands at thirty inches: thus the air is there reduced to half its density. But none of these heights is equal to a thousandth part of half the earth's diameter, and the greatest of these might be represented as grains of sand on a six-inch globe.

The internal parts of the body of the earth are little known from actual observation, as the deepest mines or excavations are comparatively as but scratches on the end of an apple. The real density of the earth, then, beyond the mere surface, is but matter of conjecture. From observations on the attraction of the mountain Shehallion, Dr Maskelyne supposed the actual mean density of the earth throughout all its mass to be to that of water as $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, judging from the probable density of the internal substance of the mountain, which he supposed to be a solid rock. Mr Cavendish has concluded more directly, from experiments on a mass of lead, that the mean density of the earth is to that of water as $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. This density assigned by Mr Cavendish is not at all greater than might be conjectured, from observations on the vibrations of pendulums. The great Newton had long ago advanced it as a probable supposition, that the mean density of the earth might be about five or six times as great as that of water, and the perfect agreement of the result of many modern experiments with this conjecture, affords us a new proof, in addition to many others, of the accuracy and penetration of that illustrious philosopher.

THE HOUSES OF THE ROMANS.

In the early ages of Rome the houses were merely thatched cottages. After the city was burnt by the Gauls, they were built in a more spacious and convenient style, and of more substantial materials; but so great was the haste to have them erected, that no attention was paid to the regularity of the streets. Every one set down his habitation according to his own taste or fancy.

The success of the Roman arms in Greece served to introduce an immense improvement in the Roman architecture, and towards the Augustan era, Rome might well boast of the magnificence of her buildings. During the reign of Augustus, the improvements seem to have been conducted on a very extensive scale, and to have justified the emperor in exclaiming, that he had found Rome of brick and had left it of marble. Still, however, the streets continued narrow and crooked, and the houses were for the most part of wood, generally of three stories, and very inconvenient. A dreadful conflagration in the reign of Nero reduced the greatest part of Rome to ashes, but it was soon after rebuilt with increased splendour. The streets were made of greater width, and laid out with more regularity, and the height of the houses was restricted to a certain standard. Every house was ordered to be isolated, and to be built of stone, so as to be less subject to destruction by fire. This also contributed to the health and magnificence of Rome, though there were many at the time who censured the improvements, and pretended that the narrow streets and lofty houses produced an agreeable shade in the heat of summer, and rendered the city both pleasant and salubrious. We have heard the same argument urged at Barcelona, Nice, and Genoa, at the present day; yet in each of these towns the streets are widened, whenever it is practicable to do so.

When a house was occupied by several families, Adam says it was called *insula*, or island. But we are rather inclined to think that an island meant, as it still does in the south of France, the houses enclosed within four streets. *Domus* was the name given to what we call in Scotland a self-contained house.

The principal parts of a house were—

The *VESTIBULE*, an open space in front of the gate. The vestibule of the golden palace of Nero was so extensive, that it had three porticos, each a mile in length, and which enclosed a large basin of water, surrounded by so many buildings, that they presented the appearance of a town.

The *DOOR*, made in general of different kinds of wood, such as cedar, cypress, elm, and oak, but some-

times of iron or of brass. The doors of the temples were often inlaid with ivory and gold. They were in general elevated above the street by a flight of steps, at least this was the case in the temples, and, in all probability, also in the houses of Rome, though the doors of the houses of Pompeii are found on a level with the footpaths. The door opened inwards, like those used by us; but among the Greeks, and in order to confer honour on meritorious citizens among the Romans, it was made to open outwards. Hence arose the custom, when a person intended going out of a house, of knocking on the door, to warn those who were passing by to get out of the way—a circumstance which serves to explain some passages of the dramatic authors of that period. A slave, usually in chains, acted as porter; he bore in his hand a bludgeon, and had by his side a dog, chained up like himself. On his lodge was painted *cave canem* (beware of the dog). Dogs were often employed to guard the temples. Old women were also sometimes employed as porters. On days of rejoicing, such as on the birth of a child, the doors were ornamented with flowers and branches of trees, and in the evening were illuminated. By a decree of the senate, branches of laurel were suspended at the door, and a garland of oak-leaves was placed on the summit of the palace of Augustus. Tiberius declined this honour.

When the door was shut, it was secured by bolts and locks; sometimes two bolts were used, one above, and the other below. The lock seems to have been moveable, like our padlock. Knockers or bells appear to have been generally used.

The gate served as an entrance to the *HALL*, three sides of which were supported on pillars. The side opposite to the entrance was fitted up as the library, where the family archives were kept. The hall was the principal bed-chamber, and the spot where domestic manufactures were carried on. In ancient times it served as the kitchen, and the place where the family supped. It was also the room where the noble families kept the statues of their ancestors, and received company. It was ornamented with paintings, statues, and valuable furniture, and was divided by curtains. Visitors were received into these divisions according to their rank. A blazing wood fire was always kept in it, and it was the duty of the porter to provide the necessary fuel. The Romans seem to have had no chimnies, and were sadly annoyed with smoke: hence the month of December was called *smoky*, on account of the fires which were then necessary. They seem to have made use of portable stoves to heat the different parts of the house; and in the time of Seneca, the plan of heating the upper floors from below, by means of pipes built in the walls, was discovered.

The *COURT-YARD* was in general open, but sometimes surmounted with a roof which admitted the light; it was always of smaller size than the hall. The slave who had charge of it acted as the overseer of his companions in servitude.

The *BED-CHAMBERS* were of two classes, the one for reposing in during the day, and the other during the night. In general, these had anti-chambers, and presses for containing a few books. A curtain was sometimes suspended before the door, which was drawn aside when any one entered. The slaves who superintended them were also accustomed to announce the arrival of visitors, to whom the emperors often gave audience in their bed-chambers.

At the top of the house was erected a small apartment which faced the sun, and served as a place of retirement, or a *look-out*, such as is yet to be seen in the south of Spain. But the architecture and interior arrangements of the houses varied at different periods, and according to the taste of the different proprietors.

The houses of Rome, previous to the war of Pyrrhus, were covered with boards, but afterwards with tiles; and, according to Vitruvius, and from what remains of ancient monuments, these must have been of a large size, not less than two feet broad. Seneca speaks of a garret covered with one single tile. In the war against Marc Antony, the senators were taxed at the rate of ten asses (about 1s. English) for every tile on their roof: hence it was of course desirable to have them of as large dimensions as possible. The roof seems to have been angular, as are ours at present. The fronts of the temples were ornamented with a pediment, on which were inscriptions and statues. The senate granted liberty to Julius Cæsar to add a pediment to his house, and to ornament it in the same manner. The night before his death, his wife Calpurnia dreamt that these ornaments had fallen down.

In early times the houses were lighted by simple openings in the walls, furnished with wooden shutters, and sometimes with curtains. Nets were at times made use of to keep out noxious insects, and, as is still to be seen in the south of Europe, awnings, to afford shade from the glare of the sun. Under the first emperors, flakes of talc began to be employed in windows, in the same manner as glass with us. Its use was, however, confined to the principal apartments of great houses, gardens, porticos, litters, &c. Glass was used for various purposes, but not in windows until the fourth century, when St Jerome speaks of it as being then in use. The bronze frames discovered at Pompeii may have been filled with talc, and the fragments of large panes of glass found there, may have been covered over during one of the later eruptions of Vesuvius, by which Pompeii was destroyed.

At the same period, the Romans paved their floors with small pieces of stone or marble of different colours, neatly joined together; they also covered the walls with marble slabs. The ceilings were often gilded, painted, or inlaid with ivory. Nero is said to have constructed one in his dining-room, which shifted, and presented a new figure every time a change of service was introduced.

We shall conclude the subject with a few remarks on the value and annual rent of some of the Roman houses. Cicero bought the house of Crassus, for which he paid L.28,255. Messala paid for that of Marc Antony, L.352,786. Domitius valued his at L.48,437. That of Claudius cost L.119,480. The country house of M. Scaurus, which was burnt by his slaves, was valued, along with some other articles, at L.807,299. The golden palace of Nero must have cost an immense sum, since Octo spent L.403,645 in finishing only a part of it. The rise in the value of property was excessive in the course of a few years. The house of Marius, which Cornelia had purchased for L.2420, was resold soon after to Lucullus for L.16,150. The house of Lepidus, which, during his consulate, was considered one of the most elegant in Rome, only stood in the hundredth rank thirty-five years afterwards. It is conjectured, from what Suetonius says, that people of moderate fortune in the time of Cæsar rented houses at L.16, 3s. per annum. The rent which Coelius paid was L.242.—From a periodical work.

ODDS AND ENDS OF SUBJECTS.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

Throughout the province of New Granada, in South America, it is the custom, on certain festival days, to erect in front of the principal church a sort of artificial grave, in which are placed birds of the most beautiful plumage, animals remarkable for their shape or size, and wild beasts, both dead and living. In order to render this sacred exhibition as rich as possible, all the hunters of the neighbourhood are for some time previous employed in scouring the country in search of rare animals, in which laudable undertaking each parish endeavours to outdo the others. By this means the show is often magnificently supplied, and furnishes naturalists with the means of advancing the interests of science.

SATIRICAL REPROOF.

Malherbe, who prided himself on his blunt honesty, was one day shown by a courtier some poetry, which stated that France moved out of her place to receive her king. "Now this must have happened in my lifetime," said Malherbe; "but, upon my word, sir, I do not recollect it."

MAUNDAY THURSDAY CUSTOMS.

The custom with the kings of England of giving presents, or charity, on Maunday Thursday, to a number of persons corresponding with the number of years the king has lived, seems to have had its origin in the East. The princes of Hindostan have done the same thing on their birth-day as far back as history extends. The pensioners of the latter, however, were not merely interested in the age of the king, but in the bulk (supposed, we presume, to indicate the prosperity of his affairs) attained by the royal persons. The king was weighed against a quantity of gold, quicksilver, perfumes, and other valuable substances, which, after the balance was nicely adjusted, were given away. The presents depending on age, consisted of sheep, goats, fowls, &c.

THE BROWN BEAR.

On the 26th May 1823, a son of Mr Adam Millar, about seventeen years of age, of Troy township, near Cleveland, Ohio, America, had occasion to pass through a piece of wood, which extended about four miles. Having proceeded about a mile, he discovered at a short distance a bear and three cubs. Being entirely destitute of weapons of defence, he tried to frighten them off, by hallooing; but the old bear immediately made towards him, and he sprang to a sapling, about ten inches in diameter, and free of limbs to the height of forty feet. This he ascended, and the bear followed. At the height of ten or twelve feet she was so near as to receive a kick, and she slipped to the bottom. She immediately reascended, while he exerted himself to climb beyond her reach; but she again overtook him, and, as he kicked at her, she tore his right foot badly, took off his shoe, and then fell to the ground. She then followed him up the third time, and fell without doing him any injury. He had now ascended the sapling about twenty feet; but the old bear was soon at his heels the fourth time, caught his left foot, and both fell together. On reaching the ground, the bear started from him about a rod, when he recovered and ran; she followed thirty or forty rods, and gave up the chase, and the young man reached home in safety.

EDINBURGH: Published, weekly, by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 19, Waterloo Place; ORA & SMITH, Paternoster-row, London; and W. CURRY, Jun. & Co., Dublin. Agent in Glasgow, JOHN MACLEOD, 20, Argyle Street; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct branch of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.—Subscribers in Edinburgh may have these papers left at their houses as they appear, by giving their addresses at 19, Waterloo Place, and paying subscriptions for a quarter, a half year, or a year, in advance.—Price of a quarter of the Journal, 1s. 6d.

Typography executed by W. and R. CHAMBERS; stereotyped by A. KIRKWOOD; and printed by BALLANTYNE and COMPANY, Paul's Walk.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 91. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1833. PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the 54th number of the Journal appeared an article under this title, in which we commenced a topographical sketch of that part of the county of Ayr which derives interest from the life and poetry of Robert Burns; mized up with anecdotes of persons and things noticed in his writings. In that article, it may be recollected, we were only able to advert to the district near Alloway Kirk, where the poet was born, and spent the first few years of his life. We now propose to glance at the vale of the Ayr, where he lived from his seventeenth to his twenty-seventh year (1777-1786), and wrote all those poems which first obtained him distinction in the world.

The valley of the Ayr may be described as a large tract of open swelling country, extending from the county town, to which the river gives its name, and where it falls into the sea, to the uplands which divide Ayrshire from Clydesdale. The country has that striking peculiarity observable in the neighbourhood of the Esk at Roslin, and other rivers in Scotland: it is high and level, and preserves one uniform character every where, except on the immediate brink of the river, where in many places are found precipitous and rocky banks, as if the water had worn a chasm for itself, or been directed into one previously formed by some tremendous convulsion of nature. The deep sections of red sandstone thus exposed to the air, shagged with bushes growing from the fissures—the grand downward sweep of old woods which clothes the less rocky banks—the deep black pools of the hermit river, as he steals on pensively and obscurely to the sea—altogether form a tract of scenery which is hardly surpassed by any thing of the same kind in Scotland. Coilsfield, Barskimming, Auchinleck, Ballochmyle, and Catrine, are the names of gentlemen's parks which include the best parts of this fine range.

The principal road through this tract of country is that leading from Ayr to Mauchline, upon the north side of the river, and generally at some distance from its margin. It was by this route that the present writer made his pilgrimage through the valley of the Ayr, and he will accordingly describe the objects he saw in the order in which they are presented to a person travelling in that direction.

Nothing of particular interest occurs for the first seven miles, when at length the pilgrim reaches the village of Tarbolton, so intimately connected with Burns's history. In the neighbourhood of this village is situated the farm of Lochlee, where the poet lived, as a humble denizen of his father's household, from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth year of his age. This, of course, was the clachan to which at that period he resorted for the pleasures of society. He formed here, in 1780, a club of young men, who met monthly for mutual improvement and entertainment, and of which he and his brother poet David Sillar were the leading members: the utmost extent of expenditure on any night was threepence. Here, also, was a lodge of freemasons, which he delighted to attend, and to whom he wrote a farewell, incorporated in his poems. The lodge still exists, and possesses among its records many letters from Burns, some written long after he was locally dissevered from the association, but still breathing an intense interest in its concerns. It was after attending a meeting of this lodge that he wrote his poem entitled "Death and Doctor Hornbook," the object of which was to burlesque the schoolmaster, who had offended him that night in the course of an argument. This individual had become attached to medicine, and having a small

grocery shop, in which among other things he sold the more ordinary kinds of medicine, conceived himself qualified to accompany these with what he called "advice." The satire was nothing more at the time than an expression of the author's gall against a man who had ruffled him a little; and if it had never been published, the revenge could not have been said to have greatly exceeded the offence. On its being given, however, to the world, it produced effects, which, considering the innocent, and perhaps even laudable nature of the schoolmaster's new vocation, must be deplored by every right-thinking person. It overwhelmed him with so much ridicule, that he found it necessary to leave the village, and seek in a more extended scene that obscurity which he could no longer enjoy in Tarbolton. He removed to Glasgow, and became a teacher in the Gorbals, where, it is pleasant to record, he prospered so well during a long course of years, as ultimately to realise a respectable competency. We have been informed by individuals who enjoy his acquaintance, that he is a truly virtuous and amiable man, totally the reverse of what might be presumed from the ungenerous sarcasms of the poet.

Tarbolton lies upon the banks of a small stream denominated Faile Water, and at no great distance may be traced the remains of that monastery to which the poet of the Reformation alludes in his well-known verse—

The friars of Faile ne'er wanted ale,
As long as their neebors' lasted;
The monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted.

In pursuing its way to the Ayr, the Faile passes through the park of Coilsfield—a name which will awaken many recollections in association with Burns. Coilsfield was, in the days of Burns, the seat of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, a cadet of the house of Eglintoun, and who, in 1797, succeeded to that peerage, which his grandson now enjoys. The poet alludes to him, when he says—

— Could I like Montgomery fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
And tie some hose well.

The house, which has since been renewed, stood upon a lofty bank, overhanging the Faile, surrounded in every direction by the most beautiful woods. It is a scene which, in any circumstances, would arrest the eye of the passing traveller; but it is needless to say that every other charm sinks beneath that which has been conferred upon it by the history and the genius of Burns.

It was one of the most remarkable gifts of this person, that he could invest any object he took a fancy for, however prosaic in the eyes of other people, with the most exalted interest. At the time of his residence near Mauchline, a girl named Mary Campbell, originally from Campbellton in Argyleshire, served at Coilsfield in the humble capacity of *byreswoman*, or dairymaid. She has been described to us by a surviving fellow-servant as a good-looking, middle-sized young woman, somewhat stout, neat-footed, of a fair complexion, blue eyed, and very slightly marked with small-pox. In the eyes of her compeers, she was simply what is called in Scotland a *trig lass*: in the eyes of Burns, she was an angel. Either before or after being at Coilsfield, she served a year in the house of Mr Gavin Hamilton, the poet's friend at Mauchline; and it is the tradition of that gentleman's family, that Burns's passion for her was the cause of her being discharged. According to the poet himself, after a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, they met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of

the Ayr, where they spent a day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for her intended marriage to Burns. Probably the two lovers did not confine themselves to the banks of the Ayr, but wandered through the woods of Coilsfield, and along the banks of the Faile; for a spreading thorn is pointed out near the house as somehow connected with their story, either as a scene of meeting or of parting; and the poet himself, in his poetical account of the transaction, addresses the scene at large—

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie;
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumble.
There summer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they langest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As, underneath the fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The angel hours, on golden wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.
Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender,
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly;
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
The heart that lov'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

According to another authority, the adieu of these lovers was performed with certain ceremonials, calculated to deepen the impression of even love itself. They stood on each side of a small brook—they laved their hands in the limpid stream—and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. This Bible is or was lately in possession of a surviving sister of Mary, at Ardrossan. Upon the boards of the first volume is inscribed, in Burns's hand-writing—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord." *Levit.* chap. xix. v. 12. On the second volume—"Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths." *St Matth.* chap. v. 33. And on a blank leaf of either—"Robert Burns, Mossgiel," with his mason-mark.

The parting was an eternal one. On returning to Greenock on her way to Ayrshire, Mary Campbell died of an inflammatory distemper, and was buried in the churchyard there, where a monument, commemorating her story, was about ten years ago erected to her memory: her mother was then resident in Greenock.

What turn might have been given to the fate of Burns, if he had been united to this amiable though humble person, and thus redeemed in all probability from many subsequent follies, it were vain to speculate. It is to be supposed, however, that he often had occasion afterwards, when "musing on wasted time," and perhaps writhing under a consciousness that the tenor of his life was neither innocent nor profitable, to say with Serjeant Bothwell, in his most touching record of early and unfortunate passion,

Both heaven and earth might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

Other attachments, including many less pure as well as less impassioned, afterwards possessed his breast; but the recollection of "Merry" seems to have ever

remained with him, and even to have recurred more particularly when the consequences of those less worthy attachments were pressing upon him. At the time when one of these was about to drive him into a degraded exile, he composed the following verses, which powerfully express the bitterness of his feelings on the occasion:—

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intensely surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast;
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where, unknown, unalented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.*

To pursue this affecting tale in the words of Mr Lockhart:—"That noblest of all his ballads, *To Mary in Heaven*, was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in September 1789 [at Ellisland], on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love. But Mr Cromek has thought fit to dress up the story with circumstances which did not occur. Mrs Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all the circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gives what may at first appear a more prosaic edition of the history. According to her, Burns spent that day, though labouring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fire-side. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses—

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser oare;
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

To wander through these woods of Coilsfield, and reflect that, as the residence of rank and affluence, they are as nothing, but derive immortal glory from the attachment of a ploughman to a menial servant, both of whom lived forty years ago, fills the mind with reflections which we would vainly attempt to describe.†

* First published in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, of November 21, 1829; being taken from a manuscript in the possession of Mr Lewis Smith, bookseller, Aberdeen.

† In a cottage amidst the Coilsfield woods lives Hugh Andrew, aged 73, who in Burns's days served Colonel Montgomery in the capacity of whipper-in. We conversed with this man, and obtained from him the above description of Highland Mary, which he was the more likely to give correctly, as he "had once a kind of notion o' the lass himself." He remembers seeing Burns come one day, in his bluish-grey home-made clothes and blue rig-and-fur stockings, to be introduced to the lady of Colonel Montgomery. He was quite well known to Burns, having occasionally to act as a steward in the Tarbolton Lodge when the poet was president. Honest Hugh tells, that Burns had him in his eye in the verses of the *Two Dogs*—

"Our whipper-in, wee blawst wanner,
Puir worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than any tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan'."

The honour is not likely to be disputed.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE following paper on natural philosophy is abridged from an excellent article in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for August. In the present extraordinary dearth of really good literary articles in our magazines, it is pleasing to discover one which is alike distinguished for the simplicity of its language and the utility of its object:—

"The history of philosophy is one of the most interesting studies of the man of letters. The view of the progress of knowledge, from its earliest recorded development, to its present extended diffusion, offers to the reflecting mind a field of contemplation worthy of traversing. If we compare the feeble efforts of the most ancient philosophers to penetrate the veil of ignorance which then surrounded mankind, with the mighty power of the promoters of knowledge of the present day, we must be struck with the extraordinary progress of the human mind through the different stages of barbarism, semi-civilization, and recent advancement. Let us consider the kind of knowledge acquired by these philosophers on their travels.

Thales, of Miletus, visited Egypt, where he studied geometry, astronomy, and cosmogony. He was the founder of the Ionian sect of philosophers, upon his return to his native place. He appears to have taught the cause of the inequality of days and nights, and the theory of eclipses. He maintained that water is the principle of which all the bodies in the universe are composed—that the world was the work of God, and that God sees the most secret thoughts in the heart of man. It is related that he measured the height of the pyramids of Memphis by the extent of their shadows; and he is considered the first who employed the circumference of a circle in the measurements of angles.

Pythagoras studied geometry among the Egyptians. This science he improved by his subsequent discovery of several important propositions. He is the earliest recorded teacher of the true system of astronomy, and he made many important discoveries in the other physical sciences. He observed many curious phenomena on the surface of the earth, which must have led him to reason on the changes which this surface must have undergone in the lapse of ages. In the 15th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a number of these observations are mentioned, which are extremely curious, and testify, in a very remarkable manner, the superior mind of the philosopher.

Plato also travelled into the east, where he became versed in the learning of the Persians and the Egyptians. He wrote several works, which treated chiefly of metaphysical subjects. He mingled together his doctrines of theogony and cosmogony, so that it is a difficult matter to separate his peculiar notions of the latter. The passage in his writings most interesting to the modern geologist, is that which treats of the Atlantic, recorded by Plato as a large continent beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and which had sunk under water, thereby giving place to the present Atlantic Ocean. He made many improvements in geometry; to him is ascribed the discovery of the mathematical bodies, called the regular solids. He conceived the world to be a figure shaped like one of these solids, called the dodecahedron.

Of the opinions of Aristotle respecting the formation of the world, we have not any very clear account. He wrote upon a variety of subjects, among which natural history occupied a prominent place. "He regarded the matter of the heavens as ingenerate and eternal—that mankind, and all species of animals, have subsisted from everlasting by a perpetual course of generation, without any original beginning or production; and that the earth has for ever been adorned with trees, plants, flowers, minerals, and other productions, as we now see it to be." (*Univ. Hist. p. 78.*) It is possible that he may have taken the idea of the eternity of the world from Ocellus Lucanus, a disciple of Pythagoras, who is the most ancient assertor of this idea, so different from the opinion of his master.

We thus find that the most eminent ancient philosophers indulged more or less in reveries respecting cosmogony. In studying other branches of learning, they must have been frequently led into considerations of the probable origin of the world which they inhabited, and they endeavoured to frame hypotheses, some of which were very ingenious, but more generally extremely absurd. Occasionally a master-mind, like that of Pythagoras, made an approximation to the truth, which has astonished the learned of later times. Sometimes facts were related in corroboration of these hypotheses—sometimes they were distorted to explain the dreams of philosophic fancy. But among the ancients, the observation of natural facts was not made in a way to benefit science. We find many of the arts and sciences brought by the ancients to a considerable degree of perfection. In architecture, poetry, eloquence, and perhaps in some other branches, they equalled the moderns. The progress made by them in geometry was admirable indeed, and they based that science upon a foundation fitted to bear the splendid superstructure raised by modern ingenuity. But in those branches that required a combination of the perceptive and reasoning powers, their progress was very limited. Chemistry and experimental philosophy are of modern origin; at least what was effected in them by the ancients, or rather what is recorded as having been effected, is very trifling.

In botany, zoology, and mineralogy, a number of detached observations have been recorded in the writings of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and Pliny; but no classification was ever attempted, nor any extended train of reasoning from these facts adopted by the ancient philosophers.

If we turn our attention to the state of knowledge among the Arabians, we shall find that the mathematical sciences were for the most part cultivated by them. They devoted, it is true, some attention to astronomy and to alchemy, but the former being studied for the purpose of contributing to their desire to penetrate the mysteries of fate, was merely a compound of truth and falsehood, that has been denominated astrology, and the latter, ministering to the passions of most men for acquiring wealth, offering a strong temptation to its votaries, but was of no service in furthering the march of mind, although it discovered facts that were afterwards of service to the modern chemist. We may regard the Arabians more as the preservers of ancient science. Many of the inventions ascribed to them have been traced to the Indians, and were received either directly from that nation, or through the medium of the Greek philosophers, whose works were translated into the Arabic language.

The conclusion to which we may arrive from a contemplation of the state of learning in the early and middle ages, is, that geometry was the only science successfully cultivated, and handed down free of any error or absurdity; all the other branches of learning were more or less imbued with mistaken views, arising generally from imperfect data. There seemed to be little respect paid to knowledge acquired from the observations of facts of daily occurrence. Abstruse studies were most esteemed. Mathematics requiring a train of deep thought, and at the same time of correct reasoning, without needing the aid of experiment requisite in physical science, enabled the cultivators to improve without any danger of perversion.

In the study of natural philosophy a knowledge of mathematics is indispensable on the part of the student, if he venture beyond the vestibule. The votary of pure mathematics will be insensibly led to the application of his favourite science for the explanation of some of the phenomena in nature; and if he be successful in solving any of their mysteries, he will be encouraged to pursue still further the research after physical truth. The ancients were thus led to apply their mathematical knowledge. The name of Archimedes is handed down as one of the brightest in ancient times. His discoveries form an important era in the history of science; and they arose from his extensive application of geometry to physics. Before his time there were no correct notions of the theory of mathematics, and he is the first who pointed out the specific gravity of bodies. He is the only one of the ancients that can bear comparison with the moderns as a natural philosopher.

When learning began, after the dark ages, to revive in Europe, the mathematical lore of the ancients was sought after with great avidity. What had been effected by them in the physical sciences received also its due appreciation. Both the truth and the absurdity of their astronomy, mechanics, and other branches, were swallowed without at first being questioned. But as the attention of the early moderns became more directed to scientific investigation, many of the errors of the ancients became manifest. Some of these were speedily corrected, while others, admitting of more discussion, remained for a longer period under the judgment of the new cultivators of knowledge. Every successive age, however, dispelled more or less of these errors. The study of the pure mathematics advanced with rapid strides. Their field was augmented with numberless new discoveries. Their application to physics became every day more general; and the impulse which science had now received carried forward its votaries with a velocity never before known in its progress.

Natural philosophy had now become a science of great importance from the additions made by its early modern cultivators to what was received by them from the ancients. Among the ancients, Archimedes was the first who applied geometry to physics, and thus gave it a double power. Among the first revivers of learning in Europe was Des Cartes, who applied algebra to geometry, and thus put an engine of incalculable power into the hands of the cultivator of natural philosophy. The attention of the learned was now directed to experiment, a method, if investigated, but little appreciated or understood by the ancients. Galileo, by his invention of the telescope, opened as it were the gates of the heavens, into which rushed a host of ardent inquirers after truth. A number of other illustrious men at the same time directed their attention to experiment in the other branches of physical science. The discovery of printing some time before enabled the new acquisitions to knowledge to be widely diffused, and enable one nation to communicate its learning to another with a rapidity never before conceived. The discovery of America not only was a successful experiment on a large scale, but it added another proof to the true system of the world, and directed in a further degree the attention of men to the examination of natural phenomena. The Reformation promoted the freedom of discussion, and enabled the laity to take part in studies, almost previously attended to by the clergy alone. But what contributed in the greatest degree to the improvement

of physical science, was the new path pointed out to its votaries by the illustrious Lord Bacon. His master-mind discovered the causes of error in the philosophy of the ancients, and demonstrated that as long as their mode of reasoning was pursued, it was impossible for the moderns to frame a true system of science. He asked (Playfair's *Diss. Engel. Brit.*), 'Wherein can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from any thing in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts and not opinions to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world.'

The opinions of Bacon became gradually appreciated. The calm observation of facts became in every succeeding age more attended to, and natural philosophy based upon actual experiment, and not upon the wild conceptions of the imagination.

The science of chemistry may be said to be one of the offspring of the Baconian philosophy. It is a branch of physics—the first principles of which depend wholly upon experiment. Its progress testifies, in a remarkable degree, the importance of the inductive method of reasoning. It required a calm and patient examination of the changes produced on bodies by experiment, in order that a sufficient mass of facts might be accumulated to raise it to the rank of a science. It required its cultivators to divest themselves of all prejudices—to view things as they really are, and not to set out with a previous leaning to a particular set of opinions, and to torture the results of their experiment to prop these opinions up. It is impossible it could have become a regular science under the influence of the Aristotelian philosophy. The more men reasoned from facts, the more did chemistry advance; and it now affords one of the most brilliant examples of the happy mode pointed out by Bacon, for the improvement of knowledge.

If we sum up the results of our observations on the progress of knowledge, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the observation of facts was the very last object attended to in its march through successive ages, at least the calm and unprejudiced examination of facts. The learned of antiquity seemed more inclined to abstruse studies—to studies which required a precision of reasoning, which often testified their extreme ingenuity. If their first principles were correct, so were their conclusions. But that their first principles were, for the most part, erroneous, we have abundant proof, in many instances. In geometry, their first data were correct, being self-evident truths, and their conclusions were therefore just. For a succession of ages, knowledge, derived from observation of the common objects in nature, was looked down upon as unworthy the regard of the philosopher. There was a consequent bar to the progress of physical knowledge.

After the revival of learning in Europe, it was not to be expected that the eyes of men could be all at once opened to the errors of the ancients. Both the truth and falsehood of the ancient philosophy were studied. The human mind was still imbued with prejudice. This, however, gradually wore away—mathematics became more extended—natural philosophy was extended and improved—chemistry was invented. We may trace the gradual progress of real knowledge from the first axioms of geometry, through the more advanced stages of mathematics—through the successive developments of natural philosophy, to a science resting solely upon a careful examination of facts, the science of chemistry.

Natural philosophy opened to man the field of space—it taught him to regard the motion of objects upon a grand scale—it enabled him to assign dimensions to this space, and to measure the relations of motion. Chemistry taught him to view the changes produced on bodies, by motions of their minute component particles, the measurement of which motions eludes our most subtle investigations. Natural philosophy instructed him in the external relations of the bodies in nature—chemistry in the internal. It led him, as it were, into the mind of inanimate matter.

During the last hundred years, the attention paid to an unprejudiced examination of facts has been continually on the increase. Philosophers have entered upon their investigations without bias to any particular opinions. Instead of commencing their researches by laying down a favourite hypothesis, and then distorting facts to accord with it, they commenced with an impartial examination of the facts themselves, and, following the suggestions of Bacon, they framed their theory by the inductive method of reasoning. By not attending to the advice of Bacon, men were inclined to imagine circumstances which have no existence in reality. They beheld nature through a medium that rarely presented her in her true form. So long as the field of physical science was limited, the liability to

view nature in this manner continued; but as discovery followed discovery, the disposition to prejudice became more and more removed. For a long period men adhered to certain dogmas that had been handed down through a succession of ages, and finding it difficult to reconcile many facts in nature with these dogmas, they had recourse to hypothesis, the frequent absurdity of which paved the way to the exploding of erroneous principles, and dispelled the illusion, although supported by the authority of antiquity. Knowledge derived from poets, spreading far and wide, carried with it the examples of its own importance. The arts of life received incalculable improvements; they, in return, aided science. They formed the passage from one branch to another—they were the illustrators of theory, by showing its practical application. The ancient philosopher would have disdained to lend his aid to the agriculturist, the mechanist, or the navigator. The modern man of science regards, as his proudest boast, the improvements given by him to the arts, thereby rendering man little inferior in power to the deities of the ancients.

It seems, indeed, strange that the impartial examination of facts is the result of a highly improved state of scientific knowledge. But so it is. It is only within a comparatively recent period that the point has been reached by the human mind. It has been often remarked, that the farther we advance in knowledge, the more deeply are we impressed with a sense of our own ignorance. Although this may not be exactly true, still we may acknowledge that we are less confident in broaching any new theory, in proportion to the advance of the march of intellect. When our opinions can be submitted to the test of an appeal to facts, we are more cautious in stating these opinions. It is our province to study the facts attentively, so that we may not be found in the wrong.

Geometry teaches us the relations of dimension as conceived in the human mind, but which, in the abstract, has no real existence. Natural philosophy treats of the relations of existing bodies, viewed in a state of motion. Chemistry informs us of the changes produced in the bodies themselves. Mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, frequently view conditions which have no existence in nature."

THE STRANGER.*

HODNET is a village in Shropshire. Like all other villages in Shropshire, or any where else, it consists principally of one long street, with a good number of detached houses scattered here and there in its vicinity. The street is on a slight declivity, on the sunny side of what in England they call a hill. It contains the shops of three butchers, five grocers, two bakers, and one apothecary. On the right hand, as you go south, is that very excellent inn, the Blue Boar; and on the left, nearly opposite, is the public hall, in which all sorts of meetings are held, and which is alternately converted into a dancing-school, a theatre, a Methodist chapel, a ball-room, an auction-room, an exhibition-room, or any other kind of room that may be wanted. The church is a little further off, and the parsonage is, as usual, a white house surrounded with trees, at one end of the village. Hodnet is moreover the market-town of the shire, and stands in rather a populous district; so that, though of small dimensions itself, it is the rallying place, on any extraordinary occasion, of a pretty numerous population.

One evening in February, the mail from London stopped at the Blue Boar, and a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak came out. The guard handed him a small portmanteau, and the mail drove on. The stranger entered the inn, was shown into a parlour, and desired that the landlord and a bottle of wine should be sent to him. The order was speedily obeyed; the wine was set upon the table, and Gilbert Cherryripe himself was the person who set it there. Gilbert next proceeded to rouse the slumbering fire, remarking, with a sort of comfortable look and tone, that it was a cold raw night. His guest assented with a nod. "You call this village Hodnet, do you not?" said he, inquiringly. "Yes, sir, this is the town of Hodnet" (Mr Cherryripe did not like the term village); "and a prettier little place is not to be found in England." "So I have heard; and as you are not upon any of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unsophisticated race." "Primitive and sophisticated did you say, sir? Why, as to that I cannot exactly speak; but, if there is no harm in it, I daresay we are. But you see, sir, I am a vintner, and don't trouble my head much about these matters." "So much the better," said the stranger, smiling. "You and I shall become better friends; I may stay with you for some weeks, perhaps months. In the meantime, get me something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to look after my bed-room."

Mr Cherryripe made one of his profoundest bows, and descended to the kitchen, inspired with the deenest respect for his unexpected guest.

Next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished ringing, when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered, as if at random, a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him, for a new face was too important an object in Hodnet to be left unnoticed. "Who is he?" "When did he come?" "With

whom does he stay?" "How long will he be here?" "How old may he be?" "Do you think he is handsome?" These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from tongue to tongue, whilst the unconscious object of all this interest cast his eyes calmly, and yet penetratingly, over the congregation. Nor was it altogether to be wondered at that his appearance had caused a sensation among the good people of Hodnet, for he was not the kind of person whom one meets with every day. There was something both in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd. You could not look upon him once, and then turn away with indifference. When the service was over, our hero walked out alone, and shut himself up for the rest of the day in his parlour at the Blue Boar. But speculation was busily at work, and at more than one tea-table that evening in Hodnet, conjectures were poured out with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hodnet, which engrossed entirely the minds of men. It was one of the most important events that had happened for at least a century. Such doings had never been known before. All the preparations which Captain Parry made for going to the north pole, were a mere joke to the preparations made by those who intended to go to the Hodnet assembly. At length the great, the important night arrived. The three professional fiddlers of the village were elevated on a table at one end of the hall, and every body pronounced it the very model of an orchestra. The candles (neither the oil nor the coal gas company had as yet penetrated so far as Hodnet) were tastefully arranged, and regularly snuffed. The floor was admirably chalked by a travelling sign-painter, engaged for the purpose; and the refreshments in an adjoining room, consisting of negus, apples, oranges, cold roast-beef, porter, and biscuits, were under the immediate superintendence of our very excellent friend, Mr Gilbert Cherryripe. At nine o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (quadrilles had not as yet poisoned the peace and stirred up all the bad passions of Hodnet) was commenced by the eldest son and presumptive heir of old Squire Thoroughbred, who conducted gracefully through its mazes the chosen divinity of his heart, Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer, only daughter of Tobias Bouncer, Esq., justice of peace in the county of Shropshire.

Enjoyment was at its height, and the three professional fiddlers had put a spirit of life into all things, when suddenly one might perceive that the merriment was for a moment checked, whilst a more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manner from those of any of the other male creatures, that every body surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first slightly tinged with awe. "Who can he be?" was the question that instantaneously started up like a crocus in many a throbbing bosom. "He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he will never think of asking any body to dance. We ought to be upon our guard, I assure you."

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers in a corner by himself, and people were almost beginning to forget his presence. But he was not idle; he was observing attentively every group, and every individual that passed before him. Judging by the various expressions that came over his countenance, one would have thought that he could read character at a single glance—that his perceptions were similar to intuitions. Truth obliges me to confess, that it was not with a very favourable eye that he regarded the great majority of the inhabitants of Hodnet and its neighbourhood. Probably they did not exactly come up to his expectations; but what these expectations were, it is difficult to conceive.

At length, however, something like a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Sommers, and appeared to rest where it fell with no small degree of pleasure. No wonder. Emily was not what is generally styled beautiful; but there was a sweetness, a modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father had died many a year ago in battle; and the pension of an officer's widow was all the fortune he had left them. But nature had bestowed riches of a more valuable kind than those which fortune had denied. I wish I could describe Emily Sommers; but I shall not attempt it. She was one of those whose virtues are hid from the blaze of the world, only to be the more appreciated by those who can understand them. Without *her*, the winter fire-side, or the summer evening walk, is destitute of pleasure. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper, her affectionate gentleness, must throw their hallowed influence over the scenes where her spirit presides, unconscious of its power, else they become uninteresting and desolate.

It was to Emily Sommers that the stranger first spoke. He walked right across the room, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before; but concluding that he had come there with some of her friends, and little acquainted with the rules of etiquette, she immediately, with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request. Just at that moment, young Squire Thoroughbred came bustling towards her; but observing her hand already in that of the stranger, he looked somewhat wrathfully

* This story is an amplification, by Mr H. G. Bell, of an anecdote told by Mr Haslitt, and which is said to have had a foundation in real life.

at the unknown, and said, with much dignity, "I, sir, intended to have been Miss Sommers's partner." The stranger fixed his dark eye upon the squire, a slight smile curled on his lip, and, without answering, he passed on with his partner, and took his place in the dance. The squire stood stock-still for a moment, feeling as if he had just experienced a slight shock of electricity. When he recovered, he walked quietly away in search of Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer.

It was the custom in Hodnet for the gentlemen to employ the morning of the succeeding day in paying their respects to the ladies with whom they had danced on the previous evening. At these visits all the remarkable events of the ball were of course talked over. Criticisms were made upon the different dresses, commentaries were offered on the various modes of dancing, &c. We make no doubt that all this chit-chat was very interesting to the parties engaged in it; but our attention is more particularly devoted to the "odd-looking man" already spoken of.

It is most true that he did leave the public hall of Hodnet with Mrs and Miss Sommers, and true that he escorted them home. Nay, it is also true that he won so much upon their favour, that, on his requesting permission to wait upon them next day, it was without much difficulty obtained. This was surely very imprudent in Mrs Sommers, and every body said it was very imprudent. "What! admit a visitor in her family a person whom she had never seen in her life before, and who, for anything she knew, might be a swindler or a Jew! There was never any thing so preposterous;—a woman, too, of Mrs Sommers's judgment and propriety! It was very—very strange." But whether it was very strange or not, the fact is, that the stranger soon spent most of his time at Violet Cottage; and what is perhaps no less wonderful, notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, he remained nearly as much a stranger to its inmates as ever. His name, they had ascertained, was Burleigh—Frederick Burleigh; that he was probably upwards of eight-and-twenty, and that, if he had ever belonged to any profession, it must have been that of arms. But farther they knew not. Mrs Sommers, however, who to a well cultivated mind added a considerable experience of the world, did not take long to discover that their new friend was, in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of a gentleman; and she thought, too, that she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those nobler qualities which raise the individual to a high and well-merited rank among his species. As for Emily, she loved his society she scarcely knew why; yet, when she endeavoured to discover the cause, she found it no difficult matter to convince herself that there was something about him so infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen, that she was only obeying the dictates of reason in admiring and esteeming him.

Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him, and the sentiments seemed to be mutual. He now spent his time almost continually in her society, and it never hung heavy on their hands. The stranger was fond of music, and Emily, besides being mistress of her instrument, possessed naturally a fine voice. Neither did she sing and play unrewarded; Burleigh taught her the most enchanting of all modern languages—the language of Petrarch and Tasso; and being well versed in the use of the pencil, showed her how to give to her landscapes a richer finish and a bolder effect. Then they read together; and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. These were evenings of calm but deep happiness—long, long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on. March, with her winds and her clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and her sunshine, lingered no longer; and May came smiling up the blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation. The stranger entered one evening, before sunset, the little garden that surrounded Violet Cottage. Emily saw him from the window, and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter. "It is from my cousin Henry," said she. "His regiment has returned from France, and he is to be with us to-morrow or next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry?—he and I were playmates when we were children; and though it is a long time since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred." "Indeed!" said the stranger, almost starting; "you must have loved him very much, and very constantly too." "O yes! I loved him as a brother." Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added. "Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Sommers. But your cousin I shall not at present see. I must leave Hodnet to-morrow." "To-morrow! Leave Hodnet to-morrow!" Emily grew very pale, and leaned for support upon a sun-dial, near which they were standing. "Good heavens! that emotion—can it be possible! Miss Sommers—Emily—is it for me you are thus grieved?" "It is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected; are you never to return again—are we never to see you more?" "Do you wish me to return, do you wish to see me again?" "Oh! how can you ask it?" "Emily, I have been known to you under a cloud of mystery—a solitary being, without a friend or acquaintance in the world—an out-

cast apparently from society—either sinned against or sinning—without fortune, without pretensions;—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness which you have shown to me?" "Pity! pity you! O Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should not pity, I should —" She stopped confused, a deep blush spread over her face, she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms. "Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy." "O! I will think of thee thus for ever!" They had reached the door of the cottage. "God bless you, Emily," said the stranger; "I dare not see Mrs Sommers; tell her of my departure, but tell her that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall again be here. Farewell, dearest, farewell." She felt upon her cheek a hot and hurried kiss; and when she ventured to look round, he was gone.

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs Sommers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honour of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware, and she trembled to think of the probability, that in the busy world he might soon forget the very existence of such a place as Hodnet, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes, but they were the result probably of the sanguine and unsuspicious temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leapt into the very middle of many a lady's heart—red coat, sword, epaulette-belt, cocked hat, feathers, and all. But he was not destined to leap into Emily's. She had inclosed it within too strong a line of circumvallation. After a three months' siege, it was impregnable. So Henry, who really loved his cousin next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace and waste his time any longer, called for his horse one morning, shook Emily warmly by the hand, then mounted, "and rode away."

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, yellow, and purple; then dropped from the high branches, and lay rustling in heaps upon the path below. The last roses withered. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm, and chill; the nights were full of stars and dew, and the dew, ere morning, was changed into silver hoar-frost. The robin hopped across the garden walks, and candles were set upon the table before the tea-urn. But the stranger came not. Darker days and longer nights succeeded. Winter burst upon the earth. Storms went careering through the firmament; the forests were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. But still the stranger came not. Then the lustre of Emily's eye grew dim; but yet she smiled, and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope.

And so there was; for the mail once more stopped at the Blue Boar; a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak once more came out of it; and Mr Gilbert Cherryripe once more poked the fire for him in his best parlour. Burleigh did come back.

I shall not describe their meeting, nor inquire whether Emily's eye was long without its lustre. But there was still another trial to be made. Would she marry him? "My family," said he, "is respectable, and as it is not wealth we seek, I have an independence, at least equal I should hope to our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me I cannot unravel until you are indissolubly mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty; Emily entrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother saw that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose, and she saw also that her child's happiness was inextricably linked with him. What could she do? It had been better perhaps they had never known him; but knowing him, and thinking of him as they did, there was but one alternative—the risk must be run.

It was run. They were married in Hodnet; and immediately after the ceremony they stepped into a carriage, and drove away, nobody knew whither. We must not infringe upon the sacred happiness of such a ride, upon such an occasion, by allowing our profane thoughts to dwell upon it. It is enough for us to mention, that towards twilight they came in sight of a magnificent Gothic mansion, situated in the midst of extensive and noble parks. Emily expressed her admiration of its appearance; and her young husband, gazing on her with impassioned delight, exclaimed, "Emily, it is thine! My mind was imbued with erroneous impressions of women; I had been courted and deceived by them. I believed that their affections were to be won only by flattering their vanity, or dazzling their ambition. I was resolved, that unless I were loved for myself, I should never be loved at all. I travelled through the country *incognito*; I came to Hodnet, and saw you. I have tried you in every way, and found you true. It was I, and not my fortune, that you married; but both are thine. We are now stopping at Burleigh House; your husband is Frederick Augustus Burleigh, Earl of Exeter, and you, my Emily, are his Countess!"

* The author appears to have here forgotten that the family name of the Earl of Exeter is Cecil—Burleigh being the former and certainly most honoured title of the house.—Ed.

[We would consider ourselves as abusing the trust reposed in our work, as a medium of innocent amusement and moral instruction, if we failed to point out to our young readers of the gentler sex the extreme danger of the conduct attributed to Emily Sommers in this clever tale. Such conduct might in her instance be crowned with happiness and grandeur; but it was highly blameable in principle, and might have been attended with the most opposite consequences—nay, it is probable that for one instance of such conduct leading to happiness, there are ninety-nine where it must be attended with the utter wreck of the individual guilty of it. In such a state of society as ours, there can be no safe principle, except that every man aiming at our acquaintance must be introduced to us by some person we already know, who becomes a guarantee, as it were, for the propriety of his behaviour and the honour of his views. Without this, we never can be sure that the individual addressing us is not a designing adventurer, who would think nothing of making our happiness his sport, or who aims at his own aggrandisement, by the disgraceful means of inveigling a woman above his own rank into matrimony. Many good-natured people habitually neglect this rule, and we have known numerous instances of such neglect being followed by the most disastrous events. Some years ago, a lady permitted one of her daughters to form an acquaintance with an individual who seemed to lead the life of a gentleman in Edinburgh. His apparent rank was greater than that of the young lady; and it was accordingly looked upon as a *grand match* when she secured him as a husband. Lamentable delusion! The man turned out in a few months to be a common swindler! He was arrested and committed to jail; and it was not till his death some years after, nor till he had overwhelmed his wife and her connections with shame and vexation unutterable, that she was relieved from him. There were even circumstances in this case more painful than these, but delicacy forbids our adverting to them. We recollect two other cases, at this moment, in which young ladies of the greatest merit, and who might have confidently looked forward to a long life of honour and comfort as the wives of respectable men, were lost—utterly destroyed—by their imprudence in marrying a man to whom they were not introduced. No doubt, if we were to tax our memories, we could recollect many more; but every reader of the least experience in the world will recollect his own instances, and we need not therefore seek to extend the catalogue. We content ourselves with pronouncing emphatically, that, for a young lady to admit the addresses of an unknown youth, however fascinating his manners, or noble his air, is just wilfully to rush upon the almost certain chance of utter misery for life.]

PEEPS FROM A WINDOW.

WHEN I was a student at the College of Edinburgh, I occupied an apartment in the southern division of the city, where many individuals in the same circumstances with myself, and many families in the lower walks of life, are accustomed to reside. My accommodations were humble, but they were suited to my fortune; and, with the world opening and brightening before me, I did not then much regard the want of those comforts which are afterwards found so necessary. Nor was the place without some real charms. From my window I commanded a view of one of the most august natural scenes any where to be met with—the rocky front of Salisbury Crags, at the bottom of which reposed a deserted palace, the seat of the most endeared historical recollections, and beside which I have often walked for hours with inexpressible pleasure, as if to be merely beneath the walls of Holyrood were the enjoyment of a romance. Then, on the fair spring evenings, when I could sit with my window open, it was delightful to hear the troops of little girls playing at their metrical games in some of the neighbouring courts, sent out by the first burst of the fair weather, like so many ephemera, to enjoy a brief sport in what is always so precious a thing in the midst of a large city, the open air, and causing the lofty walls around them to resound with their sweet voices, as they lilted up "Janet Jo," or the Merry-matanzie, or "We are three brethren come from Spain," which last I have always deemed to be the final puerilised form of some antique *lai*, that once was sung in hall before the noble and the fair.*

* The reader, we make almost sure, will be pleased with the verses of this operatic game, which we will here write down from recollection. In the first place, one range of girls take their station at a wall, while another, twining their arms together behind their backs, commences moving backwards and forwards to the measure of the music, as they sing:

We are three brethren come from Spain,
All in French garlands;
We are come to court your daughter Jean,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

This is sung to a very pretty air in advancing, and, at the conclusion, the little row retreat at the same measured pace, while the wall-stationed party sing:

In the course of one particular winter, I found a strange and hardly proper source of amusement for occasional leisure minutes, in inspecting the proceedings of a family, whose windows, owing to an angularity in two streets, approached near to mine, and whose rooms I could survey from my own somewhat elevated situation, without their being able to see mine, or likely to observe what I was about. Had the case been an ordinary one, I do not think I would have spent a minute on such a business as this; but there was something in the family which, little as I saw of it, very speedily interested me. The man seemed merely a common artisan—I should not wonder that he belonged to that trade which mankind have so foolishly agreed to laugh at, the tailors; or perhaps he was a shoemaker. No matter. It was evident, from the hours he kept, that he was a man who won weekly wages at some ordinary employment. His wife was a neat, decent-looking woman, apparently from the country; and they had one lovely infant, which even the confined air of the city had not deprived of its radiant cheeks and sunny smiles. It was delightful to observe the honest artisan, whenever he came home, immediately get hold of his darling child, and coax and prattle with it on his knee. His habits seemed all to be of a laudable and even interesting description. It was evident he spent none of his leisure time any where but in the society—and what more fitting?—of his wife and infant. On the outside of his windows, which had a pretty clear exposure to the south, he had boxes containing a small mimic garden, and he was frequently engaged in dressing these little spots and training the flowers, as if, in so doing, he found there was still a link between himself and physical nature. He had also a blackbird, which hung in a cage on the outside, and in the evenings made all the neighbourhood vocal with “Over the water to Charlie.” These things were but trivial fragments of the country, its scenes, and sounds; but they were all, I doubt not, that could be had in the present state of his circumstances; and, to a mind of any reach of idea, they would always be sufficient to awaken associations of the more extensive ranges of natural objects, to which he had been perhaps accustomed in other years, and which he looked back to with the ceaseless regret of a city-banished lover of nature. He had also a German flute, which on some evenings he would play at an open window; and I am free to confess that I have rarely since been so truly touched by any music. His favourite tunes were the gentle pastoral melodies of Scotland—Tweedside, Cowdenknowes, the Bush aboon Traquair, and so forth—all of which had no less the charm of association to me than they could have to the performer, for I too was an exile from the scenes which those airs so effectually consecrate in the

Our daughter Jean she is too young,
All in French garlands;
She cannot bite your flattering tongue,
So adieu to you, my darlings.

The moveable party now again advance, singing:

Be she young, or be she old,
All in French garlands;
It's for a bride she must be sold,
So adieu to you, my darlings.

The mother still refuses her consent—

A bride, a bride she shall not be
All in French garlands,
Till she go through this world with me,
So adieu to you, my darlings.

There is here a hiatus or gap in our recollection; but, after the reply of the lovers, the maternal party relent in the following romantic terms:

Come back, come back, you courteous knight,
All in French garlands;
Clear up your spurs, and make them bright,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

We are again at a loss for what the lover says; but the stationary row proceed to offer a choice of their daughters, in the following elegant terms:

Smell my lilies, smell my roses,
All in French garlands;
Which of my maidens do ye choose?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

The lover now becomes fastidious in proportion to the concessions of the opposite party, and affects to scruple about the bodily sanity of the young ladies:

Are all your daughters safe and sound?
All in French garlands,
Are all your daughters safe and sound?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

But it would appear he is quite assured by the answer, and marries the daughter Jean accordingly—who has

In every pocket a thousand pound,
All in French garlands;
On every finger a gay gold ring,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

hearts of all connected with them. What, however, was the most pleasing trait of this evidently amiable and right-spirited man, was, that, at a certain hour, he invariably opened a large Bible on his table, and appeared to give himself and his household up for a time to religious meditation. There was altogether in this man exactly that range of tastes and habits which are sometimes found adorning humble life in the rural districts of Scotland, but which are unfortunately found so much more rarely amidst the huge masses of a city population.* I was so pleased with the man—his modest frugal household, his fondness for his child, his music, his gardening, and his sobriety—that, from an idle and impertinent gazer, I became mentally his zealous friend, and there was nothing in my power I would not have done to testify that friendship.

A deep gloom at length came over my happy picture. My worthy friend, I saw, had become ill. His infant was no more dandled on his knee at the window. His flute was no more heard in the court. The blackbird was taken in, and silenced in some manner. His windows were deeply screened, and I could see no more. For a considerable time this continued, till, getting somewhat anxious, I requested my landlady, decent Mrs. Nichol, to make some inquiries among the neighbours respecting my unknown friend. I learned that he had been seized by a lingering and dangerous distemper, which prevented him from working any, and was likely to be attended with great embarrassment in more ways than one. Mrs. Nichol amply confirmed the good impression I had taken of the man. He was an active and sober tradesman, and a perfect example in the neighbourhood, though no one could be farther than he from all interference with those around him. By and bye, he became a little better, as it was thought, and began to appear, in the habiliments of a sick chamber, at the window, where I saw him smiling upon the infant which smiled upon his knee, but evidently unable to give it the customary sport. Sometimes he would have the Bible open on the table, and his wife sitting fondly and reverently at his feet; a group to my feelings the most lovely, the most tender and melancholy—melancholy yet pleasing—that I thought I had ever seen. It was truly astonishing what a poor man could be—how amiable and noble a being!—how near, I might almost say, to the angelic! The grosser elements of life seemed here refined away; and this humble and distressed tradesman shone out in my eyes as something far above even the more elevated classes of his fellow-mortals.

The end of the college session soon after arrived, when I had to return to my native home at a considerable distance in —shire. I could not leave my lodgings without a feeling of deep anxiety respecting this excellent family, for the life of the sick man was declared to be in great danger, and ere long, I reflected, the virtues of this humble scene may be swept from their place, and be heard of no more. The interest I took in the sick man and his concerns would have been declared by many persons to be a mere freak of fancy; but I would fain hope that it was only the impression which goodness is naturally calculated to make

* Private worship was formerly an almost universal practice in Scotland, in cities as well as in the country. In the former it is now hardly known, while in the rural districts, where national habits of all kinds, good and bad, are sure to be longest retained, it is rapidly going out of fashion. Every body will recollect the beautiful description of the ceremony in Burns's *Cottar's Saturday Night*: yet, beautiful as that description is, I question if it possesses a charm superior to a little anecdote, which has been related to me by a lady, respecting the performance of this domestic solemnity in one of the meanest suburbs of this large city. In this lady's younger days, her family used to pay some attentions to a very old and very poor couple, who lived in a back court at Fountainbridge, and whose means of subsistence were of the humblest and most precarious kind. They kept two or three hens, whose eggs, sold in the market, procured for them the only money they ever at any time saw. Then Janet could occasionally make herself useful among her poor neighbours, and from them, as well as from some persons in better condition, with whom she kept up an acquaintance, would occasionally procure small supplies of victuals. For many years towards the close of her life, this poor woman was quite blind; nevertheless, it was curious to see her still continuing to patch her husband's clothes—which, on inquiry, she said she did “by rule o' thoom”—and also to perform little servile offices for the gaining of a livelihood. Every night, old John performed what he called *family worship*, raising, with his thin tremulous voice, a psalm, which even the addition of Janet's shrill treble could hardly render audible in the back-court into which their windows looked. The most touching thing of all was, that, after Janet's death, John still kept up his custom; and, according to our informant, hardly any thing could have been more interesting than to listen for a moment in passing to the solitary devotions of this widowed, helpless, and abject creature, whose thready notes seemed the last expiring sighs of attenuated humanity.

upon a heart of the medium correctness of feeling, when truly studied and observed.

During the ensuing summer, though deeply engaged with my books, and diverted by other objects and amusements, I cast many a thought of kindness back to the amiable household in Edinburgh, but had no opportunity of learning the fate of its master. It was therefore with a burst of joyful feeling, such as has attended few events in my life, that, in returning in November to my wonted lodgings, and hurrying to take a survey of my tradesman's windows, I saw him sitting, as after dinner, dandling his child with the same glee as before his illness, while his wife was bustling gaily about her domestic duties, and the blackbird at the window was whistling “Over the water to Charlie” as vociferously as ever.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN GALT.

THIS individual, the author of the *Ayrshire Legatees*, *Lawrie Todd*, and a number of other popular works of fiction, has just published, in two volumes octavo, an account of his own life, bringing it down to the present period, when he is confined to bed with paralysis, and hopeless of ever again appearing in an active career. We propose to lay an abridgement of Mr Galt's book before our readers, as we conceive that the life of this ingenious, and in many respects unfortunate gentleman, is one from which several instructive views may be derived.

Mr Galt was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779, being apparently the eldest son of a person engaged in mercantile pursuits. He gives the following description of his parents, which might be in some measure repeated by many men of literary celebrity: “My father was one of the best, as he was one of the handsomest of men, with only passable ability, in which, however, probity was predominant. My mother was, however, a very singular person; possessing a masculine strength of character, with great natural humour, and a keen perception of the ridiculous in others. In her prime, as I would call it, she indulged in queer metaphorical expressions, exceedingly forcible and original. In latter life, this grew so much into a habit, that her talk to strangers must have often seemed fantastical. The rich ore of common sense, however, which pervaded her observations, was always remarkable, and frequently extorted an instantaneous assent to her opinions, while they provoked irresistible laughter.” He spent his first ten or eleven years at Irvine, and there received the rudiments of his education. Being a sickly boy, he became addicted to study, and he used to take great pleasure in hearing tales of foreign adventure from any one who could relate such to him. In his eleventh year, the family removed to Greenock, where he pursued his studies at the public school, under Mr Colin Lamont, and prosecuted still farther his taste for reading, which was much facilitated by an excellent public library to which he had access. He also manifested a turn for mechanics, which, joined to a taste for music, prompted him to attempt the construction of a small piano-forte or hurdy-gurdy, and likewise an Eolian harp. In these early years he composed some pieces of music, one or two of which became popular. What gives a more striking proof of the early development of his reflective powers, is, that he conceived the idea of several local improvements of great magnitude and importance, some of which have since taken place.

He formed an intimacy with a young man of taste and talent, Mr James Park, who appears to have been of great service to him. The two youths cultivated the belles lettres together, and mutually criticised each other's productions. It does not appear that Mr Galt distinguished himself at school: he was thought, even by his mother, to be a dull and sleepy boy, which was in a great measure owing to the state of his health, which did not become good till he reached manhood. In due time he entered the counting-room of Messrs James Miller and Company, in order to learn the mercantile profession, and here he seems to have continued for several years. A circumstance much to his praise falls to be noticed at this period of his life. His father had intended to leave his mother independent; but, owing to some informality, on the death of the old gentleman it was found that his whole property fell into the hands of his heir-at-law, the subject of this memoir. Mr Galt instantly executed a deed, fulfilling the intentions of his father.

In 1801 or 2, a newspaper was started at Greenock, and became a ready and appropriate vehicle for the compositions of Mr Galt and his friend Park. Soon after they began to contribute to more distant miscellanies, such as the *Scots Magazine*. Mr Galt mentions

that the newspaper was conducted by an individual so singularly stupid, as to be quite a problem. Mr Galt got an early copy of Campbell's beautiful ode "Hohenlinde," and presented it for insertion in the Greenock Advertiser: it was returned, as not worthy of a place! As he advanced into the full bloom of youth, Mr Galt entirely lost his inenergetic character, and became remarkable for that decision, which, whether for good or evil, has ever since characterised him. About the year 1804, having received an insult from a mercantile correspondent, he took upon him to resent it in a very prompt and stern manner, which seems to have rendered his situation at Greenock too unpleasant to be any longer endured. He accordingly went to London, furnished with a vast number of introductory letters, which procured him many dinners, but nothing else; and for six months he appears to have spent his time in indecision as to his future course of life. He at length began a mercantile career in company with one M'Lauchlan, and for some years prospered considerably. He devoted his extended powers of mind to his profession, and to little else; studied the principles of trade, and wrote treatises on some of the more abstruse parts of them. He read a great deal, and his reading was chiefly of an useful kind. He also studied the world, the ways of men, and the circumstances which affect their fortunes—with what success is shown in the sagacity observable in many of his works.

In the third year of his career in London, Mr Galt was involved by a mercantile correspondent in very serious difficulties, which, notwithstanding that his affairs were otherwise prosperous, involved him in bankruptcy. As he lost no character by this event, he might have gone again into business with good prospects: but it appears that his mind at this time contracted those unsettled habits to which the whole of his alleged misfortunes are to be traced. He was ambitious of a learned profession, and entered at Lincoln's Inn, with a view to the English bar, not reflecting till some time after that he had no connections who could serve him in a legal career. According to himself—"One who conceits himself to be at least equal to his neighbours in energy, is very apt to make a false estimate of the chances of life. He sees that men only get forward by their own talents, and it is not till he has obtained some insight of the world that he discovers, although this be true, yet he is apt to undervalue difficulties by attending too much to that circumstance. At the outset of life there is no profession whatever to which the aid of friends, be the individual's talent what it may, is not essential. If he possess superior ability, he will in time, with the precursor of friendship, make himself distinguished; but if he be only an ordinary person, he will never rise above his first establishment." There may, we think, be too much allowed here for the aid of friendship: the true way, in the most of the ways of life, is to trust only to one's own merits and exertions, and the public appreciation of them. At another place, Mr Galt says—less controversially—"It appeared to me that those destined to rise higher in the world had about them something which indicated their superiority. It could not be described, but every thing about them showed us at once that they panted for a higher element; a second class were quite at their ease, and I concluded that they found themselves in their station; but the third were altogether persons whom an inherent awkwardness marked as out of and above their sphere, to which they were destined to sink." There is great penetration in these few lines.

In the year 1809, Mr Galt resolved to make a tour of the Mediterranean, partly for his health, and partly to while away the time till he should be called to the bar. At Gibraltar he encountered Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse, in whose company he sailed to Sicily, and whose acquaintance he thus formed. In his autobiography, he states all he can respecting his connection with Byron; but as English periodical literature, for ten years and upwards, has been overflowing with the ridiculous vagaries of that extraordinary individual, we have resolved that this little sheet at least shall be free of him—and we therefore hurry over this part of Mr Galt's life. From Sicily, the subject of our memoir proceeded to Malta, and thence to Greece, where, at Tripolizza, he conceived a scheme for forming a mercantile establishment in the Levant, to counteract the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon. The conception was instantaneous, and seemed at first so promising as almost to turn his brain. After touching at Smyrna, he returned to Malta, where he found Messrs Struthers, Kennedy, and Company, apprised by Mr Kirkman Finlay's house in Glasgow, of a plan similar to his, which had been suggested by one of their partners resident at Vienna. He was astonished at the coincidence, but resolved to wait till the house at Malta should correspond with that at Glasgow respecting his scheme. In the meantime, he proceeded to inspect the coasts of the Grecian Archipelago, and to ascertain the safest route to the borders of Hungary. In going through the Pass of Thermopylae, an armed Albanian came down upon him and his fellow-traveller, demanding money, which being refused, the man snapped a rusty pistol at Mr Galt. The two travellers then rode off in a panic, thinking the assailant a robber, and leaving all their baggage behind. The baggage by and bye came up after them, and they learned, to their great amusement, that the man was only a tollman, demanding about one shilling and ninepence sterling.

After an exploratory expedition to the borders of Hungary, in which he satisfied himself of the practicability of introducing goods into the Continent by this circuitous channel, he returned by Sardinia and Gibraltar to Britain (August 1811), landing first in Ireland. He busied himself for a time in applications to the government, on the subject of his Levant scheme, but found great difficulty in attracting any attention. Meanwhile, he prepared and published a quarto volume descriptive of what he had seen in his travels, being his first avowed work. It was not very favourably received, and has long passed out of notice. He never reaped any good from the project which had occupied his thoughts so much, though it was soon after acted upon to a considerable extent and with advantage to those concerned. Mr Kirkman Finlay proposed to give him a principal share in superintending a mercantile concern established by his house at Gibraltar, and he closed with the offer. At Gibraltar, however, he found himself out of his element: he confesses he never could lay his heart to any business in which the imagination was not engaged. His health became bad, and the concern was ruined by the successes of the Duke of Wellington in Spain. He returned to Britain, where it appears his friends were by no means pleased with his conduct. He was now, at thirty-three years of age, an unconnected adventurer in London. All his exertions in life hitherto appear to have been ineffectual in accumulating for him either money or the confidence of friends. He possessed no regular means of supporting himself, and his health was precarious. Yet this seems to have been the time of all others chosen by our author for encountering the responsibilities of a family. Of the exact date of his marriage (further than that it was a Tuesday), or the name of the lady, we are not informed. For some years after this period, we hear of no exertions made by Mr Galt for his subsistence beyond the composition of a few volumes, none of which, so far as we are aware, were very successful. He published *Letters from the Levant* in one volume octavo; a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*; several minor biographies; and a number of plays; the most of the latter being published in a work styled the *Rejected Theatre*, which appeared in a series of volumes.

The first decidedly successful appearance which Mr Galt made as an author, was in a series of articles, which appeared in the year 1820, in Blackwood's Magazine, styled "The Ayrshire Legatees." In this work, which eventually formed a separate volume, he showed a power of delineating a certain line of Scotch characters, that struck the public mind, especially in Scotland, very forcibly. Sir Walter Scott had already given some admirable pictures; but he had never come so exactly into the very heart of a real Scotch matron of the middle ranks, as Mr Galt now did. Mr Blackwood, whose judgment of literary productions is generally acknowledged to be excellent, saw that this was a new vein, and he encouraged Mr Galt in prosecuting it. A volume, written earlier, but for some years neglected, was now published, under the title of "The Annals of the Parish." It was intended by the author as a kind of Scottish *Vicar of Wakefield*; and it certainly possesses much of the household humour and pathos of its admirable model. About this time, the author had come to Scotland, chiefly with a view to the education of his children; and for some years he lived in Eskgrove House, near Musselburgh, a seat of Sir William Rae, then Lord Advocate for Scotland. The propinquity of this residence to Edinburgh was peculiarly convenient, as it enabled him to conduct his publications there with great ease. He now issued in rapid succession *The Provost*, *The Steamboat* (each one volume), *Sir Andrew Wylie*, and *The Entail* (each three volumes), and *The Gathering in the West*, which related to the flocking of the west-country people to Edinburgh at the period of the king's visit. In all of these works, the peculiar vein of Scottish character which Mr Galt had hit upon, formed the main attraction, and their merits were upon the whole handsomely acknowledged by the public. It could only be urged by critics of strictly just taste, that there was an unfortunate coarseness in many of Mr Galt's pictures, and a mean style of moral feeling in many of his characters, which could not justly be considered as a fair representation of the people from whom they professed to be derived. Another series, published by Messrs Oliver and Boyd, consisted of *Ringan Gilhaize*, *The Spaewife*, and *Rothelan*. They fell under the denomination of historical romances, and were not generally deemed happy efforts. Upon the whole, any distinctive merit which Mr Galt possesses as an author, may be said to lie exclusively in his power of describing a homely specimen of his countrymen, which he almost always does with truth and effect, though, as intimated, with far too much of the selfish feeling attributed to the character. He generally fails in any higher flight.

From about the year 1824 to 1830, Mr Galt was occupied in the business of acting manager and superintendant of the business of an emigration company in Upper Canada, which required his almost constant residence in that country, and appears to have yielded him a salary of a thousand a-year. A large portion of his book is occupied in the details of his transactions in this capacity, and, according to his own showing, he pushed on the concerns of his employers with a great deal of activity, and no small success. The company, however, did not prosper, and his irritable disposition having afforded them an excuse which

might have otherwise been wanting, he was discharged at the last, in what appears to have been a very harsh manner. The consequence was an embarrassment in Mr Galt's affairs, which obliged him once more to become bankrupt. In London he again commenced the business of an author, and produced in quick succession *Lawrie Todd* (a singularly happy and successful novel), *Southernan*, *Bogle Corbet*, *Stanley Buxton*, and *Eben Erskine*—all of which were in three volumes each—with the *Life of Lord Byron* (written for the National Library), the *Lives of the Players* (2 vols. for the same series), the *Member and the Radical*, political tales in one volume each.

In the midst of these honourable exertions for the support of his family and the discharge of his debts—for both objects seem to have been in his view, and the latter to a certain extent accomplished—he was, in July 1832, struck with paralysis on one side, which has confined him to his room ever since, and left him, as he mournfully expresses it, "three parts dead." Even in this unhappy state, he has contrived to write, or at least to dictate; and though this autobiography, which has been composed under such circumstances, is certainly not a blameless work, it shows that, however his body be affected, his mind still retains its wonted vigour almost entire.

Throughout his narrative, Mr Galt lets out numerous expressions of complaint against individuals and against the world, and endeavours, upon the whole, to convey the impression that he has been what is called "an ill-used man." It would not be humane, and could be attended with no good to himself, to point out to this unfortunate gentleman how apt he is to have been mistaken in this conclusion. We may, however, state as our deliberate impression, after a perusal of his work, that it was hardly possible for any man who went through any thing like the same course of life that he has done, to end with wealth or with comfort. All his exertions since his thirtieth year appear to have been of a desultory and irregular character. He was occasionally in the way of making much money, but he never could long remain in such a position. His own confession, that he never could apply steadily to any employment which did not engage the imagination, must, we fear, be held as an explanation of all his misfortunes, for it is almost equivalent to a declaration that he never could endure any business of a lucrative kind. If a man deliberately prefers the luxury which he experiences in following out all the freaks of his fancy, to the gains of steady plodding industry, it is mere folly to complain that he has not become rich; he could not reasonably expect both rewards. We must at the same time pronounce, that there is an absurdity in the world having enjoyed so much from the writings of this man, and his yet being in distressed circumstances. The remuneration which an author of Mr Galt's degree of merit derives from his labours, bears no proportion to the enjoyment which the public has had in them; and it appears no more than just, that such an individual should experience the public bounty in some shape or other through the medium of the government. Large sums are annually spent upon persons who have no apparent claim but influential connections, while men of genius, who spend their nights and their days, their blood and strength and soul, in instructing and amusing their species, and whose thoughts are to be a capital for the enjoyment of all future ages, perish in poverty and neglect.

We cannot permit this book to pass from our observation without remarking with regret its extraordinary deficiency in dates. We do not recollect having observed in Mr Galt's text more than two dates—that of his birth, and that of his first attack from paralysis. All the rest is a chaos, where the reader can only occasionally make out the period of an incident from the date of a letter occurring thereabouts, or some other such contingent hint. The consequence is, that Mr Galt's youth and middle age—all the facts of his life, in short—are completely jumbled, and lose a great deal of their character. In the above sketch, the reader would be equally at a loss, if we had not been able, from our own knowledge, to supply two or three of the more essential dates. Some people have a habitual contempt for dates, as if they were only of use to persons of a formal and artificial cast of mind. But how events can be arranged in the mind of any one by other means, how they can otherwise be intelligible, is more than we can comprehend. In reality, a mind that is distinct about events, or attaches any value to them, must retain the date also, for the mere purpose of showing the relation of those events to others; and no person can pretend to know any thing of either history or biography, who is not also somewhat skilled in chronology. To our mind, an event without a date is the most meaningless thing in the world; and any book which professes to deal in the one without attending to the other, we look upon as little better than a common fiction.

SMOKING AND SNUFF-TAKING.

Among the various follies which we have thought it necessary to hold up to general ridicule and reproach, are the smoking of tobacco and snuff-taking, two pretended luxuries, if not supposed to be necessities of life, of the most vicious nature, as regards both their expensiveness and their effects on the constitution. It is astonishing to see the silliness of mankind—we

would say of many really intelligent people—in beginning an indulgence in these intemperate habits, and continuing in them till they had injured their personal appearance, and hurt their digestive organs. We have usually remarked that young men take to tobacco and snuff more from an idea of doing what they imagine to be manful, than of increasing their comforts. Smoking has an air of listless independence about it that shows well off; and there is doubtless a deal of agreeable fiddle-faddle in the opening, and shutting, and handing about of a neat snuff-box. When conversation lags for want of intellect or invention, snuffing fills up the intervening pauses, and the mutual exchange of a pinch is supposed to be a cement of friendship fully as binding as the eating of salt together used to be in the early ages of civilization. Many pretend that tobacco and snuff are beneficial—that they are taken medicinally for the health. This is exceedingly amusing. "The observations we frequently hear (says the author of a sensibly written tract on the subject) of their being used on account of headaches and stomach complaints, are mere attempts to justify or apologize for the habit. Nay, so far from contributing to health, they destroy it. And, accordingly, it was lately stated in the newspapers, that an eminent physician in the United States imputed the unhealthy condition of the district where he practised, to the common use of cigars.

It is no less evident that these articles cannot contribute to your happiness. What happiness can arise from creating to yourselves restless, craving, unnatural appetites, which are incessantly demanding gratification? The great art of happiness is not to multiply your appetites, but to have yourselves exempted from them; and there appears a general conviction of the hollow and deceitful nature of the satisfaction which snuff and tobacco confer on their votaries; for it is well known that few ever acquired the habit of using them, without repenting it, supposing even that they were in easy circumstances. Very few indeed, who have contracted the habit, will be found to defend it. They will perhaps allege that there is something peculiar in their cases which renders it advisable, and that there might be danger in dropping it. But they will at the same time allow that it is highly proper to warn others against such habits; and this is granting in the fullest manner their unfortunate tendency, and the folly of contracting them. I have heard a saying of a late eccentric judge in our supreme courts, that if he had a thousand noses, he would give them all snuff. A more severe satire could not be pronounced on the habit. Had this eccentric character considered duly, he would have perceived, that, having a thousand such members to gratify, he would have required several active assistants to quiet his clamorous appetites, and keep them in some measure of good humour.

While these articles confer neither health nor happiness, let us attend to what they cost immense numbers of deluded people throughout the nation. The duties paid on tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland for 1829, were stated to be *two millions eight hundred and fifty-nine thousand pounds*. Add to this the cost of production, the expenses of freight, the profits of the manufacturer, wholesale merchant, and retailer, and the whole will amount to an annual sum, which, in the course of fourscore years, would almost pay off the national debt. And all this is of course paid by the consumer. The proportion of duty for Scotland in 1829 was £273,000. Suppose £400,000 paid for the article by the consumers, which is probably too low a calculation, and that there are a thousand parishes, being a few more than the actual number; this gives £400 as the average for each parish. Such is the annual sum paid for an article of luxury, the using which arises from a mere idle habit, and which cannot be shown to be beneficial in any shape whatever.

I have often been amused at the various reasons assigned for this debasing habit. Sometimes a defluxion was wanted from the nose; snuff, of course, exactly fitted the case. Or there was an obstruction in the upper part of the smelling-functionary, which snuff cleverly removed. There was a weakness in the eyes, and snuff strengthened them; they were arid, and lacked moisture; nothing in such a case like snuff. Then headaches, qualms, vertigo, all were found to yield to this potent magician. While snuff guarded the upper regions, I found that tobacco was no less vigilant in watching over the safety of the lower. Here, too, a defluxion was wanted; tobacco brought off all the superfluous moisture that was deluging the stomach. The process of digestion did not go on satisfactorily; tobacco corrected the bad qualities of the saliva and gastric juice, and down went the whole contents careering. The bile was overflowing; now, every person knows that the smoke or juice of tobacco makes the troublesome fellow keep within his banks. The toothach, too, I found, was made to yield without a struggle. Who does not know that the toothach proceeds from small worms that breed in decaying teeth? Tobacco makes these give up the ghost with a vengeance; while at the same time it enamels the grinders with a beautiful black.

There are reasons assigned for the habit of using tobacco, which may require a more serious answer. Some defend it on the ground of tobacco being an important article of commerce, and a source of public revenue. There is an immense capital, and much shipping employed in the trade. Many thousands of eminent merchants are supported and enriched by it.

Small dealers in the article abound in every parish. Why should so many have their gains diminished, and the means of their subsistence taken from them? Now, the same argument may be used against the diminution of the trade in spirits. And the question that comes to be resolved is this: whether vice and misery should be encouraged and multiplied through the kingdom; in order to furnish sources of public revenue, and to enrich planters, ship-owners, innkeepers, and shopkeepers? It would be no great consolation to the poor inhabitants of any district, to tell them, that, by expending their money on spirits, snuff, and tobacco, instead of employing it in purchasing food and clothing, they are upholding the revenue and commerce of the country, and enriching planters, distillers, and others. If the capital of a country cannot be profitably employed in these articles, it will find its way into other channels.

As an argument for the use of tobacco, I have heard it alleged, that if the lower classes should leave off these habits, they might adopt some equally bad, or worse. Now, I am utterly at a loss to perceive how this will follow in the least. Tobacco and snuff have not been used in this kingdom above 250 years. What bad habits were our ancestors addicted to in place of this; antecedently to that period? Suppose a parish to contain a thousand inhabitants, and that one hundred use snuff and tobacco—What bad habit are the other nine hundred addicted to, from which this one hundred are free?

I have all along characterised the habit of using snuff and tobacco as degrading and debasing. There are few who have not observed the debasing effects proceeding from the use of these articles among the lower ranks. Women who smoke have usually a disgusting appearance, from their want of attention to cleanliness. And so commonly does this take place, that, as soon as one of the younger generation commences the practice, she straightway becomes a slattern, and grows regardless about her looks."

In short, concludes this writer, "with respect to such as have acquired the habit, it surely deserves their consideration, whether it may not be worth while, by submitting to some self-denial, and some uneasy feelings, for a month or two, to obtain freedom from a vile debasing slavery during the rest of their lives."

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

THE cocoa or palm tree is one of the most valuable natural products of eastern countries, and is so useful in various ways, that, if extirpated, the warm regions of Hindoostan, and adjacent Indian islands, would barely be habitable by human beings. The cocoa, or cocoa-nut tree, to the extent of five varieties, is indigenous to the island of Ceylon; but it is seldom if ever found to that number of varieties in the same plantation, except in the vicinity of a Budhoo temple of some importance. The first variety is the king cocoa-nut, which is of a bright orange colour, and it is usually presented as a compliment by the priests to respectable Europeans, whose curiosity may have induced a visit to the shrine of Budhoo. The next in beauty is also of a bright orange colour, but of a more spherical shape; and the third is of a pale yellow, and rather heart-shaped. The fourth is the common cocoa-nut, of which many millions are annually exported to Europe. The fifth is of a dwarf size, not larger than a turkey's egg.

Cocoa-nuts are planted when ripe, and appear above the ground in three months; in about four years the trees have attained their height, and put forth blossoms. In twelve months after this, the trees bear fruit, which they continue to do for sixty years, when the property of bearing gradually ceases. The number of nuts in a bunch or cluster seldom exceeds from fifteen to twenty good nuts; and in favourable sandy situations the tree will admit of the fruit being gathered four or five times in the course of a year.

Cocoas furnish meat and drink, and are otherwise extensively useful to the Singalese, or natives of Ceylon. When the nut is fully ripe, its kernel is ground down, and water being poured on it, a white pulpy substance is produced, which, with rice, form the principal and best food of all classes of natives, from the chief to the day-labourer; and, when accustomed to them, Europeans of all ranks soon grow partial to a diet, which is not only agreeable to the palate, but light and wholesome to the constitution. The beverage which the green cocoa-nut affords is most delicious and cooling. The inside taken when quarter-ripe, may be appropriately termed a vegetable blanc-mange; in which state it may be eaten with a spoon, there being no difficulty whatever in removing the pulp from the shell. The addition of Madeira wine, with a few drops of lime juice, and a little sugar and nutmeg, so completely disguises it, that scarcely one person in a hundred would believe it to be a vegetable production.

The cocoa-nut tree yields another species of liquid, equally delicious and refreshing, called palm-wine, or toddy. Two months after the blossoming of the tree, the capsulated flower is first tied, to prevent its expansion, and then cut, so as to allow the juice to exude drop by drop. A supply is yielded morning and

evening, the flower being cut a little every day. Europeans prefer toddy before sunrise, when it is a cool, delicious, and particularly wholesome beverage, acting as a gentle aperient; but the natives prefer it after fermentation has commenced, which takes place in about three hours. In that state, bread-bakers use it as yeast, for which it does admirably, the bread which is made from it being remarkably light and good. The lower classes of Singalese often intoxicate themselves with fermented toddy during the hottest parts of the day, when they may be seen in the neighbourhood of the toddy-shops, squatted on a log of wood, or on the bottom of an inverted canoe, in the full enjoyment of this vicious indulgence.

The next thing that the cocoa-nut tree yields is arrack or rack. This is a distillation of fermented toddy, one hundred gallons of which produce twenty-five of arrack. This spirit, when new, is considered injurious to the constitution; but after it has been kept some years, it becomes one of the wholesomest that can be made use of.

A recital of the duties of the cocoa-nut tree is yet far from being finished. Besides the foregoing products, it furnishes a species of honey and sugar. Eight gallons of sweet newly-drawn toddy, boiled over a slow fire, yield two gallons of a very luscious liquid called honey; which quantity being again boiled, a coarse brown sugar called jaggerly, which is in general use by the natives, is the product. In manufacturing jaggerly, it is formed into round cakes or buns, dried in the smoke of the huts, and, being tied in the dead leaves of the banana, is then ready to be kept for domestic use or for exportation.

The next article which the cocoa-nut tree produces is vinegar, which is made in a very simple manner from the toddy. The required quantity of toddy is collected in dry weather, put into jars, and well covered. After a month, the contents are strained, and replaced in the same jars, with the addition of a little Chili pepper, and some other hot spices. At the expiration of a month or five weeks, it becomes very excellent vinegar, nearly equal to European, for pickles, fumigation, and other purposes.

The next valuable product of the cocoa-nut tree is oil, of which there are different ways of manufacturing. The Singalese process is simple. Ripe cocoanuts removed from the shell are pounded in a large mortar, and having been taken out and pressed, the liquid is boiled over a slow fire; the oil which floats on the top being skimmed off, is subsequently boiled by itself. Two quarts of oil will be the product of fourteen or fifteen cocoanuts. When fresh, it is used in cookery, and is excellent. Cocoa-nut oil is burnt in all houses, from that of the governor to the coolie or labourer. It is also used as an ointment for the body and the hair; and the refuse from which it has been expressed, makes oil-cake for the fattening of pigs, poultry, and cattle.

This is not all the uses of the cocoa-nut. The liquid from it in a green state is used as a glue by plasterers in their white and other washes, for houses, verandahs, pillars, &c. The shells of the green nuts, when pared thin, are used as lanterns or lamps for illuminating roads and trees; also for ladles, skimmers, spoons; for making lampblack, and, when broken, they serve for fuel. The outer shells or husks, by steeping, furnish a fibrous matter, from which either large ropes or small cords may be manufactured as good as if made from hemp; also brushes, mats, and bags. The leaves of the tree are made into excellent baskets for the conveyance of fruits and other articles, and, when prepared in a particular manner, are used as torches by the natives. When the tree is in full leaf, it affords a delightful retreat beneath its shade from the heat of the sun; and the branches of this truly valuable tree, on being split, furnish a covering for houses and huts, as well as materials for many household articles; even the latches of the doors are made from the cocoa-nut tree. The branches also afford excellent stakes for the fencing of fields.

We have now to exhibit the cocoa-nut tree in quite a different character. It is the druggist of the Indians, and furnishes medicines for the cure of their diseases. A decoction drawn from the root is considered by the native doctors so efficacious in intermittent fevers as to be almost invariably employed by them. As a gargle, it removes complaints of the mouth and throat. With fish oil, the expressed juice of the leaves is a sovereign remedy in cases of hemorrhoids. In ophthalmic complaints, the external application of the expressed juice of the nut, mixed with new milk, mitigates, if it does not entirely remove, inflammation. The expressed juice of the flower, mixed with new milk, and taken in small quantities, affords almost immediate relief, and if persevered in, a cure, in the debilitating complaints of hot climates. The bark affords an oil which cures diseases or eruptions of the skin. The shell reduced to charcoal is used as an excellent dentifrice or tooth-powder, and the water of the green nut is the best of all cosmetics for clearing the skin from wrinkles.

Such are the uses and virtues of the cocoa-nut tree, which has apparently been bestowed by the hands of a beneficent Providence for the use and happiness of the natives of tropical climates.*

* This article is the substance of a pamphlet, entitled "A Treatise on the Cocoa-Nut Tree," &c., by a Fellow of the Linnean and Horticultural Societies, many years resident in Ceylon. London, 1831.

Column for Cottagers.

PERSONS in the humbler walks of life in the country have, in many instances, much spare time on their hands which they do not well know how to occupy with useful employment. After attending to their ordinary labour, and perhaps cultivating their gardens, and looking after a cow or a pig, they find little else to do, and may be induced to spend a period of their existence in listless idleness. But however profitless and discreditable it is to be idle, persons in the situation we mention can hardly be blamed. They are most likely willing to keep their minds and bodies in recreative employment, provided they knew how to set about it with a feasible prospect of remuneration. Now, we are going to put in their way a plan proposed by Cobbett, in his *Cottage Economy*, for the exercise of their industry, which has already been tried with great advantage in Orkney, where an immense number of individuals partially or wholly support themselves by it, and which may be pursued in any part of the United Kingdom. It consists of the cultivation and manufacture of grass or straw, for plat, used in making bonnets of the Leghorn species. "The cutting, the bleaching, the sorting, and the plating of straw (says this ingenious writer, who has the credit of introducing the process into this country), seem to be, of all employments, the best suited to the wives and children of country labourers; and the discovery which I have made, as to the means of obtaining the necessary materials, will enable them to enter at once upon that employment. Before I proceed to give my directions relative to the performance of this sort of labour, I shall give a sort of history of the discovery to which I have just alluded:—

The practice of making hats, bonnets, and other things, of straw, is perhaps of very ancient date; but, not to waste time in fruitless inquiries, it is very well known that for many years past straw coverings for the head have been greatly in use in England, in America, and indeed in almost all the countries that we know much of. In this country the manufacture was, only a few years ago, very flourishing; but it has now greatly declined, and has left in poverty and misery those whom it once well fed and clothed.

The cause of this change has been, the importation of the straw hats and bonnets from Italy, greatly superior, in durability and beauty, to those made in England. The plat made in England was made of the straw of ripened grain. It was in general split; but the main circumstance was, that it was made of the straw of ripened grain; while the Italian plat was made of the straw of grain or grass cut green. Now, the straw of ripened grain or grass is brittle, or rather rotten. It dies while standing, and, in point of toughness, the difference between it and straw from plants cut green is much about the same as the difference between a stick that has died on the tree, and one that has been cut from the tree. But besides the difference in point of toughness, strength, and durability, there was the difference in beauty. The colour of the Italian plat was better; the plat was brighter; and the Italian straws being small whole straws, instead of small straws made by the splitting of large ones, there was a roundness in them, that gave light and shade to the plat, which could not be given by our flat bits of straw.

It seems odd that nobody should have set to work to find out how the Italians came by this fine straw. The importation of these Italian articles was chiefly from the port of Leghorn; and, therefore, the bonnets imported were called Leghorn bonnets. The straw manufacturers in this country seem to have made no effort to resist this invasion from Leghorn. And, which is very curious, the Leghorn straw has now begun to be imported, and to be platted in this country; so that we had hands to plat as well as the Italians. All that we wanted was the same kind of straw that the Italians had; and it is truly wonderful, that these importations from Leghorn should have gone on increasing, year after year, and our domestic manufacture dwindling away at a like pace, without there having been any inquiry relative to the way in which the Italians got their straw! Strange that we should have imported even straw from Italy, without inquiring whether similar straw could not be got in England! There really seems to have been an opinion that England could no more produce this straw than it could produce the sugar-cane.

Things were in this state, when, in 1821, a Miss Woodhouse, a farmer's daughter in Connecticut, sent a straw-bonnet of her own making to the Society of Arts in London. This bonnet, superior in fineness and beauty to any thing of the kind that had come from Leghorn, the maker stated to consist of the straw of a sort of grass, of which she sent, along with the bonnet, some of the seeds. The question was, then, would these precious seeds grow and produce plants in perfection in England? A large quantity of the seed had not been sent; and it was therefore, by a member of the society, thought desirable to get, with as little delay as possible, a considerable quantity of the seed.

It was in this stage of the affair that my attention was called to it. The member just alluded to applied to me to get the seed from America. I was of

opinion that there could be no sort of grass in Connecticut, that would not, and that did not grow and flourish in England. My son James, who was then at New York, had instructions from me, in June 1821, to go to Miss Woodhouse, and to send me home an account of the matter. In September, the same year, I heard from him, who sent me an account of the cutting and bleaching, and also a specimen of the plat and of the grass of Connecticut. Miss Woodhouse had told the Society of Arts, that the grass she used was the *Poa pratensis*. This is the smooth-stalked meadow-grass; so that it was quite useless to send for seed. It was clear that we had grass enough in England, if we could but make it into straw as handsome as that of Italy.

I made my experiments, and, in short, I proved to demonstration that we had not only the plants, but the sun also, necessary for the making of straw, yielding in no respect to that of America or of Italy. I think that, upon the whole, we have greatly the advantage of those countries; for grass is more abundant in this country than in any other. It flourishes here more than in any other country. It is here in a greater variety of sorts; and for fineness in point of size, there is no part of the world which can equal what might be obtained from some of our downs, merely by keeping the land ungrazed till the month of July. When I had obtained the straw, I got some of it made into plat. One piece of this plat was equal in point of colour, and superior in point of fineness, even to the plat of the bonnet of Miss Woodhouse."

Cobbett next describes the process of cutting and bleaching the grass:—"First, as to the season of the year, all the straw, except that of one sort of couch-grass, and the long coppice-grass, which two were got in Sussex, were got from grass cut in Hertfordshire on the 21st of June. A grass headland, in a wheat field, had been mowed during the forepart of the day; and in the afternoon I went and took a handful here and a handful there out of the swaths. When I had collected as much as I could well carry, I took it to my friend's house, and proceeded to prepare it for bleaching, according to the information sent me from America by my son; that is to say, I put my grass into a shallow tub, put boiling water upon it until it was covered by the water, let it remain in that state for ten minutes, then took it out, and laid it very thinly on a closely mowed lawn in a garden. But I should observe, that, before I put the grass into the tub, I tied it up in small bundles, or sheaves, each bundle being about six inches through at the butt-end. This was necessary, in order to be able to take the grass, at the end of ten minutes, out of the water, without throwing it into a confused mixture as to tops and tails. Being tied up in little bundles, I could easily, with a prong, take it out of the hot water. The bundles were put into a large wicker basket, carried to the lawn in the garden, and there taken out, one by one, and laid in swaths as before mentioned.

It was laid very thinly; almost might I say, that no stalk of grass covered another. The swaths were turned once a-day. The bleaching was completed at the end of seven days from the time of scalding and laying out. June is a fine month. The grass was, as it happened, cut on the longest day in the year; and, the weather was remarkably fine and clear. But the grass which I afterwards cut in Sussex was cut the first week in August.

The part of the straw used for plating is that part of the stalk which is above the upper joint; that part which is between the upper joint and the seed-branches. This part is taken out, and the rest of the straw thrown away. But the whole plant must be cut and bleached; because, if you were to take off, when green, the part above described, that part would wither up next to nothing. This part must die in company with the whole plants, and be separated from the other parts after the bleaching has been performed.

The time of cutting must vary with the seasons, the situation, and the sort of grass. The grass which I got in Hertfordshire, than which nothing can, I think, be more beautiful, was, when cut, generally in bloom; just in bloom. The wheat was in full bloom; so that a good time for getting grass may be considered to be that when the wheat is in bloom. When I cut the grass in Sussex, the wheat was ripe, for reaping had begun; but that grass is of a very backward sort, and, besides, grew in the shade amongst coppice-wood and under trees, which stood pretty thick.

As to the sorts of grass, I have to observe generally, that in proportion as the colour of the grass is deep—that is to say, getting further from the yellow, and nearer to the blue—it is of a deep and dead yellow when it becomes straw. Those kinds of grass are best, which are, in point of colour, nearest to that of wheat, which is a fresh pale green. Another thing is, the quality of the straw as to pliancy and toughness. Experience must be our guide here."

He next informs us that purple melica grass, florin grass, ray grass, yellow oat grass, crested dog's-tail grass, sweet-scented vernal grass, and brown bent grass, are those to be used in preparing to make straw plat; and then proceeds—"As it may be useful to speak of the expense of cutting and bleaching, I shall trouble you with a few words relating to it. If there were a field of ray-grass, of crested dog's-tail, or any other good sort, and nothing else growing with it, the expense of cutting would be very little indeed, seeing that the scythe or reap-hook would do the business at a great rate. Doubtless there will be such fields; but

even if the grass have to be cut by the handful, my opinion is, that the expense of cutting and bleaching would not exceed fourpence for straw enough to make a large bonnet. I should be willing to contract to supply straw, at this rate, for half a million of bonnets. The scalding must constitute a considerable part of the expense, because there must be fresh water for every parcel of grass that you put in the tub. When water has scalded one parcel of cold grass, it will not scald another parcel. Besides, the scalding draws out the sweet matter of the grass, and makes the water the colour of that horrible stuff called London porter.

I cannot, in concluding these communications, refrain from making an observation or two on the consequences likely to arise out of these inquiries. The manufacture is alone of considerable magnitude. Not less than about five millions of persons in this kingdom have a dress which consists partly of manufactured straw; and a large part, and all the most expensive part, of the articles thus used, now come from abroad. Notwithstanding all this, if the manufacture were of a description to require, in order to give it success, the collecting of the manufacturers together in great numbers, I should, however great the wealth that it might promise, never have done any thing to promote its establishment. The contrary is, happily, the case: here all is not only performed by hand, but by hand singly, without any combination of hands. Here there is no power of machinery or of chemistry wanted. All is performed out in the open fields, or sitting in the cottage. There wants no coal mines and no rivers to assist; no water-powers nor powers of fire. No part of the kingdom is unfit for the business. Every where there are grass, water, sun, and women and children's fingers; and these are all that are wanted. But the great thing of all is this: that, to obtain the materials for the making of this article of dress, at once so gay, so useful, and in some cases so expensive, there requires not a penny of capital. Many of the labourers now make their own straw hats to wear in summer. Poor rotten things, made out of the straw of ripened grain. With what satisfaction will they learn that straw, twenty times as durable, to say nothing of the beauty, is to be got from every hedge! In short, when the people are well and clearly informed of the facts which I have adduced, it is next to impossible that the manufacture should not become general throughout the country. In every labourer's house a pot of water can be boiled. What labourer's wife cannot, in the summer months, find time to cut and bleach grass enough to give her and her children work for a part of the winter! There is no necessity for all to be platters; some may cut and bleach only; others may prepare the straw; and, doubtless, as the farmers in Hertfordshire now sell their straw to the platters, grass collectors and bleachers and preparers would do the same; so that there is scarcely any country labourer's family that might not derive some advantage from this discovery."

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF BIRDS.

The geographical distribution of the various races of created beings has excited considerable interest, and a mass of facts have been collected, which go far to prove that it is regulated by certain laws, chiefly dependent upon the conjoined influence of climate and temperature. Birds are equally subject to those rules, as might be expected from their more extended locomotive powers, their ranges are wider, and some groups and species are more generally spread over the world than those beings which require the assistance of a solid medium to transport themselves from place to place. Instances of this kind may be given in one or two examples. The great families of the falcons, pigeons, and swallows, are universally diffused; parrots are found in every quarter of the world, except Europe; and woodpeckers are wanting only to New Holland. The peregrine falcon, so renowned in a noble but nearly forgotten sport, has its free range over the greater part of Europe, America, and Greenland, and has been sent from the distant continent of New Holland; the short-eared owl is common to Europe, Siberia, and the neighbourhood of Canton, in China; the common magpie extends over Europe, has been sent from the Himalayan range in India, and reaches to the cold regions of North America; while specimens of the glassy-bird have reached this country from each of the four quarters of the world, besides from many of its far distant insulated lands.—*Naturalist's Library.*

SUNDAY AT CALCUTTA.

Forty years ago, little or no attention was paid to the Sabbath in Calcutta, so much so that there seemed hardly any difference betwixt Sunday and the other days of the week. Only one outward symbol was exhibited to assure people that it was the day of rest. "Oh," would one person say to another, "I see this is Sunday—the flag is hoisted at Fort William."

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BRIGGS, Holywell Street, Strand; BANKS & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMER-LEIGH, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, and which will be completed in one volume, appears once every fortnight.

† Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 92.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG. CLEVERNESS.

IN the scene of human life presented to our observation, it appears obvious that there is a constant struggle going forward betwixt two great divisions of society—the aged and the youthful. Each of these parties acts upon opposite principles. The old have found, by experience, that no good can be obtained, no permanent comfort secured, without the exercise of a great deal of cool judgment and prudence. They abound in recollections of innumerable instances in their past lives, in which they lost anticipated advantages by precipitancy, and gained them by a cautious and patient line of conduct. They remember that, at every step in their career, they were impeded by the hurrying advance of others, or withheld by those who placed their sole enjoyment in gratifications by the way. In fine, they can describe that it was only by the due control of the passions, that they were enabled to succeed in their endeavours to attain a competence, or respectable independence.

The young, on the other hand, know almost nothing from experience. They start in the race of life with the most transcendent ideas of their own importance and abilities. Nobody that ever lived was half so clever as they are; and all the rest of the rising generation are fools in comparison with them. They will soon show the world what can be done by their cleverness in business; and they have no doubt but the whole town will very speedily be brought to admire their talent, and hasten to support them in their projects. And as for their foundering in their schemes, that is quite impossible: they will defy the cunningest sharper to cheat them; and they know perfectly well the vicious temptations which they ought to shun. Just let them alone, and give them a fair field, and they will show what can be done. All mankind have been wrong from the beginning of the world, and it is they who will now put them right.

Such is the nature of those vague notions which more or less affect the conduct of most young men entering upon a scene of active exertion, in which they are left to pursue the courses they choose to follow. It may be remarked, that at no period of life are people more averse from advice, than when they are thus let loose from the restraints of boyhood. To the admonitions of guardians, friends, or fathers, they listen with apathy, and turn away without being convinced. To the anxiously proffered advice of an aged parent, they most likely reply, "Well, father, that is all very true you say; but the world is now greatly changed since your young days, and the same measures will no longer succeed. There are ways of doing things now-a-days that you have no proper idea of; and just give me a trial, and I will soon astonish you with my skill and management." Of course, the old man withdraws his fatherly cares from the ingenious youth—perhaps only thinking of him afterwards as in a certain sense lost, or only brought to a painful knowledge of his existence by the calls privately made upon him for pecuniary subsidies.

To whatever degree of loftiness the pretensions of the young man may have aspired, it is not long before he begins to suspect that the world is neither so silly nor so easily prevailed upon to second his views as he imagined. Presuming upon his innate knowledge of mankind, in all their various classes, he affects an excess of liberality in his dealings. He enters into acquaintanceship with any body, provided they have but a genteel look; implicitly gives credit when sought for: does not heed lending a few pounds when craved with a confidential air; and even becomes security for several of his dearest friends. It is generally seen

that he also reckons with an amazing degree of confidence on the effects of his personal appearance. Every thing about him is to attract universal admiration: The elegant contour of his hair; his handsomely made coat; the peculiarly genteel colour of his gloves; the graceful droop in the chain of his watch, which hangs round his neck in the most approved fashion—are all, in his estimation, to be at once productive of envy among his competitors, and the cause of the deepest admiration and love among all the young ladies who have the happiness or misery to behold him. The wise and accomplished young man further prides himself on his speculations in business. He tries to carry on trade by a sort of slight of hand, or by being up to every thing. Yet, somehow, he finds all will not do. His friends turn out unsubstantial visions: his elegant appearance fails entirely in gaining him either credit or respect: his means vanish in schemes which are proved to be unutterably ridiculous: and he at length makes the notable discovery, that other people are just as wise and as clever as himself. Thus, every succeeding year of his life, the young man thinks less and less of his own abilities, or power of swaying the world to his wishes. He learns, by dreary experience, that, after all, dullness with prudence gets on much better than activity and heedlessness. Above all, he finds that there is no possibility of attaining any great and profitable end without accommodating himself to a thousand petty circumstances that occur—without ministering to the prejudices or prepossessions of others—without submitting, perhaps, to many supposed contumelies and neglects—without manfully breasting every succeeding wave of adversity that threatens to swallow him up.

So common is the fallacy of self-sufficient cleverness among the youthful, and the corresponding disregard of advice from the aged, that it would almost appear as if our race were, in this manner, by a provision of nature, doomed to be retarded in its advancement towards perfection. If each generation were to start with the full advantage of the experience of the one which preceded it, it is impossible to conceive the height of prosperity and happiness at which mankind would have already arrived. But it seems to be nearly as difficult to endow with the wisdom of threescore the youth of five and twenty, as it is to train the muscles of a child of six years old to the energy and endurance of a full-grown man. As the body acquires strength in a regular gradation, so the mind also attains improvement by degrees. Nevertheless, we do not despond over the case of those who naturally repel admonition from their predecessors. There is at least one form in which good counsel presents itself without any circumstance which predisposes men to despise it, and that is the writings which the industry and learning of ages have now largely accumulated, and which the art of printing is daily extending. It is from the reiterated efforts of the press that we are principally to look for melioration in the tempers and in the behaviour of the people. In proportion as the young indulge in judicious reading, they will learn to reflect soundly—to see the absurdity of closing their understandings against the deductions drawn from familiar examples of ruin produced by self-conceit and impassioned heedlessness. They will thus, to a certain degree, acquire that which will stand them in the stead of experience in life—a dependence on the experience of those who have gone before them. In the same measure, by being made extensively acquainted with the abilities of others—the cleverness of their predecessors as well as of their neighbours—they will profitably be led to think much less of their own acquirements, and

to put considerably less value on their own capabilities of action.

Occasionally we see young men who are less headstrong at the outset than those we have pointed out. A few seem to step at once, as it were, into the sagacity of the aged, and it is always seen that they prosper in proportion as their conduct is regulated by the admonitions of prudence. The success of these entrants on the stage of human life is found to have depended principally on the due regulation of their passions—for in this mainly lies the secret of advancement in society. They engage in their occupations with coolness and deliberation, warily lying in wait for opportunities of well-doing, and taking advantage of those false steps which precipitate others from the eminence they have partially gained. While the greater proportion of the young and thoughtless are dropping aside out of the ranks, and disappearing, and the aged are naturally falling away from amongst them, they are steadily pursuing their way, shutting their eyes and their ears against the various allurements that beset them—against the pretended friendships of the vicious or the simply contemptible—against, perhaps, the turbulence of their own appetites and passions—and so, by the time they have reached a mature manhood, they are already in the possession of those comforts and that honourable station that are the reward of virtue.

LEGEND OF THE LARGE MOUTH.

ARRIVING one evening at an inn in Glasgow, I was shown into a room which already contained a promiscuous assemblage of travellers. Amongst these gentlemen—commercial gentlemen chiefly—there was one whose features struck me as being the most ill-favoured I had ever beheld. He was a large puffy old man, with a forehead "villanous low," hair like bell-ropes, eyes the smallest and most porkish of all possible eyes, and a nose which showed no more prominence in a side-view than that of the moon, as exhibited in her first quarter upon a freemason's apron. All these monstrosities were, however, as beauties, as absolute perfections, compared with the mouth—the enormous mouth, which, grinning beneath, formed a sort of rustic basement to the whole superstructure of his facial horrors. This Mouth—if mouth it could be called, which bore so little resemblance to the mouths of mankind in general—turned full upon me as I entered, and happening at the moment to be employed in a yawn, actually seemed as if it would have willingly received me into its prodigious crater, and consigned me to the fate of Empedocles, without so much as a shoe being left to tell the tale.

The company of a traveller's room is generally very stiff, every man sitting by his own table in his own corner, with his back turned upon the rest. It was not so, however, on the present occasion. The most of the present company seemed to have been so long together in the hotel, as to have become very gracious with each other, while any recent comers, finding themselves plumped into a society already thawed and commingled, had naturally entered into the spirit of the rest. Soon discovering how matters stood, I joined in the conversation, and speedily found that the man with the large mouth was one of the most polite and agreeable of mankind. He was one of those old experienced gentlemen of the road, who know every thing that is necessary to be known, and are never at a loss about any thing. His jokes, his anecdotes, his remarks, were all excellent, and kept the rest bound, as it were, in a chain. The best of him was, that he seemed quite at ease on the subject of his mouth. No

doubt he was conscious of his preternatural ugliness—for, whatever may be said about the blinding effect of self-love and so forth, I hold that the most of people know pretty nearly how they stand as to personal attractions; but he had none of that boggling, unsteady, uncomplacent deportment, so remarkable in the generality of ill-looking people. On the contrary, there was an air of perfect self-satisfaction about him, which told that he either was so familiar with the dreadful fact as to mind it not, or that he was a thorough man of the world, above considering so trivial a particular, or that he was rich, and could afford to be detested. It was curious, however, that, even while he almost convulsed the rest with his jokes, he never laughed in the least himself. He evidently Jared not. The guffaw of such a man must have produced consequences not to be calmly contemplated. Part, indeed, of the humorous effect of his conversation arose from the cautious way in which he managed his mouth. A small aperture on one side, bearing the same proportion to the whole that the wicket of a carriage-gate does to the whole gate itself, served for the emission of his words. Any thing else would have been a mere waste of lip.

On my ordering some refreshment, I was informed by the company, that, in consideration of this being the anniversary of a distinguished historical event, they had agreed to sup together in a rather more formal way than usual, and that they would be happy if I would join them. Having assented to the proposal, I began to reflect with some anxiety upon the probable conduct of the Mouth at table. How so extraordinary a Feature would behave, what it would ask for, after what manner it would masticate, and, above all, how much it would devour, were to me subjects of the most interesting speculation. "The wicket won't do there," thought I to myself, "or I am much mistaken." Yet, again—so ran my thoughts—many large men have been known to eat very little, while your true devourers are found to be lean, shrivelled creatures, who do not seem to be ever the better of it. "A large mouth," says the Scottish proverb, "has always a good luck for its meat." That may be, thought I, and yet the large Mouth may be quite indifferent to what it is so sure of getting. All kinds of ideas connected with this subject ran through my mind; but in the end I found it all a riddle. The Mouth might prove either gluttonous or abstemious, without exciting more surprise by the one event than by the other.

By and bye, some one asked a waiter if supper was nearly ready, and on an answer in the affirmative being given, I observed the Mouth suddenly bustle up, and assume an air of eager promptitude, that almost seemed to decide the question. The man rose, and, going to a corner of the room, where his greatcoat was hanging, brought forth a small package, which he proceeded to untie at a side-table. The only article it contained was a spoon, which he immediately brought forward and laid upon the table, accompanying the action with an air that might have befitted a surgeon in arranging his instruments for an operation. I had no longer any doubt as to the gastronomical character of the Mouth, for here was an article that might have served in the nursery of Glumdalclitch. It was an antique silver implement, with a short handle, and a rim about four inches in diameter, like an ordinary saucer. Observing the curiosity of the company to be strongly excited, the old man showed it round with good-natured politeness, telling us that he had been so long accustomed at home to the use of this goodly article, that he could now hardly discuss either soup or dessert without it, and therefore made a point of carrying it along with him in his travels. "But indeed, gentlemen," said he, "why should I make this a matter of delicacy with you? The truth is, the spoon has a history, and my mouth, none of the least you see, has also a history. If you feel any curiosity upon these points, I will give you a biographical account of the one and an autobiographical account of the other, to amuse you till supper is ready." To this frank proposal we all cordially agreed, and the old man, sitting down with the spoon in his hand, commenced a narrative, which I shall here give in the third person.

His mouth was the chieftain and representative of a long ancestral line of illustrious and most extensive mouths, which had flourished for centuries at a place called Tullibody. According to tradition, the mouth came into the family by marriage. An ancestor of the speaker wooed, and was about to wed, a lady of great personal attractions but no fortune, when his father interfered, and induced him, by the threat of disinheritance on the one hand, and the temptation of great wealth on the other, to marry another dame, the heiress of a large fortune and large mouth, both bequeathed to her by her grandfather, one of the celebrated kail-suppers of Fife. When his resolution was communicated to the tocherless lady, she was naturally very much enraged, and wished that the mouth of her rival might descend, in all its latitude, to the latest generation of her faithless swain's posterity; after which she took her bed, and—married another lover, her second-best, next week, by way of revenge. The country people, who pay great attention to the sayings of ladies condemned to wear the willow, waited anxiously for the fulfilment of her malediction, and accordingly shook their heads and had their own thoughts, when the kail-supper's descendant brought forth a son, whose mouth, even in his swaddling-clothes, reflected back credit on her own. The triumph of the ill-wisher was considered complete, when the second, the third,

and all the other children, were found to be distinguished by this feature; and, what gave the triumph still more poignancy, was, that the daughters were found to be no more exempted than the sons from the family doom. In the second generation, moreover, instead of being softened or diluted away, the mouth rather increased, and so it had done in every successive generation since that time. The race having been very prolific, it was now spread so much that there was scarcely a face in Tullibody or the neighbourhood altogether free of the contagion; so that the person addressing us, who had his permanent residence there, could look round him upon several hundreds of kindred mouths, with all the patriarchal feelings of the chief of a large Highland clan.

If there had been any disposition in the family to treat their fate ill-humouredly, it would have been neutralised by the luck which evidently accompanied the introduction and transmission of this singular feature. So far, however, from entertaining any grudge or regret upon the subject, it had been the habit of the family to treat it as a capital joke, and to be always the first to laugh at it themselves. So much was this the case, that a wealthy representative of the family, about a century ago, founded—not an hospital or a school—but a spoon, which should be handed down from mouth to mouth as a practical and traditional jest upon the family feature, and, though not entailed, he regarded, he hoped, as a thing never to be parted with for any consideration, unless fate should capriciously contract the mouths of his descendants to such a degree as to render its use inconvenient. This elegant symbol, after passing through the hands of a long train of persons, who had each been more able than another to use it effectively, came at length into the possession of the individual now addressing us—a person evidently qualified to do full justice to the intentions of his ancestor.

It was, therefore, with the apprehension of something awful, that, after the conclusion of the story, and the introduction of supper, I took a place at the well-spread board. In sitting down, I cast a look at the Mouth. It was hovering like a prodigious rainbow, over the horizon of the table, uncertain where to pitch itself. There was an air of terrible resolution about it, which made me almost tremble for what was to ensue. It was evident we were to have a scene.

The Mouth—for so it might be termed *par excellence*—was preferred by acclamation to the head of the table—a distinction awarded, as I afterwards understood, not so much on account of its superior greatness, as in consideration of its seniority, though I am sure it deserved the *pas* on both accounts. The inferior and junior mouths all sat down at different distances from the great mouth, like satellites round a mighty planet. It uttered a short gentleman-like grace, and then began to ask its neighbours what they would have. Some asked for one thing, some for another, and in a short time all were served except itself. For its own part, it complained of weak appetite, and expressed a fear that it should not be able to take any thing at all. I could scarcely credit the declaration. It added, in a singularly prim tone of voice, that, for its part, it admired the taste of Beau Tibbs in Goldsmith—"Something nice, and a little will do—I hate your immense loads of meat; that's country all over!" Hereupon, I plucked up courage, and ventured to look at it again. It was still terrible, though placid. Its expression was that of a fresh and strong warrior, who hesitates a moment to consider into what part of a thick battle he shall plunge himself, or what foes he shall select as worthy of particular attack. Its look belied its word; but again I was thrown back by its words belying its look. It said to a neighbour of mine, that it thought it might perhaps manage the half of the tail of one of the herrings at his elbow, if he would be so kind as carve. Was there ever such a puzzling mouth! I was obliged again to give credit to words; yet again was I disappointed. My neighbour, thinking it absurd to mince such a matter as a *Glasgow Magistrate*, handed up a whole one to the chairman. The Mouth received it, with a torrent of refusals and remonstrances, in the midst of which it began to eat, and I heard it continue to mumble forth expostulations, in a fainter and fainter tone, at the intervals of bites, for a few seconds; till behold the whole corporate substance of the burgial dignitary had melted away to a long meagre skeleton! When done, its remonstrances changed into a wonder how it should have got through so plump a fish; it was perfectly astonishing; it had never eaten a whole herring in its life before; it was an unaccountable miracle. I did not hear the latter sentences of its wonderments; but, towards the conclusion, heard the word "fowl!" distinctly pronounced. The fowls lying to my hand, I found myself under the necessity of entering into conference with it, though I felt a mortal disinclination to look it in the mouth, lest I should betray some symptom of emotion inconsistent with good manners. Drawing down my features into a resolute pucker, and mentally vowing I would speak to it though it should blast me, I cast my eyes slowly and cautiously towards it, and made inquiry as to its choice of bits. In return for my interrogation, I received a polite convulsion, intended for a smile, and a request, out of which I only caught the important words, "breast" and "wing." I made haste to execute the order; and on handing away the desired viands, received from the Mouth another grateful convulsion; and then, to my great relief, all was over! Well, thought I, at this juncture, a

herring and a fragment of fowl are no such great matters; perhaps the mouth will prove quite a natural mouth after all. In brief space, however, the chairman's plate was announced as again empty; and I heard it receive, discuss, and answer various proposals of replenishment made to it by its more immediate neighbours. I thought I would escape; but no—the fowl was really so good, that it thought it would trouble me for another breast, if I would be so kind, &c. I was of course obliged to look at it again, in order to receive its request in proper form; when, neglecting this time my former preparations of face, I had nearly committed myself by looking it full in the mouth, with my eyes wide open, and without having screwed my facial muscles into their former resolute astrengency. However, instantly apprehending the amount of its demands, my glance at the Mouth fortunately required to be only momentary, and I found immediate relief from all danger in the ensuing business of carving. Yet even that glance was in itself a dreadful trial: it sufficed to inform me that the Mouth was now more terrible than before—that there was a fearful vivacity about it, a promptitude, an alacrity, and energy, which it did not formerly exhibit. Should this increase, thought I, it will soon be truly dreadful. I handed up a whole fowl to it, in a sort of desperation. It made no remonstrances, as in the case of the herring, at the abundance of my offering. So far from that, it seemed to forgive my disobedience with the utmost goodwill; received the fowl, dispatched it with silence and celerity, and then began to look abroad for farther prey. Indeed, it now began to crack jokes upon itself—a sportive species of suicide. It spoke of the spoon; lamented that, after all, there should be no soups at table whereon it might have exhibited itself; and finally vowed, that it would visit the deficiencies of the supper upon the dessert, even unto the third and fourth dish of *blancmange*. The proprietor of the mouth then laid down the spoon upon the table, there to lie in readiness till such time as he should find knives and forks of no farther service—as the Scottish soldiery in former times used to lay their shields upon the ground while making use of their spears. I now gave up all hopes of the Mouth observing any propriety in its future transactions. Having finished my own supper, I resolved to set myself down to observe all its sayings and doings. Its placidity was now gone—its air of self-possession lost. New powers seemed to be every moment developing themselves throughout its vast form—new and more terrible powers. It was beginning to have a *wild look*! It was evident that it was now *fleshed*—that its naturally savage disposition, formerly dormant for want of excitement, was now rising tumultuously within it—that it would soon perform such deeds as would scare us all! It had engaged itself, before I commenced my observations, upon a roast gigot of mutton, which happened to lie near it. This it soon nearly finished. It then cast a look of fearful omen at a piece of cold beef, which lay immediately beyond, and which, being placed within reach by some kind neighbour, it immediately commenced to, with as much fierceness as it had just exemplified in the case of the mutton. The beef also was soon laid waste, and another look of extermination was forthwith cast at a broken pigeon-pie, which lay still farther off. Hereupon the Eye had scarcely alighted, when the man nearest it, with laudable promptitude, handed it upwards. Scarcely was it laid on the altar of destruction, when it disappeared too; and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth look, were successively cast at other dishes, which the different members of the party as promptly sent away, and which the Mouth as promptly dispatched. By this time, all the rest of the party were lying upon their oars, observing, with leisurely astonishment, the progress of the surviving, and, as it appeared to them, endless feeder. He went on, rejoicing in his strength, unheeding their idleness and wonder, his very soul apparently engrossed in the grand business of devouring. They seemed to enter into a sort of tacit compact, or agreement, to indulge and facilitate him in his progress, by making themselves, as it were, his servitors. Whatever dish he looked at, therefore, over the wide expanse of the table, immediately disappeared from its place. One after another, they trooped off towards the head of the table, like the successive brigades which Wellington dispatched at Waterloo against a particular field of French artillery; and still, dish after dish, like said brigades, came successively away, broken, diminished, annihilated. Fish, flesh, and fowl, disappeared at the glance of that awful Eye, as the Roman fleet withered and vanished before the grand burning-glass of Archimedes. The end of all things seemed at hand! The Mouth was arrived at a perfect transport of voracity! It seemed no more capable of restraining itself than some great engine, full of tremendous machinery, which cannot stop of itself. It had no self-will. It was an unaccountable being. It was a separate creature, independent on the soul. It was not a human thing at all. It was every thing that was superhuman—every thing that was immense—inconceivably enormous! All objects seemed reeling and toppling on towards it, like the foam-bells upon a mighty current, floating silently on towards the orifice of some prodigious sea-cave. It was like the whirlpool of Maelstrom, every thing that comes within the vortex of which, for miles round, is sure of being caught, inextricably involved, whirled round and round and round, and then down, down that monstrous gulf—

that mouth of the mighty ocean, the lips of which are overwhelming waves, whose teeth are prodigious rocks, and whose belly is the great abyss!

Here I grew dizzy, fainted, and—I never saw the Mouth again.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Dante.

ALLUSIONS are frequently made in our literature to the Italian poets; and many persons who have seen these allusions till they are tired, perhaps hardly know who the Italian poets were, or what they did to render themselves so famous. If any one entertains curiosity on this subject, he will find it so far allayed by perusing this and the following short articles.

The Italian language, so remarkable for its vocal sweetness and delicacy, is one of the first modern tongues in which poetry was written. Poets all over Europe wrote their compositions in Latin, till about the twelfth century, when the persons called Troubadours, living in the south of France, began to write in their native language, and were highly successful in their efforts. The example was imitated in the Italian language, at first in Sicily, and afterwards in Italy itself, where there were some good poets soon after the year 1200. After that, Italy, though a scene of constant civil contention, became the birth-place of some of the greatest poets the world has ever seen—for it is a question with persons able to judge, whether even England has produced such great men in this branch of literature as the southern peninsula. It is at least certain that the Italian were the first models of the English, and also of the Scottish poets.

The chief poets of Italy are Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, who flourished between the years 1300 and 1400; Ariosto, Guarini, and Tasso, who lived between 1500 and 1600; and Metastasio and Alfieri, who lived in the last century.

Dante, more properly designated Durante Alighieri, was born in May 1265; a period when the people of this island were considered as little better than barbarians, while learning was experiencing, in Italy, a revival that has gradually illuminated all the earth. He was a native of Florence, one of the principal cities in the north of Italy, and was descended from an illustrious family. He received an excellent education, and at an early period of life displayed great capacity for learning, and also a deep and refined sensibility. He fell in love, at nine years of age, with a young lady named Beatrice Portinari, of his own age, who became the subject and inspirer of his earliest poetical attempts. From an early age, he displayed a thoughtful and reserved, yet ardent character; was indefatigable in the acquisition of knowledge; and devoted himself in a peculiar manner to the study of theology. The passion he entertained for Beatrice seems to have been of too abstract and poetical a kind to suggest matrimony as its appropriate termination. He permitted Beatrice to marry another, and still loved on with as great an exhibition of poetical passion as before. At length she died, and he gradually fell in love with another lady, who had no recommendation to him but an apparent sympathy in his distress. Subsequently, the poet married a lady named Gemma di Manetto de Donati, who is said to have proved a thorough shrew, and to have made his life very uncomfortable.

Literary and philosophical men in general are perhaps the least qualified to give or to experience happiness in married life, because they are apt to be too much bound up in their own pursuits to be good society to their wives, or to enter gracefully into that society which, in the deficiency of his own, the lady is perhaps inclined to call around her. The case, however, is infinitely worse, when there is any decided fault of temper in either of the parties. The phenomenon is then seen, of a man delighting all the world, while he is himself a prey to the most poignant vexations. Boccaccio's description of Dante's household

is worth giving:—"He who before passed his hours in sacred study, and in holding communion with kings, emperors, princes, philosophers, and poets, and who could always soothe his sorrows by sympathising with those of others, was now, at the beck of his new wife, obliged to associate with whomsoever she pleased, and dragged from his own noble companions to listen to the arguments of women, and, if he did not wish to increase his misery tenfold, not only to listen to them, but to praise them. He who was accustomed, when weary of the crowd, to retire into some solitary place, and, there meditating, inquire what spirit moves the heavens, whence the living creatures of the earth draw their life, and what are the causes of things; or to meditate on some invention, or to compose something which should insure him a life after death, in fame—He, who was formerly thus employed, was now not only hindered from contemplation, but, whenever his new wife pleased, was forced into the society of persons in nowise disposed to such pursuits;—and yet more, he who was accustomed to laugh, to complain, to sing, or sigh, just as passion, pleasure, or love prompted, now either dared not do it, or must give his wife an account of why he did it; and not only in greater matters, but with respect to every little sigh, telling her whence it rose, and for what it was intended; his cheerfulness being regarded as a sign of his loving some one else; his melancholy as a proof that he hated her."

Dante was much trusted in public affairs, acted several times as an ambassador from his fellow-citizens to neighbouring states, and in the thirty-fifth year of his age, became one of the priors or magistrates of the city. The Florentine republic was then torn by the disputes of two rival families, the Donati and the Cerchi. Dante, who took part with the former, was at Rome pleading their cause with the Pope, when the opposite party overpowered the friends of the Donati, and drove them from the city. Dante, among other noble persons, was proscribed by the triumphant faction, and had his property confiscated. He never after was permitted to reside in Florence, but lived for many years as a wanderer on the face of the earth, sometimes under the protection of one noble person, and sometimes under another. The only circumstance of a consolatory nature in his fate, was, that he does not appear to have ever after been troubled with his wife.

For some time before his proscription, Dante had concentrated his genius upon a poem of great length, entitled the "Divina Commedia," which he completed during his exile, and which is one of the grandest compositions of this kind ever bequeathed to mankind. It is founded upon the religion of Dante's age and country, and describes a visionary journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, all of which are filled by the imagination of the poet with appropriate images. "We begin our journey with him," says his biographer,* "as if in company with a cowed ecclesiastic or metaphysician; but as we proceed, his voice and form seem to change, and as the darkness grows around us, he becomes greater and mightier, till when we enter the deep and woody way, and stand before the gate of the doleful city, we feel as he himself felt when his great master appeared before him in the solemn stillness of his valley, and amid forms that made even the air seem to tremble."

"The distinguishing characteristic of Dante's poetry, though it is far from wanting in occasional passages of exquisite tenderness and beauty, is its sublimity; and hence, by general consent, the Inferno [the part which describes Hell] is placed at an almost immeasurable distance above the other two parts of the Commedia, which required a milder and more brilliant fancy. In respect to sublimity, Dante has but one superior, our own Milton. The scenes he depicts have the terrible distinctness of places beheld in a vivid dream; the language of his personages makes an equally powerful impression on the mind—it is short, pointed, and abrupt, such as we might expect to hear from miserable beings dreading the fiery lash of pursuing demons, but retaining their sense of human sympathy. The same power appears in his comparisons as in the main subjects of the description. Over the images drawn from natural objects, or real occurrences, he flings the gloom or the lurid light of his subterranean caverns, rendering at the same time the abodes of condemned spirits the more terrible by the contrast of things still earthly and embodied. This sublimity, it is true, is far from being constantly sustained; and the verse not unfrequently falls off into a style as cold and harsh as it is obscure and unaffecting. But, in the first place, it was not possible that he should be always alike elevated; and, in the next, both the object of his poem, the learning which filled his mind, and the literary taste of the age, would lead him into most of the faults which disfigure the Commedia in the eye of a modern reader."

Besides this poem—written about the time of our Bruce and Wallace, and when vernacular poetry was unknown in Britain—Dante wrote an earlier and inferior work, styled the Vita Nuova, and a volume of Canzoni and Sonnets, also inferior. He likewise composed, in prose, the "Convivio," a commentary on his Canzoni, and a treatise "De Monarchia," designed for a political purpose. He died at Ravenna, in September 1321, a heart-broken exile, and was buried in that city. Not many years after, his native city, from

which he had been so cruelly banished, endeavoured to get his remains, in order to give them that sure but too often sole reward of genius, a magnificent mausoleum; but the claim was indignantly refused. In a short time, although the press did not then exist to multiply and diffuse literary productions, the Divina Commedia was so highly appreciated, that public lectures were appointed in all the principal cities of Italy, for the purpose of explaining its mysterious and solemn beauties to the public. And although upwards of five hundred years have elapsed since this work first saw the light, it cannot be said to have suffered the least falling off in general estimation.

THE AMERICAN STATE PRISONS.

ALMOST every civilised nation has a different mode of punishing criminals. In this country it is the practice, according to the nature of their crimes, to subject them to confinement in prisons and bridewells—to banish them from certain towns or districts—to transport them to distant penal settlements—and to put them to death by hanging. In some continental countries they are scourged—obliged to row the oars of boats or galleys—sent to dig in mines for life—and, if their outrages have been great, they are beheaded. In others there are large state prisons in which they are confined, but without any careful arrangement of classes. Generally speaking, it is the custom over the whole of Europe merely to punish criminals by certain severities, and the idea of reclaiming them to virtuous pursuits, or of quelling their passions by a peculiar system of discipline, hardly ever enters into the conceptions of the various governments. The Americans are the only people who have properly hit upon this notion. In the United States banishment is unknown, and the only crimes punished with death are murder and fire-raising. The plan generally pursued is incarceration in state prisons, in which the inmates are carefully supervised, kept from communicating with each other, and put to such a description of labour as will occupy their minds, and fit them for fulfilling the duty of good and industrious citizens on their liberation.

In the state of New York there are two or three great penal establishments, one of which is at Auburn, a flourishing town of 4000 inhabitants, situated on the outlet of the Oswego Lake, and often made the object of a visit by travellers. Among others, it was lately visited by Mr Stuart,* whose excellent account furnishes the following details:—

"The prison is a large edifice, standing in an open space of ground 500 feet square, inclosed by an external wall 35 feet high. It contains the keeper's house, and necessary offices—the eating-hall, hospital, kitchens, and wash-rooms, and the cells, which are 7 feet long, 3½ wide, and 7 feet high. The windows in each, 4 feet by 6, are glazed, and secured by a strong iron grating. The only opening from the cell, except the ventilator, is the door, in the upper end of which is an iron grate, 18 by 20 inches. The bars of this grate are round iron, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, placed about two inches asunder, leaving orifices smaller than a man's hand. Through this grate all the light, heat, and air, are admitted to the cells. The ventilator, which is about three inches in diameter, extends from the back of the cell to the roof of the building. The door of the cell, of which the grate is a part, closes on the inner edge of the wall two feet deep. This recess in front of each door increases the difficulty of conversation and communication between the prisoners—prevents them from seeing into the galleries—and furnishes a convenient place for an officer of the prison to converse with the prisoner, without being seen or heard by those in the adjoining cells. The area round the cells, which is ten feet wide, is open from the ground to the roof, in front of five stories of cells. Of this area, three feet adjoining the cells are occupied by the galleries.

The shops or working-rooms are almost all attached to the outer wall of the prison, that wall being the outer wall of the shops. They are, when completed, to be about 1600 feet long; 26 feet wide, and 7 feet high on the side towards the yard, and 16 feet on the external wall. The side of the shops on the yard is lighted by a row of windows 4 feet by 3 feet 4 inches, and 2 feet 7 inches asunder. There is also a row of windows in the roof of the shops, consisting of an unbroken line of 7 by 9. In the rear of all the shops is an avenue or passway, made sufficiently light by numerous small openings cut in the partition, which enables the keepers to inspect the convicts without their knowledge, and also for visitors to pass through without going into the shops.

The prison is governed by a board of inspectors residing in the village, who are appointed every two years by the governor and senators of New York state, and who make such regulations as they think necessary, and appoint the keeper, deputy-keeper, physician, chaplain, and all the subordinate officers.

* This article is re-written from a small work by Mr R. Chambers, published in 1826, under the title of "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," where it was intended as a ludicrous illustration of the phrase—the Muckle-mouthed Murrays. The story had a slight foundation in fact, being amplified from an anecdote related to the author by a friend, as having fallen under his own observation. The writer was afterwards much surprised, when informed by Mr Howison Craufurd of Craufurdlund, that in the family formerly possessed of that estate, and from a female branch of which he is descended, there was a legendary spoon similar to that described in Mr Chambers's volume, bearing the following inscription:—

This spoon I leave as a legacy

To the muckle-mouthed Craufurds after me.

Mr Craufurd now possesses this heirloom; but, alas, the race to which it was appropriate, is, after an uninterrupted series of eighteen male descendants, among the things that were—the last lineal representative being Colonel Craufurd, an ancient officer of high spirit and honour, of whom it is related, that he wilfully incurred the loss of his commission, by attending his friend and neighbour, the Earl of Kilmarnock, to the scaffold.

It may be mentioned, that, some time after the first publication of the above fantastic *jeu d'esprit*, an article bearing a close resemblance to it appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, with the signature, "A Modern Pythagorean," being the literary soubriquet, as he understands, of Dr Macnisch of Glasgow, the ingenious author of the Anatomy of Drunkenness. He feels assured, that if Dr Macnisch had been aware of the idea being already adopted by another person, he would either have abstained from writing upon it, or acknowledged that he was not the first to do so. It nevertheless seems necessary to make this explanation, in order that the prior writer may not fall under the suspicion of being the imitator.

* The Rev. Henry Stebbing, in his late elegant work, the Lives of the Italian Poets.

* Three Years in North America, by James Stuart, Esq. Coddell, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

When convicts arrive, they have their irons taken off, are thoroughly cleaned, and clad in the prison dress. The rules of the prison are explained to them, and they are instructed by the keeper in their duties—to obey orders, and to labour diligently in silence—to approach all the officers of the institution, when it is necessary for them to speak, with respectful language, and never to speak without necessity, even to the keepers; never to speak to each other under any pretence; nor to sing, dance, or do any thing having the least tendency to disturb the prison; never to leave the places assigned to them without permission; never to speak to any person who does not belong to the prison, nor to look off from their work to see any one; never to work carelessly, or be idle a single moment. They are also told, that they will not be allowed to receive letters, or intelligence from or concerning their friends, or any information on any subject out of the prison. Any correspondence of this kind that may be necessary must be carried on through the keeper, or assistant-keepers. A Bible is, by order of the state, put into each cell. The bodies of all criminals who die in the state prisons are, by order of the legislature, delivered to the College of Physicians when they are not claimed by their relations within twenty-four hours after their death. The state prisons being in the country—at a distance generally, it must be presumed, from the residence of the relations—such a claim can, it is obvious, be but rarely made.

For all infraction of the regulations or of duty, the convicts are instantly punished by stripes, inflicted by the keeper or assistant-keepers with a raw hide whip; or, in aggravated cases, under the direction of the keeper, or his deputy alone, by a cat made of six strans of small twine, applied to the bare back alone. Conviction follows offences so certainly and instantaneously, that they rarely occur; sometimes not once in three months.

At the end of fifteen minutes after the ringing of a bell in the morning, the assistant-keepers unlock the convicts, who march out in military order in single files to their workshops, where they wash their faces and hands in vessels prepared in the shops.

New convicts are put to work at such trade as they may have previously learned, provided it be practicable; if not, or if they have no trade, the keeper selects such trade as appears, on inquiry, best suited to them. The hours of labour vary according to the season. In long days, from half-past five A.M. to six P.M. In short days, the hours are so fixed as to embrace all the day-light.

At the signal for breakfast, the convicts again form in line in the shops, and are marched by the assistant-keepers to the mess-room, which they enter at two different doors, face around by their plates, standing till all have got their places, when a bell is rung, and all sit down to their meals: but as some eat more, and some less, waiters, provided with large vessels, pass along constantly between the tables, taking food from those who raise their right hand in token that they have it to spare, and giving to those who raise their left hand to signify they want more. The tables are narrow, and the convicts, sitting on one side only, are placed face to back, and never face to face, so as to avoid exchanging looks or signs.

When the steward perceives that the convicts have done eating, or have had sufficient time for it—generally from twenty minutes to half an hour—he rings the bell, when all rise and march to their workshops, those going out first who came in last. Twelve o'clock is the hour of dinner. The proceedings the same as at breakfast. Before quitting labour, the convicts wash their faces and hands—form line, according to the number of their cells—and proceed, in reversed order from that of coming out in the morning, to the wash-room, where, without breaking their step, they stoop, and take up their supper-vessels and water-cans, and march to their galleries, enter their cells, and pull their doors to. Each gallery is occupied by one company, which is marched and locked up by one assistant-keeper.

Assistant-keepers are constantly moving around the galleries, having socks on their feet, that they may walk without noise, so that each convict does not know but that one of the keepers may be at the very door of his cell, ready to discover and report next morning for punishment the slightest breach of silence or order. The house, containing between 500 and 600 convicts, is thus perfectly still. The convicts are required, by the ringing of a bell, to go to bed upon their framed flat canvass hammocks, with blankets, and are neither permitted to lie down nor to get up without a signal. After the convicts are rung down at night, all the locks are again tried by the assistant-keepers.

On Sundays the arrangement is the same, with this difference, that, instead of working, the convicts are marched to the chapel, where divine service is performed by the chaplain. Such of them as are ignorant, attend the Sunday school, which is admirably taught, and gratuitously by students belonging to the theological seminary at Auburn. The keeper and assistant-keepers must be present at divine service, and at the teaching in the Sunday school.

The rations for each man per day, are, 10 oz. pork, or 16 oz. beef; 10 oz. wheat flour, the wheat to be ground fine, and not bolted; 12 oz. Indian meal; $\frac{1}{2}$ gill molasses—a ration. And 2 qts. rye; 4 qts. salt; 6 qts. vinegar; 1½ qt. pepper; 2½ bushels potatoes—each 100 rations.

From these provisions the convicts are supplied in

the morning with cold meat, bread, a slice of cold hominy (a preparation of Indian corn), hot potatoes, and a pint of hot rye coffee, sweetened with molasses. For dinner, they have meat soup made from the broth, thickened with Indian meal, bread, hot potatoes, and cold water for drink. And for supper, a portion of mush (porridge made of Indian meal) and cold water. This quantity of food for each man is considered to be indispensably necessary when the labour is hard and constant, and not more than sufficient to enable the convicts to perform it, and to remain in the enjoyment of health. Labour, only interrupted by the time necessary for meals, is required from the convicts for eleven hours per day, when there is enough of daylight.

The convicts are so arranged in the shops, as not to face each other, and have their work entirely separate. A shop and business of a hundred are so managed, that hours frequently pass without a word being spoken. Spectators are taken through the inspection avenues in the rear, which surround all the shops, where they have a full view of the convicts without being seen. They are not allowed to speak so loud as to be heard by them. There are separate shops for carpenters, masons, coopers, toolmakers, shoemakers, tailors, weavers, blacksmiths, machinists, gunsmiths, chairmakers, cabinetmakers, and basket-makers. We saw some cabinet work beautifully finished. Indeed, all the work seemed to us well arranged, and systematically carried on. Carriage-making, polishing stone, and comb-making, have been begun during the year 1823.

The gains of the convicts during the last year averaged 29 cents, or 1s. 2½d. sterling per day, some of them earning as much as 50 cents, and others not more than 15 cents per day. The amount was sufficient to defray the annual expense, including the whole salaries of the keepers and other officers, the guard, and all the other officers.

Of 160 convicts discharged from Auburn, of whom accurate accounts have been obtained, 112 have turned out decidedly steady and industrious, and only 26 decidedly bad.

By this system, every prisoner forms a class by himself, and to all moral and social purposes he is insulated. The novice in crime may work for years by the side of the most expert felon, without making any progress in the mysteries of criminality. The prisoners are compelled to work diligently and profitably, and are deterred from spoiling their work; and we may add, as an important feature of this system, that, if any human means can, as it were, enforce repentance and amendment, it is this. The entire separation from all criminal associates—the sobriety of feelings consequent upon temperance and labour—and, most of all, the sadness of solitude, must frequently make serious impressions.

Such is the account given by Mr Stuart of this well-regulated and highly-praiseworthy American institution. It is much to be wished, that, in our own country, a plan of this kind, which seems to embrace all the objects which Howard and other philanthropists have endeavoured to attain, were established in the stead of our present singularly profitless and aimless system of punishment.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

FLORA MACDONALD.

FLORA MACDONALD—celebrated for her concern in the escape of Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Culloden—was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist (one of the remoter of the Hebridean range), and nearly related to the chieftain of Clanranald, who asserts claims to be considered as the head of this distinguished Scottish name. Her father having died during her early life, her mother was married a second time to Mr Macdonald of Armadale, in the isle of Skye, who, according to the tradition of the family, accomplished the match by what was not then considered as either a dishonourable or dangerous expedient—namely, the abduction of the lady by force from her own house. Flora received the latter and better part of her education at a boarding-school in Edinburgh, from which she had just returned at the commencement of the insurrection of 1745.

The Clanranald Macdonalds, all except the aged chief himself, adopted, on this occasion, the cause of the young Pretender: the Skye Macdonalds, on the other hand, among whom was Flora's stepfather, remained at peace, though in general inclined to the same cause. After the disastrous conclusion of the enterprise, Charles fled in disguise to the Hebrides, and was concealed for several weeks in a hut in South Uist, under the protection of the chieftain of Clanranald and his lady, who resided at Ormiclade House, on that island. At length, towards the end of June 1746, the large parties of military, regulars and volunteers, who had been in pursuit of the prince, learned that he was in hiding somewhere on South Uist or the adjoining island, and I was resolved, in order that he might find no loop hole of escape, to sweep over the whole range from one extremity to the other, while

the government vessels should hem the islands closely round, and prevent his getting away by sea. In this dilemma, it occurred to Lady Clanranald, as his protectress was designated, that the only chance of his escape lay in the possibility of getting him smuggled off the island, in female attire, and in the train of some young lady. It is said that two young ladies were requested in vain to enter into this scheme; the application was only successful in the third instance, when Miss Flora Macdonald, then residing with her brother the Laird of Milton, was prevailed on to hazard her life, in the hope of saving one whom she deemed a righteous prince, and the son of her sovereign. After a short interview with the prince, to whom she was introduced by his friend Captain O'Neil, she returned to the house of her brother, who remonstrated against the scheme, on account of what it exposed her to. But the heroic girl replied with the greatest coolness, that she could die but once, and situated as the prince was, she was determined to save him, or perish in the attempt. She then set out for the residence of the Clanranald family, in order to commence her perilous enterprise, accompanied only by her servant Neil MacEchan, a person who has lately been discovered to be the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, created, by Napoleon Bonaparte, Duke of Tarentum. At one of the fords, she was arrested by a party of militia, and taken before their commander, who proved to be her own stepfather, Armadale. This gentleman, among others of the Skye Macdonalds, had taken up arms as militiamen in behalf of the government, but was, in reality, like many of his friends, attached to the opposite cause. From the documents we have consulted, we entertain little doubt that he was made confidant in the scheme of his daughter-in-law, and entered heartily into it. He granted her a passport to Skye for herself, her servant Neil, and a woman whom she called Betty Burke, a native of Ireland, and who, she said, was qualified to serve her mother as a spinner. Armadale even wrote a letter to his wife, recommending this unseen person to her for her alleged qualifications in that capacity. Betty Burke was in reality the name and character which it had been settled the prince was to assume in his passage to Skye.

On Friday, June 27, Miss Macdonald was conducted once more to the hiding-place of the prince, whom she found engaged in the humble office of cooking his own dinner, but nevertheless wonderfully cheerful and resigned. Next morning, Lady Clanranald received intelligence that the troops were at her own house, and had to return home to receive them. The skulking party then saw they had no more time to lose; and, accordingly, the prince having been dressed in a plain flowered linen gown, an apron and cap, so as to pass for an Irish serving-woman, they set sail at eight in the evening for Skye. They had hardly got a league from shore when the sea became tempestuous, and the wind shifting several times, the boatmen knew not in what direction they were going. Charles, seeing his companions to be much discomposed, endeavoured to sustain their spirits by singing and telling them stories. During the passage, Miss Macdonald fell asleep, and the prince took care to watch closely over her, so as to prevent the men from stumbling upon her. In the morning, they found themselves close to the point called Waternish, in the Isle of Skye, and it was with no small alarm that they saw a large body of soldiers on the shore. They immediately pulled off as hard as they could, while the soldiers made several balls whistle around them. Charles entreated his preserver to lie down in the bottom of the boat for safety; but she would not consent to do so, till he also agreed to take the same expedient.

They landed some hours after at Kilbride, near Troternish, about twelve miles north of Waternish; and while the prince remained on shore, the young lady, accompanied by her servant, walked to the house of Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat—a gentleman now in arms for the government, though originally a partisan of the Stuart family. Here Miss Macdonald was received very kindly by Lady Margaret Macdonald, wife of Sir Alexander; but it was with some alarm she found the commanding officer of a party of government troops conversing with her ladyship in the parlour. She nevertheless entered into an easy conversation with this gentleman, while Lady Margaret (a decided Jacobite, and previously apprised of the visitor she was to expect) took measures for furthering the progress of the skulking party through the country. There happened to be in the house a Mr Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who acted as Sir Alexander's factor at a distant part of the island, and whose friendliness to the Stuart cause could be relied upon. Him she engaged to go to the prince, who was still lingering on the shore, and to conduct him by byways to his own house. Kingsburgh performed this task with great adroitness, and the party was rejoined on the journey by Miss Macdonald, along with her servant MacEchan. In passing along, they met several parties of the country people returning from church, and it was with great difficulty that the prince, who was somewhat tall even as a man, contrived to escape observation. In the evening, he and Miss Macdonald were kindly entertained in Kingsburgh's house.

Next morning, the prince was again dressed in his female habiliments, Miss Macdonald putting on his cap with her own hands; and in the forenoon they set out for Portree, whence they expected to get the

unfortunate fugitive conducted to a neighbouring and safer island. At that village, Charles parted with his heroic preserver in a manner which has been thus described by an eye-witness:—"Then turning to Miss, he said, 'I believe, Madam, I owe you a crown of borrowed money.' She told him it was only half-a-crown, which he accordingly paid her with thanks. He then saluted her, and expressed himself in these or the like words, 'For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St James's yet.'" He afterwards expressed the greatest concern that so amiable a man as Kingsburgh, or so heroic a girl as Flora Macdonald, should have subjected themselves to hazard for his sake.

Miss Macdonald was seized by the government troops in going home, and carried in a vessel to London, where she was confined for many months, though it would be difficult to define what law she had broken, or what punishment she deserved. Her story occasioned an intense interest in the society of the metropolis, and it is said that she received a visit from no less a personage than Frederick Prince of Wales, father to King George the Third. This individual asked if she would have protected him, if he had been in the same circumstances as the Pretender; to which she replied, that she would, if he had placed the same confidence in her. He was so much pleased with the reply, as to exert himself to procure her liberation. When enlarged from prison, she was taken under the protection of a Jacobite gentlewoman of high note, Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, who showed her off to all the persons well affected to the Stuart cause, as a pattern of female heroism and fortitude. It is the tradition of her family, that eighteen carriages belonging to visitors of distinction were sometimes seen ranked up before the door in a single evening. The flatteries and the presents which she received from these persons would have turned the heads of most young ladies; but upon the strong mind of this extraordinary heroine they produced no effect but surprise. She said, with dignified simplicity, that she never could see any thing remarkable in her conduct: it was only what the circumstances naturally demanded, and she conceived herself to have performed but a common duty.

Some years after returning to her native country, she was married (November 6, 1750) to Mr Alexander Macdonald, son of that Macdonald of Kingsburgh who had aided her in furthering the escape of the prince.* In time her husband's father having died, she became the lady of the house in which the prince and she had been entertained. Here, in 1773, she was visited by Dr Johnson and his friend Boswell, the latter of whom describes her as "a little woman of genteel appearance, uncommonly mild and well-bred." Soon after this period, she emigrated, with her husband, to North Carolina, where they purchased and settled upon an estate. It is a curious trait of enthusiasm, that she carried with her a half of the sheet in which Prince Charles had slept at Kingsburgh, intending that, whenever or wherever she died, it should serve as her shroud. Mr Macdonald had scarcely been settled on his property when the unfortunate contest between the colonists and the mother country involved him in trouble. Like most of his countrymen in America, he sided with the British government, and the consequence was, that he was imprisoned as a dangerous person. On being liberated, he took arms against the colonists, as captain in a regiment called the North Carolina Highlanders, and he and his wife met with many strange adventures in the course of the contest. At the conclusion of the war, they found it necessary to leave the country of their adoption, and return to Skye. In the voyage homeward, the vessel encountered a French ship of war, and an action ensued. While the other ladies were confined below, Flora insisted upon remaining on deck, where she endeavoured, by her voice and example, to animate the sailors. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm; which caused her afterwards to observe, in the spirit of poor Mercurio, that she had now perilled her life in behalf of both the house of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains.

She spent the remainder of her life in Skye, and at her death, which took place March 5, 1790, when she had attained a good old age, was actually buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through so many adventures and migrations. She retained to the last that vivacity and vigour of character which has procured her so much historical distinction. Her husband, who survived her a few years, died on the half-pay list as a British officer; and no fewer than five of her sons served their king in a military capacity. Charles, the eldest son, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. He was a most accomplished man: the late Lord Macdonald, on seeing him lowered into the grave, said, "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name." Alexander, the second son, was also an officer: he was lost at sea. The third son, Ranald, was a captain of marines, of high professional character, and remarkable for the elegance of his appearance. James, the fourth son, served in Tarlton's British legion, and was a brave and experienced officer. Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald,

of Exeter, is, we believe, the only surviving son. There were, moreover, two daughters, one of whom, Mrs Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the isle of Skye, is still alive.

LAST EXECUTION IN THE GRASSMARKET.

We have already presented to our readers instances of the value of circumstantial evidence in criminal cases, and of the danger which there may be in giving it more weight than is justly due to it. We now propose to narrate the case of an innocent man, who suffered death in consequence of a vicious peculiarity in the mode of giving in a verdict in Scotland.

In the month of October 1783, James Hay, James Andrews, and James Paterson, recruits in the 61st regiment of foot, then lying in Edinburgh Castle, happened to become intoxicated in a tavern a little way out of town. About seven in the evening, they set out on their return to the Castle. Andrews, who was only twenty-one years of age, proposed to go by the suburb of Portsburgh, to which they were very near; but Hay and Paterson prevailed upon him to go by the walk through the Meadows, which by night is a much less frequented passage. In going along the Meadow Walk, Hay went a little in advance of his companions, and Andrew saw him encounter and quarrel with a stranger, whom he succeeded in throwing down. Andrews hastened to interfere, and soon drew off Hay, leaving the stranger (whose name was Dykes) to go where he chose. When the party of recruits got to a little distance, Hay said, "Andrews, I've got his ticker," showing a watch which he had taken from the person of Dykes. Hay then prevailed upon Andrews, who was much intoxicated, to take charge of the stolen article; soon after which, they reached their quarters.

On awaking next morning, Andrews found himself possessed of a watch, which he was sensible was not his own, but could hardly recollect how it had come into his hands. With the directness of an ingenuous mind, he immediately proceeded to the quarters of Lieutenant Vernon, to whom he surrendered the watch, in order that it might be restored to the owner. The three young men were soon after apprehended. Andrews, in two different declarations before Sheriff Cockburn, told the whole truth so far as he could recollect it, with a candour which made a favourable impression on all who heard his story. He and his companions were nevertheless confined for trial. While lying in the Tolbooth, Hay made his escape in the manner related in a recent work by one of the editors of the present sheet.* On the 22d of December Andrews was brought forward for trial, Paterson acting as evidence against him; and so clear was the proof of his having been present at the robbery, and having afterwards possessed the stolen property, that the jury, by a majority, found him guilty, but unanimously recommended him to mercy.

This verdict proceeded from a misapprehension of the jury as to their powers. They conceived that they were only placed in the box to determine whether the facts of the accusation were proved; ignorant that, by the authority of all lawyers, they had in reality the right to judge whether the guilt of the accused was such as to render him worthy of being cut off from human society. The learned and ingenious William Smellie, known for his works in natural history, afterwards wrote a pamphlet, to show that jurors are judges of law as well as of fact, and that, when they think the crimes charged and proved too light to call for the punishment with which they are threatened, they are at liberty to give a verdict of Not Guilty, in order to clear the prisoner. This exposition, however, was too late to save the life of Andrews; and it is surprising that Scottish juries are yet sometimes found, even in cases where murder is the crime charged upon, to give a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

Immediately after Andrews's trial, the jury drew up a paper, in which they gave their reasons for recommending him to mercy, being chiefly what we have already stated. This paper was transmitted to the king, along with the report of the court upon the case, the minutes of the trial, and the evidence given thereon. But, by a letter from Lord Sydney, then one of the secretaries of state, the jury learned that no mercy was to be expected. The jury were afterwards informed, by a letter from their agent in London, that a report had prevailed that the foreman and some others of the jurors had retracted their former opinion, and thought the condemned man did not deserve mercy. Lest this report should have any effect on his majesty in council, the foreman wrote a letter to Lord Sydney, contradicting the report, and enclosing another copy of the reasons for recommending the criminal to mercy. To this letter no official answer was received.

James Andrews was therefore, notwithstanding his obvious innocence, hanged on the 4th of February 1784, being the last person executed in the Grassmarket. A circumstance connected with the melancholy

ceremony came to be afterwards known, and deepened the impression made by the whole transaction upon the public mind. It appears that the real criminal, Hay, was at that moment concealed in the house of a friend, within a hundred yards of the scene of execution, and could hardly be restrained from going to the scaffold and delivering himself up to justice, in the hope of saving the innocent man. His mental sufferings during that hour are said to have been dreadful. Less striking situations have formed the material of tragedies.

There is now but one individual of Andrews's jury alive; and he, though advanced to that time of life when the feelings are apt to become deadened, can never hear the case alluded to, without tears of the bitterest regret.

SCHOOLS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair, a Poem."

SCHOOLS seem to have been established in Greece at a very early period of her history—perhaps even in the days of Homer they were common. Herodotus says that the Phœnicians, along with Cadmus, of whom the Gephyræ, who settled in Attica, were a portion, first together, with the importation of letters, established schools in Greece. About two hundred and fifty years after Cadmus' time, Pittheus, who was king of Troezen in Argolis, which he had founded, is spoken of as having taught a school in his own city. This is the first schoolmaster that we think is mentioned in history; and it is somewhat extraordinary, and certainly very honourable to the profession, that this man, so renowned for his wisdom and justice, did voluntarily, and out of pure love for his people, undertake, monarch as he was, to give lessons to his own subjects. He lived about 300 years before Homer, and 1240 years before the Christian era. He not only taught, but aided the progress of his subject-pupils by schoolbooks which he himself compiled. He composed a treatise either on grammar or arithmetic, which was afterwards published by an Epidamian, and which was extant in the days of Pausanias (A.D. 160), who says he had read it. A temple, dedicated to the Muses, was raised on the spot where this philanthropic schoolmaster-king was accustomed to give lessons. His tomb in Pausanias' time was still visible, with three thrones of white marble upon it, whence he, with other three judges, was wont to dispense justice.

The next celebrated schoolmaster to be met with, as we descend the tide of history, is no other than Homer himself, who, according to the only accounts on which it is safe to put reliance, taught, during the early part of his life, a public school at Smyrna. Homer's mother, a native of Cyze, had been hired by Phœmius, a schoolmaster of Smyrna, who admitted her into his house and family for the purpose of spinning and dressing the wool received as school-wages from his pupils. As Homer grew up, old Phœmius discovered more and more his talents; he adopted him at length as his son, and admitted him into his gymnasium as partner and assistant. The helper soon surpassed the master. On the death of Phœmius and of Critheis, the mother of Homer, the bard succeeded to the sole management of the seminary; and having now become more prominent by having individually the direction, he very soon drew to himself the general attention and admiration, so that not only his own townsmen, but strangers, distinguished him by their special regards. He seems to have continued for several years in the quiet possession of this scholastic glory; till his thirst after knowledge, which in these days could be gratified principally by travelling, together with the unconquerable tedium of daily teaching, induced him to break up this tranquil scene of life, and to set sail for distant lands, that he might see, like Ulysses, men and manners. During his travels he was seized with blindness. On returning to Chios, he again, notwithstanding his blindness, set up school, and taught boys verses; it was there that he acquired money by these means; and there, it is supposed, he wrote his Iliad and Odyssey. In Homer's life, written by Herodotus (as it is understood), there is mention made of another schoolmaster who lived in Phœæa, and made himself infamous by stealing and appropriating, as his own productions, the verses of Homer. In latter generations there were certainly schools not only in all the considerable or smaller towns of Greece, but even in the upland country villages—amid the rocky summits of Mount Ida in the Troad, were schools and schoolmasters to be found.

In Italy, also, schools were established contemporaneously with the earliest colonies from Greece. The first notice to be found any where in history of education being enforced upon all the youthful population by a positive legislative enactment, was the law of Charondas, who framed a code of laws for Thurium (or Sybans), about the year before our era 450. According to Diodorus, he enacted that the children of all the citizens should be taught to read, and that, if their parents were too poor to defray the expenses, the city-funds should pay their instructors. "For," as the historian says, "he regarded education as the

* Sir Walter Scott informed the writer of this narrative that he possessed the original marriage-contract of this couple.

* Reekiana, or Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh

foundation of all private and public happiness; he considered Nature as the giver but of life only; of living well and happily he regarded education as the great, yet easy accomplisher." The Greeks had festivals or holidays, celebrated annually in their schools, called *Museia*, or Feasts of the Muses. Their school-rooms appear also to have been decorated with statues, of one, or two, or of all the nine Muses; whence the ode of Diogenes, who, passing one day into an auditorium, where were but a few scholars, with all the nine Muses, he remarked to the teacher, "With the gods, my friend, you have a good many scholars!" There was one peculiar regulation regarding the Greek schools, which is mentioned by *Æschines*, that no male person, unless pupils, should be permitted, under pain of death, to enter the schools, except the schoolmaster's son, his brother, or his son-in-law.

Of the philosophers and orators of Greece, many began their career by teaching reading or grammar, as *Æschines*, *Isocrates*, &c. They seem sometimes to have combined the modern departments of schoolmaster and professor, by teaching plain grammar, or reading in one part of the day to one class, and pre-lecting in philosophy in the afternoon to another. The number of scholars attending the Greek schools may be inferred from two circumstances, as noticed by *Herodotus* and *Pausanias*:—The former historian mentions, that, just previous to the subjugation of the Isle of Chios by *Histiæus*, the roof of a school in that island fell upon the children while engaged at their lessons, and of the whole number, 120, only one was saved—an accident which was reckoned an omen from the gods prefigurative of their subjugation; and *Pausanias* speaks of one *Cleanthes*, a native of *Astypularia*, who, becoming frantic, rushed into a school of his native town, and, like *Samson*, plucking down the pillar which supported the roof, brought it down upon sixty scholars who were at their lessons. What vacations the Greek schools had, we know not. The philosopher *Anaxagoras*, who lived at *Lampsacus*, gave orders on his deathbed that the schoolboys of *Lampsacus* should enjoy play on the anniversary of his death, a festival which was kept up for many generations after the philosopher's death, and was called, from his name, *Anaxagoreia*, or the Feast of *Anaxagoras*. An enactment was once passed at Athens, that no teacher or lecturer should open a class without the authority of the senate and people, a restriction, under the evil influence of which, *Theophrastus* and the other lecturers left the city, and continued expatriated for one year, till the law was repealed. In Rome, during *Appian Claudius*'s time, the public schools of the city (high schools) were all situated in the Forum.

The schools of Rome must have been celebrated before the reign of Augustus. The father of *Horace*, who lived in *Apulia*, sent his son to school at Rome, *Dionysius*, when divested of one species of tyranny—that over men—at *Syracuse*, found it expedient, as well as pleasant, to invest himself with another—that over children—at Corinth, still keeping his hand in daily exercise of rule either by the sceptre or the rod.

Of the Jewish schools, very little is known. The first mention of writing in the Old Testament, takes place in *Exodus*, xvii. 14, where reference is made to "writing in a book," as a practice already well known, and familiarly used by Moses and the people of Israel. As the practice of writing infers men employed for teaching not only writing, but reading, there must have been at this period, and perhaps long before this period, men who taught occasionally, or whose profession it was to teach both these arts. *Cadmus*, who was contemporary with Moses, and lived about 1490 years before Christ, not only imported letters from Palestine into Greece, but, as the Greeks themselves say, established schools for teaching them. This infers the existence of books, men of learning, and schools, in Palestine and the East, whence *Cadmus*, that *Man of the East*, emigrated. It is remarkable that Moses, being so well acquainted with writing himself, made no express law regarding education and the establishment of schools. He perhaps regarded it as an unnecessary injunction, being comprehended within the general directions given in *Deuteronomy*, vi. 7-9, where, amid other things, he bids his countrymen "write these words upon the posts of the house and thy gates." Every Israelite, therefore, must have been taught to read and write, most probably by his father, in the bosom of his family, if not by the Levites, whose peculiar part of duty it was "to teach Israel the law." In being entrusted with this charge, did they merely read the law publicly, or teach to read privately, in conjunction with the former more important department of duty? Did they sometimes also hire out themselves as tutors to wealthy families, who could pay for such instruction, and who could support them? There is some appearance of evidence that the latter mode was not unpractised by them: for we have an instance of a Levite hiring himself out "as a father and priest." "Dwell with me," said *Micah* to the Levite of *Bethlehem-judah*, "and be unto me a father and a priest, and I will give thee ten shekels of silver [about 25s. or 30s.] by the year, and a suit of apparel, and thy victuals." In officiating as priest, it is extremely likely that he also instructed *Micah*'s children "as a father." Shortly after this period, and about 250 years before the era of the Jewish history, there must have been, by profession, as it would appear, writers, as, in *Deborah*'s song, that minstrel says, "out of *Zebulun* they that handle the

pen of the writer" had assisted her against *Sisera*. *Malachi*, who lived near 800 years later, speaks of *master and scholar*; but it is questionable whether we may be warranted, from his use of these words, or rather our translation of them, to infer the existence of schools. *Josephus* speaks of his having attended a public school at Jerusalem, and outstripping at his lessons all his playmates; but was not this rather a Greek school, than one for his native language? and one for the rich, not for the poor? for, in *John* vii. 15, the Jews marvelled at our Saviour's knowing letters, being, as they conceived, the son of the carpenter. They said, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"—an expression which implies, that, then at least, the children of the poor were not generally taught letters. In the Bible there is mention only once made of a schoolmaster, and it is singular, as somewhat characteristic of the proverbial lordliness and autocratical assumption of the profession, that his name was *Tyrannus*, a tyrant.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

GEOLOGY.

"LET us now direct our attention (says the authority from which we formerly quoted*) to a branch of knowledge which treats of the objects in nature as they really appear—Natural History. The field of natural history is wide indeed; it includes all nature. But as we cannot penetrate beyond the confines of the earth which we inhabit, we must be content to become acquainted with what it contains on its surface, or on its bosom. If we explore the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom,—if we mount into the atmosphere, or descend into the mine, we are impressed with the imperative necessity of our acquaintance with the different branches of physics. This demonstrates the mutual dependence of one branch of knowledge on another, and in the consideration of this dependence a field of interesting and delightful occupation is opened to us. Let us enter this field ourselves, and let us view these mutual relations.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose if we view the relations of natural history with the other branches of knowledge. The relations of these other branches among each other can be deduced from after consideration. It will also simplify our subject if we select some individual part of natural science, and then show its dependence upon other kinds of knowledge. The consideration of any one point will lead to that of others, and these to more, so that we have merely to choose the particular place from which we are to start; we shall have no difficulty in our way of gathering materials for comparisons.

The part of natural history which we have selected for our purpose is geology. There is, perhaps, no portion of physical science so well suited for exemplifying the relations of its different branches with each other. It treats of the ('*Lyell*') successive changes that have taken place in the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature; it inquires into the causes of these changes, and the influence which they have exerted in modifying the surface and external structure of our planet. It is the science of the earth which we inhabit—it is a science that may, at all times, be studied. If we explore the mountain or the valley, the quarry or the mine, we may every where find matter for reflection; we may read the book of creation, written in characters not to be misunderstood. The language admits of no misinterpretation—it is the language of facts.

The division of natural history that presses closest upon the attention of the geologist, is mineralogy. The mineral masses of the globe are what at first arrest his attention. If he walk through a cultivated country, he does not find geological phenomena of mineral substances so interesting as in districts more in a state of wild and uncultivated nature. Still there is much to claim his attention. The soil in the fields will differ in many places, and will furnish an index of the substratum. Thus he will distinguish the ferruginous clayey soil that indicates the underlying of basaltic rocks—the calcareous clayey soil resting upon mountain limestone—the chalky soil—the granitic soil, and various others. If he examine the low grounds, he will find the finer particles of clay accumulated in the lowest situations; along the slopes of the hills he will observe coarser parts of mineral substances, increasing in size as he approaches the rocky summits. If he enter into a mountain district, he will discover large masses of rocks in various states of disintegration, their harder parts withstanding the assaults of ages, their softer parts separated by various causes from the harder, and carried from these elevated regions to the lower parts of the country, by the agency of rivers and torrents. In examining these mineral substances, he will find his knowledge of mineralogy brought into requisition. If his knowledge of it be extensive, he may be enabled to discover something that may not have been known before. If his knowledge of it be slight, he will find this examination of nature an excellent exercise and means of improvement.

An acquaintance with chemistry is also requisite in

the study of every department of natural history. In zoology and in botany we find it constantly referred to for the explanation of the vital functions and the composition of animal and vegetable substances. In mineralogy its importance is still greater, from the circumstance that the elementary bodies found in plants and animals are very few in comparison with those composing minerals. In the view of the changes that have taken place in the globe, we are struck with the important part played by chemical agency. We can conceive no alteration produced either on the surface or in the interior of the globe in which this agency was not, in a greater or less degree, exerted. If we regard the action of existing causes, still going on, in altering the surface of the earth, we shall find at every step appeal made to chemical knowledge.

A knowledge of mechanical philosophy is also required by the student of geology. The laws of attraction and of motion are always in action, and no change can take place in the globe at variance with these laws. The consideration of the subject of attraction is of great importance to the geologist; it leads him into the examination of the density of mineral masses, and of the globe itself. It will solve many phenomena which at first sight may seem anomalous. The application of the laws of motion will be also a powerful auxiliary, whether we view the movements of great mineral masses, or of their fragments; or that of currents in the atmosphere, or the ocean.

The connection of hydrostatics with geology is of the greatest importance. The vast ocean which covers so much of the earth's surface is subject to hydrostatic laws; so are the lakes and rivers. Many phenomena of the torrents that rush from the mountains upon the plains, and which are so important agents in modifying this surface, will be understood by applying the laws of hydraulics. Many geologists have conceived the globe itself to have been at one time in a state of fluidity. How are we to criticise the opinions of these philosophers, but by assigning the truth of their conclusions to the standard of hydrostatics.

The atmosphere surrounding the globe may be said to fall within the province of the geologist. In any system of cosmogony that has been, or ever can be, invented, the atmosphere will play a prominent part, as its original formation must be accounted for. It is the grand cause of most of the alterations that take place on the surface of the earth. It is the cause of the rain that fertilises one portion of this surface, while it gradually wears down another, and of the snow that caps the lofty mountains, which is the magazine for supplying rivers and lakes. It is the supporter of plants that cover the earth, and that modify its superficies in an infinite variety of ways; in fact, to dilate upon this subject would require a separate memoir.

The geologist must also take into consideration electrical phenomena. By some cosmogonists, electricity is made to play a very prominent part in the formation of the earth; we must therefore be acquainted with it in order to combat them with their own weapons. The knowledge of the different electric states of bodies is also of the first importance in the explanation of many of the natural phenomena. At times of volcanic eruptions, or of earthquakes, these phenomena become most interesting, and will, if viewed by a well-informed observer, be turned to good account in elucidating the history of our planet. The discoveries made by some philosophers in galvanism have been applied to expound geology; several have conceived they had obtained a key for the solution of all difficulties in the action of oxygen upon the bases of the alkalies and earths brought to light by galvanism. The science of magnetism is still in its cradle, but its connection with geology is most intimate. It is now under the fostering care of some of the most eminent philosophers, and will, I am sure, ere long, throw much light upon geology.

With the science of astronomy, geology is linked in the closest degree. In the early ages of knowledge, the attention of men was turned to the contemplation of the heavens, and many years of observation taught them to recognise the celestial bodies. Their imaginations invented many fables with regard to the stars and planets. This play of fancy descended to the earth, and from astronomy the mind of the ancient philosopher was led to consider the subject of cosmogony. In the ancient systems of astronomy, the earth is regarded as a vast plain, and the ancient notions of its formation and alterations, especially by deluges, are all grounded upon the supposition of its being a plane superficies, with the exception of the doctrine of the Pythagoreans. That the earth is of a plane figure, would strike the mind more forcibly than its possessing a spherical shape. This latter opinion is the result of deep and laborious reflection. The causes of error among the early cosmogonists are in this case extremely manifest. An advanced state of the science of astronomy was requisite to prove to the satisfaction of all that the form of the earth is globular.

It has been supposed by some philosophers of the last century, that there has been a change of climate in the different regions of the earth's surface, as the remains of organic beings are found in situations where, had they lived, it would have been impossible for them to have existed under the circumstances of the present temperature of those places. They have conceived a solution of this difficulty will be that the poles of the globe have changed their positions, and

* Dublin University Magazine, which contains many valuable literary articles, and may be recommended as exceedingly worthy of perusal. The permanent establishment of such a periodical work in Dublin is a gratifying indication of the improved taste for literature in Ireland.

still continue to do so—that at one time their points were in the present equator, and that the frigid regions were where the torrid now are. This supposition can only be refuted by a very refined train of astronomical investigation, and it was left to the immortal Laplace to demonstrate its incorrectness, and that, although there is a trifling shifting of the extremities of the terrestrial axis, these irregularities are confined within certain limits, and are the consequence of the extreme perfection of the system of the world. In many other particulars, the connection of geology and astronomy might be shown, but the investigation would lead us into a field that would require a separate paper to describe.

Although the connection of optics with geology may not at first strike us as being very manifest, its indirect relations are very important. Of late years, very singular discoveries have been made in optics, particularly by Dr Brewster. These discoveries refer to the action on the sight of bodies having a crystalline form; a very remarkable connection has been observed between their chemical composition, crystalline structure, and optical phenomena. These discoveries will evidently improve the science of mineralogy, and the more it is improved, the better will geology be elucidated. From the intimate connection of astronomy and geology, and of astronomy with optics, especially with regard to the instruments for observing the celestial bodies, the improvements in these instruments, by adding to our knowledge of the heavens, will enable us to extend our acquaintance with the earth. The invention of the microscope has unfolded the secret of organization, and as geology treats of the organic, as well as of the inorganic changes of the kingdoms of nature, the minuteness of which eludes the observation of the naked eye, it will be appreciated in the highest degree.

In the study of natural philosophy, we cannot proceed far without the aid of mathematics. In geology itself, there are many points that require immediately the mathematical skill of the observer; so that, viewed both directly and indirectly, mathematics must be understood by the geologist. I have shown that the philosophers of antiquity who proposed systems of cosmogony, were all geometers, and among the moderns, many illustrious names—I need only quote that of Playfair for example—have been distinguished alike for mathematical and geological knowledge. An acquaintance with civil history is likewise required. As history teaches us the progress of human society, and informs us of the changes that have taken place in human institutions, so geology instructs us in the mutations of organic and inorganic nature. Where there are records of natural changes preserved in the pages of history, its connection with geology becomes more intimate, and is often of the greatest value.

As knowledge becomes more cultivated by different nations, the language spoken by those nations should be attended to by the student. Many of the natural appearances of a country cannot be described in a manner to bring them before the eye of the reader so well as in the language of that country. Foreign literature is now so much extended, that it would be both impossible and unprofitable to translate all the eminent publications that are almost daily issuing from the continental press. Periodical literature is an invention of modern times. Periodical publications must be read in the language in which they are originally written, in order that their full force and importance may be felt. It is also proper that the opinions of the ancients should be studied in their respective tongues. The difficulty of acquiring languages has been much decreased of late years, by the improvements in the mode of learning them, and the knowledge of one or two will open to the student the gates of as many more as he may desire to study.

With intellectual philosophy, the connection of geology is very interesting. A true system of geology can be the result only of a highly refined train of reasoning. I have shown the imperfection of the ancient mode of reasoning, and its consequent influence on physical science. Bacon pointed out to men the true mode of observing the system of nature. In studying geology, we should be aware of the proper mode of conducting our reasonings from facts, and be alive to our liability to commit errors. The science of logic here lends its aid, and matter is aided by the powers of the mind.

We will readily arrive at the conclusion, that, if an improvement take place in any one department of knowledge, it cannot fail to be of use to all the others. The connection which I have endeavoured to show between geology and the other branches of philosophy, will furnish us constantly with illustrations. In fact, we cannot study any one circumstance in science in an isolated manner. We must view its relation to others in order to understand it.

Referring, again, to the definition of geology, that it treats both of the organic and inorganic changes of nature, we may recollect an important observation which we made a little way before, that it requires a knowledge of the productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. If the attention of the geologist be confined to the consideration merely of the mineral masses of our globe, his exertions will be placed within narrow limits—his science will be incomplete—he must regard attentively the remains of organised beings enshrined in many of these mineral masses—he must compare them with existing species—he will discover many exuvia of beings very different from the races that now

inhabit the earth—he will observe the bones of gigantic mammalia and reptiles, the types of which are not now to be found—of fishes, birds, and insects—an immense variety of fossil shells, scarcely any of which agree with existing species—he will discover the remains of plants, many of which he will in vain endeavour to reconcile with those that now clothe the surface of the earth. But the knowledge of these fossil remains is still in its infancy—the geologist must therefore do his utmost to improve this knowledge—he must be previously acquainted with those natural productions, both animal and vegetable, that are now found on the earth—he must study zoology, in order to know the external forms of animals, their habits, and instincts, and anatomy, that he may be able to recognise the species of fossil bones. To understand the connection of the external forms of animals with their internal structure, he must be acquainted with physiology. The connection of conchology with geology is of the closest description. When an ignorant person observes another gathering shells upon the beach, he is inclined to despise him, considering the occupation as one belonging to children. When he sees him searching for shells imbedded in rocks, he thinks the sanity of the collector to be dubious. He little suspects that these imbedded shells are part of the language in which the history of the globe is recorded. They have been called the medals that illustrate its annals. The science of botany enables the geologist to investigate the remains of plants found in strata. To compare them with existing species is a most interesting task. The wonders of the antediluvian world are developed by this application of zoology and botany. This illustrates how intimately the different branches of natural history are linked with each other. The additions made to them within a very recent period are so great as to astonish when enumerated. At the present moment, the utmost zeal is manifested to acquire a knowledge of natural productions, both recent and fossil. The geologists of the present day vie with each other in their investigation of organic remains. The illustrious Cuvier applied his profound knowledge of anatomy to the examination of bones found in strata; his steps have been followed by a number of other ardent inquirers. The vast variety of shells, corallines, and other remains of the lower animals, discovered in rocks, are undergoing a strict scrutiny by naturalists well versed in the knowledge of recent productions. Very lately the examination of fossil plants has excited the ardour of several of the students of natural science, and their labours are likely to be rewarded ere long with an abundant harvest of facts. Geology is thus becoming based upon a sure foundation—it is showing itself worthy of the attention of the philosopher. The more facts that may be discovered, the surer will be the foundation upon which it will rest. The improvements in the other departments of physical and intellectual knowledge will contribute to cement the superstructure, while the study of the science itself will form one of the greatest means of human happiness."

ADDRESS TO THE BELL-ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

Strange fancies rise at sight of thee,
Tower of the dim and silent sea.
Art thou a thing of earth or sky,
Upshot from beneath or let down from on high—
A thing of the wave or a thing of the cloud,
The work of man or the work of God?
Old art thou? Has thy blue minaret
Seen the young sons of creation set,
Or did but the yester years of time
Wake their old eyes on thy youthful prime,
Creature of mystery sublime?

Strange are thy purposes and fate,
Emblem of all that's desolate.
Outcast of earth, as if curs'd and exil'd,
Thou hast taken thy place on the ocean wild,
And rear'st, like a mournful repentant Cain,
Thy conscious and flame-letter'd brow on the main,
Telling all who might come to companion and cheer,
"Oh! shun my abode of destruction and fear!"

Hermit of the waste of sea,
Loneliest of all things that be,
Ev'n the pillar'd enthusiast was nothing to thee!
In calm and in sunshine, in gloom and in storm,
Thy constancy shrinks not, nor changes thy form.
Times and seasons change—but thou never changest;
Range all other sea-things—but thou never rangest.
Morn breaks on thy head with a blush and a smile,
Noon pours all his splendours around thy lone pile;
The long level sunbeams that glide thee at eve,
Cast thy shade till 'tis lost o'er the far German wave;
Or night falls upon thee, as dew falls on tree—
But these alternations are nothing to thee.
Let the sea, as the heaven which it mirrors, be calm,
And each breath of the breeze bring its own load of balm.
Or let the bleak pavement be traversed and torn,
By those white-crested waves, on the north-westers borne,
Which seem, as they rush to Old Albany's strand,
A new troop of Norsemen invading the land.
Or let the rough mood of this long-trooping host,
In the madder conflict of the tempest be lost,
And to the wild scene deepest darkness be given,
Save where God pours his fire through the shot-holes of heaven,
In calm and in breeze, amidst tempest and flame,
Thou art still the same beautiful, terrible same.

September 1826.

R. C.

* The anchorites of the middle ages, who sat for years on the tops of tall columns in the desert, are here alluded to.

WINTER TRAVELLING IN CANADA.

(From Head's Forest Scenes in North America.)

WHEN we started this morning (January 10), the light was just beginning to dawn, and we had a heavy day's work before us before we could arrive at any habitation; however, there was no remedy but to push on with the rest. The guides to-day seemed particularly considerate, and, as if to give us every assistance, instead of driving recklessly on ahead, as they had been used to do, leaving us to follow as well as we could, and grumbling whenever they halted to collect the party, they now slackened their pace with great apparent good humour, and we all went on close together. However, we had not travelled more than half an hour before they proposed that we should all walk first by turns. And their object by this arrangement clearly was in case any of us should break in through the ice, to give us, with themselves, a fair chance of a preference. This was reasonable enough, and although they had undertaken to be our guides, we could make no objection so far to become theirs; and so it was settled that we were to exchange places every half hour. The labour was a good deal increased by being the first to break the way, and one thought of nothing else but being relieved from the task. The snow-shoe makes a large track, so that the second man has a surface to walk upon which has been pressed down by the first, who, of course, has by far the hardest work of all.

And so we fagged on, careless of consequences; for the depth of the snow upon the bed of the river made it quite impossible to pick our way. Our guides prescribed the course from point to point according to their notion of the safety of the ice, and the line being once determined on, we had only to advance straight forward, and trust altogether to good luck. Long circuitous paths became thus indispensable, and the danger of breaking in after all, certainly was not trifling. In the meantime, we were progressing heavily and slowly, hardly saying a word to each other, except when, at the expiration of each half hour, it became necessary to exchange places with the leading man. And this was not all, for the clouds, which had been all the morning unusually dark and lowering, seemed to bear strong indications of an approaching snow-storm. At this juncture, one of the party, a strong and apparently athletic young man, began to complain of lameness in his knee, which had swollen and had become very painful. Still, however, we went on, and it grew darker and darker, till a heavy fall of snow, driven by a powerful wind, came sweeping along the desert track directly in our teeth; so that, what with general fatigue, and the unaccustomed position of the body in the snow-shoes, I hardly could bear up and stand against it. The dreary howling of the tempest over the wide waste of snow rendered the scene even still more desolate; and with the unmitigated prospect before us of cold and hunger, our party plodded on in sullen silence, each in his own mind well aware that it was utterly impracticable to reach that night the place of our destination.

But, in spite of every obstacle, the strength of the two Canadians was astonishing; on they marched, drawing the toboggans after them with a firm indefatigable step; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snow-storm had increased to such a pitch of violence, that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it: it bade defiance even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and the drift gave an appearance to the surface of snow we were passing over, like that of an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, we were enveloped in clouds so dense, that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced. We all halted: the Canadians admitted that farther progress was impossible; but the friendly shelter of the forest was at hand, and the pines waved their dark branches in token of an asylum. We turned our shoulders to the blast, and, comfortless and weather-beaten, sought our refuge. The scene, though changed, was still not without interest; the frequent crashes of falling trees, and the cracking of their vast limbs as they rocked and writhed in the tempest, created awful and impressive sounds; but it was no time to be idle: warmth and shelter were objects connected with life itself, and the Canadians immediately commenced the vigorous application of their resources. By means of their small light axes, a good sized maple tree was in a very few minutes levelled with the earth, and in the meantime we cleared of snow a square spot of ground, with large pieces of bark, ripped from the fallen trees. The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and blowing upon this a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and bituminous matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing.

Having raised a covering of spruce boughs above our heads, to serve as a partial defence from the snow, which was still falling in great abundance, we sat down, turning our feet to the fire, making the most of what was, under circumstances, a source of real consolation. We enjoyed absolute rest! One side of our square was bounded by a huge tree, which lay stretched across it. Against this our fire was made; and on the opposite side, towards which I had turned my back, another very large one was growing, and into this latter, being old and decayed, I had by degrees worked my way, and it formed an admirable shelter. The snow was banked up on all sides nearly five feet high, like a white wall, and it resolutely maintained its position, not an atom yielding to the fierce crackling fire which blazed up close against it.

The Canadians were soon busily employed cooking broth in a saucepan, for they had provided themselves much better with provisions than I had. I had relied upon being able to put up with the fare I might meet with, not taking into consideration the want of traffic,

and distance from the civilized parts of the province; owing to which the scanty provision of the inhabitants could not allow them to minister to the wants of others, although they might be provided with a sufficiency for themselves. And I now saw the guides pulling fresh meat out of the soup with their fingers, and sharing it liberally with my servant, whom they had admitted into their mess. The poor fellows, seeing that I had nothing but a piece of salted pork, which I had toasted at the fire on a stick, offered me a share of their supper; but this I felt myself bound to decline. My servant had fewer scruples, and consequently fared better. In return for their intentions, I gave them a good allowance of whisky, which added to their comfort and increased their mirth. One by one they lighted their tobacco-pipes, and continued to smoke, till, dropping off by degrees, the whole party at last stretched out snoring before me.

Large flakes of snow continued to fall, and heavy clots dropped occasionally upon the ground. Our enormous fire had the effect of making me so comfortably warm, that I had deferred the use of my buffalo skin till I lay down to sleep, and, were it not for the volumes of smoke with which I was at first disturbed, and the pieces of fire which burnt holes in my clothes wherever they happened to fall, my lodging would have been, under circumstances, truly agreeable. I sat for some time, with a blanket thrown over my shoulders, in silent contemplation of a scene alike remarkable to me for its novelty and its dreariness.

The flames rose brilliantly, the sleeping figures of the men were covered with snow, the wind whistled wildly through the trees, whose majestic forms overshadowed us on every side, and our fire, while it shed the light of day on the immediately surrounding objects, diffused a deeper gloom over the farther recesses of the forest.

Column for the Boys.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS—You will recollect that when you were one day lately reading the Proverbs of Solomon in the Bible, you came to the passage, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Now, perhaps you were not exactly aware of the full meaning of this expressive phrase, and so I shall tell you. It is one of those excellent admonitions of which the Bible abounds, directing persons of slothful or indolent habits to study the singular economy of ants, a small kind of insects, whose industry and ingenuity are beyond all measure remarkable, and, therefore, calculated to put even human beings to shame. But you will probably say, how can I study the ways of the ant? I live in a house in the midst of a great town, where there are no ants to be seen; and I have no money to buy the books which would describe them to me. This is very true; and so to supply these deficiencies, I shall devote a column of my Journal—which your papa gets, and which I know you are fond of reading—to tell you something of these funny little creatures, the ants.

There are many different varieties and species of ants, generally taking their names from their colour and peculiar habits—as the brown ant, the mason ant, the white ant, the carpenter ant, &c.; they also differ in size, the largest and the most extraordinary in character being found in Africa and other warm climates. The principal feature in the character of ants is their living in societies or communities. In this respect they resemble bees, who cannot live alone like spiders, and many other insects. In examining the communities of the white ant, it is found that they each consist of at least four different descriptions of inhabitants, each of which has its own peculiar duties to perform. The most numerous class is that of workers, who build and repair the nests or houses, forage for provisions, and attend on the eggs and the young. These workers are neither male nor female, but rather inclining to the character of females. The next class are soldiers, who are distinctly of neither sex. They are much larger than the workers, and are furnished with a pair of claws or mandibles, like two sharp little awls, projected from the head, and capable of inflicting a deadly wound. These soldiers do not work; and if they wanted the assistance of the workers, which supply them with food, they would soon starve. Their duty is to fight on all occasions that the community is in danger of attack; to go out on warlike expeditions; to stand as sentinels at the doors of the houses; in short, they are the guardians of the other classes who cannot fight for themselves. The other classes are the males and the females; but it is said that there is only one mother in the whole community, and that, like the queen bee, she is treated with a vast deal of respect and attention. As soon as she lays the eggs, the workers carry them off to nurseries, where they are hatched. It is observed by naturalists, that in these ant communities no part of the population exerts any authority over the rest. The soldiers do not tyrannize over the workers, nor show any insolence in their gait over those who furnish the food and lodgings; neither do the workers presume upon their utility as labourers; while the queen ant is quite passive among the rest. By the most unerring instinct, each of these little creatures knows its own duties, and performs them. The only idlers are the males; and as they will not work, they are generally left to starve soon after they are hatched. We are told that nothing can exceed the affection of ants towards their common mother, the queen. In whatever apartment in the nest she chooses to be present, a general gladness prevails, expressed by acts of joy and exultation. The ants have a peculiar way of skipping, leaping, and standing upon their hind legs, and prancing with the others. These frolics

they make use of, both to congratulate each other when they meet, and to show their regard for the queen. Some of them gently walk over her; others dance round her; and all endeavour to exert their loyalty and attachment. She is generally encircled with a cluster of attendants, who, if you separate them from her, soon collect themselves into a body, and enclose her in the midst. She is never for a moment left without attendants in her apartment; and when she dies, her faithful children crowd around her, licking her body continually, either in token of lasting affection, or from the hope of bringing her again to life.

Ants, according to their natures, build their nests or houses on the ground, under turfs or stones, or on a tree; or erect huge structures above the surface of the earth, composed of particles of sand and dust, which they carry in their mouths to the required spot. In these ant houses, there are different sized rooms, piled, story above story, communicating with long galleries or passages, the ceilings being supported by pillars or thin walls, as may be necessary to support the weight above. It is told of the brown ant, which is an exceedingly industrious insect, that it forms its nest of stories, four or five lines in height. The partitions are not more than half a line in thickness; and the substance of which they are composed is so finely grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These stories are not horizontal; they lie in a sloping direction. They are also arranged on no regular plan, but are suited to circumstances. It has been noticed that ants are incessant in their labours. They do not seem to require sleep, and work as well during the night, or in darkness, as in the light of day. In working at the building or repairing of their houses, they use their antennæ—that is, a small projecting point from their head, which serves the purpose of a hand for feeling or touching any thing. After placing the particles of earth in their proper position, they press them lightly down with their fore-feet, which thus answer the purpose of a hammer. As there are thousands engaged at once in these occupations, the labour is not severe upon any individual; while the walls and stories are raised with amazing quickness. Dampier, a celebrated English navigator, in speaking of the yellow ant of South America, says, they construct their nests of green leaves upon trees, placed on the trunk between the limbs, and that some of these nests are as big as a hoghead. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the woodlands. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads of leaves on their backs. Other sorts of ants excavate nests for their abode in the branches of trees, and this they do with no small ingenuity. Some exercise the art of mining or boring wood to a wonderful extent. They will penetrate beneath the foundations of houses—which in warm climates are often composed principally of wood—and cut their way so far as to render every beam, rafter, and deal in the house, a mere shell; so that the houses so affected sometimes tumble down on the inhabitants. Most of these foreign ants are exceedingly voracious; they are called by naturalists the scavengers of creation, for they clear the fields and woods of all fallen timber, which would choke vegetation, as well as the dead bodies of every animal that fall in their way. They also destroy noxious and loathsome insects, such as beetles and cockroaches, by which means they are really useful to man. In some parts of Asia and Africa, the nests of ants have been seen to rise as high as six feet from the ground, and, if meddled with by passers by, the soldier ants sally out in myriads to attack their enemy, which they instantly put to flight.

We are farther informed by naturalists, that some descriptions of ants are remarkable for the wars which they wage against each other. Here is Huber's account of these destructive enterprises:—"If," says he, "we are desirous of beholding regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit the forests in which the wood-ant establishes its dominion over every insect within the neighbourhood of the colony. We shall there see populous and rival cities, and regular military roads diverging from the ant-hill like so many rays from a centre, frequented by an immense number of combatants of the same species, for they are naturally enemies, and jealous of any encroachment upon the territory which surrounds their capitals. I have witnessed in these forests the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat; two empires could not have brought into the field a more numerous or more determined body of combatants. The rival cities were situated about a hundred paces from each other, and alike in extent of population: what occasioned their discord I cannot pretend to say.

Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles: a considerable number were engaged in the attack, and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual attempts at escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival at the camp, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odour exhaled from all sides; numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. The ants, composing groups and chains, laid hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles, and raised themselves upon their hind-legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward, and spurring the venom upon their adversary. They were often so closely wedged together, that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust, till a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennæ, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. In this way they sometimes formed groups of six, eight, or ten, firmly

locked together, the group being only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, and compelled the enchained insects to let go their hold, and then the single combats were renewed. On the approach of night, each party retired gradually to their own city.

Next morning, before dawn, the combatants returned to the field of battle, the groups again formed, the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet in length by two in breadth. The event remained for a long time doubtful; but about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of the cities, whence I conclude some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately, that they did not even perceive my presence; for though I remained close to the combatants, not one of them attempted to climb my legs, seeming to be wholly absorbed in the object of finding an enemy to wrestle with. During this furious warfare, the common operations of the two colonies were not suspended, for the paths, which led to a distance in the forest, were as much thronged as in time of peace, and all around the ant-hill order and tranquillity prevailed. On that side alone where the battle raged were seen crowds of the colonists running to and fro, some to join the army, and some to escort the prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to the two republics. In fact, it appeared that its duration was shortened by long-continued rains, which compelled each of the belligerents to keep within their walls, and the warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the camp of the enemy."

Another remarkable characteristic of some descriptions of ants, is, their expeditions to capture slaves. A colony wants workers, and a plan is followed of stealing away the unhatched working ants of other communities. Huber thus describes these predatory incursions:—"On the 17th of June 1804, whilst walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed, close at my feet, traversing the road, a column of legionary ants. They moved with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length, by three or four in breadth. Quitting the road in a few minutes, they passed a thick hedge, and entered a meadow, where I followed them, and observed them winding along the grass without straggling, their column remaining unbroken, in spite of the obstructions in their way. They soon approached a nest inhabited by a colony of those called negro-ants, the dome of which rose above the grass, at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of the negroes were guarding the entrance, but, on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advancing legion. The alarm instantly spread into the interior, whence their companions rushed forth in multitudes to defend their homes. The legionaries, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march; and when they arrived at the hill, the whole battalion fell furiously upon the negroes, who, after an obstinate, though brief conflict, fled to their subterranean galleries. The legionaries now ascended the dome, collected in crowds on the summit, and taking possession of the principal avenues, left some of their companions to excavate other openings in the exterior walls. They soon effected this, and through the breach the remainder of the army made their entrance, but in about three or four minutes afterwards issued forth again, each carrying off a pupa or a grub, with which booty they retraced their route, in a straggling, irregular march, very different from the close orderly array they had before exhibited."

The negro ants, from their pacific disposition, seem generally to be the victims of these hostile excursions, though Huber found that other and more courageous ants were similarly attacked. He also remarked that the invaders never carried off old ants, probably from the difficulty of taming them down to the condition of slaves. They take only those in an imperfectly-developed state, before any attachment has been formed to their native place or their kindred, and, coming into existence in the dwellings of those who carried them into captivity, they naturally look upon it as their home. Developed in the enemy's encampment, they afterwards become house-stewards and auxiliaries to the tribe with which they are associated. Brought up in a strange nation, not only do they live socially with their captors, but bestow the greatest care on their eggs and their young, going in search of provisions for them, building their habitation, and fulfilling other duties, apparently not once suspecting that they live with those very insects which kidnapped them in their helpless and unconscious infancy. Their servitude is, moreover, no source of misery to the slaves themselves. They are naturally fond of working, and their condition is not different from what it would have been had they never been captured.

Such are a few of the characteristics of ants, whose general economy, and unremitting labours, ought to furnish you with a subject of agreeable and profitable meditation. In this little creature, which is usually not half the size of a common pea, you see the most extraordinary instances of instinctive intelligence, rivaling in some measure the boasted wisdom of mankind. You will now, therefore, judge whether Solomon had not reason to remind us of our duties, by the admonition, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BRIGGS, Holywell Street, Strand; BANCKS & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMER-ESTLE, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GALT, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; C. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, and which will be completed in one volume, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.
Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 93.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

HOUSE-MONEY.

THE surprise with which Goldsmith's club learns that the reckoning is drunk out, will be fresh in the memory of almost all our readers. "Drunk out!" cried they all; "impossible!" The landlord, they thought, must be mistaken; or he must be cheating them; or there must have been a sudden rise in the price of liquors; or there must be some other mystery in the case, to account for so sudden an evanishment of all the sixpences originally deposited to defray the charges of their festivity. And yet the landlord was correct and honest, liquor was as it had been, and there was no mystery in the matter, but, simply, that people drink a great deal faster, when a few meet together, than they are apt to imagine. So it is with that wonderful thing, called "House-money;" a thing that "mocks married men," if ever any thing mocked them—a thing of the most illusory and unascertainable character; a thing bottomless; an abyss. House-money, in the general acceptation of the word, is that sum which men in the middle ranks of life are accustomed to disburse weekly or monthly, for the discharge of their household expenses during an ensuing space of time, and which is generally administered by the sage head and fair hands of the individual called the Lady of the House. A husband may have paid this sum for twenty or thirty years—for it must be paid—and yet the thing will be as great a mystery to him at the end as at the beginning. It goes away from his hands, like the arrow of the Arabian prince, which was carried on and on by genii, and never was found again on earth: it passes from him, and he sees it no more: on Saturday he looked, and it was there—snug in the bottom of his pocket—but on Monday, when he looked again, the place knew it not; it had vanished for ever. What is the strangest thing of all, he never becomes in the least degree reconciled to the wonder. Instead of tamely sitting down, and saying to himself, "Well, I fairly give up the question of house-money—it is a mystery beyond me, and I only mispend time in thinking of it," he is perpetually starting up, during the course of some half century of married life, with the vain inquiry, "But, my dear, where *does* all that money go? 'Pon my honour, I don't understand how so much should be required to keep our small family. Are you satisfied, yourself, that all is quite right, that there is no buttery-spirit secretly devouring our substance,* no strange error in your reckonings, no unheard-of overcharges in these pass-books I see flying about like evil spirits? I really wish you would see after it." Mrs Balderstone, who has had the same questions asked of her once every month for the last ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years, immediately takes fire at what she conceives to be an indirect charge against her housekeeping, and opens thus: "I really wonder, Mr Balderstone, that you will always be thus accusing me of extravagance. How often have I assured you that I am just as economical as I possibly can be. In fact, it is wonderful how I can make the money go so far as I do; and if it were not I am so *excessively* careful, it would be quite impossible. You can have no idea of the number of things required for a house, and how they mount up even in a weekly account. There's tea and sugar, butcher-meat and bread—tremendous articles! We consume no fewer than nine quarter loaves a-week. [Here Mr Balderstone raises his eye-brows in perfect astonishment.] And then there is beer and porter, and wines and

spirits—all to be had, for you know you won't do without something of the kind every night. [Here the gentleman winces a little.] And coal—the single article of coal is dreadful." "Only in winter," interjects Mr Balderstone, glad to get a little flaw in his wife's argument. "Yes," resumes she, "but if I were not to *lay by* in summer, I never could stand the expense of this article in winter."

"Still," says Mr Balderstone, doggedly, "I cannot see how all these articles, even allowing the great quantity we use, and their high prices, should require such a *very* large sum as that which you get from me weekly, under the denomination of house-money."

"But do you think *these* are all? I wish they were. It is the *little things* that mount up—things that you have no idea of at all, but which, nevertheless, are as indispensable as any of the larger articles. If you only knew what a vast quantity of these we require, you would never call in question the way I lay out my money. There's soap, for instance, if that can be called a little article. We do not use less than two pounds every week of even the commonest kind. And there's pearl ashes—I lay out threepence every fortnight on that article—even although we have to give out most of our washing, for you know you won't let me have that additional servant I have been so long wanting, and of course we can't get every thing of that kind done at home. [Another dreadful wince on the part of the gentleman.] And there's *such* a sum every week for vegetables—things I don't care for, but you know you won't want them, and of course they are to be got. And pepper, and vinegar, and pickles, and salt—a shilling a-month for salt alone. In fact, it is quite endless, and my hand is never out of my pocket from one week's end to the other. You can't think!"

"Yet still," interrupts Mr Balderstone (for there is no convincing him of a truth so abstract), "big things, and little things, and all kinds of things considered, still I wonder how so much money should be requisite. For my own part, I eat very temperately; my glass of punch at night is my only indulgence. You eat and drink still more sparingly. We keep very little company—only a *few friends* now and then. Our family, too, is small, and children do with very plain food, poor things!"

"Yes, yes," strikes in Mrs Balderstone in her turn, "all very true; but if you only knew how much these little creatures devour! They eat everlastingly, and a quarter loaf is nothing to them. There's little William—he takes five regular meals in the day, besides crusts in the intervals, and still you would think he is never satisfied. The dear pets have to grow off it; ah, you surely would not grudge your darlings their food [this, as the musicians say, *con espressione*]; and, now I think of it, what sums I have to pay every now and then for articles of clothing to them! To be sure, we run an account for the principal things. But, then, there is such a quantity of trifles besides, all of which I have to buy out of my money. Flannel shifts, stockings, tapes, thread for mending, and a *thousand* little things, that I never think of troubling you about. If I were to be strict, as I *ought* to be, I would have payment for all these items besides; but I am so anxious to be economical, that I have never yet said a word about it." This, it appears, is all the thanks I am to get. Really, Mr Balderstone, these suspicious inquiries of yours are very ungenerous."

The altercation now ceases. Mrs Balderstone's eloquent explanations have not left her husband a single leg to stand upon; yet he is only silent, from despair of making any thing of the discussion. He remains as wonderstruck as ever as to the nature and application of house-money, and some three months

after, when the recollection of the debate is a little worn out, up perks the eternal subject once more, and all the same explanations are elicited from the lady, rendering the darkness only deeper, and the mystery only a little more profound. Mr and Mrs Balderstone perhaps live together fifty-five years and eight months, when at length the gentleman dies at a very advanced age, full of all kinds of knowledge and information—perhaps highly distinguished for his proficiency in several branches of science—but with regard to house-money, quite as ignorant, and fretful, and suspicious, as he was in the first year of his connubial condition.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

It will be recollected, that, in the second article under this title, we glanced at that part of the vale of Ayr which includes the village of Tarbolton and its vicinity. Tarbolton was the village nearest to Burns's residence, when he lived with his father and brother upon the farm of Lochlee—that is, between the seventeenth and twenty-fifth years of his life. He removed at the latter period to the farm of Moss-giel, which he occupied with his brother in partnership, till his twenty-eighth year; and here it was that he composed the best of his poems. Mauchline, from which Moss-giel is about a mile distant, now became what Tarbolton had been to him before—the place where he chiefly enjoyed society, and whose inhabitants became the subjects of his muse.

Mauchline is a parish-town of above a thousand inhabitants, in ancient times the seat of a priory belonging to Melrose, but now differing in no respect from a common agricultural village. It is situated upon a slope ascending from the margin of the Ayr, from which it is about two miles distant. One might at first suppose that a rustic population like that of Mauchline would form but a poor field for the descriptive and satirical genius of Burns. It is wonderful, however, how variously original many of the inhabitants of the most ordinary Scotch village will contrive to be. Human nature may be studied every where; and perhaps it nowhere assumes so many strikingly distinct forms as in a small cluster of men, such as is to be found in a town of a thousand inhabitants. In such a place, every individual luxuriates in his own particular direction, till the whole become as well individualised as the objects of inanimate nature; while in a city, the individual is lost in the mass, and no one is greatly different from another. In a small town, the character of every man is well known, so that every thing he says or does appears to his fellows as characteristic. One is a wag, another is a miser, a third exaggerates all that he has to relate, a fourth delights (but this perhaps is little distinction) in strong waters. Every one is more or less a humorist, and, as such, affords a perpetual amusement to his compeers. If Shakspeare could draw lively delineations of human character from such persons as the originals of Silence and Shallow, it may well be conceived that a genius like Burns must have seen as good subjects in many of the villagers of Mauchline. To give an idea of the taste for wit and humour which might exist in such a scene as this, we may quote what was said by a shopkeeper named D—, when on his deathbed, in reference to a person who had been to him and all the other inhabitants as the very sun and soul of fun for many years, and was recently deceased. Even in this melancholy condition, D— said he accounted it no small consolation to reflect, that he had *lived in the same days with John Weir*. The mind of the honest trader might no doubt have been filled with more

* A superstition of our forefathers, which represented a gluttonous fiend as haunting larders, and fattening himself up, without, in general, being visible to mortal eyes. Sir Walter Scott somewhere tells a story of a buttery-spirit surprised at its morning meal in the pantry of an innkeeper.

fitting reflections at such a time; but it is impossible to doubt that it was from such escapes of national character that the very happiest touches of both Shakespeare and Burns were derived.

Mauchline was the scene of the poem entitled the Holy Fair, which, as is well known, describes the strange mixture of devotion and festivity that used to be observable at a country celebration of the communion in Scotland. The scene more immediately described was the preaching which took place in the churchyard, during the performance of the more solemn service within the house of worship. In front of a tent erected as a pulpit for the clergyman, sat a multitude of people, including many strangers,

—Some thinkin' on their sins,
And some upon their claes—

as the satirical bard describes them. The parish church of Burns's time—a long low ungainly building—has recently been replaced by a smart Gothic edifice; but the rest of the scene is the same. The stranger still sees "the Cowgate," through which Common Sense made his escape, at the appearance of a particular clergyman on the preaching scene. [This, by the way, was not meant figuratively, but referred to the poet's friend Dr Mackenzie, who had corresponded with him under that assumed name.] He may also still see Nanse Tinnock's change-house, which used to fill, during the intervals of preaching, with "yill-caup commentators." This house adjoins to the churchyard, and has a back-door leading into that area—so that it must have been particularly convenient for such of the congregation as desired a solacement of drink and victuals. Nanse is long deceased, and no one has caught up her mantle. She is described as having been a true *ale-wife*, in the proverbial sense of the word—close, discreet, civil, and no tale-teller. When any neighbouring wife came, asking if her John was here, "Oh no," Nanse would reply, shaking money in her pocket as she spoke, "he's no here," implying to the querist that the husband was not in the house, while she meant to herself that he was not among her half-pence—thus keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope. Her house was one of two stories, and has a front towards the street, by which Burns must have entered Mauchline from Mossiel. The date over the door is 1744. It is remembered, however, that Nanse never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house "nine times a-week." "The *lad*," she said, "hardly ever drank three half-mutchkins under her roof in his life." Nanse, probably, had never heard of the poetical licence. In truth, Nanse's hostelry was not the only one in Mauchline which Burns resorted to: a rather better-looking house, at the opening of the Cowgate, kept by a person named John Dove, and then and still bearing the arms of Sir John Whiteford of Ballochmyle, was also a haunt of the poet, having this high recommendation, that its back windows surveyed those of the house in which his "Jean" resided—now occupied by a druggist. The reader will recollect a droll epitaph on John Dove, in which the honest landlord's religion is made out to be a mere comparative appreciation of his various liquors.

The first person of respectable rank and good education who took any notice of Burns, was Mr Gavin Hamilton, writer in Mauchline, from whom he took his farm of Mossiel upon a sublease. Mr Hamilton lived in what is still called the Castle of Mauchline, namely, a half-fortified old mansion near the church, forming the only remains of the ancient priory. He was the son of a gentleman who had practised the same profession in the same place,* and was in every respect a most estimable member of society—generous, affable, and humane. Unfortunately his religious practice did not square with the notions of the then minister of Mauchline, the "Daddy Auld" of Burns's Poems, who, in 1785, is found in the session-records to have summoned him for rebuke, on the four following charges:—1. Unnecessary absence from church, for five consecutive Sundays (apparently the result of some dispute about a poor's rate); 2. Setting out on a journey to Carrick on a Sunday; 3. Habitual, if not total neglect of family worship; 4. Writing an abusive letter to the session in reference to some of their former proceedings respecting him. Strange though this prosecution may seem, it was strictly accordant with the right assumed by clergymen at that period to inquire into the private habits of parishioners; and as it is universally allowed that Mr Auld's designs in the matter were purely religious, it is impossible to speak of it disrespectfully. It was unfortunately, however, mixed up with some personal motives in the members of the session, which were so apparent to the Presbytery, to which Mr Hamilton appealed, that that reverend body ordered the proceedings to be stopped, and all notice of them expunged from the records. Prepossessions

* Mr Lockhart, in his Life of Burns, both editions, has given a somewhat incorrect account of Mr Hamilton, his family, and the causes of his quarrel with the kirk-session of Mauchline. His father was a son of Hamilton of Kype in Lanarkshire, and it was only by his wife that he was in any way connected with the district of Carrick; she being a daughter of Kennedy of Daljerrock. It is related of the laird of Kype that he was once paying a visit to the Duke of Hamilton, when his grace inquired in what degree he was related to the ducal house, and whereabouts in the family tree the race of Kype was to be found. "It would be needless to seek the root among the branches," answered the haughty laird, who perhaps had some pretensions to be of the principal stock of the Hamiltons, or knew at least that the claims of the ducal house to the chiefship were by no means clear.

of more kinds than one induced Burns to let loose his irreverent muse in satire against the persecutors of Mr Hamilton; and the result was several poems, in which it is but too apparent that religion itself suffers in common with those whom he holds up as abusing it. About two years after, when Burns had commenced the Edinburgh chapter of his life, a new offence was committed by Mr Hamilton. He had, on a Sunday morning, ordered a servant to take in some potatoes which happened to have been left out in the garden after being dug. This came to the ears of the minister, and Mr Hamilton was summoned to answer for the offence. Some ludicrous details occur in the session-records. It is there alleged that two and a half rows of potatoes were dug on the morning in question, by Mr Hamilton's express order, and carried home by his daughter: nay, so keen had the spirit of persecution been, that the rows had been formally measured, and found to be each eleven feet long; so that twenty-seven feet and a half altogether had been dug. The Presbytery or Synod treated this prosecution in the same way as the former, and Burns did not overlook it in his poems. He alludes to it in Holy Willie's Prayer, when he makes that individual implore a curse upon Mr Hamilton's

—basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes—

and on several other occasions.

In Mr Hamilton's house, which is occupied by his son, Mr Alexander Hamilton, in the same line of business, is shown the room in which Burns composed the satirical poem entitled the Calf. He had called upon Mr Hamilton on his way to church, and being desired by that gentleman to bring home a note of the text, produced on his return those clever but certainly over-severe and wicked verses. Mr Hamilton's writing-room had then a back-door leading to the church. By this way Burns entered, and finding Mrs Hamilton writing a note at her husband's business-desk, requested a pen, and, sitting down on the other side, scribbled in a few minutes one of the most bitter *jeux d'esprits* he ever penned. This room is further remarkable as the one in which the poet was married, that ceremony being rather of a legal than of a religious complexion. From the session-record, it would appear that the ceremony took place on the 3d of August 1788, and that Mr Burns, being informed that in irregular marriages it was customary for the bridegroom to pay a small fine to the poor of the parish, gave a guinea for this purpose.

Mossiel, or Mossagel, as already mentioned, is about a mile from Mauchline. It is a very plain *farmstead*, of the kind described in Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd—

A snug thack house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen;
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square—

except that the buildings are not thatched. Being situated at the height of the country between the vales of Ayr and Irvine, it has a peculiarly bleak and exposed appearance, which is but imperfectly obviated by a very tall hedge and some well-grown trees, which gather around it, and beneath one of which the poet is said to have loved to recline. The domestic accommodations consist of little more than a butt and a ben—that is, a kitchen and a small room. The latter, though in every respect most humble, and partly occupied by fixed beds, does not appear uncomfortable. Every consideration, however, in the mind of the visitor, sinks beneath the one intense feeling that here, within these four walls, warmed at this little fireplace, and lighted by this little window, lived one of the most extraordinary men that ever breathed; here wrote some of the most celebrated poems of modern times. The place has one touching recollection above all others—that it was the scene described in the opening of his beautiful "Vision."

There lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek.

All in this mottie misty clime
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthful prime,
And done nae-thing,
But stringing blathers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing—&c.

The house is in every respect exactly in the same condition as when the poet lived in it. It was occupied by his brother Gilbert down to the year 1800, and since then has had but one tenant, the individual who now occupies it. It may be mentioned that a part of the farm bears the title of Knockhaspie's Lands, which, it will be recollected, he alludes to in one of his songs—

I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's Lands
For Highland Harry back again.

We must now take a glance at the romantic scenery of the Ayr, to which allusion was so frequently made in the preceding article. The beautiful grounds around Barskimming House are the first in order after Coilsfield; this, in Burns's time, was the seat of Lord Justice Clerk Miller, and now of his son, Lord Glenlee. It is alluded to by the poet in the Vision—

Through many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
In musing mood),
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

The river passes through this lovely park by a chasm in general upwards of a hundred feet deep, and the sides of which are almost every where as steep as the walls of a house. Here and there is seen a profound section of rock, perforated in some places by what

Burns aptly terms hermit-fancied coves, and in all cases whiskered by the most luxuriant foliage. There is a bridge near the house, where the scenery is enjoyed in high perfection. Both upwards and downwards, nothing is to be seen but tremendous banks of wood, or great scalped rocks, beneath which the river passes moodily onward, dark as Cocyus, except where mottled with the foam of a recent conflict with some rude opposing crag.

Farther up the river is Kinzeanleuch, now a place of no note, but which will not be passed by any one interested in the history of our national church, without some pleasing and respectful reminiscences. Campbell of Kinzeanleuch was one of the first of the Scottish barons who espoused the Reformation—was the steady friend and protector of Knox—and was present at his death. The Reformer himself was oftener than once sheltered at Kinzeanleuch House. It is remarkable that Burns appears to have either been acquainted with no part of Scottish history except that of Wallace and Bruce, or to have had no sympathies for any other portion of it. At Mauchline there is a martyr's stone, to which he has never made the least allusion.

Immediately above Kinzeanleuch, commence the Braes of Ballochmyle, which he has commemorated in one of the most glowing of all his amatory songs. Ballochmyle was formerly the property of Sir John Whiteford, representative of the gentleman whose story supplied the groundwork of the novel of Waverley, but in Burns's time was purchased by a mercantile family named Alexander, connected with Glasgow. The scenery is much the same as that of Barskimming, except that the banks of the river are softer, and break into fine dunes and glades, which are comparatively unknown farther down the stream. Amidst these romantic groves, Burns was wandering on a summer evening, when he passed a young lady, daughter to the new proprietor, with whose charms he was greatly struck. The result was his beautiful song, entitled, "The Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle," which he sent to her, enclosed in a very respectful letter. To his great mortification, no notice was taken of the communication. The young lady in all probability felt more resentment at the freedom, than pleasure from the compliment. However this may be, it is certain that, in subsequent years, when the fame of the bard overspread many lands, Miss Alexander began to appreciate the poem more than she had done. In some revolutions of the family household, when she was about to remove to Glasgow, it became a question whether the original of that document belonged to the family, and should remain at Ballochmyle. "That," said she emphatically, "is with me a settled point: wherever I go, the poem shall go with me." She permitted a copy, however, to be taken by the apograph of a neighbouring artist,* on wood; which is fixed into the back of a moss-house amidst the braes of Ballochmyle. The lady is still alive, and unmarried.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD, A TALE.

I WAS born in one of the states south of the Potomac, and am the only son of an opulent family, claiming some little distinction from two or three generations of gentility. I will not mention its name; I have disgraced it enough already. We lived in the country, in a populous neighbourhood, and here I remained at home, receiving from my parents, as well as my sisters, those mistaken indulgences which so often have a fatal influence over the destinies of only sons. I learned to think myself always in the right, because in all disputes or conflicts with my sisters they were obliged to yield: fancied myself a man at fourteen, because I was allowed to have my own way; and a prodigy of genius, because I was altogether unaware of the extent of my ignorance. I do not recollect that at this time I felt any propensity to the vice which has been fatal to myself and to all those whom the ties of existence had gathered around me. I only know that I was allowed to mix occasionally, and indeed as often as I pleased, with those of the country people, whose examples, if they operated on me at all, could only do me harm. I went to all the frolics in the neighbourhood, good, bad, and indifferent, where the country lads do many things, which, though not perhaps unbecoming in persons of their class and habits, cannot be indulged in by persons of mine, for any length of time, without more or less injury to that delicacy of feeling, those proprieties of manner, and those nice, sensitive principles, which constitute the distinctions of a gentleman. Young men destined to move in that sphere of life which places them above the necessity of employment, cannot be too careful of their company and amusements, since by associating with vulgar idlers, they almost invariably approximate themselves to their level, adopt their manners, acquire a taste for their amusements, and only sink

* This artist is Mr Andrew Smith, of W. and A. Smith, Mauchline; one of those ingenious individuals who are sometimes found in the most retired and rustic situations. Mr Smith is the inventor of the instrument above alluded to, one calculated to be eminently useful in taking fac-similes of any piece of writing, or other work consisting of lines, and that in any degree of amplification or reduction. In company with his brother, he conducts a manufactory of wooden snuff-boxes, upon a considerable scale, about sixty people being employed; and the quantity of ingenious machinery which he has brought to bear upon this humble but curious and even elegant manufacture, is such as would impress any stranger with surprise.

the lower, from the height of their descent. One of the lowest, the meanest, and most depraved of mankind, is the man of education, refinement, and accomplishments, transmuted into a low and dissipated blackguard. The impulse which carries him over the barriers of habit, education, and example, which impels him to overleap the gulf that separates him from vulgar vice, cannot, without a miracle, stop short of perdition.

With the view of finishing my education, I proceeded to college at the age of sixteen. The college was situated in the centre of a great city; and great cities, as many people believe, are the most dangerous places for young men. Certainly, this proved so to me. My inclinations soon led me into the company of the most idle and dissipated young men of the place. I now lost my money; I lost my rest; my character among my equals; my station in society; above all, I lost for ever all those delicious feelings, those innocent sources of pleasure, those aspiring hopes and anticipations, and that ambition which animates youth to reach at things above, instead of stooping to things below them.

What would my poor father and mother have said and thought, had they seen me emerging, at the dawn of day, from an obscure den, haggard with want of rest, or red in the face with the liquor I had swallowed in the course of the night? But they died without even suspecting my swift deterioration, or anticipating the disgrace I was to bring upon their name. It may be supposed that these courses incapacitated me for my college exercises. I began to descend, and at every examination approached nearer and nearer to the tail of my class. The better sort of lads drew off from my society; the professors cautioned, lectured, and threatened in vain. From the foot of the second I was degraded into the lowest class, from which I was at length expelled, for reiterated instances of negligence and impertinence.

Notwithstanding the life I led, I was not altogether debased. It is not all at once that the soul is stripped of its regalia. It is by little and little that it is cast away; although to the world it appears, perhaps, that the wretched delinquent has made but one step to the consummation of his follies and his crimes. I still preserved the exterior and the manners of a gentleman; and, in the day-time at least, associated with men and women far better than myself. My habits had not so far changed me from what I was, that either my relatives or friends had turned their backs upon me. I still cherished a liking for books, at times; read sometimes the whole of a rainy day; visited young ladies occasionally; and was reckoned by their mammas not altogether unworthy of an invitation to a tea-party. Above all, I had not actually committed any overt act, such as is, or ought to be, followed by the loss of *caste*. I had, it is true, a habit of taking brandy and water, at times; but I felt no want of it as a stimulant, and the habit was by no means confirmed. In short, when I came of age, and took possession of a handsome estate, I might still, if I would, have taken the place in society for which my fortune and connections seemed to have destined me. But my evil genius, or rather my evil habits and passions, were at length to have their final and complete triumph.

My next stage of declension was associating myself with a club of those worthless gamblers who usually haunt large towns. These, with the exterior of gentlemen, carried on the profession of card-playing. Every night they met for the purpose of playing at whist, and, by various schemes, had reduced it to a matter of certainty that they would win. In the course of a single year, these elegant companions contrived to strip me of all my ready money. I soon afterwards mortgaged my estate, and the proceeds in time also vanished. In fine, I became poor; and one hot summer's day, it came into my mind to visit my sisters, who lived on a part of my father's estate in the country, in peace and innocence; doting on me as an only brother—the hope of the family.

Well, I visited my sisters, who received me with an affectionate joy, that went to my heart of hearts. They admired me beyond any other human being, and they loved me still more. The sight of my early home, the kind flatteries of my sisters, and the sacred influence of quiet repose, of woods, waters, and meadows, birds, flowers, and all the full, combined harmony of nature, for a while awakened in my heart the rural feeling so nearly allied to virtue. I began by degrees to relish a stroll with my sisters along the little stream that skirted their grounds; to enjoy the moonlight, and the wandering glories overhead; and tried to take a pleasure in looking on or partaking in the merry hay-makings of the season.

While resident with my sisters, I received a letter from one of my gambling friends in town, dunning me in the most genteel manner for a couple of thousand pounds which I owed to him. I shudder while I relate the step I now took. I was the sole executor of my father's estate, and the property of my sisters had been left entirely under my control. Wretch that I was, I secretly appropriated the whole of the means of support of my confiding sisters. I mortgaged their portion of the estate, as I had done my own. On taking leave of these gentle creatures, I durst not look them in the face, as they hung around me, and kissed me with tears of pure and innocent love.

From the moment I robbed my sisters, and only from that moment, I felt myself degraded past all re-

covery, lost beyond redemption. Wherever I went, I bore about me this intolerable feeling of irretrievable disgrace; and to escape from it, I plunged deeper into guilt. But now comes another scene in my infamous career. Accident about this time threw me into the society of a young gentlewoman, of good family, and possessing a handsome fortune in her own right. Her person was attractive—almost beautiful, and her face shone bright in the lustre of a pair of intelligent black eyes, matched, or rather contrasted, with a fine set of white teeth. Hitherto I had never thought of marrying. The life I had led had in fact made me incapable of loving a virtuous woman as she deserves to be loved. Let no woman who values her happiness unite herself to a reformed debauchee.

Finding my society agreeable to this lady, whom I shall call Amelia, the idea by degrees occurred to me, that she would be an advantageous speculation, as we used to say at the club. Her person, as I said before, was attractive, but that did not much matter; and her fortune was liberal, which mattered a great deal. She was young, romantic, and somewhat buoyant in spirits. I played the hypocrite finely. We rode out together through the beautiful landscapes of a most beautiful country, and she greeted every murmuring brook, twittering bird, and rocky glen, with a vivacity of admiration that would have called up a corresponding feeling in any heart but one like mine, labouring under a sense of degradation, combined with the lethargy of worn-out sensibilities. She had neither father nor mother living, but she had friends, who, though ignorant of the extent of my fall, still knew enough of my habits to think me unworthy of her hand. But young women who are rich, and mistress of themselves, are, I believe, not apt to be controlled by friends in the choice of a husband; and believing, as Amelia did, that they wronged me, she was only the more determined to do me right. She consented to trust me with herself, her happiness, her destiny—and we were married.

For some months I led a prodigy of a life. I neither drank nor gammed; and the connections of my wife began to give me credit for a thorough reformation. But, alas! when evil passions are within, they will come out at last. One of my sisters married, and it became necessary that her portion should be forthcoming. I had now a man to deal with, and farther deception became impossible. The crisis of my fate arrived. My generous, noble-hearted wife had peremptorily resisted all the cautions of her relatives to have her fortune settled on herself. No: she always replied, no, I trust him with my happiness, and my fortune shall go with it. It rested with me now, either to tell her candidly my situation, and throw myself on her generosity, or to make use of her fortune secretly, to replace that of my sister's. That strange pride which clings even to guilt and degradation, prompted me to the latter. To replace the money of which I robbed my sister, I robbed my wife of that which after-events proved she would have given me with all her heart.

I began to estrange myself from home, and, by degrees, to drink drams, to keep up the courage of dastardly guilt, and make me sufficiently a brute, to meet her, after my nightly orgies, without sinking into the earth. Now it was that my downhill course became more rapid than ever.

To meet my perpetual losses, I made other drafts upon my wife's fortune, and to dull the sense of infamy, I drank deeper of brandy. Sometimes I rallied the remnant of good principle that was within me, and abstained both from gambling and drinking for days and nights, sometimes weeks together; but again I was carried away by impulses and habits, only the more impetuous for their momentary restraint. My wife behaved with propriety; she kept my secret, and neither betrayed me to her friends, nor uttered a reproach. She bore all in silence.

During this period we had two children, a boy and a girl. I could not bear to look at them, from the moment their little eyes began to know me. I had injured them as well as their mother; and bad as I was, I never could bear the looks of those I had wronged. To the virtuous and happy father, these little strangers form those gentle links that bind him the closer to his home, and inspire new feelings of gratitude and goodness. But it was not so with me. I was rapidly becoming an outcast from the domestic circle; an alien from all that is good, and beautiful, and elegant. My tastes, my propensities, my habits, were now all assuming the same hue of infamy and irretrievable debasement.

The depredations I had committed on the inheritance of my children, were now brought to light by that inevitable train of events which never fails, sooner or later, to bring the villain to his reckoning. Nearly at the same time, my estate was advertised by the sheriff, on a foreclosure of the mortgage. It was thus discovered that I was a beggar when I married, and that I had since become a scoundrel. Even my unbending pride, aided by the maddening bowl, could not stand this. I could not endure the sight of those who, from having once looked up to me, now shunned me with averted eyes, or gave me only glances of cool contempt.

One day I happened to meet an old acquaintance in company with two or three gentlemen, in such a way that it was impossible for him to pretend not to see me, or for me to avoid him, without actually

sneaking away. I accosted him, but he took no notice of me. 'I believe you don't know me,' said I. 'O yes, I do know you,' he replied, and turned on his heel. The emphasis he laid on this little word was admirably expressive. I understood it, and so did the gentlemen present. My blood boiled, and the more, for knowing I deserved this treatment. I poured forth a deluge of invectives, and provoked him at length so far to forget himself, as to knock me down. That very hour I sent him a challenge, for I was not yet sufficiently abject to put up with a blow; and though I acknowledged to my own heart that I deserved the treatment I had received, still I burned for revenge. It was in vain that the friend to whom the gentleman applied to carry his answer, represented me as unworthy of his notice, a man without any reputation to lose, and to whom a blow could add no deeper disgrace. 'I should have thought of all this before I gave the blow,' he replied. 'Having noticed him in the first instance, I have no right to say now that he is beneath my notice. I must offer either apology or atonement. I cannot descend to beg his pardon, and there is but one other alternative.'

Under the influence of these mixed principles of right and wrong, did this high-spirited young man consent to meet me. My habitual excesses had so shattered my nervous system, that nothing but copious draughts could steady my hand. I drank deep that morning; and though my vision was indistinct, my hand did not tremble. My second, one of my old club companions, who was an amateur of duelling—that is to say, in the second, not in the first person—gave me many special directions how to hold my pistol, and when to fire. But I was stupified by the time we got to the ground, and every object swam before my eyes, as if floating on the waves. I scarcely heard the words, 'one—two—three—fire.' I raised my pistol mechanically, and yet—strange and inscrutable dispensation!—my antagonist fell dead at the first fire. A mother lost her only son—an amiable and virtuous woman an affectionate husband—and three children became orphans—for the wife survived the shock but a few months. Thus, as my worthy second assured me triumphantly—thus, and at this price, had I vindicated my honour. What honour? The honour of an unnatural brother, a brutal husband, an unfeeling father, a beastly sot!

It is now time to speak of my poor wife and children. From time to time, during the progress of the scenes I have just been sketching, Amelia had been strongly urged by her friends to leave me, but she always mildly, yet peremptorily, refused. 'My lot,' would she say, 'was of my own choosing; and whatever it may be, I have made up my mind to bear it to the end.' Even this devotion did not touch my heart. On the contrary, I taunted her with her ridiculous attachment; and scarcely a day passed that I did not ask her, with gross barbarity, why she did not go to her friends. I did not want her company—not I; nay, I wished to get rid of it, and never see her face again. I found fault with her domestic economy; reproached her with not keeping her children decent; with being a slut in her own person, though she was neatness itself; with being ugly, disagreeable, stupid, tiresome, a millstone about my neck, the bane of my life, and the cause of all my misery. What will a good wife not submit to?—she bore it all.

If there ever was a lost, hopelessly, irretrievably lost being in this world, it was myself. I was dunned for money I could not pay. I was shunned by my neighbours; my servants left me, as one it was a disgrace to serve; and even the sots of the neighbourhood disdained to drink with me, because, as they said, 'a gentleman ought to be ashamed to make a beast of himself.' Though I literally lived without food, I had become a bloated mass of physical inanition. My hands shook; my face was swelled and livid. Then my mental tortures!—But they are past all description. The reader will think this was bad enough, but as yet he has seen nothing. The tragedy is still to be exhibited.

One day—it was an ominous day—the anniversary of our marriage—in a fit of savage hilarity I declared I would celebrate it with more than usual splendour. I got up at twelve the preceding night, and intoxicated myself before sunrise, when I went to bed and slept myself partly sober again before dinner. At dinner I again drank deeply. I proposed a toast—'Our wedding-day, and many happy returns of it.' A sudden pang seemed to cross my poor wife's mind, and produce a train of bitter recollections. 'Was it not a happy day, Amelia?' said I, tauntingly. She burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands for a minute; then slowly removing them, she replied, with a look of agony that still haunts me day and night, 'Yes, it was a happy day—but —' The tone and look irritated my already infuriated spirit. 'But what,' replied I—'Come, speak out—let us have no secrets on this happy day.' 'We have paid dearly for it,' she said—'You with the loss of fortune, fame, and goodness. I with a broken heart and a shattered reason.'

'And I alone am to blame for all this, I suppose.'

'No; I blame nothing but my own folly.' I had my warnings, but they came too late; or rather, as my conscience tells me, I shut my ears to them. 'Would I had died,' added she, wringing her hands, 'before that miserable day!'

'You are no longer the gay, sprightly, animated, witty thing that won my heart,' said I.

"Your heart!" replied she, scornfully; "but who was it that robbed me of my gaiety; that worried my sickened soul by night and day; that has broken my heart, and turned my brain? Do you know the man, the monster I would say?" Her eyes now flashed fire as she continued—"Do you know the monster, I say?—he who deceived my youth, wasted my fortune, destroyed my happiness, degraded the modesty of my sex and station, and heaped coals of fire on the heads of my children?—who rendered the past a recollection of horror, the present yet worse—the future—O my God!"

"I, whom you promised to love and obey all your life. Come, give me an example of obedience," cried I, pouring out a glass of filthy liquor; "come—one bumper more: I swear you shall drink one bumper more to this happy day—come!"

"I will not!"

I rose, and staggering to the other side of the table, where she was sitting, vehemently protested she should drink it.

"I will not!" she again replied.

Who shall answer for the actions of a man mad with drink! A struggle now ensued, during which I became irritated into fury. The children clung affrighted about us, but I kicked them away. My poor Amelia at length struck the glass out of my hand; I became furious as a demon, and threw her from me with a diabolical force, against the corner of the fireplace. She fell, raised herself half up, gave her children one look and me another, and sunk down again.—She was dead.

I am now the sober tenant of a madhouse. The jury that tried me would not believe a man who acted such scenes as were proved upon me, could be in his senses. They acquitted me on the score of insanity. My relatives placed me here to pass the rest of my days, and recover my senses if I can. But I am not mad. I live, in the full horrible perception of my past wickedness. I know not what is become of my children, for no one will answer my inquiries—no one will tell me where they are, or whether they are dead or alive. All I can understand is, that I shall never see them more. My constant companion day and night, waking or dreaming, is my murdered wife. Every moment of my life is spent in recalling to my mind the history of that ill-fated girl, and in summing up what I have to answer for to her, her friends, and her offspring. Denied the indulgence of all sorts of stimulants, my strength is gone; my body shrunk and shrivelled almost to a skeleton, and my limbs quake with the least exertion. Guilt grins me in the face; infamy barks at my heels; scorn points her finger at me; disease is gnawing at my vitals; death already touches me with his icy fingers; and eternity waits to swallow me up.

The man to whose charge I am committed has furnished me with the means of fulfilling this my last task, and making the only atonement in my power for what I have done. If there be any one who shall read this, to whom temptation may beckon afar off, at a distance which disguises its deformity, let him contemplate me as I entered on the stage of life; as I pursued my career forward; as I closed, or am about to close it for ever. Let him not cheat his soul; let him not for a moment believe that it is impossible for him to become as bad, nay, worse than I have been.*

THE ART OF DRAWING.

DRAWING, one of the most useful of the fine arts, was once considered a faculty attainable only by a few gifted individuals; but experience has clearly shown, that, like other studies to which the mind may be properly directed, it is now to be acquired by ordinary application.

Drawing is not only a portion of polite education—it is as useful as elegant, and deserving of more extended cultivation, from the various purposes to which it may be applied. In our manufactories, all of which are more or less connected with the arts, the advantages derived from drawing have been very conspicuous. Combinations of forms and colours have been presented to the various artificers in a state of perfection that could never have been conveyed by oral or literal description. In mechanism and in the sciences, drawing is of the utmost importance; without its aid, demonstration would be impracticable.

The numerous advantages to be derived from drawing, as an occasional study, are worthy of consideration. It will enliven many a solitary hour—improve the understanding—add many a joy to the mind during the contemplation of works of nature or of art—and contribute essentially to the charm of existence. Those who have knowledge of the characters of the alphabet and their combinations, necessary to express an idea on paper, have accomplished more than is required to enable them to represent an object from nature, since this is simply an imitation of lines pre-

sented to the senses; but, while communicating to paper, by means of pen and ink, a number of characters which embody a thought, the mind exercises a wonderful capacity, in the effort of memory, respecting the forms proper to be used—the arrangement of them necessary to compose the different words—and the construction of the members of each sentence, so that all may be understood by every reader. All these complicated exertions of the mind are not called into action while copying from nature a leaf or a stone, a simple outline only being required, and the object placed before the copyist. What is there to prevent this simple form from being imitated, if there be an inclination? The correctness of the outline will depend on the facility with which a pencil may be used, unquestionably, but far more on the state of the mind. If there be a determination to accomplish a likeness of the object, it will not be denied to calm perseverance. Who ever gave the most approved form to a letter after a few trials? A little reflection will teach, that the same degree of assiduity is rewarded by similar results.

Drawing is regulated by rules that soon become familiar, and the progressive study of them never fails to excite a desire for farther information: "All is the gift of industry." The inclination to attempt more than the mind can arrange or the hand execute, is injurious to advancement. "Wisely and slow, they stumble who run fast." Those who determine to master the imaginary difficulties will succeed soonest by a careful selection of easy forms at first, proceeding gradually to others more complicated, then to a combination of objects, which cannot be too simple. A root of platanus growing near a rude stone is sufficient for a picture in the hands of an artist. Whatever may be selected for practice, let all be taken from nature. Look not to prints nor paintings for instruction, till you have accustomed both mind and hand to the imitating of the great original. You must endeavour to look at nature with your own gift of vision, and not as pretended to have been seen by other eyes. It is absolutely injurious to have the drawings of any artist placed in succession before pupils with the enforcement of imitation: it may be a style which does not please them. There is a possibility of their being enabled to see nature unfairly represented. They may detect mannerism, or they may have a dislike to copy that which excites no pleasing associations; yet this is too often a mode of proceeding by persons denominated drawing-masters; and to it is added the study of geometrical problems, with diagrams illustrative of perspective. The confusion thus created, and the apparent toil required to overcome so many difficulties, make an impression on the mind that no encouragement can remove; yet they are incited to undertake what may appear impracticable, till dislike is produced, and the study is relinquished. It is by beginning when the mind is disposed to receive instruction, that hope of success can be rationally entertained. To urge it beyond its comprehension, impedes the progress of information, or destroys the germ that would otherwise have flourished.

If drawing be considered only as an amusement, it will be found one of the most entertaining, and a source of pleasure that increases with the perseverance of the applicant. To the tourist it is of great importance; for buildings, scenes, and objects, perhaps beyond the power of language adequately to express, may be conveyed by a few lines and tints, with surprising correctness. Many travellers who have united the skill of the draughtsman to great literary acquirements, have stated that a few spirited lines are capable of conveying more information than pages of elaborate description. Perhaps the utility of drawing needs no farther confirmation, and that it will be better to give some hints respecting the means by which it may be obtained.

A sketch-book, about nine by six inches, is of a convenient size for a beginner; and whatever may be inserted should remain for reference and for evidence of advancement. A piece of good black-lead should be procured, and fixed in a port-crayon or a quill; a point to the lead may be obtained by rubbing it on a file; or a black-lead pencil, with a soft and bold point, may be used, because it is better adapted for sketching than a fine-pointed hard pencil, which impedes facility in the use, and gives a feeble or meagre line, incapable of detaching objects. A piece of good lead is readily made to a point sufficiently fine; and it is possessed of power, particularly if repetition be applied, to separate objects from each other with effect. The inconvenience arising from a distribution of lead too copious, may be obviated by always beginning on the left, and concluding on the right; the hand will then not interfere with the sketching. When finished, the page may be placed on a plate, and beer or skim milk poured on it, till the surface be equally wetted; when it has become nearly dry in the air, the book may be closed, the lead pencil lines will have become fixed, and the page smooth in a few hours.

Practising on the simplest objects presented to the eye, as before recommended, may not be deemed of sufficient consequence to find a place in the sketch-book, and, perhaps, till the eye and hand shall have become a little familiarised with sketching, the early efforts may be confined to pieces of paper, not destroyed. They are, like the marks, the pot-hooks and hangers of all juvenile writers; the fair copy-book is opened, when a character can be formed with some approach to accuracy. Those who determine to learn drawing, taking nature for their master, must place

on their memory, and adopt in their practice, three characteristic lines, which are thus distinguished from each other. A *perpendicular line* is upright, or in agreement with the sides of the sketch-book; a *horizontal line* is straight across, or in agreement with the top and base of the book; a *diagonal line* is slanting, either way, so as to be neither a horizontal nor a perpendicular. The knowledge of these three lines is indispensable at the commencement of sketching; they are of the first importance to the representing of objects with their natural appearances depending on linear perspective.—In our next number, we shall offer our young readers a series of simple instructions, to enable them to draw with neatness and satisfaction.

SMALL TOWNS.

I LATELY visited a small country town in the north of Scotland, and was much amused by observing the various characteristics which distinguish a small mass of human population from a large one. The first peculiarity I had occasion to remark was the excessive anxiety of the natives, and particularly of the individual who acted as my cicerone, to impress a respectful notion of the town upon the mind of a stranger. In the course of our walk, this gentleman descanted, in terms truly eloquent, upon all the various useful and delightful properties of the town—its pleasant walks, its neat public buildings, its distinction for some particular manufacture—and so forth. To judge from the account of my guide, there never was such a school as that of Rickleton since the creation. Its scholars are known all over the world. An eminent Edinburgh professor visited it a few years ago, and gave the highest approbation to all its arrangements. A celebrated barrister was brought up at it. And then as to water—there never was a town like Rickleton for water. It is so pure, so agreeable to taste, and withal so plenty. In fact, the water of Rickleton is better than beer in some other places. And provisions, how cheap! Beef never above fivepence a pound, while it is sixpence in the city; and, above all things, it is to be had at least once every week! Vegetables in Rickleton are, like the air we breathe, things without price. Every body has his garden, which it is a mere amusement to cultivate, and thus grows his own leeks, cabbage, and potatoes. The same thing, in a manner, may be said of fruit. Pears, in particular—every body has heard of the Rickleton pear—are so very plenty, that the difficulty is, how to get them eaten. In one particular branch of trade, Rickleton is allowed to be unrivalled in the country—that is, in the preparation of red-herrings. "Rickleton Red-Herrings" is an inscription to be seen in all the shop windows over the country. It is an article in which the town prides itself, and whenever there is any public festivity among the inhabitants, "Success to the Red-Herring Trade of Rickleton" is the grand patriotic toast of the night. And such a fine old abbey there is in the neighbourhood of the town! Edinburgh has many fine things, but we beat them in the article of a fine monastic ruin. People come from far and near to see our abbey. And only look at our river—there is another thing in which we beat the Edinburgh folk—considered the second stream in the country. We have capital inns, too: the Cross Keys is as good a house as any in the country—keeps two post-chaises and a gig. The view from the window of the travellers' room is said to be almost unrivalled on this side the Grampians. And such a place it is for producing distinguished men! — the poet, and — the historian, and — who is a minister in Glasgow, were born here. All owing, sir, to the capital schools. In short, it is made out, that, if respectable annuitants would come and reside in the place, they would live almost free of cost, enjoy the most delightful walks and country recreations, and have the satisfaction of becoming the fathers of almost all the eminent men of the next generation, literary, philosophical, and otherwise.

To speak more seriously, there is always to be found in small towns an intense appreciation of every thing about them that is in the least peculiar—and just the more intense in proportion to the smallness and unimportance of the place. This feeling is just an extended species of self-love, the *place that is ours* coming instead of *ourselves*. It is a feeling which may be permitted to excite in other persons a gentle merriment; but it should never be made the subject of cutting sarcasm or ridicule. The truth is, every person, whatever be the town or city of his residence, is liable to be possessed by such sentiments, and to become a subject of amusement, on account of them, to the native of a somewhat larger place. The native of a town of three thousand inhabitants, supplies, with his fondness for it, amusement to him who resides in one of five thousand; he, in his turn, to one of eight thousand; he, again, to one of twenty. The pride which a citizen of Perth, for instance, feels and expresses (and justifiably so) in his fair city, may bring a smile to the cheek of an inhabitant of Edinburgh; and the "Modern Athenian," in his turn, if he expatiates in the hearing of a Londoner respecting the highly-estimated beauties of his capital, will be treated in a manner not greatly different. It is, upon the whole, a fortunate peculiarity in human nature; for without such attachments to minor places, their in-

* Altered and abridged from a tale, published in the series of "Stories of American Life," edited by Miss Mitford. The author's name is not mentioned.

habitants would lead a life of perpetual discontent, or centralise into large masses, and leave the country deserted. It is to such a sentiment that we are to ascribe the fact, that there are human beings living beyond the arctic circle, as well as in the torrid and temperate zones.

Another characteristic of small towns is the aristocratical spirit which pervades the upper class of citizens. This is a conspicuous feature, and much developed. A small town may in truth be considered as an epitome or miniature picture of a large kingdom, consisting of king, lords, commons, and the populace. Here, on a small scale, each of these classes is faithfully represented, as in a reducing reflector. The provost, or chief magistrate, represents the king, and very often he displays, if not all the dignity and grace, yet fully all the pomp and pride of majesty, in his bearing towards the general mass of his subjects. To his equals, or even, it may be, superiors, in every thing but official dignity, he is courteously affable, familiar, and polite, but from all the rest of his realm he looks for abject submission, the most implicit obedience, and the profoundest homage. The provost's lady takes the tone from her husband, and affects a supremacy over her gossips, from whom she is equally rigorous in exacting obedience. Nay, even the children assume the same lofty superiority over their fellows, and the very youngest of them learns to play the kingling over his tiny subjects.

In a small town, the different grades and the distinctions of rank are formed and adhered to with almost the same pertinacity as in China itself. Here are *castes* as in India, and, without wealth, it would be nearly as difficult to step out of them. Wealth is the main basis of respectability, but there are some other necessary ingredients; such as, the family having had a long standing in the town; having been respectable citizens for several generations, and some of their forefathers having been in the magistracy. The nature of the profession, too, is of considerable consequence. *Writers* take the lead every where, and, with the medical profession, and any genteel annuitants who may happen to cluster about the town, form a class who profess to hold all the trading people at a distance. Manufacturers, in proportion to their wealth and weight of character, rank next in precedence; and to them succeed merchants and members of the guild. Handicraftsmen of all kinds form an inferior *caste*; but even among them there is a gradation of rank.

This aristocratical spirit likewise extends to what pertains to dress. It supplies, in some measure, *sumptuary laws*, or laws which regulate the expense of dresses to be worn by the different classes of society. In so far it has a very proper and beneficial influence, by restraining within due bounds that foolish vanity which would lead the maid to dress as gaily as her mistress, and to assume airs unbecoming her rank in life. All this is very well; but it goes farther than this. It is understood that the ladies of those in authority, and at the top of the tree, should enjoy the exclusive possession of some articles of fashion for a certain period, before they descend farther down the scale, and become too common to excite much popular admiration. It would cause some mortification, were a lady out of this sphere (unless acknowledged wealth were an apology) to display a new fashion almost as soon as the former exhibited theirs, at church or at a party. Such conduct would be reckoned an encroachment on privileges—an infringement of vested rights—and animadverted on with rancorous asperity. No, no; in small towns such liberties cannot be taken with impunity. The newest fashion from Edinburgh or London, of a bonnet or a shawl, a muff or a boa, must be exhibited at church or dinners, by two or three of the ladies of the topmost grades, for a certain period before it would be decorous for others to assume them, or the world would be thought to be turned upside down.

With regard to the prevalence of the aristocratical spirit in country towns, it must be remarked, that generally the women are most conspicuous in adhering to the most pertinaciously, and in guarding, with rigorous vigilance, the supposed privileges of "their order;" and farther, that the *parvenus*, or new people, male and female, exceed in these respects all the families of long established respectability, and, in every point of view, are the least amiable and the least popular.

Another feature in the provincial portrait is the practice of gossiping and talking scandal. In those country towns where the population is very small, the sphere of observation is so circumscribed, that the inhabitants have a thorough knowledge of the origin, past history, and present circumstances of every individual residing in the place: hence every action of every man is taken into rigorous consideration by his neighbours, and, if in the least assuming, as it is called, condemned or ridiculed without mercy. There is not a dinner, nay, a supper, given in the whole town, but the fact is known next day by all the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest—along with a thousand minute particulars, true or false, respecting the dishes, the guests, and even the subjects of conversation. Even if a lady is seen entering the door of a neighbour to make a call, it is observed by hundreds of curious eyes peering from behind green baize screens in the adjacent windows, and speculated upon and canvassed, as if it were a transaction of diplomatic importance. Almost every thing that any man does, and every thing that he says, becomes the subject of comment in

other quarters; and whether a good or an ill construction is put upon it, depends entirely on the mood of the parties who take it under their consideration. The most of the people, not having full occupation in their own business, devote the remainder of their time to that of other people; and it is amazing what a disinterested expenditure of criticism, censure, and regret, takes place every day in one of these small communities, in reference to each other's concerns. It presents perhaps the most splendid picture in the world, of that generosity which places us above our own paltry and narrow interests, and sends our thoughts abroad yearning after the good of our fellow-creatures. One unfortunate result is, the repression of independent and manly feeling, which it is apt to produce in the best constituted natures. A man of the very best intentions finds himself so closely under surveillance, and so severely commented on, that he finds it necessary at length to put a mask upon his whole character and system of acting—speaks obliquely, and in a few well-chosen words—circumvents rather than approaches any objects he has in view—and even has to make the crossing of the street a matter of ambuscade. It is certainly much to be regretted that the comfort of many very worthy people is marred, in such scenes as those we are describing—often by the lightest and most thoughtless words of others. How much is it to be wished that men in general could treat each other, in absence, with a little more of that courtesy which is so useful in presence! How much is it to be wished that we were all a little more disposed to put a benevolent and liberal construction upon the actions and habits of our fellow-creatures!

Every small town has its *wag* or *wit*, whose jests keep it in amusement, much after the manner of a court buffoon of old. The town wit is frequently a cobbler, and sometimes a blacksmith or other artisan; but one thing is almost always the case—he is as poor as his wit is rich. If the town wit be a man of a good-natured turn, he is generally a humorist only—a mere sayer of droll and eccentric things; and in this event, he is commonly a very popular and beloved character. He is to be seen at resting hours, seated, it may be, on a stone, and surrounded with a group of neighbouring artisans, who listen with much delight to his humorous stories, and the still more humorous manner in which he relates them; while roars of hearty laughter frequently both interrupt and applaud him, until the hour be expired. But if, on the other hand, the wag be rather a wit than a droll, the probability is, that he delights in caricature, in sarcasm, and keen-pointed sallies of fancy. He takes a roguish pleasure in exposing to ridicule even personal defects, as well as frailties and foibles of the mind, and errors in the conduct of his neighbours. He feels he has got a sting, and he will use it, not for self-defence, but for the mere sake of annoyance, and from the vanity of showing off his gift. This character is never generally beloved; he is rather feared and shunned. A few admire his wit, and applaud his fine hits and thrusts, and this keeps his vanity alive, and urges him to continue his satirical course. Should such a thing as a sarcastic paragraph touching the place or its inhabitants appear in a newspaper, or should a poetical burlesque of any incident or public character be handed about in print, of course it is he who has done the deed; he is the sole delinquent, and must accordingly suffer the reproaches secretly bestowed upon him.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Petrarch.

PETRARCH, more exactly designated Francesco Petrarco, or Petraccolo, was born at Arezzo, in July 1304, being the son of Pietro Petrarco, a Florentine notary, and the fellow-exile and intimate friend of Dante. The poet was brought up amidst all the difficulties proper to the condition of a banished family, the head of which could hardly obtain any regular means of subsistence. His father, after many vicissitudes, settled at Avignon, in the south of France, which was then and for many years after the seat of the Pope. Young Petrarch was educated at first by one Conventino, a humble schoolmaster at Carpentras, near Avignon. He very soon displayed a great fondness for the Latin classics, which he pored over from choice, while his young companions could hardly comprehend the rudiments. An attempt was afterwards made to give him a legal education, but in vain. He forsook and neglected all the necessary studies, in order to spend his time with Cicero, and other masters of Roman eloquence. His parents died while he was still a mere youth, and for a number of years it is not very clear how he contrived to live, though he appears to have finally embraced the ecclesiastical profession. His devotion to study seems to have at length recommended him to the attention of various great men, who were successively his patrons and supporters. In time, he collected a considerable library of classical manuscripts, including some which have since been altogether lost to the learned world.

Though Petrarch was a man of profound learning,

and in his own time was chiefly distinguished by his erudite essays in Latin prose, the attention of posterity has been exclusively directed to him as the author of several hundred sonnets in his native tongue, which he addressed to a lady named Laura, the object of a passion similar to that entertained by Dante for Beatrice. The story of Petrarch and Laura is perhaps one of the most remarkable which the history of amatory passion presents. Petrarch was in his twenty-third year, when, on Good Friday 1327, he encountered this fair vision in the church of St Claire, at Avignon. She was about twenty, had been married some time, and, according to the poet's own description, was remarkable for the elegance of her person. Her hair was of a golden brightness, her complexion purer than snow, her eyes as bright as stars, yet so soft and tender in their expression, that they inspired only feelings of love and reverence. In stature she was tall, and exquisitely graceful in her carriage; her voice was clear and musical, and her manner of conversing indicative of the dignity and sweetness which had an equal share in her character. The splendour of her dress corresponded to the richness of her beauty. Her hair was generally left to flow loose over her neck and shoulders, but was sometimes fastened up in a knot, and parted plainly on her forehead. Of her mind, it is said that she possessed a natural flow of wit and intelligence, but had received little advantage from study or education.

The manners of the ladies of Avignon are said to have been at that time by no means remarkable for delicacy; Laura, however, was a striking exception from the general rule. The breathings of the poet's affection must have soon met her ear; and as Petrarch quickly advanced in fame and public estimation, they could not fail to make some impression upon her. It is, nevertheless, allowed on all hands, that she never swerved for a moment from the dignity of the matron in favour of her admirer: it is not even plain that they ever so much as conversed together. For upwards of twenty years, Petrarch continued to write sonnets respecting her, every variation of his thoughts becoming the subject of one of those compositions. She, on the other hand, continued to act the part of a virtuous wife, became, it is said, the mother of eleven children, and was universally respected and beloved. The whole story, in fact, affords a striking instance of passion kept up without the hope, or perhaps even the wish, that it should come to a satisfactory termination. To blame the one for entertaining, or the other for not checking, a sentiment which generally meets the reprobation of the world, were vain, for it is impossible to divest ourselves of the idea that the whole affair was a convenience for poetical exercise; a notion which derives strength from the non-appearance of any resentment at any time manifested by the husband of the lady.

During the most of the time of Petrarch's supposed passion for Laura, he resided like a hermit in the romantic valley of Vaucluse, his only real object being, in our apprehension, the perfection of himself in poetry, so that he might become worthy of the laurel crown occasionally bestowed at Rome upon individuals who had eminently distinguished themselves in verse-making. His ambition was at length gratified, when, in one day, in August 1340, messengers arrived from Paris and Rome, proposing to him the honour of a public coronation. He preferred the latter, and the ceremony was performed under circumstances of great splendour. He was now acquainted with princes and nobles, any one of whom would have considered himself as honoured in no small degree by being allowed to maintain Petrarch at his court or residence. He seems to have been content, however, with the profits of an archdeaconry, which some of these patrons bestowed upon him.

In 1348, on the twenty-first anniversary of her first meeting with Petrarch, Laura died of the plague, and was tenderly bewailed by the poet in a number of sonnets. Of the general character of these celebrated compositions, we shall now quote the opinion of Mr Stebbing, as expressed in his *Lives of the Italian Poets*.

"Petrarch's reputation has now for many years rested solely on his Italian poems, which occupy less than two hundred pages out of thirteen hundred, of which the folio volume containing his works consists: Studying these productions without reference to the controversies which have been maintained respecting them, we find them possessing a charm sufficient to soothe and delight us, but not to awaken passion, or give birth to any feeling of power or sublimity. If

they were intended to convey an idea that the writer was under the influence of strong emotion, they are, in that respect, undoubted failures; for there is little poetry of any repute that makes a less vivid impression on the feelings. But it is not essential to all amatory poetry that it should be uniformly expressive of violent or intense excitement. The deepest seated passion is not always the readiest to reveal itself, and the lover may adore his mistress without addressing her in their ordinary intercourse in the language of ecstasy. In any case, Petrarch would seldom write in a highly impassioned style; and those who have most censured him for want of warmth and energy, should have first considered the circumstances under which he composed his poetry. However strong his love might be for Laura, his respect for her was equal to his love; and whether he intended the sonnets he wrote for her eye only, or for that of the world at large, he would scarcely address her in a manner unbecoming her situation and the purity of her character. Still farther:—Petrarch had rarely any means of addressing Laura but by his verses; and from the commencement of his passion to her death, he employed them as the common medium of communicating his sentiments. It was not merely on great occasions, when taking long farewells, or inspired with some sudden emotion, that he thus addressed her. Not a week, perhaps, passed without his writing on the subject of his love, and he was sufficiently Platonic, while breathing forth his verse, to believe that his spirit held communion with that of Laura. He wrote sonnets, in fact, not to make known his love, but to console himself under its disappointments: denied the pleasure of conversing with her who possessed his affections, he sought to deceive himself into the momentary belief of her presence, and he wrote as if he were speaking in the hearing of one who was day after day listening to his voice; whom he loved deeply, but to whom the strong language of passion would have been ill applied in this daily intercourse of thought.

Whether, therefore, we consider the situation of Laura, or the feeling which prompted Petrarch to dedicate such a multiplicity of sonnets to her name, we may find a reason for their being less expressive of strong emotion than many critics would have wished. In the one instance, he would have offended against the modesty of her whom he addressed; in the other, he would have written with more apparent vigour, but not in a manner more truly expressive of deep feeling. The heart becomes in time familiar with passion, as the body, it is said, may do with pain; and as the sufferer, who at the first feeling of anguish expresses himself in loud cries, but afterwards only in the low murmur of complaint, so passion of any kind uses a calmer language when of many years' continuance; and we might properly suspect its sincerity, if, after being long experienced, it spoke in the same tone as at first. The latest of Petrarch's sonnets are acknowledged to be his best. Laura's situation prohibited his expressing himself in a manner natural to the state of his feelings when first enamoured; but as his emotions became subdued, and her image grew familiar to his thoughts, he wrote with more ease and pathos, because with more freedom.

If we may thus account for the subdued style of Petrarch's amatory poetry, it lays claim for its other qualities to the highest praise. In what compositions shall we find more pleasing imagery, tenderer sentiments, or superior versification? Laura, it is true, is the constant theme, but it is only by the repetition of her name that the poet tires our patience. She appears before us adorned with some new grace in every sonnet, and though love only inspires the sentiments, they are almost infinitely varied in the expression. Sometimes yielding entirely to his fancy, at others availing himself of his learning, Petrarch was never at a loss for the ornaments of verse, and he not unfrequently abounds in the most beautiful figures and comparisons: but the chief charm of his sonnets is the soft and tranquil melancholy which breathes in both the thoughts and language—a gentleness of spirit which makes us feel that they could only have been written by a man delighting and living much in solitude. The air of *Vaucluse* seems fanning us as we read, and the murmur of its fountains, the song of birds in its laurel shades, and the sighs of the poet, steal pleasantly upon the imagination.

No poetry, without being, either descriptive, impassioned, or romantic, ever gained so strong a hold on both the feelings and the fancy as Petrarch's. His sonnets are read with delight by persons who would turn with contempt from the amatory verses of other writers, and the greatest admirers of such poetry find a beauty in them which they look for in vain in any other of the kind. The sentiments of an elevated mind, rather imbued with passion than conquered by it, loving meditation the more because it has experienced agitation, and conscious of a pleasure in loving which exists independent of hope, or its other appliances—the sentiments of a mind like this find their way into all hearts, and by their mild and quiet influence, often make a deeper impression than others of a more stirring character. It is hence that the sonnets of Petrarch possess such a power of charming us; that they have so long retained their popularity, and have been taken as models by so many writers, but have scarcely ever been successfully imitated."

Petrarch was a man of warm feelings as a patriot,

and exerted himself zealously on many occasions to advance the interests of his country. He was employed as an ambassador to different states, and both in that capacity, and by the use of his pen, seemed to have made the restoration of Italy to independence and tranquillity one of the leading objects of his life. Charles the Fourth, Emperor of Germany, while meditating some measures for the latter object, had an interview with Petrarch, at Mantua, and elicited some remarkable proofs of the unbending integrity of the man. The emperor spoke of his works, and manifested a wish to see them, especially that on *Illustrious Men*. To this Petrarch replied, that it was not yet completed, and that he required time and quiet to put the last hand to it. Upon which Charles intimated, that he should be glad to have it appear under his name. "But," says the poet, "I answered with that freedom which nature has given me, and which age and custom have confirmed and authorised, 'Great prince, to have it appear, and under your name, there is need of virtue on your part, and of leisure on mine.'" Astonished, as was natural in a monarch, at an answer so little flattering, the emperor desired him to explain his meaning; to which Petrarch replied, that much time was requisite for a work which was to comprise much in a little space; and that with regard to the dedication, he must labour to merit having his name placed at the head of the work; that it was not sufficient to wear a crown and possess a lofty title, but that he must possess the virtues, and perform the great actions which might worthily place him among the illustrious men whose portraits he was describing. "Live," continued he, "according to their example, in order that after having read their lives, your actions may render yours worthy of being read by posterity." The emperor smiled, but looked far from being displeased at the freedom of the exhortation.

The latter years of this great man's life were spent in lettered seclusion, first at the village of Garignano, about three miles from Milan, and finally near the small town of Arqua. In a letter to a friend, he describes, in the following pleasing terms, his mode of living at the former place:—"The tenor of my life is tranquil and uniform, for I am no longer tormented by the passions which held me captive in my youth. Like a weary traveller, I redouble my steps, as I approach the termination of my journey. I read and write day and night, and my only rest is sometimes doing the one, and sometimes the other. These are my sole occupations, and my sole pleasures. My health is so strong, my body so robust, that neither a more mature age, nor more serious occupations, nor abstinence, nor scourges, could have rendered me less subservient to the passions with which I have so long waged war. With regard to the gifts of fortune, I am equally distant from the two extremes, and indeed enjoy that mediocrity which is so much to be desired. In one thing only can I be an object of envy to others—which is, that I am more esteemed than many would wish me to be, and more so than wholly agrees with my quiet. Not only does the greatest prince of Italy, with all his court, love and honour me, but his people even respect me much more than I deserve, and love me without either knowing or seeing me—for I rarely go out, which, however, may be the very reason why I am so esteemed. I have passed at Milan an olympiad, and begun the last year of a lustrum. The kindness with which I am treated by every one, attaches me so much to Milan, that I love the very houses, the air, and the walls, to say nothing of my friends and acquaintances."

The esteem in which Petrarch finally came to be held, even in an age when his works could only be very sparingly circulated, is curiously exemplified by an anecdote thus related by Mr Stebbing:—"Henry Capra was a rich and noted watchmaker, possessing by nature a lively and penetrating mind, which he had diligently cultivated; but having begun his studies too late in life, he was more enthusiastical and fanciful than might have been expected from his age or character. His greatest ambition was to know and be known to Petrarch, and he employed every means that this ambition could suggest to effect his purpose: the poet became acquainted with his wish, and good-naturally said, 'He shall have his desire gratified; it would be barbarous to refuse him that which will make him so happy, and cost me so little.' Nothing could exceed the delight with which he received the intimation of Petrarch that he was willing to accept his acquaintance. He immediately employed persons to copy all the works of his illustrious friend; placed his arms and portrait in every part of his house, and at last bade adieu to his profession, notwithstanding the advice of Petrarch on the subject, to devote himself entirely to letters. But he had not yet received a visit from the object of his veneration—this was all that he wanted to make his happiness complete. 'Let him but honour my house with his presence for only one day,' said he, 'and I shall be happy and glorious through all ages.' Some years, however, it seems passed away before the much-desired visit was paid. At length the happy day arrived which was to crown him with fame, and on the 18th of October 1358, Petrarch proceeded to Bergamo. The governor and several of the chief inhabitants came out to meet him, and offer him a lodging in the palace. Poor Capra was in great distress while these invitations were being given. He had accompanied his friend from the commencement of the journey, and to secure him, had associated with himself some men of literature whose

conversation might render the way less tedious. His anxiety was at last removed by Petrarch's declaring that he was the guest of Henry Capra solely, and that he would lodge nowhere but in his house! His reception there was such as might have been expected. The furniture of the chamber in which he slept was all purple, and the bed superbly gilt, Capra declaring that no one had ever yet slept in it, or ever should again, except Petrarch. The next day our poet took his leave, but the watchmaker accompanied him a long way on the road, and was at last torn from him by violence, his friends fearing that the joy he had experienced would either make him ill or mad. Some time before this, a poor blind old grammarian had walked over the best part of Italy to express the same feeling as Capra."

Petrarch was found, July 18, 1374, dead in his study, with his head leaning on a book. His remains were interred in the church at Arqua, with almost royal magnificence.

If we put out of view one misplaced passion, which after all appears an exceedingly doubtful and obscure affair, the character of Petrarch is one of the most spotless of which we have any record. His whole life seems to have been spent in perfect innocence. He had the good of his country and of his fellow-creatures constantly at heart. All unworthy passions he had succeeded in trampling down, and he only indulged in the most virtuous and beneficial. He never employed his pen for any purposes which were not strictly honourable and pure; and this is the more remarkable, in so far as he lived in a very dissolute and turbulent age. His manners and discourse, on the other hand, were so free from malevolence, that he hardly appears during life to have made a single enemy. In personal appearance, he was thin, with a long aquiline face, in which there ever shone a sweet and studious gravity.

FISH-PRESERVES.

VARIOUS country gentlemen have in recent times attempted the establishment of *fish-preserves* on their estates, from which they might, as suited their pleasure, draw a supply of fish for their table, without the trouble of casting nets or employing boats; and it appears exceedingly probable that such a practice may be pursued with a considerable degree of pleasure and satisfaction, especially on our sea-shores, or the banks of the numerous estuaries and large streams that intersect the land. Those who have suitable premises, or an opportunity for establishing fish-preserves, as well as those who take an interest in details illustrative of natural history, will be pleased with the following account of a celebrated fish-pond, at Logan, in Galloway, on the south-west coast of Scotland, written by the ingenious Mr M'Diarmid of Dumfries, and published by him in a volume of amusing pieces.*

"In July 1824, I visited for the first time the beautiful bay and harbour of Portnessock, waiting on Colonel M'Dowall, and, with his permission, paid my respects to the finny tribes that people the far-famed fish-pond at Logan; and rarely has my curiosity been more highly gratified. This fish-pond is unlike anything I ever met with. It was formed in 1800, at an expense of several hundred pounds, and has furnished a wholesome article of food, fatter than it can be found in the open ocean, for considerably upwards of a quarter of a century. The pond, according to Mr Matheson, builder's measurement, is thirty feet deep, by one hundred and sixty in circumference—that is, at the top, where a wall of solid masonry, several feet high, encircles the rock on every side. The area within was wholly hewn and blasted from the living rock, and communicates with the tide by one of those fissures so common on bold and precipitous coasts. Indeed, if I remember right, it was this circumstance that led to its formation. A ledge of rock, marching with the beach, and lashed by the waves of a thousand winters, was known to be partially undermined; and it occurred to the proprietor, Colonel M'Dowall of Logan, that, by excavating the central or principal mass, a basin might be formed, not only open to the influence of the sea, but so deep, even at neaps, as to enable fishes to disport freely in their native element, though dependent on man for their daily food, and somewhat hampered in their migratory propensities. And this project he successfully executed. By blasting the rock, in a lateral direction, a communication was opened with the natural tunnel, and a barrier erected at the inner extremity, formed of large loose stones, arranged so as to prevent the ingress and egress of any body less insinuating than water. Attached to the pond, and forming its gateway, is a neat Gothic cottage for the accommodation of the fisherman, and round and round, the rock is surmounted by a stone wall, grey with lichen, and beautifully festooned with honeysuckle, 'bin-wood,' and other creeping plants. In every state of wind and tide—in summer, when the cod seek the deep water in quest of herrings—in winter, when not a boat dare venture to sea—Colonel M'Dowall can command a limited supply of the finest fish, and study at his leisure their instincts and habits. From the back-

* Sketches from Nature. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

door of the lodge, a stair, neatly cut from the solid rock, conducts the visitor to the usual halting-place—a large flat stone projecting into the water, and commanding a view of every part of the aquatic prison. When the tide is out, this stone is completely dry, though the pond remains filled to the depth of eight feet (its bottom being excavated below the level of the sea), and the stranger perceives, not without surprise, a hundred mouths simultaneously opened to greet his arrival. Fishes, in fact, hear as well as see; and the moment the fisherman crosses his threshold and descends the steps, the pond is agitated by hundreds of fins, and otherwise thrown into the greatest commotion. Darting from this, that, and the other corner, they move as it were to a common centre, elevate their snouts, lash their tails, and jostle one another with so little ceremony, that they appear, on a first view, to be menacing an attack on the poor fisherman, in place of the creelful of limpets he carries. Conceive a lady feeding her poultry, a knot of urchins scrambling for coppers, or a pack of fox-hounds disputing the property of a solitary bone, and you will have some idea of the ludicrous scramble which, even in this watery world, attends the distribution of the *loaves and fishes*. Loaves, however, is an improper term, for as the guardian of the pond truly averred, the cod, &c. 'will take nothing but what comes out of the sea.' Touching this point, I naturally felt a little sceptical, and to remove all doubt, purposely dropped into the pond a few crumbs of bread, composed both of oatmeal and flour. In an instant they were darted at by countless competitors, and as often voided, the moment their palates discovered the cheat, until the experiment had made the round of the pond, and the crumbs were left floating about, to be picked up by the less fastidious swallow. This part of their economy is exceedingly curious, and though we know for certain that trouts have been taught to eat potatoes and porridge, it is probable that nothing but the direct necessity could induce the cod and blochin to partake of the same vegetable fare.

In July 1824, and for some years previous, not a few of the fishes were actually so tame, that they fed greedily out of the hand, and would have bit their benefactor's fingers into the bargain, if he had been foolish enough to allow them; while others were so shy, that the keeper discoursed of their different tempers as a thing quite as palpable as their different sizes. One gigantic cod, the patriarch of the pond, which, the fisherman asserted, answered to his name, and who not only drew near, but turned up his snout most beseechingly when he heard the monosyllable Tom, very forcibly arrested my attention. This unfortunate, when I first saw him, had spent fifteen years in a state of comparative captivity, increasing gradually in bulk and weight, though from old age, accident, or disease, he at last became totally blind. From this infirmity he had no chance in the scramble for food, and perhaps the same cause (necessity) which renders the redbreast so pert and familiar in winter, made poor old Tom the tamest fish in the pond. The fisherman, on his part, was very kind to him, and it was really affecting, as well as curious, to observe the animal raising himself in the water, resting his head on the feeding-stone, and allowing it to be gently patted or stroked, gaping all the while to implore that nourishment which he had no other means of obtaining. It was evident, however, that he could distinguish between the fisherman's voice and touch, and those of any other person; for when the writer of this article approached, and attempted to pat his back and head, he winced considerably, and retreated to the water, though he always returned to the same spot. In 1826, old Tom died, after his body had been greatly wasted, and was perhaps the first cod on record, whose remains, by being interred under the fragrant turf, escaped the general, if not the universal fate of animals, whose home is the great deep.

The exact number of the fish in the pond was not known when I visited Port-Logan; but, judging from the eye, it could not be under three or four hundred. Cod appeared to be the prevailing species, but there were also blochin or glassin, haddocks, flounders, and various other kinds. The flounders, however, were shyer than the rest; and although they could be caught with set lines, and were sometimes seen peering timidly near the surface, they never joined in the scramble for food. Salmon, though they may live, cannot breed in an artificial basin, bulwarked in by rock on all sides, unless special measures were taken for enabling them to communicate with some neighbouring burn, and in July 1824, there was only one specimen of this favourite fish in the pond.

It is a popular, if not a scientific opinion, that fish continue to increase in bulk as long as they live, though the patriarchal cod mentioned above, fell off visibly long before he died; but this, no doubt, arose from his blindness, which prevented him, when rations came to be divided, in spite of the friendship and solicitude of the fisherman, from obtaining any thing like his proper share. Although regularly baited every second day, the fish are so voracious that you have only to attach a limpet to a hook, and drop it into the pond, when a hundred mouths will be opened to receive it. A selection can thus be made of any trout the angler pleases, and the whole population could be taken out, marked, weighed in scales, and reconsigned to the pool, without sustaining the least harm. I myself tried the experiment with the

clumsiest possible apparatus, and after determining to which mouth I should give the preference, captured two or three bulky cod, with all the complacency of a dandy angler.

That the cod, blochin, &c. deposit spawn, there can be no doubt, but the moment the fry appears, it is so greedily devoured, that the renovating principle is, and must remain, in abeyance. The same thing no doubt occurs to a great extent in the open ocean; where the stronger uniformly prey upon the weaker, but there the supply either exceeds the demand, or is scattered over such an extensive surface, that a portion of the fry is left undevoured—a wise and beneficent provision of nature for recruiting the numbers of a class of animals that form so important a part of the food of man. That salt-water fishes are not unfrequently put to their shifts, may be inferred from the fact, that the cod at Logan are both better and fatter than those caught any where else, although it may be true that the confinement they endure tends to promote the same end. To cater for them is no easy task, and the fisherman must employ part of his time in gathering sand-eels, crabs and limpets, the former of which are given raw, while the latter must be scalded in order to disengage the meat from the shell.

Not a few individuals with whom I have conversed, are decidedly of opinion that a fish-pond, constructed on a similar principle, would prove a good speculation in the neighbourhood of London; and however this may be, one thing is clear, that Colonel M'Dowall and his family possess facilities which, if carefully cultivated, would enable them to make, not merely popular, but scientific contributions to natural history."

In a number of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture may be found an article more minutely descriptive of the plan of forming fish-preserves in inland situations, as well as on the sea-shores.

LINES BY GALT.

The following pathetic verses are given by Mr Galt in an early part of the narrative of his life, as a description of his unfortunate condition:—

Helpless, forgotten, sad, and lame,
On one lone seat the live-long day,
I muse of youth and dream of fame,
And hopes and wishes all away.

No more to me, with carol gay,
Shall mounting lark from pasture rise,
Nor breezes bland on upland play,
Nor far fair scenes my steps entice.

Ah, never more beneath the skies
The winged heart shall soar,
Nor e'er be reached the goal or prize—
The spells of life enchant no more.

The burning thought, the boding sigh,
The grief unnamed that old men feel,
The languid limbs that withering lie,
The powerless will's effectless zeal;
All these are mine, and heaven bestows
The gifts, but still I find them woes.

NARRATIVE OF THE JEWS OF YORK.

ALMOST every one has heard or read of the sufferings to which various classes of people in this country were at one period subjected, not on account of their misdemeanours, but their peculiar opinions on abstract subjects. In the melancholy enumeration of these dismal passages in our history, none presents us with such a dreadful example of what human nature is capable of enduring when forced to sink under the last efforts of despair, as the destruction of the Jews of York. No narrative that we are acquainted with is so able to make us appreciate the blessings of modern civilization, and the improved state of feeling betwixt one class of thinkers and another, as that to which we refer, and which is thus given by D'Israeli, in his interesting work, "The Curiosities of Literature:—"

"When Richard the First ascended the throne [in 1189], the Jews, to conciliate the royal protection, brought their tributes. Many had hastened from remote parts of England, and appearing at Westminster, the court and the mob imagined that they had leagued to betwixh his majesty. An edict was issued to forbid their presence at the coronation; but several, whose curiosity was greater than their prudence, conceived that they might pass unobserved among the crowd, and ventured to insinuate themselves into the abbey. Probably their voice and their visage alike betrayed them, for they were soon discovered; they flew diversely in great consternation, while many were dragged out with little remains of life.

A rumour spread rapidly through the city, that, in honour of the festival, the Jews were to be massacred. The populace, at once eager of royalty and riot, pillaged and burnt their houses, and murdered the devoted Jews. Benedict, a Jew of York, to save his life, received baptism; and returning to that city, with his friend Jocenus, the most opulent of the Jews, died of his wounds. Jocenus and his servants narrated the late tragic circumstances to their neighbours, but

where they hoped to move sympathy, they excited rage. The people at York soon gathered to imitate the people at London; and their first assault was on the house of the late Benedict, which having some strength and magnitude, contained his family and friends, who found their graves in its ruins. The alarmed Jews hastened to Jocenus, who conducted them to the governor of York Castle, and prevailed on him to afford them an asylum for their persons and effects. In the meanwhile, their habitations were levelled, and the owners murdered, except a few unresisting beings, who, unmanly in sustaining honour, were adapted to receive baptism.

The castle had sufficient strength for their defence; but a suspicion arising that the governor, who often went out, intended to betray them, they one day refused him entrance. He complained to the sheriff of the county; and the chiefs of the violent party, who stood deeply indebted to the Jews, uniting with him, orders were issued to attack the castle. The cruel multitude, united with the soldiery, felt such a desire of slaughtering those they intended to despoil, that the sheriff, repenting of the order, revoked it, but in vain; fanaticism and robbery once set loose, will satiate their appetency for blood and plunder. They solicited the aid of the superior citizens, who humanely refused it; but having addressed the clergy, were by them animated and conducted.

The leader of this rabble was a canon regular, whose zeal was so fervent, that he stood by them in his surplice, which he considered as a coat of mail. Their attacks continued, till at length the Jews perceived they could hold out no longer, and a council was called to consider what remained to be done in the extremity of danger.

Among the Jews, their elder Rabbim was most respected. It has been customary with this people to invite for this place some foreigner, renowned among them for the depth of his learning and the sanctity of his manners. At this time the *Haham* or elder Rabbim was a foreigner, who had been sent over to instruct them in their laws, and was a person, as we shall observe, of no ordinary qualifications. When the Jewish council was assembled, the *Haham* rose, and addressed them in this manner—"Men of Israel! the God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say, why doest thou this? This day he commands us to die for his law; for that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the eternal hope it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold this book of truth sealed with our blood; and our death, while it displays our sincerity, shall impart confidence to the wanderer of Israel. Death is before our eyes, and we have only to choose an honourable and easy one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which you know we cannot escape, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl around the castle like wolves. It is, therefore, my advice, that we elude their tortures; that we ourselves should be our own executioners; and that we voluntarily surrender our lives to our Creator.—We trace the invisible Jehovah in his acts; God seems to call for us; but let us not be unworthy of that call." Having said this, the old man sat down and wept.

The assembly was divided in their opinions. Men of fortitude applauded his wisdom, but the pusillanimous murmured that it was a dreadful council.

Again the Rabbim rose, and spoke these few words in a firm and decisive tone—"My children! since we are not unanimous in our opinions, let those who do not approve of my advice depart from this assembly." Some departed, but the greater number attached themselves to their venerable priest. They now employed themselves in consuming their valuables by fire; and every man, fearful of trusting to the timid and irresolute hand of the women, first destroyed his wife and children, and then himself. Jocenus and the Rabbim alone remained. Their life was protracted to the last, that they might see every thing performed according to their orders. Jocenus, being the chief Jew, was distinguished by the last mark of human respect, in receiving his death from the consecrated hand of the aged Rabbim, who immediately after performed the melancholy duty on himself.

All this was transacted in the depth of the night. In the morning the walls of the castle were seen wrapt in flames, and only a few miserable and pusillanimous beings, unworthy of the sword, were viewed on the battlements, pointing to their extinct brethren. When they opened the gates of the castle, these men verified the prediction of their late Rabbim; for the multitude, bursting through the solitary courts, found themselves defrauded of their hopes, and in a moment avenged themselves on the feeble wretches who remained."

Such is the dreadful narrative of the Jews of York, of whom five hundred thus destroyed themselves. It is impossible, on any right principle, to vindicate their act of self-immolation; but who can withhold their sympathy from men who were forced by the brutality of their oppressors to such a fearful extremity? If history teach by examples, let this lesson which it affords, at least, sink deeply in the heart; and may we thence learn to cultivate the blessings of peace and good will among all classes of men, without respect of party, or any abstract distinction whatsoever.

Column for Mothers.

Mrs CHILD, an American authoress, who, like the excellent Miss Edgeworth, has done a great deal to instil rules of conduct into the minds of young people, by means of a series of useful little works, gives the following valuable advices to mothers on the subject of teaching children politeness:—

"In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The golden rule contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

I by no means think graceful manners of small importance. They are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart, and as such must be lovely. But when the form exists without the vital principle within, it is as cold and lifeless as flowers carved in marble.

Politeness, either of feeling or of manner, can never be taught by set maxims. Every-day influence, so unconsciously exerted, is all-important in forming the characters of children, and in nothing more important than in their manners. If you be habitually polite, your children will become so, by the mere force of imitation, without any specific directions on the subject. Your manners at home should always be such as you wish your family to have in company. Politeness will then be natural to them; they will possess it, without thinking about it. But when certain outward observances are urged in words, as important only because they make us pleasing, they assume an undue importance, and the unworthiness of the motive fosters selfishness. Besides, if our own manners are not habitually consistent with the rules we give, they will be of little avail; they will in all probability be misunderstood, and will certainly be forgotten.

Foreigners charge the Americans with a want of courtesy to each other in their usual intercourse; and I believe there is some truth in the accusation. On all great occasions, however, they are ready, heart and hand, to assist each other; but how much more gracefully and happily the French manage in the ten thousand petty occurrences of life! And, after all, life is made up of small events. The golden chain of existence is composed of innumerable little links; and if we rudely break them, we injure its strength, as well as mar its beauty.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, 'Will you have the goodness?'—and 'I thank you.' I do not like to see prim, artificial children; there are few things I dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affectation or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, 'Please to give me a piece of pie,' as to say, 'I want a piece of pie.'

The idea that constant politeness would render social life too stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have 'sweet pretty ways with her.' It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; but it is of prodigiously more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others, and of always preferring their little pleasure to her own. If she have the last, a very little intercourse with the world will teach her the first.

I believe nothing tends to make people so awkward as too much anxiety to please others. Nature is graceful; and affectation, with all her art, can never produce any thing half so pleasing. The very perfection of elegance is to imitate nature as closely as possible; and how much better it is to have the reality than the imitation! I shall probably be reminded that the best and most unaffected people are often constrained and awkward in company to which they are unaccustomed. I answer, the reason is, they do not act themselves—they are afraid they shall not do right, and that very fear makes them do wrong. Anxiety about the opinion of others fetters the freedom of nature. At home, where they act from within themselves, they would appear a thousand times better. All would appear well, if they never tried to assume what they did not possess. Every body is respectable and pleasing so long as he is perfectly natural. I will make no exception—Nature is *always* graceful. The most secluded and the most ignorant have some charm about them, so long as they affect nothing—so long as they speak and act from the impulses of their own honest hearts, without any anxiety as to what others think of it.

Coarseness and vulgarity are the effects of education and habit; they cannot be charged upon nature.

True politeness may be cherished in the hovel as well as in the palace; and the most tattered drapery cannot conceal its winning charms.

As far as is consistent with your situation and duties, early accustom your children to an intercourse with strangers. I have seen young persons who were respectful and polite at home, seized with a most painful and unbecoming bashfulness as soon as a guest entered. To avoid this evil, allow children to accompany you as often as possible, when you make calls and social visits. Occasional interviews with intelligent and cultivated individuals have a great influence on early character and manners, particularly if parents evidently place a high value upon acquaintances of that description. I have known the destiny of a whole family changed for the better, by the friendship of one of its members with a person of superior advantages and correct principles.

But it must be remembered that a call, or a social visit, may be made almost as injurious as a party, if children be encouraged in showing off, or constantly habituated to hearing themselves talked about. Much as the failing has been observed and laughed at, it is still too common for mothers to talk a great deal about their children. The weariness with which strangers listen to such domestic accounts is a slight evil compared with the mischief done to children, by inducing them to think themselves of so much importance: they should never be taught to consider themselves of any consequence, except at home in the bosom of their own families.

Nothing tends to foster the genuine politeness which springs from good feeling, so much as scrupulous attention to the aged. There is something extremely delightful and salutary in the free and happy intercourse of the old and young. The freshness and enthusiasm of youth cheers the dreariness of age; and age can return the benefit a hundred-fold, by its mild maxims of experience and wisdom. In this country, youth and age are too much separated; the young flock together, and leave the old to themselves. We seem to act upon the principle that there cannot be sympathy between these two extremes of life; whereas there may be in fact a most charming sympathy—a sympathy more productive of mutual benefit than any other in the world.

The aged, from the loneliness of their situation, the want of active employment, and an enfeebled state of health, are apt to look upon the world with a gloomy eye, and sometimes their gloom is not unmixed with bitterness; hence arises the complaint of their harshness and asperity towards the follies of youth. These evils, so naturally growing out of their isolated situation, would seldom gain power over the old, if they were accustomed to gentleness, attention, and deference from the young; they would be softened by juvenile love, and cheered by juvenile gaiety. Such intercourse sheds a quiet brightness on the decline of life, like sunshine on a weather-beaten tree, or a moss-covered dwelling. What is there on earth more beautiful than an aged person full of content and benevolence!

One very prevalent fault among children is a want of politeness to domestics. Young people should not, from mere whim and caprice, be allowed to make demands upon the time and patience of those who are hired to attend upon the family. They should make no unnecessary trouble in the kitchen; and when they ask for any thing, they should speak politely, saying, 'Will you have the goodness?' 'I thank you,' &c. Such conduct greatly tends to make domestics more respectful, kind, and obliging.

Mrs Madison was esteemed the most thoroughly polite woman in America. Others might perhaps enter a room as gracefully, or superintend at table with as much dignity; the secret of her power lay in her wonderful adaptation to all sorts of characters. She was emphatically an *observing woman*. As Jefferson had no wife, she presided sixteen years at Washington, during all which time she is said never to have forgotten the most trifling peculiarities of character, that had once come under her observation: she always remembered them, and fashioned her conversation accordingly. Some may object to the exercise of this power, lest it should lead to insincerity; and the charge may well be brought against that kind of false politeness, which springs merely from a love of popularity. Politeness is not the only good thing corrupted by an unworthy motive; all precious coins have a counterfeit. When we are polite to others entirely for *our own sakes*, we are deceitful; nothing selfish has truth and goodness in it. But there is such a thing as true politeness, always kind, but never deceitful. It is right to cherish good-will towards all our fellow-creatures, and to endeavour to make them as happy as we conscientiously can. The outward forms of politeness are but the expressions of such feelings as should be in every human heart. It would be wrong to tell people we love them dearly, when in fact we know nothing about them; or to urge them to visit our houses, when we do not want to see them. But we are bound to be kind and attentive to all our fellow-creatures when they come in our way, and to avoid giving them any unnecessary pain, by our manners and conversation.

In order to teach children the right sort of politeness, it must be taught through the agency of a pure motive. They should not be taught to observe and respect the feelings of others for the sake of making

themselves pleasing, but merely because it is kind and benevolent to do so.

Outward politeness can be learned in set forms at school; but at the best, it will be hollow and deceptive. Genuine politeness, like every thing else that is genuine, must come from the heart."

JANET AND HER WEB.

MANY years ago, in the parish of Carsphairn, in Galloway—a rude and sequestered district—there were only three freemasons, the minister, and a tailor, and a mason. The mason, being desirous to introduce his son to the same mystery, caused a lodge to be called for the purpose at a lonely cottage, where the ceremonies were proceeding when a knock was heard at the door. The mason, whose name was Dun, went to see who it was, and found an old woman, who addressed him as follows:—

"The masons are met the night?"

"Yes."

"Weel, ye ken my web was stolen last week."

"Yes, Janet; but what business has that wi' the mason meeting?"

"Ou, ye ken, ye'll be raising the de'il, and I wad just like if you wad ask him, *since he's there at ony rate, wha stole the web.*"

"Oh, ay, Janet; just you gang away, then, and we'll see what we can do."

Mr Dun then returned to the interior of the cottage, and mentioned to the minister what had passed between him and the old woman. The clergyman rebuked him severely for conceding to the superstitious notions of the aged crone, and said he feared that it would "affront them a'." "Nae fear o' that," answered the mason; "just leave it all to me."

Next day, when Janet called upon Mr Dun, he told her that "the de'il" had not exactly communicated the name of the thief, but he had mentioned that if the goods were not returned before Thursday next, the house of the guilty person would fall upon him in the night-time, and the whole family would be killed. This, he said, was a great secret, and he strictly forbade her communicating it to more than one person.

Away went Janet, quite satisfied; although it might have been expected to occur to her, that the prediction of punishment to a thief was not exactly a characteristic piece of conduct on the part of Old Nick. The secret was speedily imparted to her next-door neighbour, with many injunctions as to the propriety of letting it go no farther; notwithstanding which, it was known to the whole parish before night.

On the third morning thereafter, Janet's web was found lying at her door, with a part which had been cut off attached to the main body of it with pins. The story is here (for the first time) put into print, as in two respects illustrative of the superstitions which at no distant period prevailed among the rustic people of this country. If a web were now stolen in a country place, neither would the loser think of consulting the devil for the name of the culprit, nor would the culprit be in any fear of immediate vengeance from that spirit.

LACE MADE BY CATERPILLARS.

A MOST extraordinary species of manufacture (says Mr Babbage, in his work on Manufactures) has been contrived by an officer of engineers residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted:—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat substance, of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen which spins a strong web, and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring twenty-six and a half inches by seventeen inches, weighed only 1.51 grains, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made weighs four grains and one-third, whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs one hundred and thirty-seven grains, and one square yard of the finest patent net weighs two hundred and sixty-two grains and a half. The ladies' coloured muslin dresses cost ten shillings per dress, and each weighs six ounces, the cotton from which they are made weighing nearly six and two-ninth ounces avoirdupois weight.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand; BANCROFT & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALDE, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, and which will be completed in one volume, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 94.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

SMALL AFFAIRS.

WE learn, by common experience and observation, that life does not consist of a repetition of great or apparently important actions, but of duties generally of the most trifling nature. The young, in entering upon a scene of active exertion, miscalculate seriously when they suppose that they will be called upon to distinguish themselves by some glorious deed, or to gain celebrity by a series of great and difficult actions, before they receive the approbation of their fellows, and come into the enjoyment of an honourable and luxurious repose. There are comparatively few whose fate leads them into enterprises of such a description. By far the greater proportion of persons move in a sphere of life in which they are called on to perform the simplest and the easiest duties. Life consists of a round of minute trifling actions, unworthy of notice in a biography, and in general no way interesting even to the actors themselves. A man rises in the morning and dresses himself; he breakfasts, dines, and perhaps sups; he then sleeps, and in due time rises again, and again goes through the same dull routine. As for his fore and afternoons, he fills them up by attending to his business, whatever it is; and in the intervals of leisure recreates himself in the bosom of his family. And so his life is spent, from, probably, his thirtieth year, till the close of his existence.

But although most men thus pass away their time, and are rarely obliged to put forth any very extraordinary effort either for subsistence or applause, they are necessitated to pay a pretty close attention to that on which they are ordinarily employed. In this consists one of the great secrets of worldly success. Once in twenty years, or so, we hear of an individual who is crowned with honour and loaded with wealth, by making a dash—by some bold enterprise, carried to a fortunate conclusion. But these are exceptions—they afford no rule for general guidance. On making our choice of a profession—and it does not seem of the last consequence what the profession is—or in engaging in any piece of business whatsoever, the trick of success, as we have just said, lies in pursuing it with such a scrupulous attention to trifling details, that hardly any thing is suffered to escape notice.

While we believe few men will exactly contest the propriety of attending to the trifling duties of life, most men will differ as to the exact degree to which the attention should be ultimately carried. Every one stops short at a stage regulated by his personal feelings or convenience. Now, we can safely say, from all that has ever come under our own observation, that far more—ay, a thousand times more—err, from paying too little than too much attention in this respect. Many imagine that they are sufficiently attentive to their interests, if they only heed the great things, and let the little alone, which they believe will take care of themselves. They think and think about some grand speculations they will by and bye enter into, or what astonishing feats they will perform next spring, or what efforts they will make when some particular law is abrogated, to allow them to carry on some particular branch of trade; and so they spend an immense deal of time in theorising, while in the interval they are forgetting the main chance; that is, they are giving up attention to their present occupation, which is falling into decay for lack of supervision.

Oh! I cannot be troubled doing this or that—or going to such a place—or what signifies it that I am not at my place of business for an hour—an hour is neither here nor there—those I have employed can

No. 42. VOL. II

do all that is wanted,—it would be a hard case, indeed, if I were to be a drudge all my days. With this species of fond indulgence, men treat fortune as if it were to be always at their beck—as if the world would stand still till they found it convenient to move forward. It is a fallacy of many young, and of some middle-aged persons, to suppose that protracted evening amusements are allowable, seeing that they do not interfere with business hours. If they really did not encroach on the time allotted to exertion, there might be little to say on the contrary. But that they do so, must be obvious to all except those whose self-indulgence has exposed them to the delusion. No man who squanders his spirits and energies in nocturnal debauch can possibly re-address himself to the business of the world next day with the same power, as if he had retired to rest at the proper hour, after a moderate recreation. If he takes his usual quantity of sleep, he is belated; if not, he comes to his labours with but a part of himself. Nor is this all: systematic indulgences of this kind cannot be carried on without arrangements, and saunterings, and meetings with boon companions during the day, all of which divert the attention of an individual from that which most truly concerns him. And what is the result of a habitual practice of this kind?—a dislike of all steady employment, a failure of the powers of application, an impaired constitution, deranged circumstances, ruin, and death. A prudent man knows that a proper spending of the time of relaxation is as necessary to success as is the proper spending of the hours of business.

Innumerable instances are at present in our recollection, of young men in business losing great advantages by taking small things too easily. Although possessed of a considerable amount of capital, good connexions, good education, and good abilities, they allowed the possibilities of success in great things to engross so much of their notice, that they were heedless of the minutiae of ordinary affairs, as well as of the value of their hours of relaxation, and therefore lost themselves in a maze of difficulties. The time they were planning their wonderful projects, and amusing themselves, and leaving their trifling duties to be performed by dependents, others were improving their condition by the closest and most effectual exertions, by seeing almost every detail executed under their immediate inspection, so that in the end they outstripped those who commenced under much more advantageous circumstances, and had at first far higher promises of well-doing.

One of the silly reasons which young men sometimes give for not being more extensively acquainted with the details of not only their own profession, but the general business of life, is, that it would be *low* to stoop to make themselves masters of such minutiae. This dread of doing what is thought to be *low* is a sad barrier in the way to wealth and respectability. The lives of most men who have distinguished themselves either in military or civil professions, abound in instructive examples of what may be accomplished by attention to the lesser details of any species of occupation; and we frequently find, that the greater the celebrity to which a man has attained, the closer has been his observation of the minor duties of his profession. It is told that Bonaparte considered no detail too *low* for his inspection, and nothing too trifling to be unworthy of notice. The Duke of Wellington acted upon the same principle in his campaigns: one day, inquiring of an officer about some minute details regarding the equipage of the troops, the officer replied, "that he did not consider the knowledge of

such things within his province." "Not within your province!" exclaimed the Duke; "why, sir, I know the number of nails in every soldier's shoe."*

The amount of valuable information, on all kinds of subjects, with which many individuals have it in their power to store their minds, and which by incidental circumstances may be brought to bear on some useful object, merely by attending to things apparently trifling—by considering no source of information too low, provided it be an honourable one, is altogether astonishing. The time that most people are consuming in indolence, or with a disregard of the minutiae of general occupation, others, who are aware of the value of knowledge, are assiduously picking it up wherever it is to be found, and carefully applying it wherever it is discovered to be useful. By this means a man becomes impregnable at all points; he is able to say something on all subjects; he obtains the reputation of a man of intelligence; and his force of character, as well as his known application, lead him to offices of distinction and respectable opulence.

BEGINNINGS.

THE number of people who have the ambition of attempting literary composition is one of the remarkable features of this age. There is hardly a well-educated person who has not, some night or other in the course of his life, after reading a captivating article in his favourite periodical, sat down with paper, pens, and ink before him, resolved to write something in the same manner, upon a subject which, to use his own phrase, has long been in his head. In general, however, the result of these attempts is only a heap of blotted and interlineated scraps, upon which, if you could gather them up and piece them together, you would find from thirty to forty initiatory sentences, and not so much as an attempt at a second one. The difficulty with these inexperienced gentlemen is how to begin—how to get language of sufficient emphasis to excite attention at first, and to be worthy of the mighty subject that is to follow. Accordingly, after spending a whole evening and half a quire of paper, and cutting down seven good quills in pure agony of spirit, they rise from their unfinished, uncommenced task, wondering what magic there can be in literary labour, and resolved to remain members of the reading public all the rest of their days.

The writer of the present little essay, at an early period of life, experienced all this difficulty in commencing his compositions; and if he had not been endowed with a rather uncommon share of perseverance, he would never have to this day written a *second sentence*. After toiling a long time in vain, I discovered [the reader must allow him to use the first person] a plan for obviating the difficulty, which, though I do not now practise it, was of service to me at the time, and may be so to others also. I adopted the project of making my opening clauses first—to strike the keynote, as it were—and then proceeding with my composition, just as reason should direct or fancy dictate. There was more rationality in this than some people may suppose. We are all more or less creatures of impulse; and it depends very much upon the way we begin any thing—the spending of the day, for instance—how we are to follow it out. My opening clauses were generally recollected from some book of essays formerly read; and it was amazing how cleverly my ideas ran, after these were once fairly set down on paper, and how suitable all the rest of the article was to the com-

* This anecdote is given by Dr Wardrop, of London, in his excellent Lectures on Surgery.

mencement, both in matter and in manner. When I began, for instance, with "It was the remark of an ancient Greek philosopher," the essay was sure to turn out very abstract and metaphysical, something like a paper in the Rambler. If my first line happened to be, "In the morning of life, when passion assumes the empire of our reason," then the article was sure to be a solemn preaching upon the absurdity of permitting love and all that kind of thing to beset us so dreadfully in youth. Sometimes I would open with, "It was a dark night in December, and the winds rattled through the deserted corridors;" then, of course, the work turned out a story in the Ratcliffe style, entitled a Romance of the Danube, the Rhine, or the Po, as the case might be. Perhaps I would set out with, "It is now three and twenty years since a farmer in the county of Norfolk, on going forth one morning to his fields, found a child suspended in its cradle at his door, with a paper pinned to its breast," &c.; in which case, the result was sure to be a novel in the manner of Anne of Swanssea, that is to say, in five thin volumes, published by Messrs Newman and Company, at five and twenty shillings. Occasionally, the thing would go off thus: "Every one who has been in Paris must recollect a street leading from the Pont Neuf;" which generally answered for an article in one of the Annuals. I have sometimes dashed off as follows:—"Of all the subjects which have interested mankind for a century past, there is none which has more claims upon our attention than"—such and such a thing—no matter what it was—it was always sure to be shown up, in the approved manner of my contemporaries, as the most important thing on earth. Or it might be—"There is hardly any modern writer who has done more service to the cause of truth and morality than"—so and so—no matter who—he did well enough for the time. Among other styles which I attempted, was the plump-in style, thus:—"Death and destruction," said the major, one morning as he descended into the breakfast parlour, where the family had already assembled, and was proceeding to the morning meal." This, of course, turned out a random Shandean sketch. Other beginnings I shall here set down in the manner of a list of proverbs, without troubling the reader with a specification of what kind of thing each led to—a matter which he will himself be able to imagine as accurately as I could pretend to inform him.

There are few things in life—One day in June—There is no sentiment more difficult to be understood than—Whatever may be said by philosophers—In that part of Spain which is watered—It is an apophthegm as old as the days of Solon—When the learned Scaliger was on his death-bed—Strange as it may appear—It has often been remarked—It has frequently been the subject of remark—We do not remember of ever having been more interested than on one occasion when—

In later times I have discovered that the difficulty of commencing an article lies in the absurd and unnecessary effort to have something very fine at the beginning, by way of introduction. A writer of little experience always thinks it indispensable that he should preface what he has to say with a few general remarks, which, however, so far from creating a favourable impression, or doing any other good, generally serve only to deaden the curiosity and spirit of the reader, if he do not indeed choose the wiser plan of passing them over altogether. The only judicious way of beginning an article is to begin at the place where the matter in the mind begins, assuming a simple demonstrative style, and leaving all comment and philosophising to the conclusion, when, if the sympathy or attention of the reader shall have been properly engaged, he will be disposed to pause and linger over what has given him so much pleasure, and not only read what is added in the way of remark, but will dwell fondly even upon the printer's name and colophon, and finally only lay down the document when not another word remains any where unperused.

BUTTERFLIES.

Who can behold the butterfly, without associating with it the delightful scenes of his childhood? We can remember, that, in our early days, these short-lived but beautiful beings of the sunbeams attracted our admiration, and were amongst the first of our treasures. Their existence was an enigma to us. How was it that we could never find them in a young state, so that we might watch their gradual progress to maturity? We were ignorant of the fact, that

"Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew."

Butterflies, like most other tribes of insects, undergo four distinct changes; that is, they exist in so many distinct conditions. We are unable to trace with certainty the purposes for which these separate states were destined by creative wisdom, and why they do not, like other animals, preserve the same general form from infancy to perfection. This, like many other of nature's mysteries, is hidden from mortal sight. One important office we know assigned to insects in their caterpillar state, is the destruction of redundant animal and vegetable matter in a state of decay; and few agents could be more effectual, for they are extremely voracious, and are provided with a stomach nearly the size of their whole body, endowed with such rapid

powers of digestion, that they are capable of consuming an immense quantity of food.

We have said that butterflies undergo four changes: these are, the egg, the caterpillar, the pupa, and the perfect state with wings.

In depositing her eggs, the female butterfly has an unerring foresight, and always places them on the very plant on which nature has destined them to feed; for it is a remarkable fact, that almost all caterpillars have a particular plant allotted to them for food, and will seldom eat any other. When the eggs are extruded by the parent, they are enveloped in an adhesive cement, which fixes them to the spot where they are laid. If the caterpillars are such as live in societies, the female deposits her eggs in one spot; but if they are solitary, she places them on different plants.

When eggs are thus deposited by the female, they are not hatched by her care, as in the higher animals, but are left to be brought to perfection by the genial influence of the sun. In some species of butterflies, the eggs remain in that condition till the succeeding summer, while others are developed in a few weeks after they have been laid.

The intensity of cold which the eggs of butterflies can withstand, is truly astonishing; for it has been found, that, even after the most severe winter, their eggs have proved equally prolific with those which have been exposed to open winters. It was found, that, in the year 1709, celebrated for the intensity of its cold, and its fatal effects on animals and plants, that insects were as numerous in the spring as in any other season. The thermometer fell in that year to one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

The celebrated Boerhaave, after this remarkable year, was desirous of ascertaining what degree of cold the eggs of insects could bear, without destroying the vital principle. He prepared a mixture of rock salt and nitrate of ammonia, and reduced the thermometer to twenty-three degrees below zero, and, after subjecting the eggs to this rigorous treatment, he found that they were hatched in their due season, and that the caterpillars were as strong as those produced in the mildest seasons. Boerhaave found that the contents of the eggs, at this low temperature, remained perfectly liquid; while insects themselves were killed at fourteen and sixteen degrees, and their members became as hard as ice.

Spallanzani observes, regarding this remarkable phenomenon, "If eggs do not freeze, it is probable that the included embryos do not freeze. Is there any thing surprising, therefore, that they are capable of resisting that cold which proves fatal to their contained insect when produced? Perhaps, for the same reason (and I can perceive no applicable objection), animalcula concentrated, or in the germ, can support a degree of cold which they are incapable of enduring when emerged."

It may be asked, as the temperature of freezing still retains a portion of heat, why should it not develop the germs of the most minute animalcula? If we had never seen any eggs hatched but those of birds, which require one hundred and four degrees, we should have naturally concluded that all others required the same. A slight knowledge of the physiology of minute animals, instructs us how many kinds produce at a much lower temperature. The eggs of butterflies, and many other insects, hatch at a temperature so low as forty-five degrees. If these eggs emerge at fifty-nine degrees lower than is required for the hatching of birds, what difficulty can we have in believing, that, at thirteen degrees less than the freezing point, other animals are capable of being hatched? Nor should I be surprised at being told that there are animals whose eggs would hatch in a much greater degree of cold, after being aware that there are plants, which are beings so similar to animals, that flourish amidst the regions of winter, and even fructify."

The eggs of butterflies are subject to great variety of form, according to the species by which they are produced. They are for the most part externally ornamented with a variety of beautiful figures; while others are ribbed in a variety of ways, others scaly.

When the egg has remained its appointed time in that state, it bursts, and the caterpillar or grub starts into life. At first it is extremely minute, as may well be supposed from the smallness of the egg from which it has emanated. They, however, go on rapidly, and reach a great size, in proportion to their original dimensions. The caterpillar of the goat-moth, when it has attained its full size, is seventy-two thousand times heavier than when it leaves the egg.

As we before observed, caterpillars have most voracious appetites, for they generally consume double their own weight of leaves daily. The reason of this is, that their stomachs have not the power of dissolving vegetable matter, but merely the faculty of extracting the juice. The rapid growth of the animal occasions it to change its skin several times before arriving at maturity.

When the caterpillar has reached its full size, it soon afterwards ceases to eat, becomes very restless, seeks for a place of retirement, wherein it may undergo another of those changes destined by nature. It begins to spin some web or covering with exquisite fine silken threads, which it has the power of drawing from its mouth. When it has accomplished this task, it ceases from its toil, becomes quiescent, and prepares for its metamorphosis into the pupa condition; the body contracts considerably, its skin splits once more,

and discloses a uniform mass, without exterior eyes, mouth, or limbs. The term pupa was employed by Linnaeus, because the animal, when in this state, has the appearance of being concealed under a mask resembling a mummy, or a child wrapt in swaddling clothes, as practised by the Laplanders.

In this state the animal continues motionless, suspended by a silken thread to the under side of a leaf or other substance, without any sort of nourishment, and in this death-like casement, only gives indications of life by a slight motion after being touched. The duration of its pupa condition depends upon the species. Some are only in this form for a few weeks, while others remain in the pupa state till the succeeding summer. At the appointed time, the casement bursts, and the perfect insect emerges in all its beauty and perfection, expands its nicely-folded wings, and prepares for flight. This is the peacock butterfly, one of the most beautiful of our British insects which we have traced through these remarkable metamorphoses. This insect, like various others which are allied to it, when it takes its first flight, discharges a few drops of a reddish-coloured fluid, and sometimes of the intensity of blood, and which has occasioned many superstitious stories of showers of blood, as more particularly mentioned in No. 6 of the Journal, to which we beg to refer the reader.

Captain Brown, in his "Book of Butterflies," &c. makes the following observations on this curious subject:—"The transformations of insects, more correctly speaking, consist rather in a series of developments than in any absolute metamorphosis, being only a transition of changes in organs which lay concealed from human view, the caterpillar being compound in its nature, with the germs of the butterfly hidden in a succession of cases. The first is the covering of the pupa, which is concealed within three or four mantles, the one over the other; these will in succession enable the larva; and as it enlarges, the parts become visible, and are alternately thrown off, until the perfect insect emerges from its confinement. The celebrated Swammerdam found, by dissection, the skins of the caterpillar and pupa enveloped in each other, and also the butterfly with all its organs, but these in a fluid state. Malpighi discovered within the

pupa of a silk-worm that was only a few days old, the eggs of the future moth; and Reaumur discovered those within the caterpillar of another moth, seven days before its change into the pupa state. Although these discoveries disprove all miraculous intervention, still we are wonder-struck on reflecting that this simple caterpillar, when first it emerges from the egg, not thicker than a thread of silk, should contain its own triple, or, in some cases, its octuple covering—the mask of a pupa and a butterfly, folded in the most astonishing manner over each other; and, besides these, different respiratory and digestive organs, a nervous system, and muscles of motion peculiar to each stage of its existence. It is inconceivable how these successive changes should be effected through the agency of the food which it takes into its stomach during the caterpillar state. And what is still more incomprehensible, is, that this stomach at one time is incapable of digesting vegetable food, the nectar of flowers being all it can contain. In this perfect condition (the butterfly state), it is deprived of the very organs by which it could feed on vegetable matter, and is supplied with a proboscis for sipping the honey. It is no less remarkable, how, at one period of its existence, it emits from that stomach a substance for the formation of silky filaments, which, in its butterfly state, it is incapable of doing."

In the caterpillar state it has sixteen legs, and only six in the butterfly condition; the jaws also are lost, which enabled it to masticate its food, and these are replaced by the proboscis; and it has now acquired the addition of two long horns or antennae on its forehead, and the twelve eyes which it had in the caterpillar state are superseded by two, which are composed of at least twenty thousand convex lenses, each supposed to possess distinct and effective vision!

THE ART OF DRAWING.

(Concluded.)

To render instruction in the art of drawing as clear and simple as possible, it will be assumed that the learner for the first time looks at an easy object to sketch, and that he is desirous to render it a subject for a picture by the introduction of a few accessories. Suppose, on a gently rising ground, he sees two large stones placed on each other—a piece of masonry in ruins. If he place himself immediately in front of this object, it will appear a perpendicular parallelogram, standing on its smaller base. Suppose, also, that there are a few bushes on the left, a tree on the right, a little rising ground farther off, and the sea in the distance, this will be the most insipid of all the points of view; for the mouldings and inscription, if there be any, on the pedestal or lower stone, will be all horizontal lines, and there would be no other objects to assist in making it a picture. But if the learner change his position a little to the right, the ruin will exhibit two of its sides, the bushes will appear behind the ruin, contrasting their forms with the horizontal lines of the ruin and the distant sea; so that the subject will receive considerable improvement as far as such slight materials may be rendered interesting. Let this imagined scene be reconsidered with

reference to measurements, merely to assist in placing it before the eye more evidently.

The page of the sketch-book is nine inches wide; let the ruin stand one inch from the lower edge of the paper, two inches from the left edge, one inch and a half in width, and four inches high. This will determine the size and situation of the ruin, when exhibiting only one side. Let it be sketched with perpendicular lines on the sides, horizontal lines on the top, at the base, and across the middle, to give an idea of a moulding. Now, as by the change in position to the right, another side of the ruin becomes evident, the true direction of the lines necessary to show this side as it would appear in nature, are to be found thus. Suppose the learner, at his change of position, stood about three inches from the right edge of the paper, and on the lower edge, or base, he must determine on the horizontal line of the subject. This line is evident in nature when the ocean forms the back or most distant part of the prospect; it is always the height of the eye of the spectator. If he place his eye near the ground, the boundary line of the sea descends to that level; if he place himself on a hill, the line of the sea ascends to the level of his eye, and this line, called the horizontal line, exists in a view of whatever it may be composed. Therefore the height of the horizontal line may be fixed at pleasure. But it should be noticed that if it be low, or near to the base, the landscape will be very compressed; if it be placed high up, the landscape will be expanded in proportion, or what is called a bird's-eye view. There is a medium which must be regulated by the nature of the subject; about one-third from the base will avoid either extremes. Returning to the subject to be sketched: the horizontal line should be faintly drawn across the subject at the height determined upon, and on this line, immediately over the spot on which the spectator is placed, as determined by the change of position before mentioned, a dot should be made: this is called the *point of sight*, because it is the point into which the lines must be directed that regulate the diminution of that side of the ruin that recedes from the spectator.

Now, the ruin being sketched, as described, by two perpendiculars for the sides, and horizontals for the top, the mouldings, and the base or lower line of the ruin, the lines called *visual rays* must be diagonally drawn from the upper angle, from the moulding, and from the lower angle of the ruin, all to the point of sight, which will determine the descending top, the nearly parallel mouldings, and the ascending base line. It is then necessary to determine the width of that side of the ruin seen in perspective. A continuation of the surface of the drawing should be supplied by another book, on which must be drawn an extension of the horizontal line five or six inches. Now, the space between the eye of the person drawing and the paper, is perhaps about eight inches; it is the expanse of vision for this sized drawing, while the eye is on the point of sight; this space must be measured from the point of sight along the continued horizontal line, and a dot made there: this is the *vanishing point*. Now, a diagonal line drawn from that angle of the ruin at its base farthest from the point of sight, on the left, to the vanishing point just determined, will show the width of that side of the ruin seen in perspective; it is where the lines, drawn from the angles of the ruin to the point of sight, and to the vanishing point, cross each other; from this intersection of the lines, raise a perpendicular line to that which has been drawn from the top of the ruin to the point of sight, and the true perspective of the object will appear. All other lines to describe mouldings, inscriptions, &c., on the side seen in perspective, must be drawn to the point of sight. There is but one point of sight which is distinct from a vanishing point.

Perhaps at a first reading, accompanied by an attempt with the pencil, the process may fail from an apparent confusion of terms and directions; but you, the learner, should attentively consider every line before it is drawn, and then examine the effect intended, that you may feel convinced you are proceeding correctly, and be satisfied the principle rests on a certain foundation. If it should be the first attempt at drawing an object in perspective, two or three repetitions of the process are recommended, that the several lines and points may become familiar to the mind. By having a companion, who will have the kindness and patience to read the process carefully, and wait while the learner is applying the pencil, the knowledge of perspective will be greatly facilitated.

When all that relates to linear perspective has been completed, the lines of direction may be obliterated with Indian rubber. The ruin will then stand clearly defined. Then, proceeding to give a pictorial effect to a subject so simple, an irregular line, to represent the *foreground* on which the ruin is supposed to stand, may be drawn from the left towards the ruin, a little above its angle, and, as if passing behind, continued from a little above the other angle in perspective, drawn in an irregular curve towards the right edge of the paper.

Then an indication of a mass of bushes may be sketched, in forms rather circular and irregular, from the ground on the left ascending about two-thirds the height of the ruin, and continued on the other side of the ruin rather lower, but above the horizontal line, in circular and irregular forms, to the foreground, so that the ruin and the bushes may assume a pyramidal shape.

Then a mass of trees on the right, near the edge of

the paper, projecting an inch or two on the subject, may be sketched in the manner of the bushes, much stronger, but not so high as the ruin, yet connected with the foreground, as conducive to effect. Then an irregular line, drawn from near the lower part of the bushes, ascending towards the trees, yet beneath the horizontal line, will give the *second plan* to the picture. The horizontal line will represent the boundary of the ocean, and give the *distance* of the picture. Thus will be arranged the constituent portions of a composition in outline—foreground, second plan, and distance.

The light and shade are next to be considered. The term light generally means that side of the subject whence it receives its illumination. *Light* particularly means that side of an object which receives the greatest portion of brilliancy or sunshine. *Shade* is that part of an object on which there is no brightness. *Shadow* is a degree of darkness occasioned by an object being on the ground, and opposed to the light. The application of these to our subject will teach their relative value, and show the union of the rules of art with the effects of nature.

Let it be determined to illumine our subject from the right: it then follows that the side of the ruin, seen in perspective, will be illuminated; the other side will of course receive some perpendicular markings with the pencil, to place it in shade; and from its base a shadow will be cast by strong markings to the left, in the diagonal direction which the sun would cast a shadow. The bushes will require to be shaded by a number of waving markings on the sides opposed to the light, which may be repeated, but with less power than was given to the shadow of the ruin. The ground, or the second plan, may be covered by wavings of the lead-pencil, but less powerful than the shade of the bushes. A few horizontal lines may be tenderly marked, to separate the sea from the sky. The trees on the right may then be waved in with that degree of power which shall give decision to their situation on the foreground, and opposed to the light: their shadows must be strongly marked in the diagonal direction, agreeing with the shadow of the ruin. Observe well that the degrees of power produced by waving of the lead-pencil, are in agreement with the gradations of remoteness—the foreground strong, the second plan less strong, and the distance feeble, so as to appear evidently one, two, and three degrees of aerial perspective.

This sketch should be repeated two or three times, with attention to the reasons for each line and each shade; after which, the learner will have acquired a knowledge of the terms and the process—a sure foundation on which to raise the hope of improvement.

JACK CASSADA,

A SKETCH OF THE WAYSIDE.

WALKING one day in the vicinity of London, I was driven by a heavy shower of rain to take shelter in a public-house of the better order. I found in the coffee-room three young men who had been driven in by the storm; two were laughing at the third, in consequence of failure in some enterprise.

In the midst of their hilarity, an elderly gentleman entered, and seated himself opposite to me. He occupied himself in wiping his coat with his handkerchief, and looking at the clouds which continued to pour out their heavy drops. He ordered brandy and water, glanced at me, looked at the noisy party, and turned his face from them so as to present his profile to my view. His head was cast in a fine mould, it was like the bust of Franklin, but rather thinner; the forehead was particularly good—little hair, and that silvery.

I sat contemplating his features, and associating them with a powerful and benevolent mind, when, by raising his liquor to his mouth, the shaking of his hand caused a few drops to be spilled on the table between us. He apologised for the accident caused by his infirmities. I entreated him not to think he had incommoded me. He remarked that he was furnishing me a proof that he had lived sufficiently long. I replied that I could perceive no such evidence. He spoke of his fast impairing faculties; that he had ceased to be worthy of any one's regard; thus situated, he grew weary of the sameness of every-day occurrences; that he felt like a leaf quivering on a naked branch in an autumnal eve; the night-wind comes, the leaf drops, and mingles with the earth. "When," said he, "all the world can offer has been enjoyed, when nothing is left to anticipate, is it surprising that an old man should willingly resign a lingering existence?" I endeavoured to brighten this view, by expatiating on the charms of nature, and the value of his long experience. He smiled, admitted the former, but denied that he possessed ought worth communicating; for that he was often indebted to younger men for precepts and examples; that he did not think man was entitled to respect merely because he had lived a number of years; it should be rendered to his usefulness, not his grey hairs.

The young men in the room here broke in with some rude observations, but they failed in the intention of irritating the old gentleman. Turning from them with placid indifference, he continued his conversation with me. He said that he had seen some service in the navy; that he had resided for fifteen years in the West Indies, and now intended to

remain in London until the time came for him to lie down in peace. I strove to relieve his mind from a gloom which every now and then came over him with increasing effect. He heard with attention all I could offer, and replied with calmness, as if willing to take comfort; yet his remarks ever led to the conclusion, that a solitary individual might desire to die. He had done with the world, and the world had done with him; therefore the grave was a retreat best suited to one so forlorn.

We were sitting in melancholy reverie, when a stage-coach drove up to the door. The fellow in attendance, with a large bugle-horn, blew a loud and discordant blast into the ear of a negro sailor who was passing. He started, and asked why that was done? He was told, to teach him music. The youngsters in the room, and the blackguards outside, were much delighted with this. I opened the window; the old gentleman looked out to see if the weather were likely to be fair. Seeing the negro surrounded by persons treating him unfairly, I spoke to the coachman, of whom I had some knowledge, requesting him to interfere. The negro came to me at the open window, and said, "Thank you, sir. Too many for one." The coach drove off, and the party became silent.

I asked the negro where he came from, and how long he had been in England. He told me he had been eighteen years at sea, and that he came from Antigua. The old gentleman said something which I did not understand, to which the negro replied, "Yes, sir." I resumed my seat, pleased that something had occurred to dissipate the old gentleman's melancholy. "Well," continued he, "did you work on board a drogger that carried sugar round to Saint John's?" "Yes, sir." "What became of that vessel?" "Carry too much sail, so capsized in Willoughby Bay, sir." "Come in," said the old gentleman. "This is extraordinary! I know this man, sir," addressing himself to me; "I have reason to know him."

The waiter endeavoured to prevent the negro from entering the coffee-room. The old gentleman rang the bell, and requested his friend the negro might be admitted. He came, twisting the rim of his hat round and round, while he gazed at the old gentleman. "Eh!" exclaimed he, "Jack Cassada berry glad!" The waiter expressed uneasiness at the negro's being there, which the old gentleman perceived, and requested grog to be brought, his countenance brightening into benevolence. "Had you been rich, Jack, your nose would have been Roman, your lips Georgian, your complexion lilies and roses." "Ah! sir, dat berry true," said Jack; "I tink say now you?" "Yes, yes," interrupted the old gentleman, "we know each other well." Taking a card from his pocket-book, and giving it to the negro, he said, "Go to that address this evening at eight o'clock. Waiter! put on that table the roast beef I saw in the larder; my friend will dine." Jack passed his hand over his head, and tugged up the waistband of his trousers, while all was prepared for him.

This proceeding gave great offence to the youngsters, whose clamour had softened into expressions of contempt, till one of them, unable to repress indignation, said, "However excellent may be the charitable intention, it is not respectful to the gentlemen present that you should feed a negro beggar in a room not appropriated to such exhibitions." The old gentleman sat unconcerned, while Jack paid his respects to the beef. The youngster continued: "I address myself to you, sir—you," exalting his voice, "you, sir, whose age should teach something superior, but your conduct reduces you to the level of the being you are ostentatiously feasting." The old gentleman turned to the speaker, his eye lighted up with an extraordinary brightness, while a smile of affability pervaded his countenance; "Did I not hear you remark, sir," said he, "that this room was appropriated to gentlemen? How, then, by the terms of your remonstrance, can you render that assertion doubtful? You are silent. If caused by reflection on the injustice of your attack, I will atone for the rebuke I have offered." "Sir," replied the youngster, "I am considering which I shall do first—pull your old nose, or kick your sable cormorant out of the room." "This," said the old gentleman, "is the impetuosity of youth, expressed without an intention so to act." This was wormwood to the youngsters; they received it as despoising the threat to use brutal force. They looked at each other, grew pale in the face, and talked louder, as if to call their courage up. Jack occasionally glanced his full eye at them, looked serious, but finished his hearty meal.

"Have you dined?" said the old gentleman. "Yes, thank you, sir," replied Jack; "Eh! just te ting; all dis make me tink o' long time ago, sir." The youngsters continued to express their dissatisfaction; unwilling to go, yet loath to remain, they made some reflections on Jack that were painful to his feelings. "Yes, young gemmen," said he, "he black, but he no like de debil, and he no hab white felder in de tail; so put dat in your pocket." One of the youngsters called him an insolent rascal. "Eh!" said Jack, "dere more dan one in de room." The old gentleman smiled at Jack's remarks, and asked me if I had any objection to the presence of his negro acquaintance. I replied not the least, but that I was pleased to find he could be interested in the circumstance. He looked a thankfulness that language would fail to convey.

Notwithstanding my desire to be in town, I was held, as if by magic; my curiosity had been strongly excited by the old gentleman's change of manner on the discovery of the negro, and I felt desirous to learn the cause. The youngsters affected to treat all of us with contempt, yet continued to utter sarcasms of the grossest kind on poor Jack. Each of them had taken so much of the gentleman into his elevated character, that they could no longer think of acting as they had proposed. They therefore deputed the waiter to kick the black rascal into the street. The waiter smiled, while the old gentleman hoped his friend was not to be thus treated on account of his colour; during which, something was said by one of the youngsters, that pressed so hard on Jack's feelings, that he appealed to the old gentleman. "Oh," replied the old gentleman, "never mind what they say; the tongue is an unruly member." "Berry good, sir; day hurt noting we day flash in de pan." At which, the most violent of the trio sprang like a lion on Jack, and gave a sharp hit or two, in a pugilistic style, before Jack could clear for action. But the negro stood out, and gave such a tremendous repetition of blows on the aggressor's face, that he fell as if a horse had kicked him, bleeding profusely. "So," said Jack, "dat unship you bowsprit, an splinter you figure-head." The other gentleman would have picked their friend up, for a regular set-to, but he declined having any more of Jack's right and left hard-hitting.

The scuffle brought in the waiter, who, though uneasy at what had occurred, said he thought how it would terminate. Water and towels were brought, the fallen hero was cleansed, and, as it is said, made fit to be seen. He, however, appeared with a nose twice its former size, of which he convinced himself by frequently feeling it; and his eyes were, as the waiter expressed it, "buttoned up tight." All this was distressing; the old gentleman was much concerned; but the past could not be recalled. A piece of raw beef was applied to each eye of the wounded man, and, one on each side of him, the trio made their exit.

It was a transition from turbulence to tranquillity, in which we rejoiced. The waiter was asked by the old gentleman, who and what were the persons just departed? "They are," replied the waiter, "the sons of very respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The wounded one has a situation under government, which I think he pays little attention to, for he is quite a sporting man, and in their seasons is engaged in cricket matches, shooting, racing, rowing, and dog-fighting. Some persons say he is a very good one with his fists. I was surprised to see him give in so readily. But I guess he did not like the idea of receiving another such a facer; they make a gentleman look most confoundedly queer." Jack repeated the term gentleman. "Eh, he tink he berry grand; but he nebber gentleman."

I could perceive by Jack's perfect composure that he felt he had upset a bully, and that he had avenged the insolence the old gentleman had received. A glass of rum-grog was placed before Jack; he rose, and bowed most respectfully to the old gentleman, who requested him to be seated, and candidly tell how he came here. "Ah! sir," replied Jack, "shame to tell. You make Jack free, you pay for him freedom, and Jack hire himself out, but get tire of Antigua, so go in Merica brig to New York, den go in ship to Canton, make good trib back, den come to England. Eh! nebber see de day so happy—ebbery ting go well, so go in Company ship to Canton again, come home, so paid off, stay in Wapping, an get rob all to notings." "Sailor like," said the old gentleman. "Where were you stationed on board the Indianman?" "On fore-castle, sir," replied Jack. "Last trib make to Smyrna, in merchant ship—all just de ting: come home—go to old quarters in Wapping—so now look out for ship." "Ay! I see," said the old gentleman. "I thought you were not skulking like a long-shore lubber." "No, sir," said Jack. "Then," continued the old gentleman, "all is right. Have you any shot in the locker?" Jack, smiling, showed a few shillings. The old gentleman gave him a sovereign, saying, "Get yourself a hat, in place of that tarpaulin castor, and come as I have directed." Jack, bowing, said, "Bless you heart, sir," and left the room, with a tear stealing down his cheek.

"There, sir," said the old gentleman to me, "you heard that poor fellow run over several transactions of his life without glancing at the circumstance of his having preserved me in the hour of peril. When the drogger was wrecked in Willoughby Bay, Antigua, that man swam with me, after I had lost all consciousness of existence; he bore me safe to shore, and now he sheds tears of gratitude on my giving him a piece of money. You see, sir, there is truth and courage in his composition." Then with emotion he exclaimed, "That negro is a man, in the best acceptation of the word Man." "Most sincerely," said I, "are you congratulated on the circumstance of your thus meeting the man who had saved your life. You have now the means to reward him as your heart dictates, in proof that it was worthy to be preserved. This also shows that life is not so wanting in all that may be in the highest degree gratifying. I perceive your intentions, sir, and I respect your feelings. I shall remember this hour to the latest of my existence, since I have been taught the value of a good deed. The services that one man may render another, is indeed bread, cast on the waters, that returns after many

days." "You are right," said the old gentleman; "it is so."—I bade him farewell, while he was cogitating in which way he could render the most beneficial services to his preserver, Jack Cassada.

UTOPIA.

INGENIOUS men have at different times conceived to themselves the idea of a *perfect republic*; that is, a state or system of government which should provide for the happiness and improvement of the people in as complete a manner as human nature will allow. All of these have been ingenious theories, contrived without attending to that very wide experience which makes the perfecting of a government the work of many generations. Some of them have, however, attained much celebrity, and, among the rest, none more than that which was published by Sir Thomas More, under the name of *Utopia*. The author was Chancellor of England in the time of Henry the Eighth, and was a man of the highest and most honourable character. The elegance with which he propounded his benevolent but fanciful scheme, has made the name of his imaginary republic, Utopia, to be adopted in our language as a current expression to denote any plan which is founded on too favourable views of human nature to be practicable. Imagining that our readers may be curious to know the views of a man of so much celebrity, and to contrast them with the sounder doctrines which in many cases have been established from experience since his time, we have made the following abstract from the original Latin work. We give the story, as it were, in miniature, adopting the same style as the author himself, condensing his statements or abridging them, but leaving out nothing which is necessary to give an idea of the fancied commonwealth of Utopia. It is right to mention, that somewhat of the interest of the original work depends upon certain philosophical digressions, as well as on many adroit satirical strokes at existing institutions, in which it resembles Dean Swift's voyages of Gulliver. These of course are omitted, as not essential to the principal design of the author. We need only add, that the work was written shortly after the discovery of America, in which the country of Utopia is supposed to lie somewhere south of the line. The impression the work created at the time was so powerful, that many even of the learned believed the whole to be a real history.

"I had been sent (says the author) to Flanders, as ambassador, in charge of some business which remained to be settled between King Henry and the Emperor Charles the Fifth. While waiting at Antwerp, I one day observed a friend of mine in conversation before the great cathedral there, with a stranger, somewhat advanced in years, whose sunburnt countenance, and long beard, with the careless manner in which his cloak was thrown over his shoulder, gave him the appearance of a seafaring man. When my friend saw me, he detained me a little as if to speak with him, and said, without being overheard by his companion, 'I was just thinking of bringing this person to your house.' 'He would have been welcome, on your account,' I answered. 'Yes,' replied he; 'but more for his own sake, if you knew him properly. There is not an individual now alive who has travelled farther, or seen more extraordinary things, than he has done; and he is, besides, well acquainted with most kinds of learning, so as to make his observations of some value.' I begged to invite him to accompany us to my lodgings: he went with us accordingly; and, seating ourselves on a bank of green turf in the garden, we entered into conversation concerning his travels. It appeared that he had been in many foreign countries, and was a man well acquainted with the ancient philosophy. He had accompanied Americus and his companions, in order to gratify his thirst for knowledge, and for observing the manners and institutions of these new nations.

He told us, that, after the departure of Americus, he and five companions who were left with him in the fort, began to use every effort to become acquainted with the people of the country, and that they at last so far won upon their good will, that one of the chief men supplied them with provisions and boats, for making expeditions to such places as they wished to see. He gave them a guide also, to recommend them to persons of influence on their journey; so that they travelled without molestation, and visited many strange towns and cities, several of which appeared thriving places, and by no means ill governed.

Among other countries through which the travellers passed, there was one which appeared particularly worthy of attention: this was an island situated not far from the mainland, and called the Utopia, from an old chief of the name of Utopus. The island was about five hundred miles long, and about two hundred in the broadest part; but it lay in the form of a crescent, bent together at the ends, which were narrow, and not more than eleven miles apart; so that there was a large bay of the sea, as it were, in the very centre of the country. The entrance to this vast natural harbour was, however, obstructed by rocks, and hardly safe to any except natives, who were acquainted with the landmarks in view. The other side of the island

had a number of harbours; but the coast, being generally rocky, the roads leading from them into the country were steep and difficult. There are in the country twenty-four large towns, all magnificently built and spacious; the situation of each is chosen so like that of the rest, that, in the very arrangement of their streets, and their general appearance, when you see one, you have a complete idea of all the others. The same language is spoken over the whole island; and the laws, institutions, and manners of the towns, are similar throughout. There are none of them above a day's walk from each other, and several only about twenty-four miles. The chief town is Amaurotum, which has been chosen, on account of its central situation, as being convenient for the general meeting of deputies, of whom three are chosen from each town, generally men of some age and of experience in business, for deliberating on the public affairs. The cities are so situated that each has a large country district lying around it, which is well stocked with farm houses, and all the materials of a thriving husbandry. The land is cultivated by the town's-people themselves, who take it in turn, one set going to labour in the country while another remains at their occupations in the town.

The cultivators are arranged while in the country into families of forty free persons, and two slaves; with each family there is an elder and a matron of respectable characters; and over every three hundred families there is an officer called a Phylarch. Of the forty persons who compose a family, twenty return each season to the town, and are replaced by twenty others sent from thence; so that each person remains on the farm two years together, where by this means there is always a moiety acquainted with country labour, and able to instruct the others; numbers, however, request to remain a longer time, from the pleasure they take in farming and field-work. Their business is to attend to the crops, to rear domestic animals, and to prepare wood, and take it to the towns. They rear immense flocks of chickens, which, however, they hatch not in the usual way, but by the heat of an oven, a process in which they are very expert and successful. They raise corn for bread only, not for brewing or distilling; and for drink they have the vine, as we have, as well as the liquor of apples and pears. In laying out their land, they calculate how much corn, meat, and other produce, will be wanted for a city and its dependent territory, and take care always to have a much larger quantity than is necessary, that after each district has supplied its own demand, they may be able to afford a portion in any quarter where there may be a deficiency. Whatever articles of the manufacture of the towns are wanted, the cultivators receive them on demand, without offering anything in exchange, and when the crops are ready for harvesting, the country phylarchs, or overseers, give notice to the authorities in the towns, when the whole population is set to work, and the crops are secured almost in a single day.

A description of the city Amaurotum will give a complete idea of all the others, which are as exactly like each other as may be. This place, then, is situated on a gentle slope, with a river flowing along the bottom of the declivity which is navigable, with the waters of the tide, as far as the town; and there is a stone quay all along the bank, at which vessels lie to for delivering their cargoes. The town is of a square form; the streets long and straight, with a row of well-built houses on each side, before which there is always a paved footpath; in the rear, every house has a garden with a door opening into it. The doors, both in the front and behind, are made in such a way as to open readily with the hand, and to shut again of their own accord; but they are never locked, so that no one has any place of secrecy. They pay the greatest attention to their gardens, in which they raise abundance of the finest fruits, flowers, and herbs. Nothing can be more splendid or useful than the treasures of vegetable beauty exhibited there; and the founder of the town seems to have paid particular attention to the laying out of the gardens, which the successive generations of inhabitants have continually improved.

With regard to their magistrates, every thirty families in the towns elect yearly a representative, who is called a Syphogrant; and to every ten Syphogrants with their constituencies, there is an officer or representative, who is styled a Tranibor. Lastly, the whole of the Syphogrants, who are two hundred in number, after taking an oath to select the most useful candidate, choose by secret votes a chief magistrate, who is always one of four, of whom a list is given them by the people, each quarter of the city naming one. This chief retains his office during life, except there be reason to suspect his aiming at arbitrary power; but the Tranibors and all the other officers are elected yearly. The Chief meets with a council of the Tranibors every third day, or oftener, if there be occasion, to deliberate on public business, or the suits of individuals; and there are always two of the Syphogrants (or inferior representatives) present. It is a capital crime for the magistrates or chief to discuss public business any where except in the senate or great assemblies; a regulation which is enforced, that the authorities may not conspire in secret against the public liberties. In matters of great moment, a communication is made to the Syphogrants, who consult their families (constituencies), and give in their opinion to the senate.

All the people are acquainted with farming, which they learn from their infancy, partly by instructions in the schools, and partly from practice, when their families are in the country. Besides this, every one is taught some other business—such as weaving, carpentry, or smith-work; and these constitute the most of their crafts. There being little variety of dress used in the island, except that those of the men and women are different (and both of them are very becoming), each family makes their own clothing. But of the other businesses, every person, male or female, learns some one, the women generally performing some of the lighter portions of the work, and every person for the most part following the profession of his ancestors. Their labour is not heavy; for if the day be divided into twenty-four hours, there are only six of these devoted to work, three in the forenoon, and three in the afternoon. All the remainder of the time they have at their own disposal, not for idleness or dissipation, indeed, but for any rational amusement, such as reading, or hearing lectures on various subjects, delivered by persons who make literature their business. It may be supposed that, if they labour only six hours a-day, they must be very poor, and that the country will be ill supplied with every thing—but this is far from being the case; and the few hours which they devote to work are quite sufficient to procure all that is wanted for the necessities and comforts of life; of which you may be convinced, if you have remarked in other countries what immense multitudes of people go entirely idle, and produce nothing; or what a vast number, again, are employed in arts which are mere luxury and superfluity, or which injure the community instead of benefiting it; and yet these idle people and triflers consume much more of the labour of others than those who exert themselves to produce something really useful. In Utopia, on the other hand, there are but a very few persons in each city who are not employed in useful labour; even the Syphogrants themselves (though exempt from working by the law) give what time they can spare from the public business to some profitable occupation, that they may afford an example to others. Students, who have been selected by the Syphogrants and priests, and approved by the people, in order to follow the pursuits of literature, are exempted from manual labour; but if any of them disappoint the hopes entertained of him, he is returned to his work; and, on the contrary, any tradesman, who in his leisure hours displays a talent for learning, is admitted into the class of students, and enjoys all their privileges. It is only from this class that ambassadors, priests, the senate (or Tranjibors), and the chief magistrate, are selected.

Another circumstance contributes to the abundance of every thing useful in Utopia; which is this, that no more labour is employed upon any matter than is necessary to make it useful. In other countries, the pulling down, remodelling, or rebuilding of houses, which have no fault but that they do not please the heir of the person who originally built them, occupies an immense number of workmen: among the Utopians, however, such waste of labour would be held ridiculous. In respect to dress, also, each person, while at work, wears a suit of clothes made of leather, or other stout materials, which will last for several years; and when they go abroad, they wear an upper garment, which is every where of the same colour and fashion; so that the only attention required for their clothes, is, to keep them clean, and in good repair. That waste of labour which is elsewhere expended upon the changing of fashions and different colours of dress, is never wanted in Utopia; and no one would either feel himself more comfortable, or be more esteemed by his neighbours, by having those endless changes which occupy so much idle time and expense in other countries.

I must now tell you about the way in which they carry on their intercourse with each other, and how the labour of one set of tradesmen procures them the necessities which are manufactured by others. The whole people, as I mentioned, is divided into families, or small clans: and I should add, that, when marriages take place between members of different clans, the females (who are not allowed to marry till the age of twenty-two) leave their own, and live with that into which they are married; while the sons (who must not marry till twenty-six) remain in the paternal family, under charge of the oldest surviving parent: no family, however, is permitted to have more than sixteen members, or fewer than ten. The city being divided into four quarters, there is a market-place for each: to this rendezvous every family brings the produce of its labour, for each species of which there is a separate storehouse. At the same time that they thus deposit what they have produced, they take away with them what they have occasion for at home; and there is no danger that they should either bring too little, or take away too much. Why should they be indolent when they have so little labour? or rapacious, or greedy, when they know that there is abundance, and to spare, for all?

Through the different parts of the town there are public halls, where the inhabitants eat together, every thirty families having a common table. They are summoned to their meals at stated hours by a trumpet or conch; but every person has liberty to eat at home if he pleases—a permission of which very few avail themselves, since the dishes at the public table are prepared by far more skillful cooks than they are themselves. The old and young are intermingled

together at table, so that the latter may hear and profit by the conversation of their seniors. For the sick there are public hospitals in pleasant airy situations without the walls, where they are nursed with all care, and where every person is sure of meeting with more attention than he could command at home, so that no one is reluctant to go and reside there while affected with any disease.

The Utopians have but a small number of laws, society being so regulated among them by their excellent customs, that a very few are sufficient to preserve order. They think that there is nothing more absurd among other nations than the innumerable multitude of volumes which are occupied with laws; and they ask with great reason, how can people obey rules which are either so obscure that no one can understand them, or so numerous that they cannot be read? With regard to their own laws, they think them useless if they seem obscure to the duller peasant; and none but the plainest and most obvious meaning is admitted, all subtle and refined interpretations being cast aside.

They never make war but for some gross injury done to themselves, or, more especially, to their allies; but they carry on their hostilities in a very singular manner. An Utopian general would gain no credit by a bloody victory, however complete; if he cannot overcome his enemies by stratagem and artifice with little loss of lives, he is reckoned an unskilful commander.

There are different kinds of religion in Utopia: sometimes there are even different forms of worship in the same city. The sun is adored by some, and by others the moon; while a third class pay adoration to some of the planets, reckoning these as in some sort images or representatives of the Deity. When they were informed by us of the nature of the Christian religion, it is impossible to conceive the eagerness with which many among them listened, and made inquiries. A goodly number became Christians, and no one belonging to the old religion offered the least hindrance or obstacle to any of the converts. I recollect indeed no instance of any person being molested on account of his religion, it being an ancient law in the state of Utopia, that no man's religion shall be made a reproach to him.

The stranger recounted to us a number of other circumstances regarding Utopia, which cannot be mentioned now. I was much inclined to dispute the propriety of a number of the regulations of the community, which appeared to me exceedingly absurd; such as their mode of carrying on war, and some of their ideas as to religion; but more especially that which seemed the key-stone of the whole, their custom of possessing all things in common, and prohibiting the use of money—two regulations which would overthrow, according to the common opinion at least, every thing which makes the splendour and power of a commonwealth desirable to its subjects."

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

[By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo."]

IN our days the high-born and the wealthy have small inducement to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honour, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character and caste the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, within our own recollection, some melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals; and as the well-being of society demands, the impartial hand of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, one will be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more apologists—for no punishment more general sympathy—and while his sentence was accordant to the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusiliers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed—little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted—unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the theatre, where the officers had patronised a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened

to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental phrenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that every thing was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent, replied, "Yes, it was fair—but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and, contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned through the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow-creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified—and, while on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who thronged the court ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given: and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime, strong exertions were made to save him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and, consequently, the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the queen's feet, and implore her commiseration.

To cross the Channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbour, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close-reefed canvass was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast-head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed—the pier was weathered—and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs Campbell inquired "if the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "Oh God! he will be lost," she murmured. "Could I but cross that angry sea, he might yet be saved!" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across, or perish. "It is madness," said the old man; "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken. The lady was placed on board; the skirt of the main-sail set, and after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased, by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain —, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, which are so peculiarly the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him who trusted in me? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs — urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip—"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then, taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and"—The convict put his hand upon her mouth—"Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her good night, he looked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber, without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution, the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last, his courage was unshaken; and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrunk from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and the same men he led to a bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon formed the jail guard to wit-

ness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was upturned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment-seat; and when the board, descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it, and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "they laid him in his father's grave."—*Dublin University Magazine, October.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Boccaccio.

At the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library, about twenty years ago, one book—a folio volume—was purchased by Earl Spencer at the enormous sum of *two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds!* This volume, which was perhaps the most famous one on earth, as it now appeared to be the dearest, was a copy of the first edition of Boccaccio's *Dicamerone*, printed at Venice by Christopher Valdarfer in 1474, and the only complete copy of that edition known to exist. It had been purchased by the duke's father, eighty years before, for a hundred pounds; but its rarity and value were now, it appeared, better known and more highly appreciated. If Boccaccio had no other interest than as the author of a volume which brought the price of a small estate, he would be worthy of some attention; but he has in reality a higher claim upon our notice, being one of the most ingenious and amusing writers whom the world ever produced.

He was the natural son of a Florentine merchant of considerable wealth, named Boccaccio di Chellino di Buonaiuto, by a lady of Paris, at which city the poet was born, in the year 1313. He was first designed by his father for a mercantile life; but having no taste for the counting-room, was afterwards sent to study the law, to which he soon manifested an equal dislike. From his earliest years he had shown an aptitude for learning, and he now set his father's anger at defiance, and devoted himself to a literary life. At Naples, to which he had been sent from Florence, to study law, he beheld some of the honours conferred on Petrarch, which inspired him with an ardent desire to gain similar distinction, but unfortunately without giving him any wish to imitate the pure and lofty conduct of that great man. Boccaccio became noted at once as a clever writer of poetry, and as the paramour of a married lady of Naples, a natural daughter of the king. All the earlier years of his life he spent in gaiety and vice at this dissolute capital, which is much to be regretted, as it gave a tinge to his best compositions, which has materially lessened their merit and usefulness.

Boccaccio has the distinction in poetry of having invented the stanza called the *ottava rima*, lately re-introduced into this country by Mr Tennant, and employed by Byron in his *Don Juan*. As a poet, however, he does not rank nearly so high as Dante and Petrarch. He wanted the sublimity and majesty of the one, and the lucid and tender delicacy of the other. He had neither that original and high-reaching imagination, nor those deep and moving sensibilities, which form the first-rate poet. It is as a novelist—as one of the fathers of that kind of composition—that Boccaccio is chiefly celebrated. His great work in this line is the *Dicamerone*, already mentioned, which contains one hundred tales or stories, and was given to the world in 1353. The book opens with a description of the plague which took place in 1348 at Florence—a picture full of horrors, and drawn with great power. He then relates how a party of ladies and gentlemen retired from the pestilence-stricken city to a country-house surrounded by pleasant grounds, where they shut themselves up for a time from all communication with the rest of the world. In this delicious retirement, which must have contracted new charms from the contrast with the scene they had left, and the feeling of comparative security which it inspired, they hit upon the expedient of story-telling as a means of pass-

ing the time; and each undertakes to relate all the tales or singular incidents which he or she can recollect. The entertainment continues for ten days (hence the title of the book), and on each day ten stories are told, which make up a hundred in all.

In all probability, the *Dicamerone* was a kind of concentration of all the popular stories then floating in Italian society; for it is not to be supposed that Boccaccio, inventive as his genius is allowed to have been, could form so many distinct plots in his own brain. He is entitled, however, to the merit of having thrown these traditional anecdotes of human nature into a most attractive form, and of having produced, in the result, the best specimen of Tuscan prose hitherto known. "On the darkest and most terrific foreground," says Mr Stebbing, "which ever painter employed, he drew an infinite variety of the gayest and most graceful forms—of landscapes the most charming, and incidents the most amusing, that the human fancy could create." It is only to be regretted that this famous effort of the human intellect is deformed, in many places, by the grossest language and the most licentious thoughts, inasmuch as to be totally unfit for the perusal of a large portion of society. The manners of the age are always presented as the excuse of the author for this great fault; but till it can be shown that his contemporary Petrarch found it necessary to make a similar concession to the spirit of the times, this apology must be held as utterly invalid. The truth is, Boccaccio sinned in this matter against his own better knowledge, in order to render his work acceptable to the dissolute class with whom he was familiar at Naples. He afterwards bitterly repented of his crime.

In the year 1350, when seven and thirty years of age, Boccaccio returned to Florence, where his father had just died, and began to take a leading part in public affairs. He soon after became personally acquainted with Petrarch, who was only nine years his senior, but possessed a mind and character infinitely more matured. Petrarch perceived his genius, and did his best, by good advices, to render him personally worthy of it. The result was an improvement in Boccaccio's course of life. When past middle life, he commenced the study of Greek, and founded schools for that branch of learning in various parts of Italy. It is generally acknowledged that the modern learned world owes the possession of many of the works of ancient Greece to this Italian novelist.

"Unfortunately for Boccaccio," says Mr Stebbing, "he was not wealthy, certainly not sufficiently so for the liberality which formed a striking feature of his character. The expenses in which he involved himself, sometimes in the exercise of his public functions, at others by his patronage of literature, were much greater than his income would bear. His fortune was thus gradually reduced, and he found himself, in the decline of life, with means scarcely sufficient for his support, and deserted by all his friends but Petrarch. The noble conduct of that affectionate and high-minded man in this instance, gives additional lustre to his fame. His letters to Boccaccio on the subject of his misfortunes, breathe the tenderest regard; and his offers of assistance are made in a spirit, of which it is difficult to say whether its warmth or delicacy be the more worthy of admiration. Besides offering him the use of both his purse and interest, he invited him to share his home; and in the letter, which is preserved, he reproves him for not accepting this invitation. 'I praise you,' says he, 'for having refused the grand offers made you of riches, and for preferring liberty of mind and a tranquil poverty; but I cannot give you the same praise for refusing the repeated invitations of a friend. I am not in a situation to enrich you; if I were, it should not be by my words, or by my pen, but by things and actions that you should judge of me. I am, however, living so, that what suffices for one will suffice abundantly for two, who can have the same inclinations as well as the same house.'

"Boccaccio, however, with the jealousy of a man whose most valued possession was his perfect personal liberty, refused to accept this offer, as he did also many others of his friend to obtain him some lucrative office. Petrarch could not be offended at this, for he had himself acted almost in the same manner, and rejected rank and fortune to move and speak as his own inclination might direct him. We cannot sufficiently admire this trait of character, so conspicuous in these great men, and which, from Dante downwards, was the characteristic of Italy's worthiest sons. There is no passage in their noblest works which so affects the mind with delight as their examples of independence. They were admired and courted by princes; they were the frequent residents of palaces; were tempted to become courtiers, not merely by offers of wealth or advancement, but by personal flatteries; and they might, if they had chosen, been conspicuous in the councils as well as courts of kings; but nothing could tempt them from their independence. We see them passing on from court to court, conversing with their princely hosts as if they had been prophets sent with lessons of wisdom, and then taking their farewell, unchanged in their manners, and with the same free look and spirit as they bore when they arrived."

In 1363, Boccaccio was invited to reside at Naples, but, not liking his reception, soon returned to Florence. He soon after retired to a cottage in the village of Certaldo, where he devoted himself for some years to Latin poetry, in which, however, he is not allowed to

have excelled. He was occasionally after this period entrusted by the Florentines with missions of high importance; and, finally, he returned to that city, and in 1373 commenced a public lecture on the *Commedia* of Dante, with a salary of fifty florins a-year. He did not live, however, to carry his exposition of that poem beyond the sixteenth book. The death of Petrarch, in 1374, afflicted him so deeply as to aid in hastening his own decline, which for some years had been rapidly proceeding. He died in December 1375, having only survived his friend about seventeen months.

THE BUCCANEERS.

Or that extraordinary daring class of pirates or sea-robbers, known by the name of *Buccaneers*, the following interesting account is given by Dr Russell, in his excellent work "*The History of Modern Europe*."

"After the failure of the mines of Hispaniola, and the conquest of the two extensive empires of Mexico and Peru, where the precious metals were found in the greatest profusion, that valuable island was entirely neglected by the Spaniards. The greater part of its once flourishing cities were deserted by their inhabitants, and the few planters that remained sunk into the most enervating indolence. The necessities, however, and even many of the luxuries of life, were there found in abundance. All the European animals had multiplied exceedingly, but especially the horned cattle, which were become in a manner wild, and wandered about in large droves, without any regular owner. Allured by these conveniences, certain French and English adventurers, afterwards known by the name of *Buccaneers* or *Freebooters*, had taken possession of the small island of Tortuga, as early as the year 1632, and found little difficulty, under such favourable circumstances, of establishing themselves on the northern coast of Hispaniola. They at first subsisted chiefly by the hunting of wild cattle. Part of the beef they ate fresh, part they dried, and the hides they sold to the masters of such vessels as came upon the coast, and who furnished them, in return, with clothes, liquors, fire-arms, powder and shot. The dress of the *Buccaneers* consisted of a shirt dipped in the blood of the animals they had slain; a pair of trousers, dirtier than the shirt; a leathern girdle, from which hung a short sabre, and some Dutch knives; a hat without any rim, except a flap before, in order to enable them to pull it off; shoes made of raw hides, but no stockings. These barbarous men, the outcasts of civil society, were denominated *Buccaneers*, because they dried with smoke, conformable to the custom of the savages, part of the flesh of the cattle they had killed, in places denominated *buccans* in the language of the natives. But the wild cattle at length becoming scarce, the *Buccaneers* were under the necessity of turning their industry to other objects. The sober-minded men applied themselves to the cultivation of the ground, which abundantly requited their toil, while those of a bold and restless disposition associated themselves with pirates and outlaws of all nations, and formed the most terrible band of ravagers that ever infested the ocean. To these ravagers, however, rendered famous by their courage and their crimes, France and England are indebted, in some measure, for the prosperity of their settlements in the West Indies.

Nothing could appear less formidable than the first armaments of the piratical *Buccaneers*. Having formed themselves, like the hunters of wild cattle, into small societies, they made their excursions in an open boat, which generally contained between twenty and thirty men, exposed to all the intemperature of the climate; to the burning heat of the day, and the chilling damps of the night. The natural inconveniences, connected with this mode of life, were augmented by those arising from their licentious disposition.

A love of freedom, which, duly regulated, cannot be too much cherished, rendered the *Buccaneers* averse to all those restraints which civilized men usually impose on each other for their common happiness; and as the authority which they had conferred on their captain was chiefly confined to giving orders in battle, they lived in the greatest disorder. Like savages, having no apprehension of want, nor taking any care to guard against famine by prudent economy, they were frequently exposed to all the extremities of hunger and thirst. But deriving, even from their distresses, a courage superior to every danger, the sight of a sail transported them to a degree of frenzy. They seldom deliberated on the mode of attack, but their custom was to board the ships as soon as possible. The smallness of their own vessels, and their dexterity in managing them, preserved them from the fire of the enemy. They presented only to the broadside of a ship, their slender prows, filled with expert marksmen, who fired at the enemy's port-holes with such exactness, as to confound the most experienced gunners; and when they could fix their grappling tackle, the largest trading vessels were generally obliged to strike.

Although the *Buccaneers*, when under the pressure of necessity, attacked the ships of every nation, those belonging to the subjects of Spain were more especially marked out as the objects of their piracy. They thought that the cruelties which the Spaniards had exercised on the natives of the New World, were a sufficient apology for any violence that could be com-

mitted against them. Accommodating their conscience to this belief, which, perhaps, unknown to themselves, was rather dictated by the richness of the Spanish vessels than by any real sense of religion or equity, they never embarked in an expedition without publicly praying to heaven for its success; nor did they ever return loaded with booty, without solemnly returning thanks to God for their good fortune.

This booty was originally carried to the island of Tortuga, the common rendezvous of the *Buccaneers*, and then their only place of safety. But afterwards the French went to some of the ports of Hispaniola, where they had established themselves in defiance of the Spaniards, and the English to those of Jamaica, where they could dispose of their prizes to more advantage, and lay out their money more agreeably, either in business or pleasure.

Before the distribution of the spoil, each adventurer held up his hand, and protested he had secreted nothing of what he had taken; and if any one was convicted of perjury, a case that seldom occurred, he was punished in a manner truly exemplary, and worthy the imitation of better men. He was expelled the community, and left, as soon as an opportunity offered, upon some desert island, as a wretch unworthy to live in society, even with the destroyers of their species!

After providing for the sick, the wounded, the maimed, and settling their several shares, the *Buccaneers* indulged themselves in all kinds of licentiousness. Their debauches, which they carried to the greatest excess, were limited only by the want that such prodigality occasioned.

The ships that sailed from Europe to America seldom tempted the avidity of the first *Buccaneers*, as the merchandise they carried could not readily have been sold in the West Indies in those early times. But they eagerly watched the Spanish vessels on their return to Europe, when certain they were partly laden with treasure. They commonly followed the galleons and flota employed in transporting the produce of the mines of Mexico and Peru, as far as the channel of Bahama; and if, by any accident, a ship was separated from the fleet, they instantly beset her, and she seldom escaped them. They even ventured to attack several ships at once; and the Spaniards, who considered them as demons, and trembled at their approach, commonly surrendered, if they came to close quarters.

The Spaniards, almost reduced to despair by finding themselves a continual prey to those ravagers, diminished the number of their ships, and the colonies gave up their connections with each other. These humiliating precautions, however, served but to increase the boldness of the *Buccaneers*. They had hitherto invaded the Spanish settlements only to procure provisions; but no sooner did they find their captures decrease, than they determined to procure by land that wealth which the sea denied them. They accordingly formed themselves into larger bodies, and plundered many of the richest and strongest towns in the New World. Maracaybo, Campeachy, Vera Cruz, Porto Bello, and Carthagena, on this side of the continent, severely felt the effects of their fury; and Guaiquil, Panama, and many other places on the coasts of the South Sea, were not more fortunate in their resistance, or treated with greater lenity. In a word, the *Buccaneers* subjected to their arms, without a regular system of government, without laws, without any permanent subordination, and even without revenue, cities and castles which have baffled the utmost efforts of national force; and if conquest, not plunder, had been their object, they might have made themselves masters of all Spanish America.

Among the *Buccaneers* who first acquired distinction in this new mode of plundering, was Montbars, a gentleman of Languedoc. Having by chance, in his infancy, met with a circumstantial, and perhaps exaggerated account of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards in the conquest of the New World, he conceived a strong antipathy against a nation that had committed so many enormities. His heated imagination, which he loved to indulge, continually represented to him innumerable multitudes of innocent people, murdered by a brood of savage monsters nursed in the mountains of Castile. The unhappy victims, whose names were ever present to his memory, seemed to call upon him for vengeance; he longed to embrace his hands in Spanish blood, and to retaliate the cruelties of the Spaniards, on the same shores where they had been perpetrated. He accordingly embarked on board a French ship bound to the West Indies, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and joined the *Buccaneers*, whose natural ferocity he inflamed. Humanity in him became the source of the most unfeeling barbarity. The Spaniards suffered so much from his fury, that he acquired the name of the *Exterminator*.

But of all the *Buccaneers*, French or English, none was so uniformly successful, or executed so many great and daring enterprises, as Henry Morgan, a native of Wales. While de Basco, Lolonois, and their companions, were squandering at Tortuga the spoils they had acquired in the Gulf of Venezuela, Morgan sailed from Jamaica to attack Porto Bello; and his measures were so well concerted, that soon after his landing, he surprised the sentinels, and made himself master of the town, before the Spaniards could put themselves in a posture of defence.

In hopes of reducing with the same facility the citadel or chief castle into which the citizens had con-

veyed their most valuable property, and all the plate belonging to the churches, Morgan bethought himself of an expedient that discovers his knowledge of national characters as well as of human nature in general. He compelled the priests, nuns, and other women, whom he had made prisoners, to plant the scaling ladders against the walls of the fortress, from a persuasion that the gallantry and superstition of the Spaniards would not suffer them to fire on the objects of their love and veneration. But he found himself deceived in this flattering conjecture. The Spanish governor, who was a resolute soldier, used his utmost efforts to destroy every one that approached the works. Morgan and his English associates, however, carried the place by storm, in spite of all opposition, and found in it, beside a vast quantity of rich merchandise, bullion and specie equivalent to one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

With this booty Morgan and his crew returned to Jamaica. He subsequently engaged in the most daring enterprises, in which, by his extraordinary intrepidity, he was successful to an astonishing degree. Finally, he carried all his wealth to Jamaica, and never afterwards engaged in any piratical enterprise.

The defection of Morgan, and several other principal leaders, who sought and found an asylum in the bosom of that civil society whose laws they had so atrociously violated, together with the total separation of the English and French *Buccaneers*, in consequence of the war between the two nations, which followed the Revolution in 1688, broke the force of those powerful plunderers. The king of Spain being then in alliance with England, she repressed the piracies of her subjects in the West Indies. The French *Buccaneers* continued their depredations, and with no small success, till the peace of Ryswick in 1697; when all differences between France and Spain having been adjusted, a stop was every where put to hostilities, and not only the association, but the very name of this extraordinary set of men, soon became extinct. They were insensibly lost among the other European inhabitants of the West Indies."

RAMBLE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

WHILE residing in the vicinity of Simon's Town, South Africa, I felt exceedingly anxious to see some part of the interior of the country, which I made known to a friend, who hesitated not a moment to accompany me to a part where he considered we might have some good sport. The day was appointed; every thing arranged; good horses fitted for a long journey; with plenty of provisions in the sacks, in the event of scarcity on the road, and a good store of brandy-wine. We set off, sauntering for about sixteen miles, when we stopped at a place called Myrtles, where we partook of the usual hospitality of the proprietor, previous to commencing our cruise over the sandy desert. After having regaled ourselves with his good wine, I set off at quick speed, my friend keeping up the chase for a considerable time, when our attention was hastily attracted by a variety of scattered sweet-scented flowers and variegated heaths, growing from the sandy soil, and emitting a most fragrant odour. By this time the sun had risen considerably above the horizon, which imparted to myriads of insects an increased vigour; for they now attacked us with such determined hostility, that every possible means of self-defence left us became of little or no avail. We rolled up our heads, hands, and necks, but still their mode of attack was so insidious, that it defied all our skill to oppose them. The horses were now getting knee-deep in sand, which, with the annoyance of insects, tended not a little to protract our advancement.

After you leave the main road leading to Cape Town, there is a flat of fifteen or twenty miles, where there is little or no vegetation, principally sand; here and there a solitary hut, inhabited by the wandering Hottentots; a dog invariably proclaims the approach of a stranger, when a black face or two are immediately seen to peep from the door of the hovel. Several of these we went up to, to procure some intelligence of our road: we always found them civil, and ever ready to satisfy our inquiries. The sands, as we approached Stillmbock, appeared considerably elevated, assuming various figures, surrounded generally with small pools of water at their base, which gave us at times very considerable uneasiness. Our horses stood apparently timid, and would not advance, when, in such circumstances, we were compelled to retrace our steps. The horses evidently knew of the danger much better than we did. After several hours' hard pushing through the sands, we at last got firm footing at the base of a chain of mountains in the vicinity of Stillmbock, where we were cheered not a little by the sight of a boor's house, where, generally speaking, is found a hearty welcome, and every thing necessary to satisfy the cravings of nature. We inquired how far we were to Stillmbock, when we were told an hour and a half's distance, which we mistook for a mile and a half. We rode cautiously on, expecting every now and then to come in sight of the town; but of no avail. We then found, on a second inquiry, that it was nine miles off in place of a mile and a half; they allow six miles for the hour on horseback, and four on foot. We arrived at Stillmbock in the afternoon (after a ride of forty-two miles) perfectly exhausted—in such a state that we could neither sleep, lie, walk, nor sit; but I attribute this inexpressible restlessness to constant

drinking to quench our thirst, more than any other circumstance. A person travelling in a hot climate will satisfy his thirst with a little hot water, sooner than with any thing else, and it is void of danger. After a few minutes' sleep, we arose to survey the town, which I believe to be one of the neatest in Southern Africa. Here the doors and windows of the houses are generally shut all the fore part of the day, and scarcely a being is to be seen on the streets till the afternoon, when all are open, and every one alive. There is a good deal of taste displayed in the arrangement of the houses: the streets are parallel, and at right angles; at each side of the streets are rows of trees, and at their roots runs a small rivulet. The name of our boarding-house was Sartein's, a Dutchman; every thing was exceedingly clean and comfortable, and very moderate in price. Next morning we set off about five o'clock, both horses and riders being apparently considerably refreshed from their previous fatigue. After steering for some time a northerly course, we kept a little more to the westward, for the mountains of French Hook, a distance of twenty miles from our last port. The country now began to assume a very different aspect: in place of the barren dry sandy desert, we now had a perfect garden; from the lowest part of the valley, to the summit of the highest mountain, appeared one scene of rich foliage; this was in the neighbourhood of Drachenstein. As we advanced several miles farther up, we became perfectly encircled with mountains, towering to the heavens, assuming various aspects, some rising in the form of cones, others more irregular and flat. The scenery six miles above Drachenstein is remarkably picturesque and beautiful; here you command a most extensive view of the adjacent country.

The soil is exceedingly rich, bearing fruit of every description, here and there studded with patches of fine stately trees, affording shelter to the natives from the rays of the sun. We arrived at French Hook in the fore part of the day, and put up at the house of Mynheer Hugo, who is a descendant of the Huguenots who emigrated from France in the time of the revolution, from religious motives. When we approached his door, although we had never seen this man in our lives before, he came immediately and shook us by the hand; and we were thereafter introduced to his wife. We kept within doors the most of the day, and walked about only in the evening. The scenery here is really splendid: the whole valley is surrounded with stupendous mountains, and covered with an immense variety of bulbous and other flowers, and an almost endless succession of heaths.

The people are exceedingly hospitable and kind: they cannot be said to speak Dutch; it is a mixture of Dutch, English, French, and Portuguese. Next morning, we found there had been rain during the night, and that several wild animals had been prowling about. They had lost two of their geese in consequence of jackals. The footmarks of several wolves were seen in the immediate vicinity, when a party of four of us determined beating up their den. We started early in the morning, well mounted and armed, following their footmarks down the river leading to Drachenstein. After crossing the river several miles down, we started a large buck, with splendid black horns, larger than any of our deer; every one put his horse to its speed, to come up with it for a shot. I unfortunately had the best horse for racing; consequently led the course, and outdistanced them; but, intending to make a nearer cut, made for a jungle, when I and my horse instantly disappeared: my horse sunk to the neck, and I lay sprawling in the mire over his head, stupified, and wondering what had happened: the horse appeared considerably exhausted: I allowed him to regain his wind, when he made one or two strong efforts to extricate himself to no purpose; but, upon another trial, he fairly overcame the difficulty, when I remounted, and followed my leaders cautiously for another shot at the buck; but when within two or three hundred yards, I heard a shot fired by one of the party, which missed him, and consequently he was lost. We now bent our course to a large clump of trees, a considerable way down the river; here we dismounted, and led our horses along a steep and dangerous pathway for a considerable distance, till we got on the flats, when every one put his horse to rights, and set off, following the course of the stream. We arrived at a small hut, called the Wolf's Trap; here we dismounted, unsaddled our horses, tied their heads to their feet (a common practice in this country), and examined the hut, which we found to be a good-sized square house, built of stone, with a small aperture in the top, and a good large doorway. The door is heavy, and made of wood and iron, kept up by a cord and pulleys. At this place we left our horses, to ascend the mountain to a place covered with trees and brushwood; two were appointed to go to the den of the wolves (myself and another), and to sit at a distance from the brushwood, about a yard from their footmarks. My friend and I sat for nearly an hour on each side of the footmarks, with our guns charged and cocked; but there being no appearance of either our friends or the wolves, we determined on going in pursuit of them. When I approached the den, I heard a dreadful noise and bustle among the bushes; and perceiving several animals making their way towards me, I fancied imminent danger; so I fired, but, when the smoke disappeared, I found I had killed a large baboon, of which description of animals there are here immense num-

bers. Being now thoroughly fatigued with this luckless adventure, the party retraced their way to Drachenstein, determined to renew the expedition in quest of the wolves on the rising of the morrow's sun.

WEDDED LOVE.

Say not, that pure and wedded love expires—
Pure wedded love, in gentle bosoms stored;
Say not, oh, say not, that its fond desires,
Like water-drops on thirsty sand outpour'd,
Can perish wholly, or, by slow decay,
Like smouldering flames, die sullenly away!
Is love so fickle that it cannot rest
To one dear home confined—one chosen nest—
Though daily use weave chains of mild constraint
And fond affection pour her moving plaint
To win the truant back?—A thousand ties,
A thousand spells, each passing day supplies;
And all we see without, or feel within—
Resolves, and hopes, and fears—love's being feed,
Preserving, even in this world of sin,
Its sacred flame unchanged—the common need,
Of friendship's tender soothing, from above
Infused; the fountains of parental love
Solicitous, that know not pause or rest,
Flowing with ceaseless tide in either breast.

The sigh, the tear,
For long-lost friends who once to both were dear;
Fond recollections glean'd from other days,
The look, the voice that only spoke to praise—
Remember'd joys, remember'd hopes and fears,
With many a scene upon life's busy stage,
Or acted, or beheld, in other years,
And many a blotted and repentant page
Of faults by youthful folly ill excused,
Not seldom, nor with tearless eye, perused
In wisdom's later hour. Grave thoughts and gay
Commix'd, by which, in life's declining day,
Our hearts, tenacious of the past, are stirr'd,
As by the music of far-distant bells,
Over the surface of deep waters hear
That roll their space between.—

Such holy spells
Has pure and wedded love: degenerate minds,
Minds bent to earth, foredoom'd of old to know,
Nor lofty thoughts, nor the perpetual glow
Of high affection, that collects and binds
And treasures up what the dull sons of earth
See not, or, seeing, little deem their worth—
The scattered jewels of life's beaten track—
Such minds misdeem of love: they cannot sound
Its silent waters, from their own depth black;
They know not, reck not of its base and ground;
No feelings do their bosoms know, that plead
For liberty, and clamour to be freed—
But as, on autumn days, who loves to walk
In the fresh morning, an unwonted sight
Beholds;—dew-sprinkled threads from stalk to stalk
Suspended, glistening with refracted light;
And the cool earth, with pearly frost-work spread,
A new creation seems, for human tread
Unmeet—so, even so, the tender heart,
In the clear realms of elevated thought,
Sitting in simple dignity apart,
Beholds a scene of varied beauty wrought
From daily products of our common life;
Beholds the seeds and elements of strife
Transform'd and blended, by the subtle power
Of mighty love, with light celestial glow—
Even till moral beauty seems the dower
Of this our earthly state, this world of sin and woe!
—*Friendship's Offering*, 1828.

UTILITY OF A TRADE.

POSTLETHWAYTE, in the Introduction to his Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, relates the following very curious anecdote, which he says was told by George the First of Great Britain, as having come under his own knowledge:—"About the year 1615, there was a nobleman in Germany, whose daughter was courted by another young lord. When he had made such progress in this affair as is usual, by the interposition of friends, the old lord had a conference with him, asking him how he intended, if he married his daughter, to maintain her. He replied, equal to her quality. To which the father replied, that was no answer to his question; he desired to know what he had to maintain her with. To which the young lord then answered, he hoped that was no question; for his inheritance was as public as his name. The old lord owned his possessions to be great; but still asked if he had nothing more secure than land wherewith to maintain his daughter. The question was strange, but ended in this, that the father of the young lady gave his positive resolve never to marry his daughter, though his heir, and would have two great estates, but to a man that had a manual trade, by which he might subsist if drove from his country. The young lord was master of none at present; but, rather than lose his mistress, he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one: in order to which, he got a basket-maker, the most ingenious he could meet with, and, in six months, became master of his trade of basket-making, with far greater improvements than even his teacher himself; and as a proof of his ingenuity and extraordinary proficiency in so short a time, he brought to his young lady a piece of workmanship of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which for many years after became a general fashion among the ladies by the name of *dressing-baskets*, brought hither to England from Germany and Holland.

"To complete the singularity of this relation, it

happened, some years after this nobleman's marriage, that he and his father-in-law, sharing in the misfortunes of the wars of the Palatinate, were driven naked out of their estates; and in Holland, for some years, did this young lord maintain both his father-in-law and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs, to such an unparalleled excellency as none could attain; and it is from this young German lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities which are still made in the United Provinces, of twig-work."

EXERCISE.

I may (says Dr Uwins, in his recent Treatise on Mental Diseases) urge upon all, and especially those whose habits and callings are sedentary, to contrive some motive for daily and regular walking; even should they not appear at present inconvenienced by their confinement, the cloud will be insensibly collecting that shall sooner or later darken their spirits, or break upon them in the fullness of apoplectic stertor. A physician with whom I was well acquainted, and who scarcely ever was upon his legs, used to say to me, that he found no inconvenience in sitting, day after day, in his carriage and his study; nor did he, so far as his immediate feelings were concerned; but he died suddenly and prematurely from an apoplectic stroke, which I verily believe might have been averted had he made less use of his carriage and his books, and more of his limbs. In contrast with his case, I will just state that I last week conversed with a veteran in literature and in years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the "soundness" of his mind through a long course of multifarious and often distressing circumstances, by steady perseverance in the practice of walking every day. It is curious that he has survived, for a very long period, almost all the literary characters that were his friends and contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited so much public attention; almost all of those who have dropped into the grave one after the other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course, were men of far less regular habits, and, I am obliged to add, also of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of this equanimity has, I verily believe, been mainly insured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued. "Were I a gentleman, Dr Uwins," my neighbour, Mr Abernethy, used to say to me, "I would never get into my carriage;" and certain it is, that many diseases of the most troublesome kind, besides unsoundness of mind, may be traced to the idle habit of carriage gestation.

DEBATING IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Creoles speak French, and the Americans English, neither understanding the language of the other. Whenever a speech is concluded, an interpreter gives as perfect a version of it as his memory can command. The time thus lost is enormous under any circumstances; but when the debate becomes personal, it has at least the advantage of giving members time to cool. On one occasion, however, the discussion was conducted with a good deal of acrimony, and the scene became ludicrous enough. A French gentleman, when I entered the house, was delivering an energetic oration, impugning both the conduct and motives of an American. The latter during the whole time remained apparently in happy ignorance, both of the nature and extent of the punishment of which he was the object. At length the honourable gentleman sat down, and the chief heads of his speech and arguments were detailed in English by the interpreter. The American then became, as they say in Scotland, "neither to hold nor to bind." He instantly commenced not only a vehement defence of himself, but an attack on his opponent, in a language of which the latter seemed to understand precisely as much as he did of Sanscrit.—*Men and Manners in America*.

WASTE OF CORN IN AGRICULTURE.

It is estimated, that only one-third of the seed corn sown on the best land, grows; the other two-thirds are destroyed. The number of cultivated acres, in Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to 47,000,000; 30,000,000 of which are under the plough. Two-fifths of the latter, or 12,000,000 acres, are annually under the cereal crops. The average allowance of seed for the three kinds of corn, may be stated at 4½ bushels per acre. The quantity of seed annually sown thus amounts to 7,000,000 quarters. If two-thirds of this quantity are rendered unproductive by some agency which has hitherto been uncontrolled, then 4,666,666 quarters of corn are annually wasted! The quantity thus lamentably wasted would support more than 1,000,000 of human beings.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BRER, Holywell Street, Strand; BANKS & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALES, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLER, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, and which will be completed in one volume, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.
Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 95.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE MAN WHO SANG WHEN ASKED.

EVERY body has had occasion to feel annoyed at the answers usually given in company to a request for a song. It seems to have been a pristine feature of human nature, that no man could sing when he was asked—for Horace indignantly remarked the fact eighteen hundred years ago. The party either never sings, or, if known to have done so at any former period, he is sure to be so ill with a cold, that he can upon no account exhibit on the present occasion. In the words of Madame Corri, he has "a leetle kittlin in de breast, and a leetle horse at de trot." He must really be excused to-night, &c.; and then he gets up a cough with more or less success, by way of a practical affidavit of the truth of what he alleges. So unavoidable, apparently, is this wretched affectation, that we have known a person who, being both able and willing to sing, privately hinted to some one to ask him, and who yet, when the request was made, set forth all the usual apologies, as if he had been startled at the very idea of a vocal exhibition.

It has always been held as a particular claim upon the praise of history, that any individual should, in the prevalence of a monstrous vice, hold forth an example of the opposite virtue. Why do we so much extol Aristides?—because he was just in the midst of a people who were the reverse. Why do we reverence the name of Archbishop Leighton?—because he was moderate when all his brethren were furious. On this principle, how much must we admire any man who, instead of annoying his fellow-creatures when asked to sing, by allegations that he cannot, was positively anxious to be asked, and no sooner heard the request than, with one preliminary hem, if so much, he was off full bound into a canticle! Such a man, reader, has lived—when, we cannot tell; but certainly—

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man—

who sung when he was asked; of this we can assure you. His name was Smith, and he resided, while as yet vouchsafed for the adornment of human nature, in the city of York. It cannot be very long since Smith lived; for traditions of him are still fresh in the memory of a grateful people about that part of the country. He is said to have been a smart, neat, little man, somewhat vain about his person, and also about his singing, but redeeming every fault by that one lustrous virtue, in which he shone pre-eminent above his kind, a willingness to sing when he was asked. Alas, that such a man should have been mortal, or that, in dying, he should have left no copy!

Smith's habits were those of a convivial old bachelor; for though he had been married in early life, he had been so long a widower, that the feelings and tastes of single life had all returned upon him. Being quite at ease in his circumstances, he thought of nothing but how he might best enjoy life—how he might, with the greatest ease, attend the greatest possible number of social meetings, drink the greatest possible quantity of punch, and sing the greatest possible number of songs. He belonged to a vast number of clubs and musical associations, not only in York, but throughout all the neighbouring country; and he would often travel fifty miles, in order to contribute to the attraction of a glee festival. Being such a sure card for a song, he was invited, moreover, to a vast number of private parties, inasmuch that, one way and another, he scarcely ever missed punch and music a single night. To such festive assemblages, Smith never went till pretty near supper-time. If, when he went, he found any thing like a dance going on, he was very apt to turn at the drawing-room door, and go away

perhaps to some club, where he would spend an hour in singing, and then return in time for supper. If he did go in, and endeavour to stay on the dancing, it was always evident, from his fidgetty aspect, how earnestly he longed to see all this folly over, and the people descending to the dining-room. Smith really liked supper. If he once saw a party fobbed off with sandwiches up stairs, he marked the house with a black cross in his remembrance, and would never go back again. At table, he always contrived to get himself planted as near the middle as was consistent with the likelihood of his escaping the business of carving. The lady might be anxious to honour him with a seat next herself; but this he always modestly evaded. Having got himself planted in his favourite place, he would look kindly about to the rest, who were still perhaps hesitating where to alight, and say, "Pray, gentlemen, take your seats; plenty of room." To the actual business of supper, he always addressed himself with great earnestness. When he ate, like the Irishman sleeping, he "paid attention to it." Carving he detested. He thought it took up too much time, and was apt to cause his meat to cool. As to the quarter of an hour said to be allowed to carvers, "Sir," said he, "it is all a deception. Though you were to carve all the time till the rest were done, they would still stare if they saw you eating after them. And how, sir, can any man continue to ply his knife and fork, while other twenty people, perhaps, are waiting for something else, and wondering how you can possibly eat what they have already satisfied themselves of. No, sir; the result of these disinterested services in behalf of mankind, is, simply, that you are compelled to huddle all your operations into a half or a third of the time allowed to the company at large, and, in short, that you make a bad supper. Sir, all these duties ought to be performed by servants." Not long after the conclusion of supper, and while nobody was thinking of such a thing, Smith's voice would be heard suddenly piercing the hum of conversation, his only commission for such an intrusion consisting in an unheard sentence, which he *saw* addressed to him by the lady of the house, and which, though it perhaps referred to something quite different, he was pleased to consider as a request for a song. A nod was as good as a wink to Smith in asking for a taste of his vocal powers.

Our friend was what is called a good, but not a brilliant or perfect singer. He had a stout gentlemanly voice, calculated to be of great service as a bass in a trio or duet, but not by any means a fine voice. Nevertheless, he sung with so much spirit and appropriate expression, that, in general, his performances were much admired, not to speak of the additional approbation which he always secured by his being so willing to contribute to the amusement of the company. Smith had just one fault, so far as singing was concerned. When once he was set a-going, there was no getting him to stop. When one of his songs was done, it would perhaps become the subject of conversation. "Capital song that—first-rate old fellow, Dibdin." "Yes, sir; but did you ever hear his Tom Bowling?—that is better still." And then, without further preface, he would commence—

"Here a sheer hulk—"

and so forth; after which, another could be tagged as slightly on to that, and another to that again, till you could almost echo his words, and wish that "death had brought him to." Smith estimated the pleasantness of a party, and the hospitality of the landlord and landlady, and the worldly worth and amiability of the whole company, by the number of songs he was asked or permitted to sing. "A deuced nice affair we had

last night at Atherton's. I sung two-and-twenty of my very best. Thought I would have got in the twenty-third; but an old jade in a pink cap broke us up between twelve and one, just as I was about to begin." It was told of Smith, that he once stuck a song for want of the words (a most astonishing occurrence), and was so overwhelmed with shame on the occasion, as to leave the room abruptly, and rush away home. He had walked more than a mile on his way, when he suddenly recollected the missing stanza. Back he turned, crying, "I have it, I have it." On re-entering the room, he found the company just on their feet to depart. "Stop, stop," he cried, in the tone of a man arresting an execution with a reprieve; "stop, here it is!" And, though almost breathless, he immediately resumed the song at the exact point where he had left off, with all the proper gesticulation, expression, and so forth, as if no hiatus had taken place.

Indeed, it must be allowed, great as his merit was, that singing had at length become a kind of hobby with him. He had rushed from the extreme of reluctance to the extreme of facility, and, by the praises of those who are not above flattering the foibles of an old man, had become dreadfully puffed up about his musical talents. He took it positively ill, if he were not permitted to sing at least a dozen times in an evening; and he has been known to retire at about the ninth or tenth, muttering, "confoundedly shabby." Then his whole business during the day was to go about, calling upon the persons who had heard him sing the night before, in order to gather their applause. "I think I was in good voice last night, eh?"—thus delicately he would bring on the subject. And no sooner had he got out of any one person all the praise he thought it likely that he *could* get, than off he whisked to another, whom he put through exactly the same process. It is on record that he was once standing in the street, in conversation with a group of friends, when he suddenly espied a person who had heard him sing on the preceding night, riding past in a stage-coach, which had just started for Durham. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "there is Hanway just off—not to be back for a week. Ho, coachman, ho—hilloa—hilloa!" And off he ran in pursuit, as if he had been an intending but belated passenger. A porter soon took up the case, and ere long the coach was arrested, though not till it had advanced about a fifth of a mile along the street. Once he saw it stop, he felt safe, and, as all philosophical travellers do, took his own time to overtake it. On getting up, he opened the door, and, popping in his head, "Eh, Hanway," cried he, "glad to see you before you go. Pleasant party last night. I was in excellent voice—wasn't I?" "Charming," answered his friend; "but aren't you going with us?" "How did you like the Heaving of the Lead?" said Smith, blinking the subject of a journey. "Excellent," responded Hanway. Here the coachman, finding he was not to get a customer, called to him with a somewhat uncivil exclamation, to shut the coach door. Hearing the whip cracking, Smith saw there was no time to be lost; so he just mentioned Black-eyed Susan, and, shutting the door, gazed wistfully at the open window, in the almost desperate hope of an answer. To his inconceivable gratification, the face of Hanway appeared there for an instant, as the coach was wheeling off: and something like "Beats Inledon" was just caught up from the rattle of the departing wheels, by the eager vocalist, who then turned slowly back, his soul set completely at rest on the subject.

Smith no doubt had his faults—and who wants them? His failings, however, leaned to virtue's side;

His eagerness to shine, and avidity of praise, formed the very sources of that transcendent characteristic merit—his readiness to sing when asked. Strangers, it was observed, were always delighted with Smith. They were powerfully struck at meeting a man who required no pressing to sing. He seemed to them a kind of divinity—something above nature. If his merits were less readily acknowledged by those who were frequently in his company, it was solely owing to the novelty having been in their case a little worn off, and to the long-established fact, that a man is nowhere so little a prophet as in his own country. Smith now lies in York Cathedral, where he so often joined his voice to the swelling choir. But no monument records his name, or the period when he lived. He is just remembered (and what need is there of more?) as "THE MAN WHO ALWAYS SANG WHEN HE WAS BID!"

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

THE reader has seen that, in the space between the years 1300 and 1400, Dante wrote a large allegorical poem referring to the mysteries of religion, Petrarch a long series of love-sonnets, and Boccaccio several poems of a lighter cast than either, besides a cluster of small novels, considered even yet as among the most amusing of all existing books. These great feats of the intellect were performed long before the invention of printing, when an author could only give his writings to the world by permitting a few copies to be taken from his own manuscript, or by having them recited in the presence of the great. It is surprising, notwithstanding the awkwardness and difficulty of this mode of publication, that the verses of all the three poets we have alluded to, were, even in their own lifetimes, as familiar to the common people as we have seen the music of Weber and Auber in our own day. So much was this the case, that Petrarch, in the pride of learning, regretted having written any thing in the vulgar tongue, to be thus bandied about from one peasant's mouth to another, and appreciated none of his works but those in Latin, which are now entirely neglected. It is thus apparent that, at a time when we were a very rude people, the Italians possessed a taste for the most refined productions of genius. But, in need, we cannot even yet, engrossed as we are in commercial cares, form any adequate idea of the sensibility of this southern people, to whom taste is a kind of staple and common inheritance, and whose every thought seems tuned to music.

About a century after Petrarch and Boccaccio had passed away, a new style of poetry sprung up in Italy—the romantic style, it has been called—consisting in the composition of long versified romances on the adventures of some imaginary hero of chivalry, mingled with a great deal of supernatural agency. The first great work of this kind was the "Orlando Innamorato" (Orlando in Love) of Boiardo, who was a gentleman of large property in the state of Ferrara, in the north-east quarter of Italy, born about the year 1434. A curious anecdote is related of this poet. He was at a loss, it seems, for a fine-sounding name to his chief character, when suddenly in hunting, the word *Rodomonte* started into his mind, and seemed to him all that could be desired. He instantly turned his horse's head and rode home to his mansion of Scandiano, where he ordered all the bells to be set a- ringing in honour of Rodomonte, filling his vassals, it is said, with astonishment, as they had never before heard of such a saint! Boiardo was a courtier and a diplomatist, but generally spent his time between his country mansion and the court of Ferrara. It is said that whenever he had finished a canto of his romance, he took it with him to Ferrara, and there, in the presence of a brilliant court, of which every member, from the prince to the youngest page, was prepared to applaud him, recited his gay and charming inventions.

ARIOSTO.

Indovico Ariosto, who completed the poem of Boiardo by adding the "Orlando Furioso" (Orlando in Phrenzy), was born at Reggio in 1474, the eldest son of the governor of that city, a gentleman of good family but small wealth. Ariosto was bred to the law, but, like Petrarch and Boccaccio, deserted it for poetry. He was compelled, however, at an early period of life, to exert himself for the support of a large family left as a burden upon him by his father; a duty which he is said to have performed in a most creditable manner. At the age of twenty-nine, he had distinguished himself so much by his verses, as to be taken under the protection of Cardinal Ippolito of Ferrara; an arrangement which secured him literary leisure, at the expense of independence. Soon after, perceiving the superior popularity of Boiardo's romance to all other kinds of poetry, he commenced his *Orlando Furioso*, in which he took up all the characters and situations left incomplete in the *Innamorato*, and brought them to a conclusion. The several years which he spent on this task were occasionally interrupted by military and diplomatic employment; but at length, in 1515, his work was printed at Ferrara,

and, though not considered by himself as complete either in plan or style, met with a highly favourable reception. Soon after this he quarrelled with the Cardinal Ippolito, and accepted the protection, as it was called, of the Duke Alphonso of Ferrara; at which city he spent the most of the remainder of his life, in a small neat ornamented house, near the church of S. Benedetto, where he enjoyed the society of a lady named Alessandra, who was privately married to him, and is much celebrated in his poems. His poem was reprinted in 1516, again in 1518, and at least four other editions appeared before 1532, in all of which considerable additions and improvements were made by the author. The poem finally extended to forty-six cantos.

The external appearance of Ariosto was worthy of his eminence as a poet. He was a tall and handsome man, of slow and measured step, and a grave and contemplative aspect. His complexion was very dark, his face thin and long, his head elevated and bald on the top; and these features, aided by a pair of dark and penetrating eyes, combined to give him an appearance different from the common race of mortals. His lips were beautifully formed, and, when he smiled, expressed the soft and amiable sentiments which so often grace his descriptions; his voice was clear and harmonious, and all his gestures indicative of a lofty and affectionate disposition.

The habits of Ariosto, though in early life said to have been not free from censure, were characterised latterly by that simplicity and purity which best befits the man of eminent intellect. He was fond of gardening, but so ignorant or so inattentive as often to mistake one flower for another. He was so abstracted at meal-times, as finally, by eating over-fast, to bring on indigestion; and it was possible to make him eat things by no means agreeable to the palate, instead of others which he had been promised, without his perceiving the difference. It is said that in one of these fits of absence he neglected to ask a guest to partake of the viands set before them, but, falling to himself, quickly devoured the whole, without ever perceiving that his friend was sitting unregarded. Another grotesque anecdote is related of him. It seems that his poetry soon became as well known to the common people as that of Dante and Petrarch, and was every where sung in snatches, often, it may be supposed, without any great attention to correctness. Ariosto, one day passing a potter's shop, heard a passage so dreadfully mangled by the occupant, that he fell into a great rage, and with his stick demolished a quantity of the poor man's sherds, saying, when the potter complained of the injury, "What, varlet! I have broken but half a dozen of your base pots, not worth so many halfpence, but you have broken and mangled a fine stanza of mine, worth a mark of gold!" Another anecdote, strikingly illustrative of the esteem he acquired by his productions, may be here related. Having been appointed by his friend the duke to govern a disorderly province, which was much infested by smugglers and banditti, he had the misfortune one day to wander, in a fit of absence, and without any attendant, into the very midst of one of the hordes which he had been sent to put down. In all probability he would have been very ill used, or perhaps murdered, if one of them had not known him, and proclaimed his name to the rest. The chief immediately approached him with the greatest respect, and told him, since he was the author of the *Orlando Furioso*, the company, so far from injuring him, would form a guard of honour to conduct him back to his castle. They did so, entertaining him all the way with the various excellencies they had discovered in the poem, and bestowing upon it the most rapturous praises.

Ariosto died on the 6th of June 1533, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in the church of S. Benedetto, at Ferrara, where a splendid monument was afterwards erected to his memory. It is related that Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany, more than two centuries after, had occasion to pass through this city; and though he had hardly time for refreshment, he spent an hour in showing his respect for the poet by a visit to his tomb. In the age immediately following the death of Ariosto, there was not, according to the report of Bernardo Tasso, "an artisan, nor a boy, nor girl, nor an old man, who had not read the *Orlando* over and over again; its stanzas formed the comfort of the lonely traveller, who relieved the toil of his cold and weary journey by singing them as he went; and persons might be heard repeating them in every street and field."

According to Mr. Stebbing, to whose labours we have been so much indebted, "no poem exists more richly deserving the popularity it has enjoyed through successive generations. Imagination never gave birth to a greater or more splendid variety of scenes, incidents, and characters, and never did poet hold the minds of his readers more completely captive by the charm of his song. At one time, we seem carried by some magic car over wide-stretching countries, varied with every wonder and glory of nature; at others led by a hermit, or the singing of a solitary bird, through green and quiet dells; then again, transported through the air, and making our passage amid gorgeous clouds, we find ourselves on tented battle fields, or surrounded by throngs of dames or barons, in the hall of some lordly castle. Nor does the charm of the poet consist only in this wild variety and brilliancy of the objects

with which it regales the fancy. Both the sentiments and incidents are often exquisitely tender and impassioned; gaiety and splendour give way to pathos, and the music of the verse becomes as deep and plaintive as it was before light and flowing."

This beautiful, but, in our opinion, irregular poem, has been thrice translated into English—first, in the seventeenth century by Sir John Harrington; next, in the latter part of the last century by Mr. Hoole; and, finally, in our own day by Mr. Stewart Rose. The first of these versions is now antiquated; the second is in the cold stiff epics of the reign of George the Third, and gives no adequate idea of the glowing descriptions of Ariosto. In the third, there is alone to be found a fair representation of the feeling and spirit of the original.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT,

A TALE.

From the German of Richter.

SINCE the day when the town of Haslau first became the seat of a court, no man could remember that any one event in its annals (always excepting the birth of the hereditary prince) had been looked for with so anxious a curiosity as the opening of the last will and testament left by Van der Kabel. Seven distant surviving relatives of seven distant relatives deceased, of the said Van der Kabel, entertained some little hopes of a place amongst his legatees, grounded upon an assurance which he had made, "that, upon his oath, he would not fail to remember them in his will." These hopes, however, were but faint and weakly; for they could not repose any extraordinary confidence in his good faith—not only because, in all cases, he conducted his affairs in a disinterested spirit, and with a perverse obstinacy of moral principle, whereas his seven relatives were mere novices, and young beginners in the trade of morality—but also because, in all these moral extravagances of his (so distressing to the feelings of the sincere rascal), he thought proper to be very satirical, and had his heart so full of odd caprices, tricks, and snares, for unsuspecting scoundrels, that (as they all said) no man who was but raw in the art of virtue could deal with him, or place any reliance upon his intentions. Indeed, the covert laughter which played about his temples, and the falsetto tones of his sneering voice, somewhat weakened the advantageous impression which was made by the noble composition of his face, and by a pair of large hands, from which were daily dropping favours little and great, benefit-nights, Christmas-boxes, and New Year's gifts: for this reason it was, that, by the whole flock of birds who sought shelter in his boughs, and who fed and built their nests on him, as on any wild service-tree, he was, notwithstanding, reputed a secret magazine of springs; and they were scarce able to find eyes for the visible berries which fed them, in their scrutiny after the supposed gossamer snares.

In the interval between two apoplectic fits, he had drawn up his will, and had deposited it with the magistrate. When he was just at the point of death, he transferred to the seven presumptive heirs the certificate of this deposit; and even then said, in his old tone, how far it was from his expectation, that, by any such anticipation of his approaching decease, he could at all depress the spirits of men so steady and sedate, whom, for his own part, he would much rather regard in the light of laughing than of weeping heirs: to which remark one only of the whole number, namely, Mr. Harprecht, inspector of police, replied as a cool ironist to a bitter one, "that the total amount of concern and of interest, which might severally belong to them in such a loss, was not (they were sincerely sorry it was not) in their power to determine."

At length the time is come when the seven heirs have made their appearance at the town-hall, with their certificate of deposit; namely, the ecclesiastical counsellor Glantz; Harprecht, the inspector of police; Neupeter, the court agent; the court-fiscal, Knoll; Pasvogel, the bookseller; the reader of the morning lecture, Flacks; and Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace. Solemnly, and in due form, they demanded of the magistrate the schedule of effects consigned to him by the late Kabel, and the opening of his will. The principal executor of this will was Mr. Mayor himself: the sub-executors were the rest of the town-council. Thereupon, without delay, the schedule and the will were fetched from the register office of the council, to the council-chamber; both were exhibited in rotation to the members of the council and the heirs, in order that they might see the privy seal of the town impressed upon them: the registry of consignment, indorsed upon the schedule, was read aloud to the seven heirs by the town-clerk; and by that registry it was notified to them that the deceased had actually consigned the schedule to the magistrate, and entrusted it to the corporation-chest; and that, on the day of consignment, he was still of sound mind; finally, the seven seals, which he had himself affixed to the instrument, were found unbroken. These preliminaries gone through, it was now (but not until a brief registry of all these forms had been drawn up by the town-clerk) lawful in God's name that the will should be opened and read aloud by Mr. Mayor, word for word, as follows:—

"I, Van der Kabel, on this 7th of May 179—, being in my house, at Haslau, situate in Dog Street, deliver and make known this for my last will; and without

many millions of words, notwithstanding I have been both a German notary and a Dutch schoolmaster. Howsoever I may disgrace my old professions by this parsimony of words, I believe myself to be so far at home in the art and calling of a notary, that I am competent to act for myself as a testator in due form, and as a regular deviser of property.

"It is a custom with testators to premise the moving causes of their wills. These, in my case, as in most others, are regard for my happy departure, and for the disposal of the succession to my property—which, by the way, in the object of a tender passion in various quarters. To say any thing about my funeral, and all that, would be absurd and stupid. This, and what shape my remains shall take, let the eternal sun settle above, not in any gloomy winter, but in some of his most verdant springs.

"As to those charitable foundations, and memorial institutions of benevolence, about which notaries are so much occupied, in my case I appoint as follows:—To three thousand of my poor townsmen, of very class, I assign just the same number of florins, which sum I will that, on the anniversary of my death, they shall spend jorally in feasting, upon the town common, where they are previously to pitch their camp, unless the military camp of his serene highness be already pitched there, in preparation for the reviews; and when the gala is ended, I would have them cut up the tents into clothes. Item, to all the schoolmasters in our principality I bequeath one golden Augustus. Item, to the Jews of this place I bequeath my pew in the high church. As I would wish that my will should be divided into clauses, this is to be considered the first.

"Amongst the important offices of a will, it is universally agreed to be one, that from amongst the presumptive and presumptuous expectants, it should name those who are, and those who are not, to succeed to the inheritance; that it should create heirs, and should destroy them. In conformity to this notion, I give and bequeath to Mr Glantz, the counsellor for ecclesiastical affairs; as also to Mr Knoll, the exchequer officer; likewise to Mr Peter Neupeter, the court agent; item, to Mr Harprecht, director of police; furthermore, to Mr Flacks, the morning-lecturer; in like manner to the court bookseller, Mr Pasvogel; and finally, to Monsieur Flitte—nothing: not so much because they have no just claims upon me—standing as they do, in the remotest possible degree of consanguinity—nor again, because they are, for the most part, themselves rich enough to leave handsome inheritances; as because I am assured, indeed I have it from their own lips, that they entertain a far stronger regard for my insignificant person than for my splendid property; my body, therefore, or as large a share of it as they can get, I bequeath to them."

At this point, seven faces, like those of the seven sleepers, gradually elongated into preternatural extent. The ecclesiastical counsellor, a young man, but already famous throughout Germany for his sermons printed or preached, was especially aggrieved by such offensive personality; Monsieur Flitte rapped out a curse that rattled even in the ears of magistracy; the chin of Flacks, the morning-lecturer, gravitated downwards into the dimensions of a patriarchal beard; and the town-council could distinguish an assortment of audible reproaches to the memory of Mr Kabel, such as *prig, rascal, profane wretch, &c.* But the mayor motioned with his hand; and immediately the fiscal and the bookseller recomposed their features, and set their faces like so many traps, with springs and triggers, all at full cock, that they might catch every syllable; and then, with a gravity that cost him some efforts, his worship read as follows:—

"Excepting always, and be it excepted, my present house in Dog Street; which house, by virtue of this third clause, is to descend and to pass in full property, just as it now stands, to that one of my seven relatives above mentioned, who shall, within the space of one half hour (to be computed from the reciting of this clause), shed, to the memory of me his departed kinsman, sooner than the other six competitors, one, or, if possible, a couple of tears, in the presence of a respectable magistrate, who is to make a protocol thereof. Should, therefore, all remain dry, in that case the house must lapse to the heir general, whom I shall proceed to name."

Here Mr Mayor closed the will: doubtless he observed the condition annexed to the bequest was an unusual one, but yet in no respect contrary to law: to him that wept the first the court was bound to adjudge the house: and then, placing his watch on the session table, the pointers of which indicated that it was now just half-past eleven, he calmly sat down, that he might duly witness, in his official character of executor, assisted by the whole court of aldermen, who should be the first to produce the requisite tear or tears on behalf of the testator.

That since the terraqueous globe has moved or existed, there can ever have met a more lugubrious congress, or one more out of temper and enraged, than this of Seven United Provinces, as it were, all dry and all confederated for the purpose of weeping, I suppose no impartial judge will believe. At first some invaluable minutes were lost in pure confusion of mind, in astonishment, and in the merriest peals of laughter. The congress found itself too suddenly translated into the condition of the dog, to which, in the very moment of his keenest assault upon some object of his appetites, the fiend cried out, Halt!

whereupon, standing up, as he was, on his hind legs, his teeth grinning, and snarling with the fury of desire, he halted, and remained petrified. From the gaspings of hope, however distant, to the necessity of weeping for a wager, the congress found the transition too abrupt and harsh.

One thing was evident to all, that, for a shower that was to come down at such a full gallop, for a baptism of the eyes, to be performed at such a hunting pace, it was vain to think of raising up any pure water of grief: no hydraulics could effect this; yet, in twenty-six minutes (four unfortunately were already gone), in one way or other, perhaps, some business might be done.

"Was there ever such a ridiculous act?" said the merchant Neupeter; "such a piece of buffoonery enjoined by any man of sense and discretion? For my part, I can't understand what it means." However, he understood thus much, that a house was by possibility floating in his purse upon a tear; and that was enough to cause a violent irritation in his lachrymal glands.

Knoll, the fiscal, was screwing up, twisting, and distorting his features pretty much in the style of a poor artizan on Saturday night, whom some fellow-workman is barber-ously razoring and scraping by the light of a cobbler's candle: furious was his wrath at this abuse and profanation of the title Last Will and Testament; and, at one time, poor soul, he was near enough to tears—of vexation.

The wily bookseller, Pasvogel, without loss of time, sat down quietly to business; he ran through a cursory retrospect of all the works any ways moving or affecting, that he had himself either published or sold on commission; took a flying survey of the *Pathetic* in general; and in this way of going to work he had fair expectations that in the end he should brew something or other; as yet, however, he looked very much like a dog who is slowly licking off an emetic which the Parisian surgeon Demet has administered, by smearing it on his nose—time, gentlemen, time was required for the operation.

Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace, fairly danced up and down the sessions-chamber: with bursts of laughter he surveyed the rueful faces around him; he confessed that he was not the richest among them; but, for the whole city of Strasburg and Alsace to boot, he was not the man that could or would weep on such a merry occasion. He went on with his unseasonable laughter and indecent mirth, until Harprecht, the police inspector, looked at him very significantly, and said, that perhaps Monsieur flattered himself he might, by means of laughter, squeeze or express the tears required from the well-known Meibomian-glands, the caruncula, &c., and might thus plicarily provide himself with surreptitious rain; but in that case he must remind him that he could no more win the day with any such secretions, than he could carry to account a course of sneezes, or wilfully blowing his nose; a channel into which it was well known that very many tears, far more than were now wanted, flowed out of the eyes through the nasal duct; more, indeed, by a good deal, than were ever known to flow downwards to the bottom of most pews at a funeral sermon. Monsieur Flitte of Alsace, however, protested that he was laughing out of pure fun, and for his own amusement, and, upon his honour, with no ulterior views.

The inspector, on his side, being pretty well acquainted with the hopeless condition of his own dephlegmatised heart, endeavoured to force into his eyes something that might meet the occasion, by staring with them wide open, and in a state of rigid expansion.

The morning-lecturer, Flacks, looked like a Jew beggar mounted on a stallion which is running away with him. Meantime, what by domestic tribulations, what by those he witnessed at his own lecture, his heart was furnished with such a promising bank of heavy laden clouds, that he could easily have delivered upon the spot the main quantity of water required, had it not been for the house which floated on the top of the storm; and which, just as all was ready, came driving in with the tide, too gay and gladsome a spectacle not to banish his gloom, and thus fairly dammed up the waters.

The ecclesiastical counsellor, who had become acquainted with his own nature by his long experience in preaching funeral sermons, and sermons on the new-year, and knew full well that he was himself always the first person, and frequently the last, to be affected by the pathos of his own eloquence, now rose with dignified solemnity, on seeing himself and the others hanging so long by the dry rope, and addressed the chamber:—No man, he said, who had read his printed works, could fail to know that he carried a heart about him as well as other people; and a heart, he would add, that had occasion to repress such holy testimonies of its tenderness as tears, lest he should thereby draw too heavily on the sympathies and the purses of his fellow-men, rather than elaborately to provoke them by stimulants for any secondary views, or to serve an indirect purpose of his own. "This heart," said he, "has already shed tears (but they were shed secretly), for Kabel was my friend;" and, so saying, he paused for a moment, and looked about him.

With pleasure he observed that all were still sitting as dry as corks; indeed, at this particular moment, when he himself, by interrupting their several

water-works, had made them furiously angry, it might as well have been expected that crocodiles, fallow-deer, elephants, witches, or ravens, should weep for Van der Kabel, as his presumptive heirs. Among them all, Flacks was the only one who continued to make way: he kept steadily before his mind the following little extempore assortment of objects:—Van der Kabel's good and beneficent acts; the old petticoats, so worn and tattered, and the grey hair of his female congregation at morning service; Lazarus with his dogs; his own long coffin; innumerable decapitations; the Sorrows of Werter; a miniature field of battle; and, finally, himself and his own melancholy condition at this moment, itself enough to melt any heart, condemned as he was in the bloom of youth, by the second clause of Van der Kabel's will, to tribulation, and tears, and struggles: Well done, Flacks! Three strokes more with the pump-handle, and the water is pumped out—and the house along with it.

Meantime Glantz, the ecclesiastical counsellor, proceeded in his pathetic harangue:—"O, Kabel, my Kabel," he ejaculated, and almost wept with joy at the near approach of his tears, "the time shall come that by the side of thy loving breast, covered with earth, mine also shall lie mouldering and in cor—"

—ruption, he would have said; but Flacks, starting up in trouble, and with eyes at that moment overflowing, threw a hasty glance around him, and said, "with submission, gentlemen, to the best of my belief I am weeping;" then sitting down with great satisfaction, he allowed the tears to stream down his face; that done, he soon recovered his cheerfulness and his aridity. Glantz, the counsellor, thus saw the prize fished away before his eyes: this vexed him; and his mortification was the greater on thinking of his own pathetic exertions, and the abortive appetite for the prize which he had thus uttered in words as ineffectual as his own sermons; and, at this moment, he was ready to weep for spite—and "to weep the more because he wept in vain."—As to Flacks, a protocol was immediately drawn up of his watery compliance with the will of Van der Kabel; and the message in Dog Street was knocked down to him for ever. The mayor adjudged it to the poor devil with all his heart: indeed, this was the first occasion ever known in the principality of Haslau, on which the tears of a schoolmaster and a curate had converted themselves—not into mere amber, that incloses only a worthless insect, like the tears of the Heliades, but, like those of the goddess Freia, into heavy gold. Glantz congratulated Flacks very warmly, and observed, with a smiling air, that possibly he had himself lent him a helping hand by his pathetic address. As to the others, the separation between them and Flacks was too palpable, in the mortifying distinction of *wet* and *dry*, to allow of any cordiality between them; and they stood aloof therefore: but they staid to hear the rest of the will, which they now awaited in a state of anxious agitation.

AN ENGLISH RURAL PARISH.

In the county of Bucks, there is a small parish, named Cholesbury, in which the evils consequent on the present system of the poor-laws are exemplified in the highest possible degree. This parish, it seems, possesses a population of one hundred and thirty-nine individuals, out of which only thirty-five support themselves; sixty-six are parishioners receiving relief from the poor-rates, and thirty-eight are resident paupers receiving relief from their own parishes. Sixty years since, only one person received relief from the parish. Now, the above is the case, and the sum at present required as poor-rates amounts to no less than £367, 4s. annually. Even so late as 1801, the amount of poor-rates was but £37 a year: the rapid progression in the present instance towards universal pauperism, is therefore absolutely frightful. In the list of those now on the poor roll, we perceive whole families—husband, wife, and children, each with their allotted sums. One family of six individuals (one of which is an infant of a year old) gets 9s. 6d. a-week, or £24, 14s. annually; another family of four gets 7s. a-week; from 8s. to 9s. seems the ordinary weekly payment to families; and from 3s. to 4s. that which is given to single persons; a boy or girl of ten or eleven years of age gets 2s. About October last year, the parish officers, not being able to collect any more funds, threw up their books, and their duties fell upon the clerical incumbent. The income of this gentleman is under £140 a-year; yet such have been the exigencies of the parish, that he has been obliged to commence supporting the paupers by daily allowances of bread, potatoes, and soup. But this source also failing, he was necessitated to apply to the magistrates at the petty and special sessions, for grants of money from other parishes, and which are called "rates in aid." These rates in aid (of perhaps £50 at a time) have also failed: additional exactions are laid on the property in the parish; and the result at length ensues, of the land being abandoned by farmers and other cultivators. Nobody will take the land for nothing. The only ground now cultivated in the parish amounts to sixteen acres, including cottage gardens. By the account of the incumbent, communicated to the poor law commissioners (from whose report we draw this information), the moral and physical condition of the population is getting daily worse. "The poor-laws (says he) have produced so much dependence and improvidence among them, that if,

for a few weeks only, when the funds are exhausted, they are deprived of parish aid, they incur debts, and become behind hand in their rents, and, to avoid discharging it, voluntarily quit a comfortable cottage for one much less so: thus a spirit of recklessness and dishonesty is promoted, detrimental to the moral character of the very best of them. I confess I now see no prospects whatever of the parish being relieved from its present degraded and impoverished state.²⁷ What a melancholy picture of human wretchedness we are here presented with!—the land of a parish in a rural district of England, literally abandoned by cultivators, in dread of the excessive burden of the poor-rates, and the chief part of the population reduced to the character of dependent paupers! Can such a thing actually be in a country so long popularly known by the title of Merry England?

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

CONTINUING our series of papers on this interesting subject from the thirty-first number of the Journal, the next family of foreign extraction which we have to notice as settlers in Scotland, is that of *Durham*. The Durhams derive their name from the city of that name in the north of England, where they had long been settled; and it is ascertained, from records, that they immigrated into Scotland, where they took root, in the early part of the thirteenth century, in the reign of William the First, surnamed the Lion. The *Montfichets* settled in Scotland, also, in the reign of William the First, and obtained lands in Perthshire. In the course of subsequent ages, this family has allowed its appellation to be transformed into the by no means elegant name *Muschet*. The *Bissets* or *Bysets* came from England about the same remote period, and settled in two branches, the one in Morayshire, and the other in Berwickshire. One of the families of this surname, most likely the last mentioned, was concerned in the infamous murder of the Earl of Athole, at Haddington, in East Lothian, in the year 1242.

The gallant family of the *Chenes*, or *Cheynes*, a name distinguished in Scottish warlike history, was likewise of Anglo-Norman lineage, and settled soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century, but their chief line became extinct in the fourteenth. The widely-spread family of the *Grants* were undoubtedly of Anglo-Norman descent, although the genealogists contend for a Celtic original. In the reign of William the Conqueror, there were Grants in various public employments; from England they came into Scotland, and the first who appears in the records of this country were Laurence Grant and Robert Grant, the sons of Gregory le Grant, who married Mary Byset, the daughter of Byset of Lovet. This transaction must have taken place about the years 1250–60. The *Ayttons* are among the oldest and most respectable families in Scotland. They are of Anglo-Norman descent, and were originally called by the name of *De Vesci*; but a branch settling at Eytown, a place on the small river Eye, in Berwickshire, the family surname was in time changed to Eytton or Aytton. The Ayttons of Inchdairney, in Fife, are, it is understood, the lineal descendants of these Anglo-Norman *De Vesces*. The *Campbells* are, in the same manner, of Anglo-Norman descent. Their progenitors came into Scotland in the twelfth century; the principal stem, by marrying the heiress of O'Dubbin, a Gaelic chief, obtained along with her the lands of Lochow, in Argyleshire, and laid the foundation of the potent clan Campbell, which has till this day its headquarters in Argyleshire, and which has its branches among all classes in all parts of the country.

We have thus taken a rapid view of the settlement of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman families, as can be substantiated by the charters still preserved; although the list of immigrants is far from complete, and might be extended much farther, there being a vast number of families in Scotland of the same foreign lineage—as for instance the *Bertrams* or *Bertrands*, the *Ainslies* or *Angelos*, the *Chambersees* or *de la Chambres*. The last of these names is in Scotland generally spelt “Chalmers,” in conformity with the old orthography and pronunciation of the ordinary word from which the name is derived. Enough has been given to show how Scotland acquired the use of the English tongue and the English manners. Many humble attendants followed the various heads of families into the country, whose names, from their obscurity, are now unknown, but who equally contributed to fix the predominance of the Anglo-Normans.

Scotland was not alone indebted to this great infusion of the companions of the Norman conqueror and their descendants, for the foreign usages which it adopted. During the twelfth century, it received almost as large accessions by the introduction of Flemings, or Anglo-Belgians, from which race of foreigners, it has been mentioned, the noble race of

Douglas drew its first blood. Flemish people arrived in England in great numbers in the reigns of William Rufus and Henry the First; and, during the civil wars of Stephen, they were found useful as stipendiary soldiers. On the accession of Henry the Second, in 1154, he banished the Flemings, as well as other foreign adventurers; and these fleeing into Scotland, there received settlements, and in many cases acted as the hired troops of the sovereign. This description of colonists were of two classes—a high and a low, or the military adventurer and the humble artisan. Those who distinguished themselves by the sword, received grants of lands, and founded a number of families of rank and respectability. The places of residence of these fortunate soldiers were sometimes called *Flemington*, from their national denomination, and under that name they can still be pointed out in various parts of Scotland. The inferior class of Flemings settled chiefly in villages and towns, where their acts could be turned to account; though, such was the rigour of the corporation laws, and the ignorance of the craftsmen, that such was not always easily accomplished. An immense number of Flemings settled in the eastern part of Aberdeenshire, where, indeed, they affected the intonation of the speech, and, as it is understood, introduced that peculiarity of tongue now described as *Broad Buchan*. The Flemings of a higher rank can nowhere be so well traced as in Dumfriesshire and Galloway, especially the former, in the district of Annandale, where they originated the clan *Jordan*, or *Jardine*. The Flemings, Earls of Wigton, were descended from Baldwin, a Fleming, who obtained the lands of Biggar, in Upper Clydesdale, under a grant of David the First. The Flemings penetrated into the province of Moray, where one of their principal men, Berowald by name, obtained a grant of certain lands called *Innes*, from Malcolm the Fourth, and hence his descendants assumed the name of *Innes*. But perhaps the greatest of all the Flemish settlers in the reign of David the First, was Freskin, who obtained the lands of Strathbrock, in Linlithgowshire (now called Brocks, or Broxburn.) Luckily for this foreigner, a rebellion broke out in Moray, in the year 1130, which having assisted in quelling, he was rewarded with a large tract of land in the lowlands of Moray, where his descendants settled, and shortly dropping the appellation of Freskin, assumed in its stead that of *Moray* or *Murray*, which has been since retained by their noble line of posterity—the house of Moray, and innumerable families branching from it.

In thus describing the introduction of distinguished foreigners into Scotland, it has been shown, that in nearly all cases they took their surnames or family names from their places of settlement, from whence it appears that local names connected with lands have ever been esteemed the most honourable. Surnames first began to be used in France about the end of the tenth century; from France they progressed into England, but did not make their appearance in Scotland till the beginning of the twelfth century, or the reign of David the First, and became general before the conclusion of the thirteenth. Fashion, as much as convenience, dictated the assumption of surnames. It was at first a mark of rank, or of being connected with landed property, the word *de* being ordinarily appended to the name. A considerable time elapsed in France, England, and Scotland, before the common people took family names, it being not till the recent period of Edward the Second that they were assumed in England by the working classes; and as late as 1339, the peasants of France had no surnames. The first time that surnames were written in Scotland, in subscribing names, was in the *Inquisitio Davidis*, 1116, in which *Gervase Riddel* and *Robert Corbet* were witnesses. Riddel and Corbet are thus the two oldest surnames of which there is any trace in Scottish records. After this period, they came into use by the landholders taking, as has been seen, the appellations of their property. The middle and lower ranks, who had no lands, assumed surnames from their professions—as Smith, Wright, Hunter, &c.—or from the name of their father, with the addition of *son*, as Williamson, Johnson, Robertson, &c., a custom already sanctioned by the Celtic tribes, who used their patronymics—as MacDougal, MacPherson, &c. Others adopted or were given surnames from the colour of their visage—as Brown, Black, White, &c., while some were otherwise descriptive of the mental or personal character. In some instances, those of English extraction took the name of *English*, which in all cases has since been simplified to *Inglish*.

In this manner did the whole of the Scottish Lowlanders acquire their surnames before the end of the thirteenth century, though, from various capricious circumstances, a number of names have been conferred since that period. It is remarkable that it was long before married women assumed or were given their husbands' names; and it is still more strange, that, in some parts of Scotland, they are till the present time called by their own maiden names in preference to that of their husbands.

In closing this desultory sketch of the causes and effects of the great revolution in Scotland in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the writer may be permitted the single remark, that a knowledge of such facts ought to lead the Scotch into a train of thinking in which they by no means indulge. They are in the habit of proclaiming, that their country was

never conquered; it is hoped they will much more correctly boast of Scotland being subjected to the yoke of foreign aggression, but that they are the descendants of the conquerors.

RECKONING OF TIME.

In the civilised part of the world, it is now customary to reckon time by seconds, sixty of which constitute a minute—minutes, sixty of which constitute an hour—hours, twenty-four of which make a day—days, of which 365 or more form a year—and years, as numbered from the period of the birth of Jesus Christ. The year has been pitched upon by mankind to signify a space of time, because it requires such a space for the earth to go round the sun, and the seasons to be completed. The month has its origin in the revolution of the moon round the earth; though, among civilised nations, a somewhat longer time than what is necessary for that purpose is now assigned to the month. The day, being that period which suffices for the revolution of the globe on its own axis, and the phenomena of which are most familiar to man, and most immediately necessary for his support and for the support of nature, was probably the first natural period of time reckoned by the human race. These three periods are all natural: what remain are artificial—for there is nothing in the world which points out the division of days into hours, hours into minutes, or minutes into seconds.

It must have always been obvious to mankind, that a day consisted of a complete revolution of the sun from one point of the sky back to that point again; but at what point the commencement of the day was to be fixed, must have been a matter less easily settled. Accordingly, among ancient nations, the Babylonians, Persians, Jews, Greeks, and almost all the nations of Asia, commenced the day at sunrise, and considered it as lasting throughout the whole of the ensuing daylight and darkness; an arrangement which would answer better in countries near the tropics than elsewhere, as the sun there rises more nearly about the same time throughout the whole year. The Arabians began their day at noon, as do the astronomers of all nations; while the ancient Egyptians, and all modern European nations, along with the modern Chinese, commence it at midnight, which is evidently the most convenient plan, seeing that it throws all the waking and active part of the day under one date. Most nations have their clocks marked for only twelve hours; but the Italians run them on from the first hour to the twenty-fourth.

The recurrence of seasons must have instructed mankind at a very early period as to the length of the year, though not very correctly. Astronomy, however, was a very early science, and, accordingly, the fact, that a year lasts 365 days and some odd hours, seems to have been ascertained at a very remote period. The principal difficulty was to obtain a starting-point, from which to number the years. The era of the creation was not known, or could only be guessed at, at a comparatively late period, from the ages of the patriarchs in the Jewish scriptures. But even the Jews did not reckon from the creation till about four hundred years ago. The first mode of reckoning years that we know of, was that of the Olympiads, which took its rise among the Greeks 776 years before the birth of Christ. Public games had been instituted at Olympia, a city in Elis, which took place at every fifth recurrence of the full moon after the summer solstice, namely, about the beginning of our July. As this festival made a great impression on the public mind, the people began to reckon by Olympiads, or recurrences of the Olympic games—an Olympiad comprising four years. The supposed era of the birth of Christ (for this is not an exactly settled matter), took place about the middle of the last year of the 195th Olympiad. The Romans, on the other hand, reckoned from the foundation of their city, which took place, as of late precisely ascertained, 753 years before the birth of Christ. The Greeks latterly adopted a new era, called the Era of Seleucides, which commenced from twelve years after the death of Alexander the Great, in whose honour it was instituted. The Jews reckoned by this era till the fifteenth century, and still begin their year, according to it, some time in the month of September or October. There are some other eras, which were adopted by heathen nations; but they are hardly worth notice in this place.

The Christian Era, of which we now live in the eighteen hundred and thirty-third year, was not adopted as a reckoning of time immediately after the commencement of Christianity. That religion existed long in a very obscure way, and the date of the birth of its founder did not, for several centuries, become a sufficiently important event in the eyes of enlightened nations to cause them to make it an era. The eras of the Olympiads, the founding of Rome, the death of Alexander the Great, and the dates of ecclesiastical councils, and other events then considered of importance, were the common modes of reckoning, and continued to be partially so till a period less remote than many people suppose. Even in Italy, which early became the chief seat of Christianity, this era was not used till the sixth century. It was introduced into

France in the seventh, but not fully established till the eighth century; in Spain, though occasionally adopted in the eleventh, it was not uniformly used in public instruments till after the middle of the fourteenth, nor in Portugal until about the year 1415.

The commencement of the year was also, till a comparatively late period, the subject of no general rule. Christmas day; the day of the Circumcision, the 1st of January; the day of the Conception, the 15th of March; and Easter day; have all been used at various times, and by various nations, as the initial day of the year. Christmas day was the ecclesiastical beginning of the year, till Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, who reformed the calendar, ordered it, in 1582, to begin thenceforward on the 1st of January. In France and England, the same practice commenced about the same time; but, in the latter country, it was not till 1752 that legal writs and instruments ceased to consider the 25th of March as the beginning of the year. In Scotland, New Year's day was altered both for historical and legal purposes, from the 25th of March to the 1st of January, by a proclamation of King James the Sixth, in the year 1600. The English plan was found exceedingly inconvenient; for, when it was necessary to express a date between the 1st of January, which was the commencement of the historical year, and the 25th of March, which opened the legal one, error and confusion was sure to occur, unless it were given in the following awkward fashion—

January 30, 1648-9, or 1648^g. Even this was apt to lead to mistakes; and it is perhaps, even to this day, a matter of doubt with some intelligent persons, whether the execution of Charles the First, of which the above is the usual appearance of the date, occurred in the year 1648 or 1649: it in reality occurred in the year which, by our present uniform mode of reckoning, would be called 1649. Many of our readers will no doubt be startled to think, that, so lately as 1753, a mode of beginning the year on the 25th of March existed in England; but we point for a familiar illustration of the fact to the list of months which used to be so common on Bibles, where they will see March put at the head.

The division of the year into months is a matter which must have early occupied the attention of mankind. There were about thirteen revolutions of the moon in a year, and, accordingly, this was the earliest number of months. It appears, however, that many of even the ancient nations had arrived at a mode of dividing the year into twelve months, probably to suit the twelve signs of the zodiac. There was no very near approximation to the exact space of a year till Julius Cæsar, forty-five years before Christ, ordained that in general it should consist of 365 days, and that, to make up for the extra eight hours, which he believed to be the completion of the earth's revolution, the day corresponding to our 24th of February should be reckoned twice at the end of every three years. Cæsar's mistake was discovered thirty-seven years after; and six hours being then determined as the extra space, the twice-reckoned day was ordained to happen only once in four years. From the year of Christ 7, this way of reckoning was undisturbed, till, in the year 1582, Pope Gregory already mentioned resolved to reclaim the ten days which had in the meantime come into existence, through a failure to observe that the year consisted of twelve minutes and three seconds less than 365 days six hours. After deep study and calculation, this pontiff ordained that ten days should be deducted from the year 1582, by calling what, according to the old calendar, would have been reckoned the 5th of October, the 15th of October 1582. In Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy, the Pope was exactly obeyed. In France, the change took place in the same year, by calling the 10th the 20th of December. In the Low Countries, the change was from the 15th December to the 25th, but was resisted by the Protestant part of the community till the year 1700. The Catholic nations in general adopted the style ordained by their sovereign pontiff, but the Protestants were then too much inflamed against Catholicism in all its relations, to receive even a purely scientific improvement from such hands. The Lutherans of Germany, Switzerland, and, as already mentioned, of the Low Countries, at length gave way in 1700, when it had become necessary to omit *eleven* instead of ten days. A movement to this effect had been brought before the Parliament of England in 1585, but does not appear to have gone beyond a second reading in the House of Lords. It was not till 1751, and after great inconvenience had been experienced for nearly two centuries, from the difference of the reckoning, that an act was passed (24 Geo. II. 1751) for equalising the style in Great Britain and Ireland with that used in other countries of Europe. It was enacted, in the first place, that the historical and legal year should thenceforth be the same; that eleven days should be omitted after the 2d of September 1752, so that the ensuing day should be the 14th; and, in order to counteract a certain minute overplus of time, that "the years 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, 2300, or any other hundredth year of our Lord which shall happen in time to come, except only every fourth hundredth year of our Lord, whereof the year 2000 shall be the first, shall not be considered as leap-years." A similar change was about the same time made in Sweden and Tuscany; and Russia is now the only country which adheres to the *old style*; which renders it necessary, when a letter

is thence addressed to a person in another country, that the date should be given thus—April ¹/₁₃ or June ²⁶/_{July 9}; for it will be observed that the year 1800 not being considered by us as a leap-year, has interjected another (or twelfth) day between old and new style.

The present mode of reckoning time has experienced no interruption, in its leading features, for many years, except under the French republic. In September 1793, the French nation resolved that the foundation of their new system of government should form their era, instead of the birth of Christ, whose religion they had in a great measure shaken off, and that a calendar should be adopted on what were termed philosophical principles. The Convention therefore decreed, on the 24th of November 1793, that the common era should be abolished in all civil affairs; that the new French era should commence from the foundation of the republic, namely, on the 22d September 1792, on the day of the true autumnal equinox; that each year henceforth should begin at the midnight of the day on which the true autumnal equinox falls. This year they divided into twelve months of thirty days each, to which they gave descriptive names, as follow:—From the 22d September to the 21st of October, was Vendémiaire (Vintage Month); to the 20th November, was Brumaire (Foggy Month); to the 20th December, was Frimaire (Sleety Month); this completed the autumn quarter: to the 19th January, was Nivose (Snowy Month); to the 18th February, was Pluiose (Rainy Month); to the 20th March, was Ventose (Windy Month); which completed the winter quarter: to the 19th April, was Germinal (Budding Month); to the 19th May, was Floréal (Flowery Month); to the 18th June, was Prairial (Pasture Month); here ended the spring quarter: to the 18th July, was Messidor (Harvest Month); to the 17th August, was Fervidor or Thermidor (Hot Month); to the 16th September, was Fructidor (Fruit Month); which terminated the period of summer. In ordinary years, there were five extra days, namely, from the 17th to the 21st of our September, inclusive: these the French called Jours Complementaires or Sans-culottides, and held as festivals; the first being dedicated to Virtue, the second to Genius, the third to Labour, the fourth to Opinion, and the fifth to Rewards. At the end of every four years, forming what they called a Franciade, occurred a leap-year, which gave a sixth complementary day, styled La Jour de la Revolution, and employed in renewing the national oath to live free or die. The week, though not exclusively a Christian or Jewish period of time, they also abjured. The thirty days of the month were divided into three parts of ten days each, called Decades; of which the first nine (called Primidi, Duodi, Tridi, Quartidi, Quintidi, Sextidi, Septidi, Octidi, Nonidi) were working or common days, while the tenth, styled Decadi, was observed as a kind of Sabbath, though not exactly in the Jewish sense of the word. The French, however, in indicating any particular day, either by word or writing, generally mentioned only the number of the day of the month. The Republican Calendar was first used on the 26th of November 1793, and was discontinued on the 31st of December 1805, when the calendar used throughout the rest of Europe was resumed.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN COOK.

In the list of men who have raised themselves from obscurity to an honourable reputation by the force of their genius and perseverance, few stand so conspicuous as the celebrated English navigator, Captain James Cook; a person who, by his unwearied exertions and enterprise, won for himself a distinguished place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind.

This meritorious individual was born at the village of Marton, not far from Whitby, a sea-port on the coast of Yorkshire, on the 27th of October 1728. His parents were of an exceedingly humble rank in society: his father, who lived in the capacity of a farmer's servant, married a woman in the same sphere of life with himself; and both were noted for their honesty, sobriety, and industry—qualities that descended to their son James. Young Cook received the first rudiments of his education at Marton, where he was taught to read by the schoolmistress of the village. When he was eight years of age, his father, in consequence of his good character, obtained the situation of bailiff, or superintendent of a farm, to Thomas Scottowe, Esq. near Great Ayton, whither the family removed; and at that gentleman's expense James was put under the tuition of a schoolmaster, who instructed him in writing, and the first principles of arithmetic and book-keeping. At this period he is said to have shown a strong genius for figures, and to have made himself remarkable for the reservedness of his disposition, and the inflexibility of his temper. During this time he likewise followed the same servile employment as his father, as much as his tender years would permit: and thus laid the foundation of that hardness of constitution for which in after-life he was

so remarkable, and which may be said to have enabled him to accomplish his adventurous career.

When about sixteen years of age, Cook was bound apprentice to a shopkeeper at Snaithe, a considerable fishing town about ten miles north of Whitby; but as he now began to evince a strong partiality for a maritime life, fostered no doubt by the situation of the place, after a year and a half's servitude he obtained a release from his engagements, and determined to follow the bent of his genius.

Accordingly, in 1746 he became an apprentice for three years with Messrs Walker, of Whitby, owners of the ship *Freelove*, a vessel constantly employed in the coal trade, on board which our navigator spent the greater part of his apprenticeship. After serving the full time to the entire satisfaction of his employers, he performed some voyages to the Baltic, in the capacity of a common sailor, till at length his masters, who had penetration to discover his talents and worth, appointed him mate, and afterwards master of one of their ships. In this employment he continued till the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and France in 1755, when, being in the river Thames with his vessel, and finding that press-warrants were issued, he felt a spirit that disdained to be compelled to serve his king, and he adopted the resolution of entering the royal navy as a volunteer; "having a mind," as he expressed himself, "to try his fortune in that way."

Cook entered on board the *Eagle*, of sixty guns, commanded by Captain, afterwards Sir Hugh, Palliser; and that judicious officer soon perceived the merit of this excellent seaman, and granted him every encouragement compatible with the humble station which he occupied. His friends and relatives in his native country, likewise, finding his conduct deserving their patronage, generously interfered in his behalf; and through the influence of Mr Osbaldeston, M. P. for Scarborough, with the assistance of Captain Palliser, they at length procured him a master's warrant in the *Mercury*, and in her he soon after sailed to North America, where she joined the fleet under Sir Charles Saunders, in the memorable expedition against Quebec.

It was on this occasion that the talents of Cook were first brought into notice. During the siege, a difficult and dangerous service was to be performed. This was to take the soundings of the river St Lawrence between the Isle of Orleans and the north shore, directly in front of the French fortified camp at Montmorency and Beauport, in order to enable the admiral to place ships against the enemy's batteries, and to cover the army in the grand attack which General Wolfe intended to make on the camp. Captain Palliser, in consequence of his acquaintance with Cook's skill and resolution, recommended him to the service, and he performed it in the most complete manner.

After the reduction of Quebec, Cook was appointed by Lord Colville, on the 22d of September 1759, master of the *Northumberland*, in which ship his lordship remained the following winter, as commodore at Halifax. During the leisure which the winter season afforded him, he employed his time in the acquisition of such knowledge as eminently qualified him for his future appointments. It was at Halifax that he first read Euclid, the father of mathematics, and applied himself to the study of astronomy, and other higher branches of nautical science. The assistance which he derived from books was but scanty; but his industry enabled him to supply many wants, and to make a progress far superior to what could have been expected from the few advantages he enjoyed.

In April 1760, he received a lieutenant's commission, and he continued during two years to apply himself diligently to acquire a knowledge of the North American coast, and to facilitate its navigation. His abilities as an accurate draughtsman were now so well known, that he was employed by different commanders, particularly Lord Graves, to make charts and surveys; and the unanimous voice of the best judges confirms his merit in this respect.

Towards the close of 1762, he returned to England, and married a young lady of the name of Batts, whom he tenderly loved, and who had every claim to his warmest affection and esteem. It is a singular circumstance, if it be true as reported, that he was godfather to his future wife, and, at the very time she was christened, declared that he had determined on the union which afterwards took place between them.

Early in the year 1763, after the restoration of peace, he was appointed marine-surveyor of Newfoundland, at the recommendation of his steady friend and patron, Captain, afterwards Lord Graves, who went out again as governor. This appointment he continued to fill, under successive governors, till the close of the year 1767; and he had here an opportunity of exhibiting to the Royal Society a proof of the great progress which he had made in the study of astronomy. This he did in 1766, by making an observation of an eclipse of the sun at the Island of Newfoundland, with the longitude deduced from it, which was published in the fifty-seventh volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*; and he now acquired reputation for his scientific, as he had formerly for his professional skill.

We come now to that period of Cook's life when he was to be known to the world as one of the most illustrious navigators that any age or nation has pro-

duced. It having been calculated by astronomers that a transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc would happen in 1769, and that the best place for observing it would be in some part of the South Seas, the Royal Society addressed a memorial to his majesty on the subject, entreating that a vessel might be ordered at the expense of government, for the conveyance of suitable persons to make the observations. To this memorial a favourable answer was returned, and the Endeavour bark, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons, was purchased into the service for the voyage. Some difficulties occurred in the appointment of a commander; but at length Mr Stephens, Secretary to the Admiralty, mentioned Lieutenant Cook as a person whom he judged to be fully qualified for the direction of the voyage, and at the same time recommended it to the board to take the opinion of Sir Hugh Palliser, who had lately been governor of Newfoundland, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of Cook. Sir Hugh rejoiced in the opportunity of serving his friend, and, through the strength of his recommendation, it was determined that Cook should have the command of the expedition. He was appointed joint-astronomer with Mr Charles Green, a gentleman who had long been assistant to Dr Bradley, at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich; and he was also accompanied by Mr, afterwards Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, and by Dr Solander, a Swedish gentleman, who had made much proficiency in every branch of natural history, under the instructions of the celebrated Linnaeus. With the rank of captain, he sailed down the river Thames, on the 30th of July 1768, and, on the 26th of August following, he sailed from Plymouth Sound, on an expedition the most honourable to his country.

On the 13th of November, Captain Cook arrived at Rio de Janeiro, in South America; and proceeding from thence, after touching at Port Maurice, in the Straights of Le Maire, on the 13th of April 1769, he anchored in Matavia Bay, in the island of Otaheite. On the 3d of June, the transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc was observed with great advantage. A particular account of this rare astronomical event, the providing for the accurate observation of which reflected so much honour on his majesty's munificent patronage of science, may be seen in the sixty-first volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

In the course of this voyage, Captain Cook visited the Society Islands; determined the insularity of New Zealand; sailed through the strait which separates these two islands, now called after his name; and made a complete survey of both. He afterwards explored the eastern coast of New Holland, hitherto unknown; and thus added an extent of more than two thousand miles to our geographical knowledge of the globe. On the 12th of June 1771, he came to an anchor in the Downs, after having been absent almost three years, in which time he had experienced every danger to which a voyage of such length is incident, displaying on all occasions a mind equal to the most perilous enterprises, and to the boldest and most daring efforts of navigation and discovery.

Shortly after Captain Cook's return to England, it was resolved to equip two ships to complete the discovery of the southern hemisphere. It had long been a prevailing idea that the unexplored part contained another continent, and many plausible philosophical arguments had been urged in support of this opinion. To ascertain this point was the important object of Captain Cook's second voyage. That nothing might be omitted which could tend to facilitate the enterprise, two ships were provided, equipped with uncommon care, and furnished with every necessary that could contribute to the safety, health, and comfort of the navigators. The first of these ships, commanded by Captain Cook, was called the *Resolution*, a vessel of four hundred and sixty-two tons burthen; the other, the *Adventure*, of three hundred and thirty-six tons, was commanded by Captain Tobias Furneaux.

He sailed from England on the 9th of April 1772; on the 25th of January 1774, arrived within the southern frozen zone; and on the 30th of January, he reached the latitude of $71^{\circ} 10'$ south; but all attempts to penetrate farther to the southward being found absolutely impracticable, he was obliged to relinquish the attempt. This latitude, to the extent of three degrees, has been since passed by Captain Weddell, in 1823.

Cook returned to England from this his second voyage, in July 1774, and was received with marked honours. He might now have retired from all future toil; but he was reserved for yet far greater exertions, and doomed, through savage barbarity, to lose a life of the greatest value to society. For a number of years it had been a favourite scheme with navigators to discover a shorter and more commodious passage to the East Indies than by the Cape of Good Hope. Cook's mind was fired with the magnitude of such a design, and the consequences likely to result from it. Under a noble enthusiasm, he offered his services in the conducting of the expedition; no proposal could have been more grateful, and he was invested with the command. The vessels destined for this service were the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*—the former being given to Cook, the latter to Captain Clerke. The instructions were to seek out a path from the Pacific to the Atlantic, by way of the clusters of islands Cook had before visited within the southern tropic. The ships left the English Channel in July 1776.

The particulars of this interesting voyage our readers are most likely already acquainted with. It will be remembered that Cook proceeded by way of the Cape of Good Hope, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, the Friendly and Society Islands, and from thence northwards along the west coast of America, till he was prevented from sailing round the northern extremity of Asia by the approach of winter. He now returned southwards to the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific, with the intention to remain till summer; but here his enterprise was arrested. When at the Island of Owhyhee, a quarrel arose between the natives and the ship's crews, which led to a sort of skirmish or hurried fight. In endeavouring to quell the disturbance, when on shore, he was stabbed in the back, and fell with his face into the water. This melancholy event occurred on the 14th of February 1779. The intelligence was received, not only in Britain, but throughout Europe, with general lamentation, and various honours were justly paid to his memory, both by public bodies and private individuals.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

IN addition to the comprehensive account of the colony of New South Wales, forming a number of our "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," the following sketch from the *New South Wales Calendar* for the year 1833, may be perused with advantage by intending emigrants and others.

"In this important colonial possession, the rising up of towns and villages, and the erection of well-proportioned public and private edifices, stand in proud attestation of a country's advancement. At the first settlement of the colony, the eye in every direction rested upon no other object than an interminable forest. Now, the stranger beholds Sydney, the metropolis of Australia, with no small surprise; the regularity of the streets, and the elegance of the buildings, being beyond his most sanguine expectations.

A proof of the country's progression consists in the appointment of the mails, and the quick and secure transmission of letters by post. Settlers in distant parts of the interior are now supplied with their letters and newspapers at a fixed rate, and at stated periods, and the inhabitants of Sydney with the latter twice every day, with the exception of Sunday. Stage-coaches also run regularly between the metropolis and some of the towns in the interior, while, for the accommodation of the good citizens of the capital, more than one hackney-coach has already started. Between the ports of Sydney and Newcastle several vessels are regularly trading, while others speed their way to Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand on varied objects of commerce. Nor are these the only means of intercourse by water. Two steam-vessels, those rapid vehicles of communication, which Great Britain and America shoot forth to different countries of the northern hemisphere, have begun to ply upon our southern waves. The *Sophia Jane*, and *William the Fourth* (the last built in the colony on William's River), make their weekly trips on different days from Sydney to Newcastle, a town on the mouth of the Hunter, and on to the Green Hills near Maitland, thirty-eight miles up the river. By this means the settlers in these rich and extensive districts have the accommodation of making choice of the opportunities, without regard to wind or tide, of proceeding to and from Sydney within a week, of shipping the produce of their farms for the market, and bringing back goods in return.

Another mark of the progress of cultivation and march of intellect, will be found to consist in the publication of newspapers and other periodical works; of the former, there are at present six in the colony, besides the *Government Gazette*; in addition to these we have the *Australian Almanack*, an annual which contains much useful information for the colonist.

A great improvement is daily taking place in the outward condition of the several ranks of society. While the climate is decidedly good, and where but little disease predominates, which, with care and attention, may be generally avoided or repelled, the sick, from accident or from causes unconnected with climate, the helpless and infirm, have the benefit of the Hospital, the Dispensary, and Benevolent Asylum. For the moral welfare of the community there are various societies. For the general reader, there are a subscription and two circulating libraries; for the scientific, lectures in natural philosophy, chemistry, &c.; and a museum, which must ere long rise into importance, as the public receptacle for the innumerable wonders of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms of this great southern land. Astronomy possesses her votary at the observatory in Paramatta, while the lovers of Flora may range at pleasure through the walks of the Botanical Garden and drives in the government domain in Sydney; and the admirers of agriculture and horticulture attend the annual meetings of 'the Society,' and witness the awarding of medals to the successful candidates for the several premiums for colonial produce and stock. The amateur of the 'course' can boast his turf, racing, and jockey clubs. The lover of drollery and fun, his 'Levy at Home'; the man of merchandise, his 'Australian Society,' his 'Chamber of Commerce,' and 'Marine Insurance Company.' And while the man of wealth rejoices in his shares in the larger, the prudent and thrifty avail themselves of a safe depository for their 'savings' in

the lesser bank. Inventions of different kinds from the mother country are constantly multiplying.

As a consequence of this improvement in the physical circumstances of the people, population has within these few years been greatly on the increase; which will be evident from the fact, that by the census, taken in 1820, the number of souls amounted to 25,526, and by that of 1828, to 36,598. A great change for the better also has been gradually taking place in the quality of every description of stock. No country can be more favourable for breeding good horses than this. The mildness of the climate, the abundance of natural grasses, and the extensive runs through endless woods, and over the finest downs, tend in no slight degree to their improvement. We have at the present time most excellent breeds of different kinds, imported from England and India, both for saddle and draught, and their number far exceeds the demand for them. Here, too, they are subject to very few diseases, and live to a great age.

From the same advantages of climate and pasture, horned cattle also thrive well in this colony. Of the Devonshire, Suffolk, Durham, and Ayrshire breeds, very many have been imported. The supply of milk, butter, and cheese, is generally abundant. The beef is excellent and plentiful, and, consequently, cheap, and must continue so as long as the increase of animal food exceeds the consumption; many, however, of our superabundant cattle, will be drained from our herds, now that our salted beef, some of which, having been well tried, has been pronounced of very superior quality, is made to supply our whalers, and is becoming a valuable export from our shores.

As it regards sheep, our colonial wool has of late wonderfully improved, and is now equal or superior, in many flocks, to the fleece of any other country. Good, confidential shepherds, however, are much wanted. Were the sheep farms supplied with such, the quantity of wool would be greatly increased, as the lives of many valuable sheep would be annually saved to the wool-grower.

Many thousand acres of our territory are now under cultivation in wheat and maize. On this side of the Blue Mountains the soil and climate are not generally favourable to the growth of the former, but are particularly adapted to that of the latter. To the westward of the mountains, and in the county of Argyle, wheat flourishes well, the crops are abundant, and the grain of the very best quality.

The cultivation of tobacco is rapidly increasing in the colony, and a very excellent snuff is manufactured in Sydney from its produce. The climate appears to be well adapted also to the growth of the hop, and of cotton and flax.

As regards vegetables, these of every description flourish in our gardens, while fruit-trees of all kinds, such as oranges, peaches, apples, pears, &c., are very productive amongst us. The olive promises well; and every year adds somewhat new to the present productions, in the shape of seeds and fruit-trees imported from Europe, South America, and India.

Considered in a mineralogical and geological point of view, this country is by no means deficient in interest, but, on the contrary, is daily advancing in importance. The quantity and quality of her coal, worked by the Australian Agricultural Company at Newcastle, will be not only a source of increasing value to the resident in Sydney, where the purchase of firewood, which must now be brought from a considerable distance into the capital, is attended with so much expense, but must also be an article of export. Some of the best kinds of iron are to be met with in the colony; and from the recent discovery, by the writer of this sketch, in the neighbourhood of the Liverpool Range, of native copper coating the rounded surfaces of agate and cornelian, it may be presumed that the riches of this mineral will one day be extracted from the bowels of our mountains, and be made to be of no trifling importance in the manufactures of the country. Here, in this new land, the geologist observes the general accordance of the inclination and alternation of the several strata with that of other countries on the surface of the earth, and discovers organic remains in localities similar to those where they are known to predominate in the old world.

Of the various descriptions of emigrants, the following are much wanted amongst us, and, if sober and industrious, may calculate upon obtaining full employment and good wages, namely, brickmakers and bricklayers, stone-masons and plasterers, ship and house-carpenters, coopers and wheelwrights, painters and glaziers, cabinetmakers and blacksmiths. And as the disproportion between the sexes cannot but be considered one of the most serious evils in the social condition of the colony, the emigration hither of unmarried females of good character, in the humbler walks of life (and many such have already arrived amongst us) must be attended with very beneficial results to the community at large.

Disappointments, however, many and grievous, having been experienced by settlers on their arrival, especially by the emigrant pensioners of the army and artillery, as a preventive against any similar misfortunes for the future, a society, which is called the 'Emigrant's Friend Society,' has been recently formed in Sydney, the especial object of which is, as vessels arrive successively in our harbour, to direct the strangers on our shores how to procure employment, and thereby prevent them from spending to no available purpose the little they possess, and from

being foiled in the hopes which induced them to quit their native land.

The permanent welfare of all classes in our community must doubtless depend upon a due proportion of emigrant capitalists and emigrant labourers respectively arriving amongst us. The system of making grants of land being now abolished, the former may purchase land of the government at the minimum price of 5s. per acre, or may rent land at a yearly lease of 3s. 1½d. per 100 acres; and as there are millions of acres in the colony still unoccupied, we invite to our shores individuals of this description, bidding them bear in mind the great advantages they will here enjoy in having on their farms the aid of convict labour, so much cheaper than that of free servants: assuring them, that if they will only take care that the servants assigned to them by the government be well treated, well fed and clothed, they will be as safe on their lands in the midst of the *bond*, as they would be in England, surrounded by the *free*.

Such then, we repeat it, is the present state of Australia; such her standing amongst the colonies of Great Britain; and, blest beneath the sway of a ruler whose study is the people's welfare, she cannot but continue to increase in wealth and importance, until at no distant period she shall obtain that great political boon from the mother country, a legislative assembly, and rise proudly pre-eminent, happy and independent, amidst the nations of the earth."

THE SEA.

AMONG the sublimer objects of nature, a prominent place is to be allowed to the sea—the deep and illimitable ocean, with all its various and opposite properties; its use, and its destructive power; its beauty in the summer sun, its rage and deformity in the winter storm; now bearing the fortunes of thousands on the favouring expanse of its bosom; now burying them in fury in its greedy depths. Then the daily flux and reflux of its tides, its mighty currents, its vast concavity, the infinite variety in shape and size of its inhabitants—all furnish materials for deep thought and pleasing speculation.

As is generally known, this vast expanse of waters covers by far the greater part of the surface of the earth; so that the land seems rather an exception from the sea than the sea from the land. In reality, however, the sea is a part of nature in every point of view subordinate to the land. The globe consists throughout of those substances which we generally denominate land, and the sea is nothing more than a covering to the more solid body, and one, comparatively speaking, of no great depth. The sea also is evidently designed as a subservient thing to the earth, furnishing the vapour which rears its vegetation, and the most easy means of transportation from one part to another.

The largest masses of the sea, uninterrupted by land, are, the Pacific Ocean, which separates the continents of Asia and America; the Atlantic Ocean, by which Europe and America are divided; and the Northern and Southern Oceans, which surround the poles. The extent of some of these oceans in one or more directions is not less than ten thousand miles. Besides lesser bodies of water, called seas, there are minuter subdivisions called gulfs, bays, and estuaries; but it is our purpose, on this occasion, to confine ourselves to a general consideration of the properties and purposes of this interesting portion of nature.

The waters of the ocean contain, besides pure water, several extraneous substances, in proportions which vary in different parts: Muriatic or marine acid, vitriolic or sulphuric acid, fixed mineral alkali or salt, magnesian and sulphated lime, are the chief ingredients of sea-water. The saltiness of the sea seems in general to be less towards the poles than under the equator: there are exceptions, however, in some places, particularly in gulfs which receive many rivers. Amongst the numerous experimental results which Dr Marcet has arrived at, relative to the different kinds of sea-water, are the following, viz.:

"That the Southern Ocean contains more salt than the Northern, in the ratio of 1.02919 to 1.02757.

"That the sea in general contains more salt where it is deepest, and most remote from land; and that its saltiness is always diminished in the vicinity of large masses of ice.

"That small inland seas, though communicating with the ocean, are much less salt than the open sea.

"That the Mediterranean contains rather larger quantities of salt than the ocean."

Sea-water, also, in several places, has been found less salt at the surface than at the bottom. In the Straits of Constantinople the proportion is as 72 to 62, and in the Mediterranean as 32 to 29. By acquiring additional saltiness, also, it seems at a certain point to lose much of its bitterness; so at least says Spurrman, who took up a bottle of sea-water from the depth of 60 fathoms, and found it to taste like fresh water, in which common salt had been dissolved.

Although it is easy to discover the advantages resulting from the saltiness of the ocean, yet to solve the cause of its being so is a matter which presents the most serious difficulties, and has formed a subject for the most elaborate research of the philosopher, both in ancient and modern times, and, after all, the opinions entertained of it are as unsatisfactory as ever. Dr Halley has endeavoured to account for the saltiness of the ocean, by ascribing it altogether to the soluble substances which are incessantly washed into it by the rivers, the waters of which, he observes, even in their greatest purity, are never without a certain portion of saline matter. The water in this state flows into the sea, and, being evaporated and dispersed over the atmosphere by aerial currents, it descends in rain or vapour upon the surface of this earth, and accumulates in its course to the ocean a fresh tribute of salt, which, not being a volatile substance like the fluid by which it is dissolved, is perpetually adding to the stock already deposited in the depths, and so keeps up the saline properties of the ocean. What may appear to give some weight to this hypothesis of Dr Halley, is the fact, that, from the whole surface of the ocean, there arise, in the shape of vapour, every twelve hours, no less than 30,320,500,000,000, or more than thirty millions of millions of cubic feet of water, which is more than sufficient to supply all the rivers which intersect the four quarters of the globe. Other naturalists observing that extensive beds of sea-salt occur in almost every part of the upper world, and concluding by analogy that the bottom of the ocean is similarly furnished, have concluded that the saltiness of the sea is produced by the perpetual wasting of such beds, supporting by this conclusion the theory which implies a gradual increase of that property in the sea. Others, of more modern date, consider the waters of the sea as the residuum of a primitive fluid, which must have contained all the substances of which the globe is composed; and that this primitive fluid having deposited all the earthy principles, both acid and metallic, with which they were impregnated, there remained in their residuum (the present ocean) the elementary principles too intimately combined with water to escape from it; and with respect to the bitterness of sea-water, as it diminishes in proportion to its depths, it can arise solely from the great quantity of decomposed and putrifying animal and vegetable substances, which float in the ocean, and to which the rivers are constantly adding.

Whether the waters of the sea are not in a state of gradual diminution, is a question which has long engaged the attention of naturalists, and the result of every inquiry into this subject has been to prove that the present ocean, considered as to its entire quantity, remains always the same; but local circumstances, such as, for example, the clearing of waste lands, the destruction of forests, the turning away or choking up of the channels of rivers, may for a time alter the levels of some of the interior seas.

The quantity of water in the northern and southern hemispheres is exceedingly different. In the former, the proportion of land and water is seventy-two to a hundred; whereas, in the latter, it is only as fifteen to the same number. This unequal distribution of land and water in the two hemispheres, led the geographers and the naturalists of the last century to conclude, that a great continent existed in the south pole, to counterbalance the mass of land in the north. But the voyages of modern navigators have proved these conjectures to be altogether unfounded; indeed, according to the more rational views now entertained of the subject, the equilibrium of the globe can in no way be affected by the slight inequalities which are observed on its surface.

The knowledge which we have obtained of the depth of the ocean in various places, although sufficient for the purposes of the navigator, is too limited altogether to satisfy the inquiry of the curious. The greatest depth that has been reached by actual sounding has seldom much exceeded a mile. Lord Mulgrave heaved a very heavy sounding-lead in the Northern Ocean, and gave out with it a cable rope to the length of 780 fathoms, or 4680 feet (somewhat less than a mile), but without finding a bottom; and Captain Parry, with a line of 1020 fathoms, or 6120 feet (about a mile and an eighth), met with a similar disappointment. This was the greatest depth of soundings that is known to have ever been attempted. The depth of the sea has been thought to correspond with the height of the mountains upon its shores; but the justice of this theory, of course, can never be properly ascertained. Along the eastern coast of America, the average depth of the ocean, at the distance of 100 leagues from the land, appears to be about 300 and 360 feet; but the theory of the tides seems to require that the mean depth of the Atlantic should be about three miles—in no instance is there reason to conclude that the greatest depth of the ocean exceeds four miles.

So far as the bottom of the sea has been explored, it is found to be of as unequal surface as the land; so that, if the fluid were dried up, we might expect it to assume the appearance of hills and valleys, table-lands and large plains. In some places, the bed of the sea is found to be covered with vast quantities of shells, intermixed with sand and gravel; and in others, with soft alluvial sand several feet in depth. Donati, the Italian naturalist, describes the beds of shells at the bottom of the Adriatic Sea to be several hundred feet in thickness; and a great part of the bottom of the

South Sea is known to be covered with coral rocks, which, though the production of very small insects, frequently rise, like stupendous walls, to the surface, and form extensive islands. In Cook's Voyage to the Pacific, one of these submarine formations is described as follows:—"At one part of the reef, which bounds the lake within, almost even with the surface, there was a large bed of coral, which afforded a most enchanting prospect. Its base, which was fixed to the shore, extended so far that it could not be seen, so that it appeared to be suspended on the water. The sea was then unruffled, and the refulgence of the sun exposed the various sorts in the most beautiful order; some parts luxuriantly branching into the water, others appearing in vast variety of figures, and the whole greatly heightened by spangles of the richest colours, glowing from a number of large clams interspersed in every part. Even this delightful scene was greatly improved by the multitude of fishes that gently glided along, seemingly with the most perfect security. Their colours were the most beautiful that can be imagined—blue, yellow, black, red, &c.—far excelling any thing that can be produced by art."

The celebrated diver Pescola, whom the Emperor Francis the Second employed to descend into the Strait of Messina, saw there, with horror, enormous *polypti* attached to the rocks, the arms of which being several yards long, were more than sufficient to strangle a man. There are also bituminous springs, and even springs of fresh water, that spout up from the depths of the ocean; and, in the Gulf of Spezzia, a great sprout or fountain of fresh water is seen to rise like a liquid hill. Similar springs are to be found in the Bay of Xagua, which gush up with such force that small boats dare not approach them.

Several of the subordinate seas, or branches of the great ocean, have been distinguished by names agreeable to the peculiar colour which they possess, such as the Red Sea, the Yellow Sea, the Black Sea, the White Sea, &c. This difference of colour is ascribed to accidental circumstances, such as the nature of the bottom, the infusion of certain earthy or mineral substances, &c. In some instances the colour is permanent, and in others it is only illusory, produced by the fugitive tints of the sky. Humboldt informs us that he has frequently observed the waters of the Atlantic, when no change could be perceived in the appearance of the sky, to pass suddenly from an indigo blue to a deep green, and from the latter to a grey appearance. The Greenland seas, also, have been observed to change from ultra-marine blue to an olive green, and from perfect transparency to the semblance of a thick and muddy pulp. This phenomenon is ascribed to a vast quantity of animalcula in the green-coloured water; for in the blue, where few of these insects are to be found, the sea is so transparent that the bottom may be seen at the depth of eighty fathoms.

HONEY BEES AND WILD BEES.

BESIDES the common bee, which is fostered in gardens, &c. on account of its honey, there are several others in this country which also produce honey, and whose nests often afford a prize of well-filled combs to schoolboys and little shepherds, when discovered in hedge-banks or the sides of hills. It is often a question with such young philosophers, why the creatures which afford them such a rich treat, and whose underground stories seem as copiously filled as those of the most industrious hive, are not domesticated as the latter are, and indulged with a place in the garden, where they might labour to the same useful purpose as their brethren. This appears the more singular, that they are seen humming about on every flower during the honey months, and may be supposed to carry off much of the sweets that might otherwise be brought to the garden hive. They are of several different kinds, all apparently equally industrious. There is the common *humble bee*, black, with the hinder part of its abdomen white; the *black and red bee*; the *brown or foggy bee*, somewhat resembling the *carder* in its habits; and the *black bee*, noted for the fierce defence of its nest, which, after all, is not much worth plundering. These are the chief kinds which produce honey; and the question, as we have said, is, why are they not domesticated in hives, and their labours made useful like those of the garden bee? In answer, we may mention, that, in the habits of all these bees, there are circumstances which render their domestication almost impossible. The course of their life through the summer is as follows:—One bee alone having survived the rigours of winter, generally sets to work, about the early part of June, to construct a nest for herself and her future progeny: these nests are of different kinds, according to the habits of the insect; some of them, as the *humble bee*, going deep into the earth in dry banks; others preferring heaps of stone or gravel; and the *brown, foggy, or moss bee*, choosing always some bed of dry moss, generally of the long interwoven kinds called *hypnum*. The nest, as first constructed, is of small dimensions within; but when the bee has deposited her eggs, and young begin to be hatched, they all labour in common, and soon produce much more ample accommodations. The cells which we find in these nests are not the work in the old bee, but are formed by the young insects of

the same manner as the cocoons of silk-worms; and when the perfect insect is released from them by the old bee, which the latter does by gnawing off their tops, they are then employed as honey-cups. The honey which is here deposited is not, however, intended as a store for winter: it is collected solely to meet the wants of the growing colony in rearing its young bees, which are fed on a mixed food of honey and pollen (dust from the flowers of plants) while they are in the caterpillar state. The wants of the young go on increasing for a great part of the summer, and the quantity of honey they consume is very large: towards the middle or latter part of September, however, the energies of the bees begin to wax fainter, and little further progress is made in adding to the colony, or in collecting honey. Cold and showery days begin, even by this time, to thin the number of the insect population, who are now seen creeping slowly, with damp and heavy wings, upon the stalks and petals of flowers, where they were formerly seen actively buzzing about in search of honey. The stores of the honey-cups have not outlasted the wants of the young unfledged bees, of which they were the proper food; and if the nests be examined now, these cups are found quite empty. The bees which survive the accidents of rain, cold, and frost (for they are now frequently overtaken by frosty nights in their languid journey homeward), by degrees forsake the nest and its furniture, leaving the latter as a prey to mice, beetles, or other animals. To shelter themselves for the winter, they seek out some dry bank (not preferring one exposed to the sun), where they penetrate to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet into the earth, pushing up the earth behind them, and leaving no visible track by which they have descended. In these situations they are often found by labourers and others in digging the earth; and such people are often greatly puzzled to imagine how the insect can have reached such a depth. Persons who have attended to the habits of wild bees, can often fix on the spots where they take refuge, digging for and finding them with the greatest certainty.

The experiment of domesticating the different kinds of wild bees, has been tried; and it was found, that by removing their nest cautiously in an evening, and placing it in a quiet situation, in a garden or other place where they could be observed, they went on with their works without apparent alarm or interruption. During the whole summer, they continued to prosecute their occupations with the same industry as other bees; but about September, as we have mentioned, the hive began to turn languid, and the numbers which appeared going and coming about the entrance became daily smaller. It was imagined they had taken refuge within the hive; but when this was opened, after all seemed to have ceased their labours, every thing was found empty and deserted; there were neither bees nor honey; the stronger and younger insects, no doubt, having gone to make burrows for themselves in the earth, and the older ones having gradually fallen victims to the accidents of approaching winter.

The habits of our common honey bee are quite the reverse of these: the honey which they collect is intended partly as a store for use during some future emergency; and, accordingly, the quantity remaining at the end of summer, though some portion has been wanted for the nourishment of the young bees, is always large, and affords an ample repayment to those who have furnished them with shelter. This bee appears to have been originally a native of warmer climates than that of Britain; but it has been carried in the train of civilised man to whatever wilderness he has gone to colonise. It is now naturalised in New Holland, and in America it always keeps advancing into the solitudes of the forest, some hundred miles before the regular settlements of civilised people; the Indians mark its approaches, and call it the "white man's bee," because they find it the constant forerunner and companion of the white settlers.

In Cashmere there are several kinds of bees, which have the habits requisite for domestication; and that country, with the north of India, appears to be the native soil of these genera of honey bees. The inhabitants have a way of domesticating them which might be imitated with success in this country. In building dwelling houses, they leave certain cavities in the wall, with a very small aperture to the outside, like the entrance to a hive, but quite open inwards; this inner part is covered afterwards with a frame, having a door which opens at pleasure; into these cavities, which are much superior in the essential respects of warmth and security to our bee-hives, the insects are admitted; and here they carry on their labours during the summer. The people of the house, by opening the interior door, can see them at work whenever they please, and can remove a honey-comb at any time without distressing the hive; the only precaution necessary being to blow in at the back part as much smoke as will make the bees fly out at the front entrance. English travellers have seen the operation performed, and the bees quietly return. This plan of lodging bees might be followed here to great advantage, if not in dwelling houses, at least in the offices about farms, where a bee-hive in the wall would be at once cheaper, more secure, and more ornamental, than the masses of straw now used, which, besides affording no security against human plunderers, are the continual haunt of mice, snails, and all sorts of vermin.

THE ESKDALE POET.

IN the second number of the Journal, we presented a poem, entitled an *Ode to Poverty*, the production of William Park, a person in a humble walk of life in the district of Eskdale, upon the Scottish border. This ingenious individual, who belongs to that class of the peasantry from which Burns, and so many other Scotsmen who have distinguished themselves, drew their origin, has now published a volume of his collected poems, descriptive of his native vale, his feelings under various circumstances, and the objects which struck his fancy in the course of his rural occupations. Some of these pieces possess considerable merit, and, to be the effusions of a humble peasant in a remote thinly-populated district, who must have drawn his knowledge of mankind and their refinements almost entirely from books, they are so very creditable to him, that we most earnestly recommend them to the notice of our readers. The following verses, addressed to a human tooth, dug out of the cairn on Airswood-Moss, in May 1828, may be accepted as a specimen of the livelier pieces, as well as of the capacity of a plain Scottish ploughman of the nineteenth century:—

TOOTH OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Tooth of the olden time! I'd wish to learn
Thy living history; what age and nation
Thou representest underneath the cairn,
Fruitful of antiquarian speculation;
Nor are my queries an unmeaning sally—
Tooth is to tongue a neighbour and an ally.
Was it thy proud distinction, ancient tooth,
To ornament an arm a Roman jaw,
When the all-conquering legions of the south
Impos'd on us their language and their law?
When death or bondage seem'd to overtake us,
Pray, didst thou gnash defiance on Galgacus?
Was thy proprietor a sky-blue Piet,
Remarkable for longitude of arm?
One of that tribe which Kingly Kenneth kick'd
From crown and kingdom, to their no small harm?
Well known they were, I wot, for uncouth grammar,
For painting, too, and throwing the sledge-hammer.

Perhaps thou art a tooth of Saxon breed,
(A heath'nish cruel race with yellow hair,)
And haply grinn'd within some helmeted head,
With every transport, when the victim fair
Was seiz'd and slain, and sacrificed, and sodden,
And served up to bloody Thor and Woden.

Thou'rt not Druidical, I'm prone to think,
For near my lonely tomb no forests grow;
Nor o'er thy bending river's grassy brink,
Hath the green oak its shade been known to throw,
Forming a fane of gloom for Druid sages,
Or all hath perish'd in the lapse of ages.

What was thy owner, then?—a warrior dire,
Who liv'd and died amidst the din of battle?
Was he some consequential feudal squire,
Who bought and sold his serfs like other cattle?
Mayhap a bard, with soul of gentler quality,
Who sigh'd for, but obtain'd not, immortality.

If so, what funeral rites attend'd his shade?
Wak'd minstrelsy her wildest intonations?
Did silent sorrow many a breast pervade?
Or rung the welkin wide with ululations,
While rose in air the monumental stones,
A graceful cone—most venerable—of bones?

Ah! little thought the magnet of his times—
Th' aspiring bard—the man of power—the hero—
That his renown should rise in these my rhymes
After ten centuries' repose at zero;
And that his tooth, ejected from its socket,
Should toss and tumble in my waistcoat pocket.
Having discuss'd these high concerns a little
(I hope with some decorum and propriety),
There yet remain some minor points to settle,
Though not less interesting to society,
Questions connected with domestic quiet
And happiness—I now allude to diet.

Much as I've sought thy lineage and descent,
Thou bony remnant of departed glory!
I own I'm not less anxiously bent
To learn thy private, more immediate story—
What meats, or common, or, by way of cordial,
Have undergone thy masticating ordeal.

'Twere an uncourteous question, "Didst thou fare
On luxuries which modern teeth disdain?"
Thy hardy frame and healthful looks declare
That no such trash e'er trifled on thy table:
Thine was the food of undegenerate ages,
Else never hadst thou figured in my pages.
'Twas thine, heroic tooth! 'twas thine to pierce
The red deer's swelling sides with pride dilated;
The wild boar's head, terrific, grim, and fierce,
Thy eager, ardent onset too awaited;
Then teeth with tusk in deadly conflict meeting,
Display'd the feats of true primeval eating.

'Twere equally uncivil to inquire
If aught thou knowest of the frightful *ache*;
Thy fangs are sound as one could well desire,
Thy hard enamel smooth as frozen lake.
Thy triumph is twofold, O tooth sublime!
Thou scorn'st alike toothache and tooth of time.
And here thou art, a prodigy—a wonder—
A monument of undecaying earth;
Nor more of thee we'll know till the last thunder
Shall from his slumbers call thy master forth;
These puzzles which I grapple with in vain
Shall then be solv'd—and all thy case seem plain.

USE OF WOAD.

The blue colour in cloth is produced by using indigo and woad. Indigo is a drug procured from a plant grown extensively in Hindostan, and is an important object in commerce. About 30,000 chests of it are imported annually into Great Britain. The use of this drug has greatly superseded woad as a dye-stuff, still the latter is also in considerable requisition, and though not yielding so deep a blue as indigo, it gives one fully more durable. Woad is a powder procured from the liquid expression of a plant of the same name. It is grown in France, and in a few parts of England, Lincolnshire, we believe; but it is little known by cultivators in Scotland. As there is scarcely any article in commerce which can be so easily adulterated without detection as woad, and as the success of the dyer very much depends on the genuineness of the material, it is to be hoped that Scottish dyers will soon see the propriety of entering upon its cultivation, which may be easily done. It may be mentioned that Thomas Turnbull was the first person in Scotland who succeeded in dying blue from woad. He was a native of Hawick, and for a considerable time carried on business as a dyer and walker in Eskdale-Muir, and latterly conducted the dyeing department in Innerleithen cloth factory. He died in 1803, and in gratitude for the benefits derived from his skill, the dyers of Galashiels and Innerleithen erected a monument over his grave in the churchyard of the latter place.

ELEGANCE BY ACCIDENT.

The following curious anecdote is told of Lady Wallace, famed, in her maiden days, as Miss Eglington-Maxwell of Monteith, and the sister of the Duchess of Gordon. The young lady's family was about to attend the races at Leith, and the coach was just at the stair-foot, ready to take them away, when it was discovered that Miss Eglington-Maxwell was not ready, on account of wanting her head-dress, which she was expecting the milliner to appear with every moment. It so happened, that as the milliner was coming along the street with the dress in her hand, she permitted some part of it to catch the knee-buckle of a street porter, by which it was torn, and, as she thought, completely spoilt. However, she took it to Miss Eglington-Maxwell, and told her the story, with many protestations of regret. The volatile young lady took the dress from her hands, and, running to her glass, proceeded to put it on, torn as it was, only arranging it upon her head in such a way as to conceal the misfortune. She then joined her friends in the carriage, and at Leith, attracting, as usual, much attention, the ladies, instead of ridiculing the awkward appearance of her cap, admired it exceedingly, and came back to Edinburgh, full cry, in the afternoon, to get caps of the same description. Of course it was soon known that it was the manufacture of the milliner, who forthwith was completely overwhelmed with orders for similar caps, and, we believe, was obliged to tear them with a nail in her counter, in order to complete their resemblance to the original.

DR ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkcaldy, dressed in little besides than his nightgown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had, in reality, trudged along the king's highway all that distance, in the pursuit of a certain train of ideas; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance, in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.—It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that, on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his housekeeper, who exercised a kind of control over him.—It used to be related of him, that one day, as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fish-women, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" that is, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BAKER, Holywell Street, Strand; BANCROFT & CO., Manchester; WILKINSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLIAMS & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALES, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO., Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight. Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 96.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

RESPECTABLE AND NOT RESPECTABLE.

ALL the virtues, all the decencies, all the merits, are now included in Great Britain in one word, and that is—*respectable*. We never ask how a man behaves, and hardly concern ourselves about his possession or non-possession of brilliant, amiable, or useful qualities; we ask if he is *respectable*, and if we receive a decided answer, are content. Respectable means different things in different places, and with different men. A witness on Thurtell's trial described Weare as a respectable man—he kept a gig. It may be ruled on some other occasion that there is no respectability under a chaise and pair; and, on the other hand, there may be some conditions of society, in which this summum bonum is supposed to reside in a four-wheeled vehicle with a leathern hood. There is no speaking precisely on this point. Very generally, we understand, along the southern shores of England, respectability takes two forms—a gig and a pleasure-wherry. You may make your election; but one of them you *must* have, or you are not respectable. Different standards are kept at different places; and if you considered yourself respectable by York measure, you might perhaps find yourself greatly short by that of Winchester.

The idea is so far arbitrary; but we may pretty safely assume, as a general rule, that the respectable people are those who have the means of living in the best style within a certain range of territory. Among the Laplanders, for any thing we know, the possession of a pair of spare snow-shoes may constitute respectability. Wealth is always more or less at the bottom of it. A man may, under very peculiar circumstances, be wealthy without being respectable; but he cannot, under any circumstances, be respectable without being wealthy. He must be placed above all mean temptations, all paltry appearances, all risk of cracking credit with the world, and troubling his acquaintances in a short time with the necessity of recognising a wretch upon the street. He must be a man who goes to church regularly with his wife and a silk umbrella. Religious he may be or not, at heart, so far as this way of estimating mankind is concerned; but the world is clear that the umbrella must not be cotton.

To wear black clothes is respectable. The admixture of coloured garments is perhaps very well, but "not just so respectable." A black hat is respectable; no kind of covering can be more so. But a white hat is liable to great suspicions: it may be buckish, gay, light, and so on, but—*not respectable*. To go to the pit of the theatre is respectable in a kind of way: to go to any species of gallery is not respectable; to go to any part of the house on a benefit night, is far from being respectable, unless in the case of an actor in whose acquaintance it may be supposed there is some éclat. For gentlemen to wear brooches or rings, is not respectable; such trinkets being in great requisition by quack doctors, jugglers, and other flashy characters, who require to make an impression at first sight and away. A ring is only respectable in the case of a gentleman, when it is a cameo worn on the little finger of the right hand; this shows that the wearer does not require to work, and to be able to live without working is exceedingly respectable. To walk across a street diagonally is not respectable; it shows you wish to save time, and that proves that you are not a gentleman at your leisure: you must always walk quite to the end of the street, and take the regular crossing. To walk the streets of the west end of London, with both gloves on one's hands, is not respectable: true respectability consists in having the right hand exposed, so as to prove by its whiteness, and its ring on the little finger, that it is not liable to me-

chanical exertion. At church-going time it is highly respectable to mingle with a crowd proceeding towards any particular place; but to be seen going against the stream, especially in the direction of the suburbs, is not respectable. To ride on horseback is respectable, provided the animal be well made and look as if it cost five-and-thirty guineas; yet to ride upon a cream-coloured horse, however valuable it may be, is not respectable; for nobody but showmen and such like people keep horses of that colour. To wear burnt steel spectacles is respectable, and to carry a gold watch is also respectable: we need not say what it is to be seen with a silver or pinchbeck one. It is decidedly more respectable to carry the watch in the fob than in the waistcoat pocket.

Among women, the last winter's fashion is not respectable, neither is any piece of dress respectable which has become common among servants or the poorer classes. The knack of keeping to respectability in dress is to leave off a peculiar garment or ornament the moment it finds its way among those of an inferior station. In this way, the higher classes are continually leaving the middle and lower ranks in the lurch. A rent in one's clothes, being referable to accident, may not be disrespecable; but, as Selwyn remarked, a darn is premeditated poverty. Nankeens in cold weather are not respectable. With regard to articles of domestic use, a sideboard in a dining-room is thought respectable; a Brussels carpet, a haircloth sofa, sufficiently voluminous window curtains, a marble lobby table, silver candlesticks, and silver forks, are all respectable. In matters of eating and drinking, roast beef is one of the most respectable dinner dishes, and is likely to maintain its respectability in the face of all improvements in cookery. Port was once a respectable and may be still a good wine, but it is respectable no longer, because every body can now get port. Claret is at present one of the most respectable wines that can be drunk, though it depends in a great measure upon the Chancellor of his Majesty's Exchequer how long its respectability may last.

Whatever bears the impress of a constitutional or legal establishment, is respectable. It is no matter that the thing is not generally admired; so that it is part of the system of public things that *exists*, it is sure to receive this approving epithet. The church-rates are said to be unpopular in England; yet it is nevertheless highly respectable both to levy and to pay them. The civic corporations every where are alleged to have been most shamefully mismanaged; but, whether such have been the case or not, nobody ever hinted that any individual member of them was otherwise than respectable. There may be as much fraud, baseness, and even criminality, in any part of the state-system, as the most uncompromising Jacobin chooses to ascribe to it; yet the whole community look upon the administering or profiting persons as highly respectable. Rebellion is not respectable: Charles Stuart, in 1745, was a very gallant fellow, and so were all the chiefs and gentlemen who accompanied him; but they were not respectable. Cumberland was more so, even in the midst of his butcheries. When rebellion is successful, the persons concerned in it become exceedingly respectable; but still the abstract idea of rebellion remains as little so as ever. Cicero was very severe upon Verres; we seriously believe, however, that in his secret heart the orator considered the robber of the Sicilian province as a most respectable person. If we apply this new way of judging men to some other historical characters, how curious is the result! Tarquinius, it is evident, was a far more respectable person than Brutus, up to

the hour of his dethronement. Coriolanus, we all know,

— was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

After that prank, he was highly respectable. Pompey in power was respectable; but he gets shockingly disrespecable about the time of the battle of Pharsalia. Sir William Wallace was the saviour of his country. He is now revered immensely by every body but Dr Lingard. King Edward, however, and all the nobles of both countries, and many other people besides, must have thought him by no means a respectable man. Even as a squire in the service of the tyrant and destroyer, he would have been more respectable than as the leader of the patriot army which "rescued Scotland thence." Luther was at first a shockingly disrespecable man. Leo the Tenth only smiled at the nonsense of Brother Martin. It is evident he did not become at all respectable till the signing of the confession of Augsburg. It was not respectable to be concerned in pulling down of monasteries at the Reformation; but it is now quite respectable to take advantage of that outbreak of the lower orders. Cromwell, in our opinion, never was a respectable man. He was only a fortunate brewer. His talents, his courage, we will even say his patriotism, were nothing, so far as respectability was concerned. If he had contrived, however, to establish a dynasty, his great-grandson, without either talents, courage, patriotism, or any virtue under the sun, would have been respectable. Notwithstanding all the faults of James the Second, no one would ever say that he was not a respectable man. The Prince of Orange, on the other hand, was not respectable at Exeter, but highly so in Whitehall, and rather more so after his father-in-law had stolen off to France, than before. Washington, who, even in Britain, is now estimated as one of the greatest of men, was not so much as respectable till about the year 1780. "A forward impudent fellow of a land-surveyor, sir—just wants to put himself forward." There might be some, we do not doubt, who would allow him a little respectability after the rendition at Charleston; others would wait till George the Third received the American ambassador. At the same time, Lord North continued quite respectable till he resigned office. As for Napoleon, he comes under the same category as Cromwell. We pass on to Charles the Tenth, who continued quite respectable throughout the three days of Paris, and only on the fourth became the reverse. Whether it was imprudence, or misfortune, or wickedness, that brought about his dethronement, all the bloodshed, though it had been ten times greater, would never have detracted from his respectability, if he had not at last been obliged to abdicate. It was conceded by the good-natured man to whom Nero's atrocities were related, that he must have been a wag; but even this would have been a great deal greater in the tyrant's own life-time. In the midst of the very flames of Rome, the possessor of so much power must have been a respectable man. In fact, the most atrocious tyrant, the vilest local oppressor, the most denounced enjoyer of pension, sinecure, and bribe, will always be, by the constitution of things, more respectable than the loftiest minded patriot who endeavours, and has not yet succeeded, in establishing a different system.

To invent any thing is perhaps very ingenious, but it is not respectable. The very projector of the steam-engine, which has doubled the wealth of his country, was not respectable, we are persuaded, in his capacity of a mathematical instrument-maker (unless perhaps his being mathematical instrument-maker to the University of Glasgow made him so), nor till he

had begun to make a little money by his patent, and was taken by the hand by rich Mr Bolton. The most thick-headed of tradesmen, who spends his whole life in an employment for which almost any person is fit, is far more respectable than he who, by some power of reflection, provides the means of existence for thousands of additional human beings. All the world knows how disrespectful it is to be even a pretty good poet. Burns was a capital one: monuments, costing three thousand pounds each, are now built to him. Yet Burns never was a *respectable* man. The binder of his books was probably more so. There must have been many worthy people in his own time, who would have far rather marched through Coventry with the one than the other. Youth is another thing that is not respectable. It is the time for joyous vivid feeling, for frolic, for love, for hope, for enjoyment in short; but it is not respectable. There is no saying how young men are to turn out. The half of them have to be smuggled off to the West Indies and Van Dieman's Land, after doing all kinds of mischief at home. The dawn of respectability commences about thirty, by which time their powers of self-denial and activity are generally pretty well proved. Always the older, however, the more respectable. Jackson, in Roderick Random, was well aware of this. He put on a wig and false eyebrows, and other insignia of middle life, when about to pass muster before the College of Surgeons; and, though detected and hustled out, the idea was not the worse for that. Walpole knew this too, when he turned Chatham into ridicule on account of his youth. The aged trafficker in consciences was ten thousand times more respectable than the ardent young patriot—who, however, became respectable enough himself before the end of the day. Of all young things in the world, a young periodical work is the most disrespectful. It knows the fact, and tries to hide it under splutter and pretension; but though it may say the cleverest things, and contain the most splendid papers, and prove incontestably that the exact thing wanted by the public was never hit upon till now, an old number of the Gentleman's Magazine or the Glasgow Herald carries ten times more weight by saying nothing at all. We verily believe that there are some works, newspapers among the rest, which would be better received, though consisting of nothing but blank paper, than others in which the greatest talent and industry are employed, but which, being recently put into existence, are—not respectable.

There is another way of viewing the word *respectable*—when it is used in reference to conduct. The kind of behaviour called respectable is confined to no rank or degree of wealth. The conduct of very poor men is often described by the most exalted as respectable. For the word in this sense, no other feeling than veneration can be entertained; because nothing can be more evident than that *respectable behaviour*, as it is called, even in a few out of a large society, conduces immensely to keep the vicious in check, and to encourage those who are disposed to be good. Indeed, but for the quiet respectable people of all ranks, the world would be as bad as ever it was, and never get any better. Considered, however, as a measure of wealth, and the consequence which wealth imparts, the word is as fairly entitled to contempt, as any of those shibboleths, which, in a higher sphere of society, are used for the exclusion of the non-illustrious. The middle ranks are found to be dreadfully galled by the exclusiveness of the higher; but they should first consider if they are less exclusive themselves. We rather suspect that the general use into which this word has come, progressively with the rise of the middle ranks, shows that there is, in them, as much relative jealousy of station, as among their superiors. The peevish talks of the narrow circle at Almack's; and the wife of the comfortable tradesman speaks of *respectable people*, meaning not virtuous or good people, but a set who are above a certain degree of income: both act naturally, perhaps, but neither of them is animated by feelings which an unconcerned person can conscientiously respect.

THE LAND OF BUCHANAN.

GEORGE BUCHANAN—perhaps the most extensively known native of Scotland next to Sir Walter Scott, and the most elegant writer of Latin since the fall of the Roman empire—was born in a sequestered part of the county of Stirling, in the month of February 1506. We lately made a pilgrimage of literary devotion to the place, and picked up some information, and made a few observations, which we believe may entertain our readers.

The scene of Buchanan's birth and early years is a small farm in a confined valley, situated a few miles to the eastward of Lochlomond, so celebrated for its picturesque beauties, and about fifteen miles to the north-west of Glasgow. The valley is watered by a rill called the Blane, which, after joining one called the Endrick, falls into Lochlomond; and the scenery is a mixture of highland and lowland, being situated, in fact, between these two districts, or where the one melts into and joins the other. There is an interest in surveying the outline of the country, from the place where a man of genius has been ushered into exist-

ence; for in seeing what *he* must have frequently seen, one is in some measure brought into contact with him. It is agreeable to think that the eye of Buchanan, on opening to the world, must have surveyed a scene of very considerable beauty, and fitted to inspire his mind with poetical sentiments. On one hand rises the range of hills which bounds the view to the north of Glasgow, and are generally called the Campsie Fells; on the other, a range of meaner but equally untamed eminences. In another direction, the alpine grandeur of the West Highlands stretches away into the blue distance. There is a hill in the neighbourhood, from the top of which, on a clear day, may be seen the seas at both sides of the island; the view extending from North Berwick-Law and the mouth of the Firth of Forth, to Ailsa and Arran, the latter of which must be at least a hundred and twenty miles from the former. All along that side of the Campsie range which is turned towards the vale of Blane, little streams descend at various intervals, forming the most beautiful cascades, and each hollowing out to itself a little nook or glen where poets or fairies might alike love to dwell. On the top of one of the hills on the other side, there is a very extraordinary natural curiosity, in the shape of a deep narrow chasm, which cuts through the whole back of the hill, like a gash in the edge of a cheese, and is called the Wangie. The most conspicuous eminence in the immediate neighbourhood is one called Dungoin or Dungan, that is, the *great windy hill*, which shoots up in a rugged and threatening fashion, like the head of a proud animal tossed into the air: opposite to this, on the other side of the vale, is Dungoyack (*the little windy hill*), which is remarkably isolated and conical, and wooded to the top. The two eminences, standing as they do like watchmen at the entry to the vale, might be likened by a classical imagination to the Pillars of Hercules. Such are the objects with which Buchanan must have been familiar in those early days, when impressions are the most vividly formed, and most permanently retained.

The farm on which the poet was born is called Mid-Leowen, or more commonly the Moss, the latter title being derived from a morass near the house. His father, Thomas Buchanan, who farmed this ground, was the second son of the Laird of Drumakill, whose family in the main line continued till lately to exist as a *race* of minor gentry. Owing to the bankruptcy of the grandfather, and the father's early death, the burden of rearing a family of eight children fell upon the mother, whose name was Agnes Heriot, of the family of Trabrown, in East Lothian—a race which produced the celebrated George Heriot, and the mother of another man of distinguished ability, Thomas, first Earl of Haddington. This active and intelligent woman is said to have performed her task in a highly creditable manner. George was first put to the parish school, at the village of Killearn (about a mile distant), where he is said to have manifested an uncommon aptitude in receiving instruction. In the language of the country people, who preserve a traditionary recollection of the circumstance, "he sucked in lair" as the lair† sucks in milk." We are informed, however, by himself, that his knowledge of Latin was the result of much youthful labour. His difficulties would probably be increased by the necessity of learning English before acquiring this classical language. That Gaelic was the current speech of his native district, there is little reason to doubt, since, even in the middle of the last century, the immediate neighbourhood of Killearn was subject to Highland rule and Highland usages, and since it is an ascertained fact that he retained an acquaintance with this language in middle life. "When in France, having met with a woman who was said to be possessed with the devil, and who professed to speak all languages, he accosted her in Erse, and, as neither she nor her familiar returned any answer, he took a protest that the devil was ignorant of that tongue."‡ By Dr Mackenzie, Buchanan is said to have been subsequently sent to complete his classical course at the school of Dumbarton; but, as that writer required no better authority for any statement than mere conjecture, we are to consider this as at least uncertain. It is certain, however, that he studied at the college of St Andrews, and subsequently, by the aid of a maternal uncle, at the university of Paris. After a series of dreadful hardships and difficulties, he completed his education; and so rapid was his advancement in life, that, at the age of twenty-three, he was professor in the college of St Barbe.

* Learning.

† Loaf.

‡ Memoir of Buchanan, in the seventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica; an article which would do honour to a work where honour was less required.

The natal house of Buchanan does not now exist. It was destroyed in 1808, to make way for a new and more elegant mansion, which occupies exactly the same site. The original house was a long cottage of one story, having a kitchen in the middle, and a room at each end, some minor spaces serving as bedrooms and closets. The door, from the west, entered the kitchen by a kind of vestibule, termed "the hallan," and from the kitchen there was an entrance, on the one hand, to a bedroom lighted by a very small window, and, on the other, to the principal apartment or "spence," in which, according to tradition, the historian was born. From the end of the house opposite to this "spence," proceeded a range of meaner buildings, comprising in succession a stable, a stirk-house, and a peat-house, from which proceeded at a right angle, another range, comprehending a milk-house, a barn, and a byre or cow-house. It was believed, that, with some trifling exceptions, the whole suit of buildings was the same as when occupied by the mother of Buchanan. It continued till the date mentioned to be used, not as a farm-house, but as the residence of a considerable proprietor, Mr William Finlay, whose descendant now occupies the enlarged house. The place, however, bore all the appearance of a common Scottish farm-steading of the old style: the hearth in the kitchen was formed, for instance, of a disused mill-stone. The tradition as to its great age gained support from the immense oaken beams which upheld the roof, and which seemed as if they could have lasted twice the time that has elapsed since Buchanan's birth. From these large rafters were formed a plain table and chair, which are preserved in the modern house.

The house of Moss stands within a few yards of the water of Blane, which has been already alluded to. Along the bank of this stream is an extensive garden connected with the present house. Here is shown the stump of a *rowan-tree* or mountain-ash, said to be coeval with the age of the poet, and from which have sprung some new shoots. There is also a stump of an apple-tree, which the water has almost undermined, and which, like the other, has a number of new shoots; this, too, is said to be of the poet's time, if not planted by his own hand. In reference to the rivulet which has received so much notice in consequence of Buchanan having been born upon its banks, and which, but for that circumstance, would have stood so poor a chance of fame, it would be improper to omit a passage in the poems of the late ingenious Professor Richardson, who long possessed the neighbouring estate of Croy. The naiads or water-nymphs of this part of the country, he imagines, to

"—glory in the various songs

That celebrate their course,

And tell what praise to them belongs,

What dignity of source;

What peerless dame, fair maid, or sage serene,

Or poet, ever paced their margin green."

He then, after adverting to some other stream says—

"Triumphant, ev'n the yellow Blane,

Though by a fen defaced,

Boasts that Buchanan's early strain

Consol'd her troubled breast;

That often muse-struck, in her loneliest nook,

The orphan-boy pored on some metred book."

The Blane is as dull and snail-like a stream as ever crept through a level piece of country; yet, in the supposition that the infant Buchanan studied on its margin, or even "paddled" in it for eels or minnows, which there can be no doubt he did, "when summer days were prime," with what a burst of extrinsic interest is it invested!

An idea of the pecuniary circumstances of Buchanan's family may be obtained from the fact, that the farm is even yet worth only about a hundred and fifty or sixty pounds of yearly rent. It is said, however, that the adjacent farm of Carsetown, and some other pieces of land, were formerly attached to the Moss; and if this were the case, their stock of wealth must of course have been greater. There is a place among the hills, about two or three miles distant, where some remains of buildings may yet be seen—called Heriot's Shielings. These are said to have belonged to, and derived their name from, the poet's mother, and to have been a station for the milking of her ewes.

Killearn, the parish kirk-town, is, as already mentioned, about a mile from the Moss. It is a neat small village, situated on an elevated terrace at the junction of the vales of Blane and Endrick. Even here, it is impossible to survey the surrounding country without a sensation of interest; for the great features of nature must here be exactly the same as in the days when Buchanan daily visited the place, to receive the elements of human learning. From the west end of the principal street, a view is to be obtained of the lower part of Lochlomond, studded with its various islets. Among these, the most conspicuous is Inch Caillach (the Island of Old Women), formerly the site of a nunnery, and still containing an ancient burial-ground. From this point, it resembles a corpse stretched out and dressed, there being an eminence for the face, another for the breast, and the remainder sloping away as if towards the feet. Certain dim romantic and antique associations take possession of the mind in tracing out this image. In another direction may be seen the villages of Balforn and Bucklyvie, the latter eminent in the annals of squalor and dis-

comfort. Many of our readers will recollect the rhyme prefixed to a chapter in "Rob Roy":—

Baron of Bucklyvie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
And a' to pieces rive ye,
For building sic a town,
Where there's neither horse meat nor man's meat,
Nor a chair to sit down.

Some years before the publication of that novel, Sir Walter Scott (then on a visit to the Duke of Montrose at Buchanan House), was riding through this wretched village with Mr Macfarlane, minister of Drymen, and more recently Principal of the University of Glasgow. A remark from the poet, as to the uncommon filthiness of the place, brought to Mr Macfarlane's recollection the above rhyme, which he immediately pronounced to Sir Walter. It seemed to amuse him very much, and he requested Mr Macfarlane to repeat it somewhat more slowly, as if for the purpose of committing it to his memory. Mr Macfarlane heard no more of it, till two or three years after, when he found it prefixed to a chapter in Rob Roy, and felt convinced, from that circumstance, that the author of Marmion, and no other, was the author of Waverley.*

On an eminent and conspicuous situation in the village of Killearn, stands a beautiful obelisk, erected in the year 1788 to the memory of Buchanan, and measuring 103 feet in height. This tribute to genius was first suggested, at the table of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, by Mr Robert Dunmore of Ballindalloch, the person chiefly concerned in introducing manufactures into this part of the country. The subscription for the building was commenced at the place where it was suggested, and very nearly filled up—Mr Craig, who was present, contributing the design as his share. There is no external inscription; but a silver medal, hermetically sealed, is deposited in the foundation-stone, on which is engraved a Latin inscription, conveying the fact that the column was built, in memory of George Buchanan, a most celebrated poet and historian, at the expense of the neighbours of this place. It cost three hundred guineas, an amazingly small sum, considering the amount of mason-work.

Buchanan is not the only great man whose name is connected with this interesting though secluded district of Scotland. On the estate of Balglass is an ancient fort, said to have afforded refuge to Sir William Wallace. At Gartness mill, and near to a powerful cascade of the Endrick, are the remains of an old house, in which Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, spent a considerable part of his time when engaged in his calculations. It is reported that he never found any annoyance in the sound of the waterfall, which was continuous, but that the intermittent noise of the mill deranged his ideas to such a degree, that he was obliged, when busied with a more than usually profound speculation, to request the miller to stop work. He used frequently in the evening to walk out in his nightgown and cap; which, with some other oddities of behaviour, fixed on him the character of a warlock, and his studies were vulgarly supposed to refer exclusively to the black art. According to Professor Richardson,

Th' Endrick, in wildly lyric mood,
Displays her laurel crown,
And tells that, musing by her flood,
Sage Napier earned renown:
That oft she paused, and marked at midnight hour,
The pale lamp glimmering in his ivied tower.

It would be improper to forget that Smollett was born within sight of the native village of Buchanan, and received part of his education at the same school (Dumbarton) where that illustrious person is said to have pursued his studies, after leaving Killearn.

THE CHEVALIER D'AVENANT †

A SPANISH TALE.

DURING the late revolutionary war in Spain, a regiment of dragoons was raised at Madrid, which was chiefly composed of foreign volunteers. The Chevalier D'Avenant, who had served long in the French army, resided at that time in the Spanish capital, and was induced, partly by his love of freedom, and partly by the urgent solicitation of the Cortes, to take the command of this corps. Unfortunately after the Duc D'Angouleme crossed the Pyrenees, the campaign commenced under very unfavourable auspices, and the constitutionalists were not long in discovering that the success of their arms was not equal to the justice of their cause. In the action which took place at Corunna, the Chevalier D'Avenant was present with his regiment, and took an active part in the military operations of the day. In consequence of this, the troops under his command suffered severely; and when they were finally repulsed by the superior strength of the

enemy, he found it quite impossible to keep them together, or preserve discipline, so as to make an orderly retreat. After the confusion of the flight was over, he mustered his scattered force, and discovered that he was left with a party of men not exceeding forty in number, who seemed to cling together rather from the desire of mutual preservation, than the hope of being able to accomplish any important services.

With this small remnant of the corps, Colonel D'Avenant continued to retreat for several days, without being engaged in any important adventures. At length he began to consider himself beyond the reach of pursuit, but still he did not neglect the precautions which were necessary in his situation. On the morning when our narrative opens, he was seen taking a survey of the surrounding country on a neighbouring hill, before the soldiers under his command left the place where they had bivouacked for the night, for the purpose of proceeding on their march.

"Yonder is the Chevalier D'Avenant," said Pierre Rigaud, a veteran soldier, addressing some of his comrades, and pointing to an officer in uniform, who at that moment crossed the ridge of a hill at a little distance, and rode towards the spot where the party was stationed.

"The colonel is a brave fellow," one of the troopers observed, "and, what is more, as fine a horseman as ever put foot in stirrup."

"Yes, indeed," Pierre replied, "but had you seen him when he led on the Chasseurs at Talavera, you would have thought such a gallant officer could never be reduced to command such a paltry picket as this."

"A truce to your old campaigns; why, man, that affair of Corunna, the other day, showed us all very well that D'Avenant was made of the right stuff."

"Hush—look there!" the veteran exclaimed; "the colonel comes down the hill like lightning. I'll peril my life he brings news of danger with him. Get the horses ready, my lads, and prepare for the worst."

In a few moments the Chevalier D'Avenant reached the place where the soldiers were posted. He was a tall handsome man, apparently in the prime of life, with some marks of care and campaigns on his face, but still remarkably stout and vigorous in his appearance, with pleasant features, and large black eyes of unusual brilliancy. Those eyes flashed finely when he exclaimed, "There is a column of French cavalry close upon our rear—mount, soldiers, mount!"

This order was quickly obeyed; for the party was instantly in motion, and set forward at a rapid pace. For several miles the dragoons continued to push on with unabated speed; but at length they gave their horses a little indulgence on coming to a part of the road which winded up the gentle acclivity of a hill. On reaching the highest point in the ascent, they had a fine view of the surrounding country, and on looking back they had the satisfaction to find that the French had not yet appeared in sight. This discovery raised their spirits, and they proceeded to descend with fresh vigour; but they had not gone far when they observed, at a considerable distance, a large body of troops advancing to meet them. In a moment the word "halt" was given, while Colonel D'Avenant pulled out a telescope, and rode briskly in advance to reconnoitre.

The chevalier soon returned, and said to his men, "These troops are royalists, I see, by their colours; so we must go on and take up a position to the right—Forward!" The dragoons were not long in executing this manoeuvre. Descending a little way, they reached a range of open country, and immediately turned off to the right of the high road, for the purpose of taking up an advantageous post on a small rising ground in an adjoining field. After they had formed into line in this situation, Colonel D'Avenant gave the usual order to load carbines, and prepare for action. When this was done, a silence of a few moments ensued, during which they attentively observed the movements of the Spanish troops, and awaited their approach in the deepest suspense.

Meanwhile, the Chevalier turned to the men under his command, and shortly addressed them:—"Soldiers!" he said, "we are now placed in circumstances of great danger, from which we can only be delivered by courage and presence of mind. If we fall back and surrender to the French, we shall certainly be condemned—many of us at least—for fighting against our country; and, on the other hand, if we throw ourselves on the mercy of these royalists, we shall probably be pillaged, and then left to perish in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Unless fair terms are offered, then, we must advance to death or victory!" This speech was received with loud cheers by the soldiers; but it was scarcely concluded, when the Spaniards, who appeared to consist of about 400 irregular infantry and armed peasantry, approached within musket shot of the position occupied by the dragoons. Colonel D'Avenant now ordered his trumpeter to sound a parley, and rode forward alone to treat with the Spanish commander, who immediately obeyed the signal, and advanced to meet him.

"Lay down your arms, else we shall cut you to pieces!" exclaimed the Spaniard.

"No, never! Hear me, Senor," said D'Avenant, with dignity and firmness. "You see we are few in number, but remember we are all well armed, well mounted, and desperate men."

"What mean you? I say you must surrender at discretion."

"And I say," the French colonel replied, with earnestness, "rather than submit to such an indignity, we are determined to cut our way through your disorderly troops, or perish in the attempt!" The commanding tone in which this was spoken had a striking effect on the Spanish officer, for he seemed embarrassed, and wavered a little before he made any reply. When at length he did speak, it was in a subdued manner.

"What terms, then, do you expect me to grant, while I command such a superior force?"

"I don't know what terms you will grant; but the terms I demand are, that you shall give us passports, and allow us to go wherever we choose, provided we surrender our arms and horses."

"Well," said the Spaniard, "to prevent bloodshed, I agree to these terms, and pledge my honour to fulfil them."

The treaty being thus summarily concluded to the mutual satisfaction of both officers, each rode back to the troops under his command. When D'Avenant apprised his little squadron of the result of his negotiation, it appeared to give satisfaction to every one excepting Pierre Rigaud, the veteran already noticed, who muttered to himself, "Spanish treachery; the terms are good, but they are too good to be kept." The colonel overheard these expressions, but did not think it necessary to pay any attention to them. After issuing some instructions to his troop, he ordered them to follow him, in single files, at intervals, and dismount and deliver up their arms, according to stipulation, and gave an express command to Pierre to remain behind, to bring up the rear of the party. In a short time the dragoons had all, one by one, surrendered to the Spaniards, till Pierre was left alone on the ground; but in place of advancing, like his fellow-soldiers, he set off in an opposite direction, at the utmost speed of his horse, and, although several bullets were sent after him, he kept his saddle, and, ere long, entirely disappeared.

The suspicions of the veteran who had thus fled turned out to be too well founded. Pretending that the treaty of surrender had been violated by the desertion of one of the troop, the Spanish commanding officer determined to disregard it entirely; and, accordingly, when D'Avenant applied for the promised passports, his request was sternly refused, and he was told that he and his men were prisoners of war. Nor was this all; for as soon as the dragoons gave up their arms, they were pillaged of every thing valuable which they possessed by the soldiers, who appeared not to be under the restraint of discipline, and were allowed to do whatever they chose, provided they testified their loyalty by continually shouting, "*Viva el Rey*." At first the colonel remonstrated against the injustice of these disgraceful proceedings; but he soon saw that all remonstrance was vain, and only increased his misfortunes; and he therefore resolved, in the true spirit of philosophy, to submit with patience to his fate.

In this unhappy situation the Chevalier D'Avenant and his comrades in arms were carried back and delivered up as prisoners to the French general. If they derived any satisfaction from reflecting that they were now in the hands of their countrymen, it was speedily damped when they were informed that they were to be sent to France under a military escort, to stand their trial for high treason. Little time was given to the prisoners to ponder on their fate, for they were obliged to set out immediately, under a strong guard, for the French frontier; and ere long, they almost lost sight of their misfortunes by the excitement of the march, and the variety of objects which attracted their attention in the course of their route.

At length, after a tedious journey, the party arrived at Bayonne, and the prisoners were committed for safe custody to the strongly-fortified castle of that place. From his superior rank, Colonel D'Avenant was now separated from the rest, and obtained an apartment for his own accommodation, so that he was left undisturbed by his reflections, and had leisure to dwell on the painful circumstances of his situation. As he possessed enlightened views, and a considerable knowledge of the world, he was sensible that the crime with which he was charged was too clearly established, and too aggravated in its nature, to leave much room for expecting a pardon; and, accordingly, although a ray of hope remained to cheer him in his forlorn condition, he had sufficient judgment and decision to enable him to make up his mind to abide the worst that could befall him. For three long days he remained confined in the castle, indulging in these unpleasant anticipations, without seeing any one but an old keeper, who brought provisions and other necessities to his apartment, and who seemed to think it part of his duty to keep his lips hermetically sealed. At length, on the evening of the third day, this individual informed him, that early on the following morning he was to be sent to Paris along with the other prisoners, under the escort of a party of mounted gens-d'armes. On giving this information, the keeper immediately withdrew, without adding a single word of comment.

The shades of night began to fall around the Chevalier D'Avenant as he lay pondering on the intelligence which he had just received. His spirits were lightened on considering that he was not to be left any longer to be devoured by ennui, and he felt no small degree of pleasure in the thought that things

* There is another rhyme on Bucklyvie, to the same effect, but not so pointed. At the risk of appearing to persecute this unfortunate little town, we shall here submit it—

The folk o' Balforn,
The dirt o' Bucklyvie—
Canna ye hobble
And dance, as I do.

† This tale appeared originally in the "Edinburgh Literary Gazette," and is by the author of "Sketches of the Scottish Bar," &c.

were speedily coming to a crisis. Perhaps, too, the consciousness that the accusation against him in reality was merely that he had fought for the cause of liberty, tended, in some measure, to allay his anxiety, and support his courage. At all events, his thoughts on this occasion were of a very mixed kind, sometimes cheerful and sometimes melancholy; but at length, after wasting some hours in useless musing, the surrounding darkness reminded him that it was time to go to sleep, to enable him to undergo the fatigues of a journey on the morning.

Scarcely had Colonel D'Avenant formed this resolution, when he was startled by the sudden grating of the iron door of his apartment. Instantly he sprang to his feet, and observed the dark figure of a man, who entered slowly, and drew the ponderous bolts behind him. Although naturally courageous, the chevalier at this moment was certainly alarmed; for the first thought that flashed across his mind was, that he was about to be secretly put to death, like many other state-prisoners of whom he had read in history.

He immediately started back, and cried out, in a tone of evident alarm, "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the brief reply; and the harshness of the voice which uttered it was calculated to increase the suspicions of the prisoner.

The darkness of the apartment was now partly removed by means of a dark lantern. Throwing the light first on the features of the colonel, and then on his own, the stranger exclaimed, "How is this?—Don't you know me?"

"Pierre Rigaud!"—Is it you I see?—How came you hither?"

"Speak lower," said the veteran; "if the sentinel at the southern bastion hear us, we are lost."

"Yes, yes; but tell me how you have found me out, and got access to this place?"

"Ah! mon cher colonel," replied Pierre, "time is precious, and I must be brief. When you surrendered to these rascally Spaniards, you know I suspected treachery; but I was determined to follow you, and submit to my fate. However, as good luck would have it, just as I was about to close up with the last file, I heard a fellow in the Spanish ranks bawling out, '*Vamos saquear*,' the signal for plunder—so I took the hint, and made off as fast as I could. After passing through some small hardships, I disguised myself, and acted as guide to a French general of engineers, who paid me like a prince. Hearing of your misfortunes, I resolved to go after you, to attempt a rescue; but I had great difficulty in discovering the route which you had taken, and only arrived here the day before yesterday."

"Well, but how did you get in here?" D'Avenant impatiently demanded.

"I will tell you," Pierre continued. "I got admission, like a king, with a golden key; that is to say, I bribed the guards, who supposed from this disguise that I was a priest."

"You are a brave, generous fellow, Pierre; but I fear all your efforts to get me out of this stronghold will be unavailing."

"Courage, colonel, and you will soon be free. You cannot go with me at present, for the guards are anxiously waiting my return, and you should certainly be discovered; but —"

"I see pistols in your belt," said the colonel, interrupting him; "perhaps it is possible for us to force our way in the dark."

"No, no; there are too many bars and bayonets in the way. You must wait till five in the morning, when the outer gate of the castle is open. Look here," he said, producing a paper; "this is a sketch of the way by which you will escape. On leaving this, you go along the passage, and, after turning first to the left and then to the right, you will come to an iron grating that leads to a dark winding stair, at the bottom of which you will find a postern opening into a private part of the court."

"After this," said Colonel D'Avenant, "I presume I must just pass the sentinels by force or stratagem."

"Exactly so," Pierre replied; "all the doors will be found open except the postern, of which this is the key. I shall leave the lantern, some gold pieces, and one of my pistols for your use."

"May heaven reward you for your exertions on my behalf! If I escape, I shall make the best of my way to Bordeaux, where I will be found at nightfall near the Chateau Trompette."

"Very well—adieu!" said the veteran, as he pressed the hand of the chevalier, and withdrew from the apartment.

Colonel D'Avenant listened to the retiring steps of the soldier, and, when the sound died away, lay in deep suspense, reflecting on the daring adventure in which he was about to engage. At length some rays of light began to penetrate through the small window of his room, and reminded him that it was time to set out to explore his way to the postern described by Pierre. Muffled up in his cloak, he proceeded slowly and cautiously along the passages; but he had not gone far when he was startled by a sound which issued from an adjoining apartment, and resembled the tread of footsteps. He remained motionless for a moment, but all was again silent. He then moved on with increased caution; and, keeping in view the directions which he had received, arrived at the iron grating without encountering any obstacles in his way. He

tried to open this barrier, but it resisted all his efforts; and he was about to abandon his enterprise in despair, when at last the love of liberty returned, and urged him to exert all his strength, by which he succeeded in gaining a passage. Alarmed by the noise which this occasioned, he descended the secret stair in great haste, and threaded his way along the mazes of a subterranean passage, which finally conducted him to a small door, which he conjectured to be the postern.

At this moment the clock of the castle struck five; and as the sound echoed along the towers and battlements, D'Avenant hastened to apply the master-key with which he had been furnished. Delighted to find that the lock yielded, he gently opened the door and admitted the light of day; but he started back instantly when he perceived a sentinel pacing his rounds almost immediately in front of him. He deliberated for a moment on his situation, and, conscious of the danger of delay, immediately determined to hazard every thing, and advance. Before doing so, however, he attentively observed the motions of the soldier, who was elevated on a station which overlooked the inner court, and who paced backwards and forwards to prevent his limbs from being benumbed by the chillness of the morning. Watching his opportunity, when the sentinel turned his back, D'Avenant advanced close under the wall, and, gliding silently but rapidly along, placed himself behind a bastion for concealment. Waiting here for a few moments, till another opportunity offered, he executed a similar movement with equal success, by which he placed himself out of sight of the soldier on duty, and approached near the open court which led to the main gate of the castle. Having gone thus far, he was sensible that it would be impossible for him to proceed much longer without attracting notice; but drawing his cloak closely around him, and holding his pistol in readiness, he advanced under the resolution to act according to circumstances. In this way he reached a spot from which he had a view of the outer gate, which was standing open with a sentinel before it, who was singing the chorus of a favourite song on the battle of Austerlitz.

To pass the sentinel without being observed, D'Avenant saw was quite impossible. A sudden thought, however, flashed across his mind, and he immediately went openly and boldly up to the soldier, who looked at him with surprise and suspicion.

Before the sentinel had time to recover from his astonishment, the colonel addressed him in a menacing tone—"No songs on duty, sir—I shall report you for a breach of the rules of the garrison."

"Pardon, Monsieur," the soldier stammered out, imagining that he addressed some officer or inspector of the castle, and alarmed on recollecting that the catch which he had sung was a sort of lampoon on the Bourbons.

"Prenez garde donc," said D'Avenant, with a look so stern, that it increased the confusion of the soldier; and with these words he passed on at a careless pace without meeting any further interruption, inwardly rejoicing at the success of his scheme.

As soon as he found himself at liberty, Colonel D'Avenant hurried along the most retired streets of Bayonne, and after passing the bridge and the suburbs, reached the open country. For some time he continued to go along the public road in the direction of Bordeaux; but fearing that he might be pursued, he thought it more prudent to turn off the highway, and travel through the fields. After continuing his flight for several miles, he felt somewhat fatigued by his exertions, and began to walk at a deliberate pace, till he turned round, and observed with consternation a party of mounted gens-d'armes in close pursuit. Like Richard of England, he would now have given "a kingdom for a horse;" but although there was no prospect of attaining the object of his wishes, he was glad to find that he was in the neighbourhood of a wood, and he determined to make for the cover with all his speed. In a short time he heard the horsemen close behind him, and the cry of "gens-d'armes! gens-d'armes!" which they shouted as they rode along, sunk deeply into his soul. In his youth he had been a sportsman, and in the chase he had often observed a hare hard pressed by the hounds popping down, and allowing them to pass over him. The idea was not lost upon the chevalier, for he immediately lay down, and concealed himself among some brushwood; and he had scarcely done so when the gens-d'armes dashed past the spot. Fearing that his pursuers would soon return to beat up the cover, he lost no time in retracing his steps till he came to the place where he entered the wood, thinking it improbable that a search would be made in that quarter. Here he ascended a tree which offered a convenient shelter by its foliage; and he remained in this painful situation during the whole of the day, and did not think it prudent to come down till nightfall.

Favoured by the darkness, Colonel D'Avenant descended, and proceeded on his way. After a tedious journey, in which he suffered many privations, and experienced many narrow escapes, he arrived at Bordeaux, the place of his destination. On going to the Chateau Trompette in the dusk of the evening, he was so fortunate as to meet Pierre Rigaud. The veteran had acquainted the friends of the chevalier with his situation, and was thus able to supply him with resources, and to conduct him to a place of concealment in an obscure part of the town. Here Colonel D'Avenant waited in suspense for several weeks, but

at length he obtained a fictitious passport, and embarked in a vessel bound for the United States of America, where, notwithstanding the act of amnesty which has been passed, he still remains to participate in the advantages of those valuable rights and privileges for which he had fought and suffered, and which can only be fully enjoyed in a land of light and liberty.

DYING BEQUESTS.

THE world is frequently amused, as well as shocked, with the manner in which monied men bequeath their property. The worth of the party on whom the wealth is conferred, seems generally to be held of little consequence by the donors, in comparison with some contingent quality of little value. The idle, the dissipated, or the otherwise foolish, are too often made the spenders of those gains acquired by a long life of sober industry and virtue. It is evident, that, among the circumstances connected with the possession of property, much positive good might result to society if men were to be more careful in selecting those to whom their marks of regard extended. The amount of property intended to be bequeathed is of trifling importance when compared with the result of a discriminating principle of action.

The wisdom in selecting those most worthy, will not only secure to us their respect, but, in a great degree, promote the observance of good conduct in others. A worthy man struggling with adversity is said to partake of sublimity; it is doubtless calculated to excite our best sympathies; and the rendering of timely assistance fails not to ensure the lasting gratitude of a deserving individual: while benevolence, property in expectance of suddenly obtained, never yet produced a salutary effect on a dishonourable mind; it has rather supplied the means for acquiring additional disgrace, or has tended to shorten a dissolute existence.

It is praiseworthy in every one to render himself useful to the community of which he forms a part; and, however little of good services we may have done to others, it is certain that evil has been proportionably lessened. It is in our power to deserve the good opinion of our fellow-men, and we should neglect no opportunity, consistent with our means, to secure a reputation so valuable. This is fame, in which sense it is desirable that the love of fame should be an universal passion. Reputation should be founded on goodness exerted for the welfare of mankind; there is no foundation for fame unconnected with benevolence. It makes not against this principle, that bad men have sculptured marble to commemorate their having once lived. If neither honour nor virtue were practised during their mortal career, monuments only tend to perpetuate their deficiency in those moral attributes.

With what apathy do we pass the statues of those who were the enemies of mankind, of men who swayed the destinies of the age in which they lived! What are they now? A little dust laid in oblivion, regardless as the commonalty they injured or destroyed. Tombs may display records of greatness; and in many instances what are these? Falsities. The wrongs which the eulogised have caused, and the outrages they have perpetrated, make our hearts sick; and we turn from the gilded flatteries in disgust, or in sorrow reflect on the talent employed in such total disregard of truth. But if we behold a modest urn, in which repose the ashes of the wise and good, how different are our feelings! Their benevolence, their usefulness, their greatness of character, awake the love of virtue in our hearts, and a tear of gratitude trickles on the spot sacred to their memory. We acknowledge their reputation or fame is entitled to our respect, and we feel a dignity in being one of that class of beings who can command the homage of an existing race, and the gratitude of posterity.

To fit ourselves with judgment, so as to be enabled to distinguish between the just and the base, is worthy our most serious consideration, in order to award our praise or censure with a due regard to truth, whether it relate to the dead or the living. What can be more fallacious than the long-received adage, that "we should speak nothing ill of the dead?" If the departed individual were immoral, or despicable, it is an injury done the memory of the just to withhold the truth. It is our duty to revere the latter, and to abhor the former. It is to become an accessory to a wrong, if we consent that vice should not be held up to detestation. If we conceal a crime, because death interposed and stayed the operations of a mind prone to injustice, we outrage a moral principle. How can we hope that our honest actions may claim the approbation of our successors? or what dread can we have of their censure, if the truth be not spoken of us?

It is evident, that, in the heart of man, though steeped in transgression, there lurks a desire to deserve well of the world—an anxiety that posterity should not despise his memory. We know of atonements for wrongs, excuses or palliations of crime, charitable bequests, and various modes of purchasing the privilege, to glide into obscurity with the semblance of virtue. Some of our noblest institutions have their origin in this solicitude to obliterate the stains of guilt.

Whatever may be done to cover infamy, it is not our duty to look tamely on: the feelings of the injured

living may deserve our commiseration, but the characters of the vile deceased certainly demand our reprobation.

Often, within the limited circle of our experience, as if for our instruction, may we observe an individual struggling under a lingering disease, for which he feels there is no relief in worldly skill or friendly care. The approach of that period when the pulse shall cease to beat, consciousness be extinct, and the remains of the mass that once was man shall mingle with the earth, all strike on his heart with appalling effect. Reflection places before his lessening powers unnumbered deeds he would gladly wipe away from his memory; but they remain in their enormity not to be effaced; his mind seeks relief from such oppression, fraught with distraction. He looks abroad on nature, and feels astonished he had not before discovered its unnumbered beauties. He sees the smile of content in the countenances of others, and sighs for the joys he had neglected. It is all too late. Nothing pours the desired balm into his aching heart. Retribution rushes on his startled mind; and, while power remains, he bequeaths a portion of his property to some charity, solicitous that the deed may cover his multitude of sins; casts his eyes to heaven, and glides to that bourne whence no traveller returns.

How often may we observe the worthless beset the last hours of such a character, supplanting the honourable, and obtaining what neither affection nor justice would have awarded; yet, ere the mourning habiliments were injured by the wear, the property has been dissipated in reckless extravagance; wretchedness has befallen the vicious individuals; and they have been hurried to a premature grave, with all their imperfections on their heads. Can it be correct to cast such transactions into oblivion? Is it wise to withhold our discrimination between the honourable and the profligate? Common sense declares that justice should be administered under all circumstances. The hand of death touches not a moral axiom, nor alters a truth regarding the conduct of the living or the dead. The value of a good deed is too highly appreciated to be written in sand; that every tide or shower may obliterate; from which we may be assured, that, in selecting honourable persons to receive our benefactions, and in the disposal of our property, to separate the good from the vicious, we may induce a better regulation of conduct in those who are to be our successors, and assist in producing a rectitude in the transactions of mankind.

FUEL.

THE people of this country have coals always at hand for fuel, and are put to no inconvenience in procuring that domestic necessary, except the increase of price by their greater distance from the coal-mine; while, from the innumerable facilities of carriage by sea, river, canal, and railroad, even this little drawback is now reduced to its smallest limits. Our own facilities in this matter put us so much at our ease, that it becomes a little puzzling for us to think that there are people in the world to whom the procuring of fuel for warming their houses, and for cooking, is one of the most serious difficulties of life. Even in some districts of our own country, the labour of preparing this necessary article occupies several weeks of the finest and longest days of summer; in the Highlands of Scotland, and some parts of Ireland, where turf is the only procurable fuel, the peat bogs are covered during the dry season with half the population of the surrounding villages, who have first to dig out the wet peat in masses from the bogs, then to cut it into small bricks for the convenience of drying, and to pile these into little open heaps penetrable by the air. The time for driving them home to the farms and villages is one of equal labour; for the carts in these districts being small, and the peats bulky and light, innumerable returns have to be made to the bogs (which are often situated on the sides or tops of very high hills) before the whole can be removed. So great a proportion does the labour of procuring fuel bear to the other occupations of the year, that populous villages (such as Foggie-loan in Banffshire) often grow up in very barren districts, merely on account of the vicinity of peats; the additional labour requisite in raising corn and in cultivating vegetables in such places being compensated by the shorter carriage required from the moss.

In France there is hardly any other fuel but wood, and large tracts are reserved as forest land for this purpose. The demand outruns the supply, so that the trees are seldom allowed to grow to the size or hardness necessary for making substantial fire-wood. To supply a house in Paris with fuel, according to the comfortable proportions allowed in England, would therefore be a very expensive matter; and the people are necessitated to consider fires in their rooms as a luxury which even in very cold weather is quite beyond their reach. Fire-wood is hardly expended for

any other purpose than cooking; and English students, who are attracted by the celebrity of the French medical school, often feel the occupation of studying all the evening in a Parisian room, with artificial flowers in the grate, to be quite an adequate payment for the eclat of a continental education. The houses of artisans in the towns, and of poor people everywhere through France, present to an English eye a very uncomfortable spectacle on this account, their fires being always extinguished as soon as the meal is cooked. This poverty of an article so essential is not owing to the want of good coal in the country; on the contrary, France possesses many mines distributed over the most populous parts of her territory. The defect is owing rather to the want of a sufficient number of good roads, and the absence of enterprise among her people, who nourish a prejudice against coal, saying they cannot bear the smell and dust which it causes. This strange reason could only operate on an indolent, unindustrious people; nor would any other allow it to impede the progress of manufactures, and of all national prosperity. They even smelt their iron by charcoal fires, at triple the cost of coal.

Spain lies farther south than France, but as its central provinces are situated on an elevated plain which is as high as some mountains, Madrid is a very cold place in winter. The scarcity of wood is here greater than in Paris, and coals are altogether wanting, so that the poor countrymen of Sancho Panza often pass the winter nights in a state of great discomfort. Fevers and consumptions are frequent maladies, consequent on the changes of temperature, and the impossibility of guarding against their effects by means of artificial heat.

In uncivilised countries, the substances used for fuel are of various, and sometimes very uncouth descriptions. Among the Arabs, camel and sheep's dung are the usual substitutes, which are used mixed with brushwood, and stalks of withered herbs from the desert; even these must be economised with the greatest care. Among the wandering tribes in the north of Syria, cattle droppings are the only fuel; and their way of cooking eggs, is, to empty two or three of them from the shells into a hollow piece of dried cow-dung, which is then placed on the embers, and, as it burns, it hastens the cooking of the omelet; this dish is reckoned savoury and rich tasted. In Aleppo, where there are no trees but those of the orchards and gardens, the fuel employed for heating the public baths consists of various ingredients—the dung of animals, the filth of stables, the parings of fruit, with other rubbish collected about the streets; and this composition, both in drying and in burning, produces a stench utterly intolerable to unpractised nostrils. It is to be regretted that the notices of travellers concerning a matter closely affecting the domestic habits of nations, are so frequently scanty and careless. Nothing can be a better measure of the progress towards civilization, than the provisions made by any people for the steady supply of fuel.

If the inhabitants of warm countries are put to difficulty from the want of fuel, what must be the case with those of the frozen north—the Laps, the Esquimaux, the Greenlanders? On the shores of the icy Ocean, there are neither cows nor camels to furnish fuel; and, except the Greenlanders could contrive to warm his kitchen with the dung of a bear, there is no other animal in all those regions fit for the purpose. He cannot even procure the stalks of herbs. It is singular how the ingenuity of man rises superior to his difficulties: the Esquimaux are able to render their huts, which are constructed of large hard snowballs, sufficiently warm and comfortable, by the economical use of a very simple kind of fuel. They have large lamps constructed of hardened clay, with wicks of lichen (a kind of vegetable, called in this country stone-bark and white moss), and the oil is seal-grease, or lumps of bear's fat. With these they warm their houses, and cook their victuals, and contrive to secure a number of domestic comforts. Captain Lyon says that he slept a night in one of their ice-huts, lying on a bench of snow, with a bear's skin beneath him, an immense Esquimaux dog reposing on his feet, and a lamp burning within two inches of his nose; and he never passed a warmer night in his lifetime, though he had sojourned also among the sunburnt Arabs of Fezzan.

The most singular kind of fuel of which we have heard, was that made use of by some French soldiers of the army of Bonaparte, in crossing the desert. Having been for some time utterly at a loss for the means of cooking, they came at length upon a spot where a large portion of a former caravan had perished from some of the calamities incident to travelling in the desert. The soldiers, regardless of the superstitions which would have made an Arab shudder in such a case, seized the bones, and kindled them, by the help of some brushwood, into fires, to cook their victuals, and warm themselves in the chilly nights which often succeed to very hot days in those climates. The stench which arose, was, as might be expected, truly horrible, and prevented the soldiers from enjoying their cookery as they had expected.

These examples may serve to show, that fuel, which we procure so easily, and use with so little thought, is in reality a valuable and rare convenience of civilised life, the regular supply of which requires a concurrence of very fortunate circumstances. It is the foundation of all domestic comfort and its scarcity or

abundance has a powerful effect in fixing the habits, and even the national prosperity of the greatest countries. Without this, where were all the splendid manufactures and domestic elegancies of England? Travellers often fill their books with mere gossip, when they might give at least a slight notice concerning the price of fuel, and the kinds used—what classes are able to procure it, and what are obliged to do without—what injury or disease (in great towns particularly) are supposed to arise to the people from its scarcity—what manufactures could be carried on, were it abundant. Inquiries of this kind would throw light on several of the most essential circumstances in the fortunes and manner of a people.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, the composer of the music of *Der Freyschutz*, and many other admirable works, was born at Eutin, in Holstein, on the 18th of December 1786. Like almost every other great German composer, he was the son of a professional musician, who devoted himself at an early period to the education of his son, and afforded full encouragement to the ripening of his musical talent. In boyhood, Weber was timid, retiring, and studious, but enthusiastic in all he applied himself to. By poring upon romances, which heated his fancy, he gave that peculiar tinge to his mind which is so apparent in his compositions. He also applied in early life to painting and drawing; he even condescended for a time to the drudgeries of lithography, which was then a new discovery; but in time the whole stream of his mind was turned into the channel of music alone. So rapid was his progress under his father and other masters, that in 1798, when he was only thirteen years of age, six fugues composed by him were deemed worthy of being given to the world. Soon after, having taken a predilection for dramatic music, he composed an opera, entitled "the Power of Love and Wine," besides a mass, and numerous minor pieces, all of which, however, he afterwards committed to the flames.

At fourteen, Weber composed the music of Steinberg's opera, *Das Waldmädchen* (the Maid of the Woods), which was well received both in Berlin and Petersburg. Soon after, he wrote an opera called "Peter Schmolli and his Neighbours," in which none but obsolete instruments were used, and which obtained him considerable praise among the more experienced musicians of his country. For some years, Weber now devoted himself solely to the study of the principles of music, first in the cities of northern Germany, and latterly in Vienna, which is in some measure the musical metropolis of the world. He emerged from this noviciate a perfect musician. Being appointed music-director at Breslau, he continued his studies with great diligence, and occasionally employed himself in composition. In 1806, he took the direction of the theatre at Carlsruhe, at the request of Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg; and during the disturbed period which followed, he found an asylum for his subsistence and his studies in the house of Duke Louis at Stuttgart, where he re-wrote his opera of the Wood Girl, and composed various smaller pieces, including *Der erste Ton* (The First Sound), till the political atmosphere began to clear in 1810, and restored him to his profession. He afterwards travelled through Germany in various directions, and his operas were played with success in Frankfurt, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna. In 1813, he undertook the direction of the music in the Prague theatre, but, finding the duties too laborious, and of an invidious character, he resigned the situation, and, in 1817, accepted an invitation to assist in an opera at Dresden. Here he continued in the same active course of life as formerly, at the evident hazard of his health, which never had been very good. Here also he married the accomplished actress, Caroline Brand, who was destined to become an excellent wife. His whole time was not spent on music. He also wrote short poems, tales, criticisms, and other trifles, though generally without giving them his name. Having at length worn out his strength by professional exertion, he retired to the country to recruit, and there composed his "Preciosa," and commenced "Der Freyschutz," which had long before been commissioned for the Berlin theatre, and was founded on a romance by Apel. In 1821, the newly erected royal opera at Berlin was opened with the latter performance.

The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which must ever be regarded as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised his name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in Dresden, in February at Vienna, and every where with the same success. Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a comic opera, "The Three Pintos," never completed, and had accepted a commission for another of a romantic cast for the Vienna stage. The text was at first to have been furnished by Reilstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Reilstab's alterations, never had a musician more to contend with than poor Weber had to do with this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale.

"Dance and Provencal song, and vintage mirth,"

breathe in his melodies; and although a perplexed plot and want of interest in the scene greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was notwithstanding received by all judges of music on its first

representation in Vienna (10th Oct. 1823), sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. He was repeatedly called for, and received with the loudest acclamations. From Vienna, where he was conducting his Euryanthe, he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his "Freyschutz." His tour resembled a triumphal procession; for, on his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal public reception in the theatre.

But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards, "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday! Meantime, a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and 'the slow minings of the hectic fire' within began to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the north of Germany (where his Freyschutz was played in 1823), to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of Oberon, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic but beautiful and touching comic Epos. He received the first act of Planché's manuscript in December 1824, and forthwith began his labours, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr Planché's verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his Euryanthe there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the Freyschutz, the wild and characteristic music of which came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labours at Oberon.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realise something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening, with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him. He left Dresden early in 1826, accompanied by his friend Furstenau, a celebrated performer on the flute, travelling in a comfortable carriage, which his health rendered indispensable. His cough was less troublesome on the journey than it had latterly been. He reached Paris on the 25th of February, where he was received in the most flattering manner by all the musicians and composers of eminence, among others by Rossini, who was so anxious to see him, that he had called before his arrival, that he might ascertain the exact moment of his coming. On the 27th he was present at the first representation of Spontini's "Olympia;" and though no great admirer of the composer, the way in which the opera was performed elicited his warmest approbation. "How splendid a spectacle," says he, "is the opera here! The noble building, the masses upon the stage, and in the orchestra, are imposing, almost awful. The orchestra in particular has a strength and a fire such as I never before witnessed." The longer he remained in Paris, the more the number of his visitors increased. "I cannot venture to describe to you," he writes to his wife, "how I am received here. It would be the excess of vanity. The very paper would blush for me, were I to write down half of what the greatest living artists here tell me. If I don't die of pride now, I am insured against that fate for ever." Though thus breathing an atmosphere of flattery, and feeling his health and spirits improving amidst the novelty of the scene, his letters betray his longing to revisit his domestic circle, and his resolution never again to undertake so long a journey without the comfort of their society.

On the 2d of March, he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th, amidst a heavy shower of rain—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as every thing would be managed for him. On the 6th, he writes to his wife from London—"Here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning through this inexpressibly beautiful country; meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes (among others the largest ship of the line, 148 guns), the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where every thing that could add to his comfort or soothe his illness had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five, then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly, and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (Oberon). I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the Oberon is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one. For eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the third (of March), a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come.

"At seven o'clock in the evening, we went to Covent Garden, where Rob Roy, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber! Weber is here! and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamour of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the Freyschutz was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately, soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour."

The honours of this world were, however, nearly over with Weber. The tired force of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. But his joy on this occasion was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited. His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone. His expressions in the last but one he ever wrote, show the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavoured to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th June, he was to be present at the Freyschutz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the 2d of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavoured to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

On Friday, the 3d of June, he felt so ill that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschutz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock in good spirits, and at seven next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st, with the accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorfields, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service. In person, Weber is described as having been of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.

As a composer, amidst the flood of excellence which his works display, we have some difficulty in singling out the quality for which he stood most pre-eminent. We think, however, that he was in no respect more distinguished than for the perfect originality of his style. He imitates no particular master, he is the slave of no particular school, and can scarcely be said to take the cue from any of his predecessors or contemporaries. He walks in a path decidedly and peculiarly his own; and yet with all this originality, with a style so strongly, so indelibly marked, that it can never be mistaken, he is perhaps less of a mannerist than any composer of his day. The character of his music always varies with the subject. Unlike that of some, it is no Procrustes-bed, to which all themes whatever are forcibly subjected, and fitted in so as to correspond with its precise form and dimensions. On the contrary, his compositions, as they

invariably spring from the contemplation of the subject possess all the beauty and variety incident to it; and when we turn to his laughing chorus, the striking and singular effect of which is produced by the adaptation of the very phenomenon which usually takes place on the vocal organs when the risible faculties are agitated—to the cries of terror and dismay which break from Max, when struggling to escape from the demon, and to many other passages of his works, we are impressed with the idea that the object which he had constantly in view was simply to modulate the voice of nature, so as to bring it within the laws of musical expression. So completely, indeed, has he followed the course which nature points out, that we may apply to him with the most perfect justice, the high eulogium which Pope pronounces on Shakspeare, when he describes him as being "less an imitator than an instrument of nature," and adds, "that it is not so just to say of him that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him."

The consequence of this is, that his works are remarkable for the individuality of their character; and, in this respect, they admit of being favourably contrasted with those of his great rival, Rossini. His Freyschutz, his Preciosa, his Oberon, his Euryanthe, are so distinct from each other, we may venture to say, that, with a person ignorant of their author, they might pass for the productions of a different artist.*

SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.

No settlement that the English has formed in recent times in a distant territory, for purposes of emigration, has failed so completely in its objects as that upon Swan River, on the west side of the continent of Australia. Various causes have been given for this unfortunate result, the chief being the general bad quality of the land in the interior, or at a distance from the river, and the difficulty, if not impossibility of getting steady labourers and mechanics. Lieutenant Brereton, in his recently published work, "Excursions in New South Wales," &c., thus describes the appearance of this settlement:—

"We arrived (says he) at Swan River; and it may be imagined how much our curiosity was excited to see, with our own eyes, a spot of which such a variety of accounts had been published.

This place was known to the French long before the English thought of colonising it; but they seem to have entertained no very high opinion of its beauties or capabilities. The coast, to some distance on each side of the entrance to the river, has a most wretched appearance; nothing being visible save barren rocks or a sandy beach, with a dreary-looking country beyond; in short, a more inhospitable spot is rarely to be found; and a vessel driven upon the rocks formed an object which did not conduce to animate the scene.

Freemantle, at the time of my arrival (October 1829), was a mere encampment, every person being either in a tent or temporary hut. Its site is a level spot, consisting entirely of sand, and the 'bush' or forest extends to within a very short distance of it. Water was easily procured by digging holes a few feet in depth, but it was not particularly good, and that which we took on board at our departure was not drinkable. I understand, however, that a plentiful supply has been found since, and of a good description. The only spring near the place was about a mile distant, and it fell into the river only a few yards from its source.

If the site of Freemantle alone be considered, a worse spot for a town could hardly have been selected. Situated as it is upon a bed of sand, and exposed to a glare that is almost insupportable, it holds out but little inducement for any person to fix his residence there, unless compelled by circumstances.

It was not a little curious to observe the incipient town during the first few months after its commencement. Tents and huts in every variety—goods of all descriptions scattered about in disorder—the emigrants employed, some in cooking their provisions, and others in sauntering about, or landing their effects—many looking very miserable, and not a few equally happy—different kinds of animals just landed, and showing evidently how much they must have suffered during so long a voyage. Such was the scene I witnessed on landing at the spot on which the future principal seaport of Western Australia was to stand.

At the entrance of the Swan, which is close to Freemantle, there is a bar on which the depth of water does not exceed six or seven feet; and often, even when the wind is moderate, the passage over it is not a little hazardous. From thence to Perth, the distance is about nine miles; and the navigation is rather impeded by shoals, which in some places extend nearly across the river.

On approaching the township, one part of the river forms a lake several miles in extent, which would make a fine harbour if a canal could be cut so as to admit large vessels. Its shores are rocky, and generally useless to the agriculturist. Perth, the intended capital, stands on a rising spot, covered, when I was there, with trees, in the midst of which the settlers had pitched their tents or erected their huts; and the situation is not only well chosen, but affords some

* Condensed from a memoir in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, which is partly derived from a German life of Weber, and partly from the personal knowledge of the writer.

nighly interesting views. The river at this part is about half a mile wide, or rather more, but it is so shallow that it may sometimes be forded.

A mile or two above Perth there are several islands; and the river at this spot was so shallow, that we were obliged to get out of our boat, and drag or lift it through the mud for some distance; after which we found ourselves again in deep water, and it soon became fresh.

From this part of the river, to a distance, as well as we could judge, of twenty-five or thirty miles above Perth—that is to say, as far as we could proceed in a boat—the scenery was frequently of a beautiful description, and the banks in many places were composed of a rich alluvial soil, covered with excellent grass. Unfortunately, the good soil was rarely found to extend more than half a mile from the river, and often not more than fifty or a hundred yards. The land, to a greater distance, may be capable of cultivation; but we lost sight of the black mould, and observed beyond it sand and ironstone.

In some parts, the country was thickly clothed with forest; but in others, it had the appearance of a fine park, in which scarcely a tree was to be seen that one would think it necessary to destroy.

It has been confidently asserted that the land is generally so scantily wooded that there are not more than two trees to the acre! Nothing can be more absurd, for it is only here and there that such is the case, the country being more commonly what is denominated 'open forest,' with spots where the trees are very close together.

We made a point of landing wherever we perceived an indication of good land, and frequently discovered the holes which had been dug by those who had preceded us, in order to ascertain the nature of the soil, and saw at once the cause why some persons had been so greatly deceived. Instead of proceeding in a direct line from the river, they had, in consequence of their ignorance of its course, passed partly across an elbow or bend formed by it, without being aware that they were all the time not far from its banks; so that they were led to believe the black mould extended several miles from, instead of along it.

The Canning falls into the Swan a little below Perth, on the opposite side, and in most of its features resembles that river, but it is smaller.

Our party ascended the stream as far as the fallen trees permitted, which was not more, I think, than fifteen or sixteen miles from its confluence with the Swan. Its banks are highly picturesque—often romantic; and it struck me there was rather a larger proportion of good soil than on the last-named river; but even on the Canning, it extends not farther than from half to three quarters of a mile, and very seldom so far.

Between Perth and Freemantle, the land, in an agricultural point of view, is almost worthless, if we except a few small spots; the greater portion of it consisting of sands or sandstone covered with trees and underwood.

The base of the Darling range approaches to within a very few miles of Perth; but the declivities of these hills had not the appearance of being particularly abrupt, and their elevation is considered to be only about 1200 feet, which I am inclined to believe is somewhat underrated. Their aspect is triste and displeasing. How far inland the range extends is not known; but some officers had gone up the Canning as far as they could in a boat, and then walked, according to their statement, upwards of forty miles, when, seeing no apparent termination to the range, and their provisions being well nigh exhausted, they were obliged to retrace their steps.

They said (and there is every reason to believe their information to be correct) that the soil was bad or indifferent, excepting sometimes at the bottom of a valley or ravine; nor did they see much land adapted even for the purposes of grazing: indeed, their account of the interior was far from cheering.

On the Canning, we fell in with twenty-one of the aborigines, a greater number than had been previously seen in a body. They were of good height, straight-limbed, very slightly made, and appeared to be extremely active. As though they were not naturally sufficiently ugly, many of them had thrust a feather, a bone, or a piece of wood, through the septum of the nose; and the same practice was observed on various parts of the east coast by Cook's people, who gave to the ornament the appellation of spritsail-yard.*

Other writers mention that good land is plentiful in this settlement, and that the only serious evil which exists is the want of steady labourers and artisans. The author of a new work, entitled "England and America," has the following observations on this subject:—

"This colony may prosper in the course of years; but for the present it must be considered, when compared with the expectations of those who founded it, a decided failure. Why this failure with all the elements of success, a fine climate, plenty of good land (in proportion, perhaps, to the population), plenty of capital and enough of labourers? The explanation is easy. In this colony, there never has been a class of labourers. Those who went out as labourers no sooner reached the colony than they were tempted by the superabundance of good land to become landowners. One of the founders of the colony, Mr Peel, who, it

is said, took out a capital of £50,000 and three hundred persons of the labouring class, men, women, and children, has been represented as left without a servant to make his bed or fetch him water from the river. The writer of the first book concerning this colony states, that, landing in Cockburn Sound with goods taken from England, he did with some difficulty procure workmen to place his goods under a tent; but that there, for want of workmen to remove them, they remained till they were spoiled, as the tent became rotten. In such a state of things it was impossible to preserve capital. While Mr Peel was without servants, his capital perished; but as soon as his capital had perished for want of servants, those who had been his servants insisted on his giving them employment. Having tried a life of complete independence, and felt the pains of hunger, they now wanted to become labourers again. At one time Mr Peel was to be seen imploring his servants to remain with him; at another, escaping from their fury at his not being able to give them work. The same thing happened in many cases. In each case it was owing to the facility with which people—labourers when they reached the colony—became independent landowners. Some of these independent landowners died of hunger; and at a time, too, when, as it happened, a large supply of food had just reached the colony from Van Dieman's Land. Many of them, both capitalists and labourers, capitalists with capital and labourers without work, have removed to Van Dieman's Land; the cost of passage for the latter being defrayed by settlers in that prosperous island."

Such are a few characteristics of the Swan River settlement, a place to which we would advise no emigrants to proceed, however deplorable their condition be in this country. In the colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, a certain degree of comfort is sure to be obtained; but in this settlement, every thing seems so ill arranged, and the accounts of it are so contradictory, that, in the meanwhile, we consider it would be dangerous to proceed to it with the expectation of finding a comfortable home.

JOLLY YOUNG COLLY.

A poetical *jeu d'esprit*, from "Notes upon Notes," &c. by Henry Warren. London, 1832.

There's jolly young Colly, of Hollywood Hall,
Has galloped, and whalloped, and trolopped through all
The estate of his pater, till great is his fall—
Poor Colly!

For gemmen, and flashmen, and others beside,
And joskins in buckskins who horse-skins could stride,
Were welcome, if they'd come and help him to ride
Through his fortune.

And he called 'em his friends, and he lent 'em his pounds,
While they plucked him, and sucked him, so out of all bounds,
That the neighbours all said he fed two packs of hounds.
Hark forward!

And hence his expenses, and thence is the cause,
As you'll guess, that distress and that pest of the laws,
A bailiff, one day left the mark of his claws
On his shoulder.

Now, hunter hunt himself, he was hunted full sore,
Being sued and pursued the whole county quite o'er,
Till his creditors said it was aunting a bore,
A hard run.

It was hark away, bark away, mark the way—go—
But the game was soon ended, so Friendship cried Wo!
Though tapers and milkwomen cried tally o' me!
Tally ho!

Oh! he'd oft cleared a bank with his high mettle roan,
And he'd cleared his bank now, for his metal had flown;
But one bank he could not clear, that he must own—
Banco Regis!

Erst he swept over, leaped over, many a bar,
But, alas! here the bars were, he found higher far;
So, though bootless, he gave to his spirits the spur
With the bridle.

Poor Colly! your roan is no longer your own,
Nor your bay, nor your gray, nor your brown, nor your dun;
Their bright hues, like yours, have now sunk into one—
Dun Brown.

LONDON DURING THE PLAGUE OF 1665.*

On entering Holborn, I was surprised to see all the people walking in the middle of the street. They had done so, in fact, in the other streets, but the narrowness of the latter had hindered me from noticing it. The silence was still remarkable, broken only by those remote sounding cries of which I have spoken, by the noise of a few coaches, and by the sound of a church bell, as if it were some rainy Sunday evening. It was noon, however; not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks; the air was sultry to the last degree; and the fires that were burning here and there, though lit on purpose, and of use in purifying it, added to the sense of oppressiveness. Yet the people had their coats buttoned up, and their necks muffled, as if they feared every breath of the atmosphere.

I had heard of a man who went about crying—"Yet forty days and London will be destroyed;" and of another, who, half naked, and never stopping to answer questions, hurried unceasingly through the streets, looking frightfully before him, and exclaiming, "O the great and the dreadful God!" I saw

* From a novel entitled "Sir Ralph Esher," by Leigh Hunt. London, 1832.

nothing of this; nor were the looks of the passengers, as far as I noticed, different from what they usually appeared in that careful part of the town; only they were more silent, and now and then the general attention was directed to the bustle at some door, where a person in sick clothes was brought out to be taken into a coach. But nobody stopped. I saw one of these persons go by in a coach, for I could not help looking in. It was a woman, as pale as the sheet that wrapped her. She had her mouth open, and cast a dull glazed look at me; but I quickly turned my eyes. The stream of passengers was now and then painfully interrupted by some one in liquor, not always a man; nor was it possible to know whether the drunken person was afflicted or merely brutal. One of these, a woman, after reeling every body out of the way, fell with such weight on the ground, that I instinctively ran to pick her up; when the rest cried out to me not to touch her, and presently there was a call of "Cart! Cart!" Upon which the cart made its appearance, that took people of this sort to the pest-house. It is supposed that many persons got dreadfully punished in this way for their intoxication; for the cart itself was enough to infect them. The sickness exhibited itself sometimes in the universal languor of the frame, sometimes in raging fevers, and often in boils and blains, which caused the sufferer the acutest agony. It was brought from Holland by infected goods, and detained by dirt and by narrow streets. Those stood the best chance of escaping who kept themselves cleanest, and were of the liveliest temper.

But what I had seen in this great open thoroughfare, however awful for its silent multitude, all avoiding the houses, was nothing to what I encountered in a lane, turning from Newgate Street into Little Britain. The riotous taverns and public-houses, of which I had been told, I did not witness any where, though doubtless they existed. I fancied, by the noise, that I might have passed one upon Snowhill; but there was none of that riot and swearing at open windows, which in this desperate situation of things, it was both too shocking to think of and too easy to believe. The worst noise I heard, after the outcry for the cart, was one of violent lamentation and shrieking in a house shut up, with a watchman standing before it. The people, however, took no notice; the watchman took none; and I passed on with the rest, feeling, for the first time, what it was to grow disregarding of misery, or to force myself to be so, by reason of its very excess. This was surely dreadful enough; and yet, to me, it was little to what I am about to mention.

The lane into which I turned was one of the most silent. The houses were all shut up, and yet I did not observe a single watcher at the doors. (Watchers were people stationed at sick houses to see that nobody went out.) By this I concluded that the inmates were all dead, which very much astonished me. I have thought it strange that death should have proceeded in so regular a manner with a whole street. By what I heard afterwards, I concluded that the greater number of the inhabitants had quitted their business, and fled into the country; while the watchers being few in number, and not overlooked, had most probably, at the time of my passing, gone to take their refreshment, perhaps had abandoned their posts altogether, or gone in-doors, and taken possession without leave; for numbers of such stories were told of them. Be this as it may, a great mortality had taken place in that street, and death was still in it. I was walking on the shady side of the way, to avoid the terrible dead heat (for there seemed a mortality in the very sunshine), when I heard great cries on the sudden, in a house a little beyond, on the other side of the way, and (the door being, I suppose, already open) I saw a figure, like a man in his grave-clothes, burst forth, with his family at his heels, crying, "Father! Father!" He fled up the lane, brandishing his arms and clothes, and I lost sight of them in the turning. I was pondering on this spectacle, when I observed a man coming towards me on my own side, very quiet, though dejected, who passed me without noticing what he had seen. I was not sure that I had come the way I had been directed, and, turning about just as he had passed me, I asked him the name of the street. He looked right in my eyes, with one of those sudden and equivocal smiles which drunken men sometimes put on, though nothing could be staidier than his movements, and said, "Don't you know the name of this street?" In my confusion I was beginning to move off without a word, as we do when deranged people address us, when he burst into peals of laughter, so loud and reiterated as to bring two or three people to the windows, but they said nothing, and almost as instantly withdrew. I was then moving on, when he called to me in a rational and very moving tone, "Sir, sir—I say." I could not help turning round, upon which he came nearer, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Every one dead, sir; six in the family, with their mother; I have seen them all put into the pit." "You afflict me, sir," said I, "beyond measure; I feel heartily for your troubles." He looked stupified, and as he was beginning to smile again, and (to say the truth) I felt both horror and fear, I again moved off, gradually increasing the rapidity of my progress. On reaching the turning of the way, where it rounded off, I could not resist a desire to look back, when I saw him standing in the middle of the street, thrusting his right hand violently into the air, and making signs for me with the other to return. I hastened to get out of his sight.

A Column for Young People. THE BOAT-BUILDERS.*

"COME, papa, and mamma, and Emma, said Frederick, as he just looked into the room, holding the door in his hand; "Tom Hudson has got the boat ready; and I can pull too; and when you like, we can put up the sail. And the sun is so bright—and the meadows and hedges so green—and there's such a nice breeze! How we shall enjoy it!"

The request thus urged, with a countenance all animation and vivacity, was immediately granted; and the domestic party were soon down the flight of steps, over the lawn, and along the lane a little to the right, where Tom was waiting in his nice new boat, called "The Prize," from his having won it at a recent regatta. All were quickly seated, and most delightfully did they glide along; when, as Frederick was wondering at what rate they were going, Mr Elwood asked if he ever heard of a boat which would never fill with water, even when exposed to the violent torrents which frequently accompany a thunder-storm.

"I have read of the life-boat," said Frederick.
"The life-boat," said his father, "is truly valuable; it is the result of much skill and perseverance; but I am thinking of one which is made, not by man, but inferior creatures, and is the result of instinct rather than intelligence."

"I never yet heard of that," replied his son; "and as you, papa, know every thing, how pleasant it will be for Emma and myself to hear all you can tell us; and though mamma has heard it before, I think, for our sakes, she would like it again."

"I should be quite as delighted as yourselves, my dears," was Mrs E.'s prompt and kind reply.

F. But, papa, you have not told us yet who this famous boatmaker is.

Mr E. The gnat, my dear.

E. What, papa! the disagreeable little creature that bit my neck some time ago?

Mr E. The same, my dear. The instrument which the gnat employs is very complicated and amusing. Did you ever see a set of lancets?

F. Yes, papa; when Mr Ferguson called, he took a little case of surgical instruments out of his pocket, and showed me what was inside.

Mr E. Such, then, is the tongue of a gnat: it consists of five pieces, and is shut up in a case, which is split from one end to the other, and gives steadiness to the instrument whenever it is used. It is not this, however, which causes the irritation, but it is occasioned by a fluid, which the gnat injects or throws in, to render the thick blood sufficiently thin to be sucked up through the trunk, or case, we have before spoken of.

F. That is very singular. Does the gnat undergo changes, like the butterfly?

Mr E. O yes; the larva, or grub of the gnat, inhabits the water, and is therefore called aquatic. It usually swims near the surface of the water, with its head downwards, and its tail in the air, for a purpose which will presently be obvious. It may be met with in abundance during summer, in ditches, or in water-butts, appearing like a minute, whitish, semi-transparent shrimp, or fish, when its body is a little bent, as it frequently is. Its organs for breathing are situated in the tail, a tube for which goes off from the last ring of the body, and both of these end in a sort of funnel, composed of hairs, in form of a star, anointed with oil, so as to repel water. Swammerdam remarks, that, when, by handling it too roughly, this oil is removed, the grub "can no longer suspend itself on the water; I have observed it put its tail into its mouth, and afterwards draw it back, as a water-fowl will draw its feathers through its bill to prepare them for resisting water. When it wishes to descend to the bottom, it folds up the hairs of the funnel, but by means of its oil retains at their ends a globe of air; and when it wishes to arise, it has only to open its hair funnel again." Its metamorphosis into a winged fly is very curious.

E. Every thing you explain to us is so, papa; who would have thought that such a little teasing creature was so wonderful?

Mr E. When it is prepared to change its element, the insect rises to the surface, the body is divided, and as soon as the aperture is large enough, the head of the gnat appears in its perfect shape; and then the animal, which has been hitherto aquatic, has nothing to dread so much as the water; for as yet its legs and wings are soft, moist, and bound up, so that they can be of no use, and were the water to touch its corslet, it would certainly and instantly perish.

F. Ah! there's no life-boat for a gnat!

Mr E. Not by Captain Manby, my dear, but one has been provided in itself by the great and beneficent Creator. For, as soon as it puts its head out of water, it raises itself almost perpendicularly, and literally becomes a canoe, of which its own body forms the mast and sail. The skin floats, and when the observer perceives, says Reaumur, how much the prow of the little bark sinks, and how near its sides are to the water, he forgets at the moment that the gnat is an insect which at another time he would kill; nay, he becomes anxious for its fate, and the more so if the slightest breeze play on the surface of the water; the least agitation of the air suffices to waft the creature

with swiftness from place to place, and make it spin round and round. Its body, folded in its wings, bears a greater proportion to the little skiff than the largest mass of sail to a ship: it is impossible not to dread lest the insect should be wrecked; once laid on its side in the water, there is no escape. Multitudes, indeed, thus perish, but generally all terminates well, and the danger is over in a minute. After having stood erect, it draws out its two fore-legs, and, bending to the water, places them on its surface, which is firm ground for a gnat's weight, and then all is safe; the wings dry and expand, and the insect, quitting the water, where it was born, rises into the air.

F. Are there many of these wonderful little creatures?

Mr E. It is supposed, that, from the end of May to that of October, six or seven generations are born; and each gnat is able to lay two hundred and fifty eggs. Indeed, were they not devoured by fish, water-fowl, swallows, and other animals, the air would often be darkened from their immense multitudes, so that, though they only tease and annoy us now, they would become a sort of plague. So numerous were they in 1736, that vast columns of them were seen to rise in the air from Salisbury Cathedral, resembling at a distance columns of smoke, so that many thought that fine building was on fire. A similar occurrence produced the same effect at Sagan, in Silesia, in 1812. At Norwich, in the following year, the inhabitants were alarmed by the appearance of smoke issuing from the upper window of the spire of the cathedral, which most probably arose from the same means. And in 1766, they appeared at Oxford, in the form of a thick black cloud darkening the air. Six columns of them were observed to ascend from the boughs of an apple-tree, to the height of fifty or sixty feet; and their bite was exceedingly envenomed.

F. Why, papa, they are as bad as the mosquitoes of which I was reading yesterday.

Mr E. The mosquito is only a large variety of the common gnat. It is found abundantly in the woody and marshy parts of all hot climates; and throughout Lapland, Norway, and Finland, and other countries equally near the pole, during their short summer. Can you remember, Frederick, any proofs of their ravages?

F. I think I can, papa. It is said that Sapor, king of Persia, was compelled to raise the siege of Nisibis by a plague of gnats, because they attacked his elephants and beasts of burden, and so caused the rout of his army. In the polar regions they are very terrible, for they seem able to resist any degree of cold, as well as to bear any degree of heat. Sometimes in Lapland they are compared to a flight of snow when the flakes fall thickest, or to the dust of the earth.

Mr E. That will do, my dear; mamma has just been reading Clarke's Travels, and will tell us what is stated by that eminent traveller.

Mrs E. He informs us, that in spite of gloves, clothes, and handkerchiefs, the bodies of himself and his companions became one entire wound, and that the irritation and swelling excited much fever. On a most sultry night, when exhausted by pain, heat, and fatigue, he sought refuge in his carriage; he could not venture to open a window, though almost suffocated. Still swarms entered his hiding-place, and, though he had bound up his head with handkerchiefs, filled his mouth, nostrils, and ears. At length he succeeded in lighting a lamp, which was instantly put out by such a prodigious number of these creatures, that their carcasses actually filled the glass chimney, and formed a large conical heap over the burner.

Mr E. Thank you, my dear; now perhaps Frederick can relate how the Laplanders contrive to keep them out of their huts?

F. They burn a fire throughout the day, and, to defend themselves while in bed, the Laplander fixes a leathern thong to the poles of his tent, over his bed, which raises his canvass quilt to a proper height, so that its sides or edges touch the ground; under this he creeps, and passes the night in safety. So loud is their buzz as to disturb, almost as much as their bite, the rest of persons exposed to their attacks. The more wealthy inhabitants of climates where they abound, usually sleep under nets of gauze.

E. Papa, you said just now that before the gnat began to fly, it became a canoe; was this all you meant, when you said it was a boat-builder?

Mr E. No, my love; when the female gnat has laid her eggs, she makes of them a little boat. Each egg is shaped like an olive or a powder-flask, and, by itself, would sink to the bottom of the water; yet the gnat puts the whole three hundred together so skilfully, that they all swim on the surface, safe and unhurt, until the larvæ or grubs of the gnats are hatched.

E. It is very surprising, papa, that so large a number should float, while one would go to the bottom of the pond. But I think you will let us into the secret.

Mr E. A gnat has six legs; the four fore-legs she rests on a floating leaf, or on the side of a bucket, if she is in water contained in such a vessel; and her body is thus held level with the water, except the last ring of her tail, which is a little raised. She then begins to use her two hind-legs, which she crosses in the shape of the letter X, the open part of which, next the tail, serves as a kind of scaffold for the eggs she lays, until the boat is nearly formed. Each egg, when laid, is covered with a sort of glue; the gnat holds the first-laid egg in the crossed legs until the second is placed by its side, and fastened to it; she then glues

to these another egg, making a triangle, or three-sided figure; and this is the beginning of the boat. Thus she goes on piling egg upon egg, always keeping the boat in proper shape by her useful hind-legs; and, as it grows in size, she pushes it from her by degrees, still adding to the unfinished end next her body. When the boat is half built, her hind-legs are stretched out like two parallel lines, and she holds up the boat as cleverly as if it were done with two outstretched arms.

F. And is it much like a boat, papa?

Mr E. Yes, my dear; it possesses not only the form, but also most of the other properties of a boat; its fore and hind parts being sharper and higher than the middle; the lower part on which it always floats being convex, and the upper part concave. It is likewise so buoyant that no agitation of the water, however violent, can sink it; and, what is still more deserving of admiration, although hollow, it will not sink. Mr Kirby says, "To put this to the test, I put half a dozen of these boats upon the surface of a tumbler half-full of water. I then poured upon them a stream of that element, from the mouth of a quart bottle, held a foot above them. Yet, after this treatment, which was so rough as actually to project one out of the glass, I found them floating as before, and not a drop of water within their cavity."

AGED GARDENERS.

Perhaps it may gratify those who seek for health, by their attachment to gardens, to note the age that some of our English horticulturists have attained to: Parkinson died at about 78; Tradescant, the father, died an old man; Switzer, about 80; Sir Thomas Browne died at 77; Evelyn, at 86; Dr Beale, at 80; Jacob Bobart, at 85; Collinson, at 76; a son of Dr Lawrence (equally fond of gardens as his father), at 86; Bishop Compton, at 81; Bridgman, at an advanced age; Knowlton, gardener to Lord Burlington, at 90; Miller, at 80; James Lee, at an advanced age; Lord Kames, at 86; Abercrombie, at 80; the Rev. Mr Gilpin, at 80; Duncan, a gardener, upwards of 90; Hunter, who published *Sylvia*, at 86; Speechley, at 56; Horace Walpole, at 80; Mr Bates, the celebrated and ancient horticulturist of High Wickham, who died there, December 1819, at the great age of 89; Marshall, at an advanced age; Sir Joseph Banks, at 77; Joseph Cradock, at 85; James Dickson, at 89; Dr Andrew Duncan, at 83; and Sir U. Price, at 83. Mr Loudon, at page 1063 of his *Encyclopædia*, informs us that a market garden and nursery, near Parson's Green, had been, for upwards of two centuries, occupied by a family of the name of Rench; that one of them (who instituted the first annual exhibition of flowers) died at the age of ninety-nine years, having had thirty-three children; and that his son (mentioned by Collinson as famous for forest trees) introduced the moss-rose, planted the elm-trees now growing in the Bird-cage Walk, St James's Park, from trees reared in his own nursery, married two wives, had thirty-five children, and died in 1783, in the same room in which he was born, at the age of a hundred and one years. Reflecting on the great age of some of the above, reminds me of what a "Journal Encyclopédique" said of Lestiboudois, another horticulturist and botanist, who died at Lille, at the age of ninety, and who gave lectures in the very last year of his life. "When he had (says an ancient friend of his) but few hours more to live, he ordered snow-drops, violets, and crocuses, to be brought to his bed, and compared them with the figures in Tournefort. His whole existence had been consecrated to the good of the public, and to the alleviation of misery; thus he looked forward to his dissolution with a tranquillity of soul that can only result from a life of rectitude; he never acquired a fortune; and left no other inheritance to his children but integrity and virtue."—From a volume, entitled "On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening."

INTELLIGENCE IN CARD-PLAYING.

The alleged origin of the invention of cards, produced one of the shrewdest replies I have ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr Gregory, of Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," said the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequences of this reply were decisive.—Sir W. Scott.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BERRER, Holywell Street, Strand; BANCES & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALES, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLAMY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh. Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

* From "Art in Nature or Science Anticipated," Westley and Davis, London.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER," AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 97.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

BAD TIMES.

THE everlasting cry of bad times is one of the most curious specimens of popular error that we know of, and might almost be held to indicate a radical deficiency in the powers of the human understanding. We do not recollect any period so happy, but what the cry of bad times was general: it was so, as we distinctly recollect, during even that period of unnatural prosperity immediately before the conclusion of the late war. The only explanation that can be given to so self-evident a delusion, is, that it originates with the unfortunate and the imprudent—always a large body—and is readily echoed by those who are otherwise, in order (if we may use the expression of the old Highland laird) "to keep the rest off them." The unprosperous save their self-love by putting it all upon the times; and the prosperous save their gains by pretending to be poor likewise: with the one set it is an excuse; with the other it is a defence: and so the fallacy spreads.

The complaints of the labouring portions of the community regarding the increasing severity of their lot, are entitled to more respect, for their case is a new one, and it is befitting that statistical inquirers should endeavour to ascertain how far the system of monotonous labour, which now obtains in large masses of the community, is compatible with their moral and physical happiness. It may be a grinding toil which is generally endured by these masses; and we are not prepared to say, that, considering the complete abandonment of liberty which is part of his condition, the workman is in general paid better, or, to use an expressive phrase, is better off than his forefathers relatively were. If a condition of labour, however, attended by a considerable share of personal comforts, be better than a condition of comparative idleness, unattended by nearly so large a share of those appliances, the labourer of the present day has no title to cry out, "Bad times."

One of the grand causes of this fallacy is the ignorance of the majority of the people regarding any other time than the present. If the middle classes knew how poorly, in comparison, their predecessors lived—if the labouring classes knew what unutterable hardships and discomforts were endured by those who have gone before them in the same humble but useful walk of life—there would be much less of this standing charge against the present age.

We need go to no country more distant than our own, nor to any remoter period than what is recollected by thousands of persons yet living, to find abundance of proof, that in all the conveniences of life the present time is incomparably superior to the past. We shall take the condition of the poor as the best criterion, because the richer sort of people can at all times command advantages which render the progress of domestic comfort less perceptible in their instance. The change from the lumbering and hard-bottomed elbow-chair to the soft settee, is much less decisive of the point at issue, than that from a dwelling, where the snow blew into the chimney-nook, to a snug cottage, both air-tight and water-tight. The houses of the peasantry fifty or sixty years ago were deficient in comfort, to a degree that ought to make those who extol past times shudder and hold their peace. Constructed of mud, of turf, or of alternate layers of turf and stone without any cement, and with thinly thatched roofs, they were pervious at almost every point to wind and rain. Built in numerous instances at the bottom of steep slopes, with the door on the side toward the hill, there was little more than a yard or a yard and a half between the front wall and the bank

of earth formed in digging the foundation. This bank rose as high as the eaves; so that the passage to the house was more like a deep ditch than any thing else. Nor did it want water in the bottom to complete the resemblance: when heavy rains fell, or during the melting of snows, the moisture, dripping down the side of the mountain, poured into this receptacle, and frequently entered the house, causing not only a present inconvenience by extinguishing the fire on the hearth, imprisoning children in beds, and obliging cats to embark for safety on stools or other floating furniture, but when the deluge receded, it left the earthen floor in a state of unhealthy dampness, which was never entirely removed during the driest months of the year. The discomfort was felt to be great; but the attachment to use and wont was such, that, instead of removing to a better situation when the erection of a new hovel was necessary, our excellent ancestors raised them on the same or a similar spot, and thought they had succeeded beyond measure well in devising a remedy, by leaving a conduit in the back wall through which the float-water might discharge itself. In winter these huts were often covered up with snow, so as entirely to debar egress or ingress. We have been told of a man, who, being absent during a fall of snow, found himself excluded from his own house on his return; and for a week the only communication he was able to hold with his family, was by entering an outhouse and speaking and thrusting his hand through a hole in the end wall. Two of his children lay in the same bed, ill of small-pox, at the time, and every morning the blankets above them were strewn with a layer of snow, drifted through the crannies of the crazy mansion.*

Where a dwelling was not exposed to the influx of running water, it was at least sure to admit moisture plentifully from above. The story of James Allen, the celebrated Northumberland piper, shows but too truly the condition of the thatched roofs throughout the country about the period referred to: Being asked by some gentlemen, who visited him on a wet day, while the rain was discharged in unobstructed bucketfuls about the ears of himself and family, why he did not endeavour to make his residence more habitable, by closing up the holes in the roof, he replied, "In weather like this, it is impossible to work, and when the season is fine the house does not need any repairs." Even where the roof was well kept, according to the ideas then prevalent, a long course of boisterous weather found or made numerous crevices, by which the rain penetrated. The reader is to remember, that, in the houses spoken of, nothing intervened between the floor and the roof; ceiling or "lofting" there was none; and as every chimney refused to carry off any thing but the smallest piping of smoke, that detested substance filled the cottage, first curling over the heads of the inmates, and then investing them down to the ground with its eye-vexing, "hoast-provoking" folds. On looking in by a window, after nightfall, upon a company seated round the fireside, with their slender taper dimly burning in the midst of this lurid atmosphere, their persons appeared distorted, their faces disfigured and discoloured, and they resembled a set of demons met in unholy con-

clave, rather than a party of worthy Scottish peasants enjoying a cheerful crack beside the winter ingle. But this was not the worst of it: the smoke crusted every beam and rafter with a thick coating of soot; and when the wet soaked through the roof, the drops blackened every thing upon which they fell. Then were called into requisition every "wecht" and broad dish in the house, which were placed all about the joists, and on the tops of the beds, to preserve the furniture, the dresses of the family, and the food they were eating, from the pollution of the sable shower. While the storm lasted, the drops pattered and plunged in the vessels, which were emptied as soon as it was discovered that the contents began to overflow, and a strong sooty odour was diffused into every corner of the dwelling.

Many huts of the old construction still remain to attest the truth of this description. But they are disappearing; and we would ask those who grumble on account of the increasing wretchedness of the times, whether they would propose, as a means of putting a stop to its farther progress, to discontinue the building of the neat little edifices, with walls of stone and lime, and slated roofs, which are fast rooting out these miserable dwellings from every glen-head, at least in the southern parts of Scotland?

If the immediate ancestors of our peasantry were, in point of lodging, so much worse off than their descendants, their food and clothing were equally inferior. Agriculture was in a pitiable state. There was no proper system of manuring the ground, nor of alternating crops. The fields were not sheltered by fences. Seasons were not observed with care; nor was labour regulated with any degree of precision—nothing was begun in time, nor finished in time. Sometimes servants worked extremely hard and very long hours; at others they loitered indolently about the house, wasting days in idle conversation or amusements with their master. A piece of ground was ripped up with the plough here and there on the hill-sides; the seed, most probably of indifferent quality, was flung in late; and strict injunctions were issued to the shepherd—alas, how vainly!—not to allow a single ewe to nip a single corn-stalk. When harvest came, no crop could present a more hopeless appearance; it was only half-ripe, thin, and stunted; trampled down and eaten by wild animals, as well as by those under the care of man; and the ears were switched off by the wind and weather. In this state it was cut, perhaps after the frosts and snows had set in; and, it may well be guessed, the grain was either wholly useless, or afforded food both scanty and extremely unhealthy. The consequence next season was commonly a famine and dearth; and people were driven to the most wretched means of subsistence. Butcher-meat was out of the question among the poor at that time; so nobody thought of fetching a sheep from the hill, and killing it for the use of his starving family, except perhaps he who possessed none of his own, and deemed it better to steal one than to die of hunger. Milk afforded a timely help to those who had a cow; but all such as were not so fortunate, had nothing else to depend upon but a few "lang kail," well nipt by the hares, in the corner of a fenceless garden, and wild roots, which they grubbed up in the fields. They could not plant a few early potatoes, to be coming forward as a resource before the beginning of harvest; for neither the late nor the early kind of potato had then come into common use. How would a modern admirer of past times, who never in the course of his life, except some twice or thrice by chance, missed a regular meal,

* We may add that, in consequence of the coolness communicated by their snowy covering, these two children recovered with a rapidity quite unusual at the period; and this was one of the circumstances which tended to convince the people of the neighbouring district that patients suffering under that loathsome malady ought to be kept cool; it had previously been the practice, as all our readers are no doubt aware, to exclude fresh air from them with the greatest solicitude, and to heap over them loads of bedclothes sufficient to kill by suffocation even a healthy person.

like to sit down for weeks to a dish of wild herbs, unskilfully culled, badly prepared, and insufficient in quantity? Would he exchange his fine linen for "straitlacing" fit to rasp the skin off a tender back? would he deliver up his superfine west of England blue coat, and invest himself with one of the coarsest home-made hoddens gray? or would he lay aside his neat and comfortable shoes and stockings, for the purpose of tramping it barefoot to church, and putting on a pair of the clumsiest construction on approaching the end of his journey?

So far as Scotland is concerned, this, we think, should be decisive. As to the comparative condition of the English peasantry in the past age and the present, we have not the means of drawing so accurate a contrast. It is ascertained, however, that the agricultural labourers of that country are equally well paid now as during the times of war-prices, while their employers are a great deal worse. And we have no doubt that the same change, upon the whole, as that experienced in Scotland, has taken place in the south also, though not in so amazingly short a space of time.

POWERS OF FASCINATION IN ANIMALS.

AMONG the most mysterious facts in nature, is the power of fascination which several classes of animals possess over others, for destructive or protective purposes. There must be few of even our juvenile readers who have not heard of this power as exerted by the rattlesnake, upon birds, squirrels, hares, and other small animals, which that serpent is in the habit of making its prey. It is said to fix its eyes upon its victim, and, opening its mouth, draws them slowly forward, trembling and fluttering with fear, but unable to restrain themselves, till they enter the yawning gulf, and are devoured. To appearance, the one creature overpowers the other by a mere exertion of the will, supposing that there is a will in animals, as we sometimes see a man of strong character draw a weaker brother into a course which ends in destruction. But this is less probable than a theory which has been formed upon observation of facts, by Major A. Gordon, of South Carolina, who, in a paper published in the New York Historical Society, attributes the fascinating powers of serpents to a vapour which they secrete, and which they throw around them to a certain distance at pleasure. Major Gordon states various facts in support of his opinion, and observes that the vapour produces a sickening and stupefying effect, and alludes to a negro, who, from a peculiar acuteness of smell, could discover a rattlesnake when in the exercise of this power, at the distance of two hundred feet, and who, following such indications, always found an animal drawn within its vortex, and struggling with its influence.

The rattlesnake, however, does not form the only class among the reptile species possessing the power of fascination. The American writers affirm that many of the larger kinds of snakes have also this power; and Vallaint, in his travels in Africa, asserts, that, at a place called Swartland, he was eye-witness to a shrike in the very process of being fascinated by a large serpent, the fiery eyes and open mouth of which it was gradually approaching with convulsive tremblings, and the most piteous shrieks of distress. Vallaint states, that the bird died before reaching the jaws which were open for it, killed either by fear or the overpowering effect of the vapour. The traveller measured the distance between them, and found it to be three and a half feet.

The sympathy which seems to exist between several of the organs of the human frame, is also as unaccountable as any of the phenomena we have now noticed. A small laceration in one of the fingers will produce a locked jaw; as, when the liver is diseased, a severe pain in the left shoulder is felt; yet why the jaw or the shoulder should be affected more than any other part of the system, still remains without any certain explanation. The effect of different poisons, when introduced into the stomach, is a farther illustration of this wonderful sympathy. The infusion of tobacco applied to any part of the alimentary canal, almost instantaneously, and apparently by some other means than the circulation of the blood, destroys the action of the heart, while the brain and the other muscles of the system are comparatively but little affected. The essential oil of almonds, and the juice of acouite, on the contrary, destroy as rapidly the action of the brain, while the heart continues nearly its usual pulsations, not only during the symptoms, but even for some minutes after death has actually taken place. Many other poisons produce a similar diversity of effect: and the poison of the horned snake, which produces death in the course of a few hours, when introduced by a wound or a bite, may be tasted and swallowed without producing any bad effect.

There are some of the natives of Africa and America who possess the power of what is called "charming," or producing a benumbing or stupefying effect on poisonous serpents and scorpions, by handling them. This power is in some natural and hereditary, while in others it is acquired by chewing the roots or other parts of certain plants, rubbing them in their hands, or bathing their bodies in water containing an infusion of them. In that part of Africa which lies northward of the great desert of Sahara, there was formerly a tribe called the Psylli, who seem to have possessed this power, either from nature or art, in a degree that occasioned the name of Psylli to be given to all persons capable of producing similar effects. Plutarch informs us that Cato, in his march through the desert, took with him a number of these Psylli to suck out the poisons from the wounds of such of his soldiers as might be bitten by the numerous serpents which infested that region. It was then ignorantly believed that this power of subduing the poison was the effect of magic, and the Psylli, to confirm this belief, always, when in the exercise of this fascination, muttered spells or haunted verses over the person whom they were in the act of curing. Many have ventured to doubt the existence of this power being possessed by any class of people, but the concurrent testimony of the best-accredited travellers seems to confirm the fact. Mr Bruce distinctly states, from minute personal observation, that all the blacks in the kingdom of Sennar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the horned snake (there the most common, and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe) in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at each other, as children do apples and balls, during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and if they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. The Arabs of the same country, he also observes, have not by nature this protective power, but generally acquire it, by the use of certain plants. The artificial means of rendering the person invulnerable to the bite of snakes, seems also to be practised in South America. Don Pedro D'Orbigny Y. Vargas, a native of Santa Fé, published in 1791 a memoir of experiments which he instituted to ascertain the truth of this phenomenon. The plant, he tells us, chiefly used by the American Indians, is called the guacomithy, from their having first observed that the bird of that name, or, as it is sometimes called, the serpent-hawk, usually sucked it before it attacked venomous serpents, which it could then do with impunity. Prepared by drinking a small portion of the juice of this plant, and inoculating themselves with it by rubbing it upon three small punctures, made in the hands, breast, and feet, Don Pedro himself, with all his domestics, were accustomed to venture into the fields, and fearlessly seize hold of the largest and most venomous serpents. It was seldom that the animal thus fascinated ever attempted to bite, or if it did, no evil consequence arose from the wound.

It may not be irrelevant here to allude to the common practice of charming trout and other fresh-water fishes, by rubbing the hands with assafetida, and gradually approaching the fish with it, which, in an intoxication of delight, seems to abandon every degree of caution, and, instead of flying from the coming danger, advances to meet it, as a leveret to the mouth of the rattlesnake; only in the case of the fish pleasure appears to be the predominating influence.*

There is a secret influence said to be possessed by some men, by which they can disarm the rage of the most vicious quadruped. Housebreakers have sometimes been known to exercise this power over watchdogs; the animal, while the robbery is committing, seemingly being under an influence of a quieting and sedative kind. The natives of Lapland and Dalame, it is affirmed, are in the possession of this secret generally, inasmuch that they can oblige the most furious dog to fly from them with all his usual signs of fear, such as dropping his tail and suddenly becoming silent. The power possessed by "Sullivan the Whisperer" over horses (described in a late number of the Journal) is also illustrative of this subject. Thus we see an effect of the most powerful kind produced by

* Among the instances of a fascinating or sympathetic power in other departments of nature, the most remarkable perhaps is that presented by the valeriana, an aquatic plant belonging to that order in which the male and female are classed separately. The male has a long spiral stem, by which its flowers are enabled to adapt themselves to the water, from the bottom of which the plants shoot forth, and to float in the middle of tide-streams of every variety of ascent. The stem of the female is shorter; and this species of the plant is only found in shallow water, or on shores where the tide exerts but little influence. As soon as the male flower has become perfected, the spiral stem dies away, and the flower separating itself from it, floats with the stream or wind over the water; until, at a certain distance from the spot occupied by the female flower, it is attracted with an influence so strong as to oppose with success the power of the stream or wind, which otherwise would carry it in a different direction. From whence this phenomenon arises, is altogether unknown; the most plausible cause ascribed, is, that the attraction is produced by a peculiarity of odour, which, though unknown, these plants may inherit.

Among fishes, several of them have powers of exercising upon their enemies a fascination, which enables them not only to escape from the threatened danger, but also gives them a facility of securing the animals, which they in their turn destined for their prey. The torpedo ray has the power of throwing a benumbing sensation upon the arm of the fisherman, through the hook, the line, and rod, which he is using; and what is still more extraordinary, the fish has a power of inflicting its infliction or with which it is endowed which thus disarms his enemy. This animal is frequently found on the wet sands after the tide has retired; he buries himself in it by means of his fins, which serve to throw the sand over him; and even when hidden in this manner, he is said to have the power of striking with sudden torpor the casual wayfarer who may be passing over him.

one animal upon another, without being able to trace the medium of operation by which the consequences are made visible. The only mode by which this mysterious control can in any way be accounted for, is that adopted by Major A. Gordon, of which we have already spoken, viz., that, either by an inherent or acquired power, the controlling animal is enabled to emanate the absorbing influence which thus subdues or stupefies its victims.

THE GENTEEL YOUNG MAN;

A TALE.

WILLIAM FREDERICK COOK was an exceedingly genteel good-looking young man, about twenty years of age, the son of a tradesman in London, who had an idea he should make his boy something above wearing an apron and sleeves, by sending him to schools at which the classics were taught. Accordingly, when Master William's education was finished, or, more properly speaking, when the expenses could no longer conveniently be endured, he came home, and, considering himself a miracle of learning and gentility, strutted, spouted Latin, thought his father was a fool, consulted his mirror like some of the other sex, who think fortunes may be made by face and figure, became a regular cultivator of whiskers, and spurs, and, consequently, a gentleman.

He was occasionally at places of amusement, but regularly in the family pew at St George's, and was considered a youth good as he was handsome, till it was discovered that he was thus regular in his attendance at church to eye the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, who as constantly was seen in her family pew on the opposite side of the aisle. Every Sunday, an ocular correspondence was kept up between this pair, till, tired of mere vision, they met, spoke, and were in ecstasies with each other. Young Mr Cook was determined to make the most of this promising adventure. He was penniless, had no profession wherewith to support himself, no species of patrimony to look for—nothing, in short, to depend on but his whiskers, his spurs, his gentility, and his beautiful fine-sounding name. This, therefore, was a capital chance of entrapping a young lady with what are called "good expectations"—a chance not to be lost sight of. Miss Louisa Heaviside, at the same time, could think of nothing but William Frederick Cook, because he was such a very handsome young man, and had such a very pretty double Christian name. She believed that marriages were made in heaven—that it would be the height of human felicity if she could be so fortunate as to secure such an elegant young gentleman as her husband. She was about eighteen, and somewhat romantic—considered manly beauty the first and only requisite in a husband—therefore, to such a man there could be no possible objection. She was confident they loved each other; therefore every one should strive to produce a union fraught with such an enviable share of happiness.

Her parents, however, entertained opinions not in agreement with these joyous notions. They ascertained who this William Frederick Cook was, his disposition, and his prospects in life. They then represented the impropriety of such a connection, but without effect. Louisa said, Mr William Frederick Cook was a scholar, an elegant and a handsome young man. Her determination to speak enthusiastically of him, and his resolution to write in the most impassioned style to her, induced her parents to send her on a distant visit, by way of what is called putting a girl out of harm's way; and so cautiously were the movements made, that young Mr Cook could not discover when or whether his dear Louisa had been dispatched. In a state of anxiety and hopelessness, he began to think his fair prospect blighted. He bribed all Mr Heaviside's servants without obtaining the least information. He sought at every place where post-horses could have been engaged; but he could obtain no tidings to cast one ray of hope on his despair.

Louisa had been conveyed to Chichester, in Sussex, and there placed under the care of an uncle and aunt, till her frenzy should have subsided. They were attentive to their charge, and tried the soothing, the reasoning, and the threatening modes, without success. Louisa was inconsolable and sullen. She thought that "fathers have flinty hearts"—that all the promised ages of bliss were lost. It was certain to bring her to an early tomb.

In the depth of this despair, Love, all-powerful Love, lent Louisa his aid. Her servant's heart he softened. A feather, plucked from a quarter of a hundred of quills, at six shillings the hundred, spread, in Scott's liquid black, certain feeling hieroglyphics, swollen with tears, all over a sheet of gilt-edged post, and the mail-bag conveyed the dear epistle with such correctness, that the sad William Frederick started at once into consciousness of existence. Swift as the stage-coach could waft him, and the girl Hannah could arrange it, he was saluting his Louisa's tear-wet cheek. This was like magic! Raised from despair to joys unutterable, in despite of counteract-

ing magicians, in the shapes of aunts, servants, locks, keys, and bolts! Love truly laughs at locksmiths.

By the help of Hannah, meetings, happy and delightful because forbidden, continued undetected. What blissful days! All was charming—too flattering sweet to be substantial. Louisa's aunt was not a young lady; and although years might have taken away her good looks, she kept a good look-out, and, putting her finger to her nose, cogitated on the sudden change in Louisa's manner. To go so frequently a-shopping alone—to stay from home so much longer than necessary—to dislike interrogatories, and yet be cheerful! All this was not exactly according to the strict principles of moral sentiment. Suspicion in an aunt presently becomes accusation. Aunts in authority endure no restraint: they are of course despots. Power, on being replied to unserviently, feels angry, and vindictive people despise argument when they can apply force. Louisa was contumacious, and in consequence endured close confinement. This was a shock that shattered the nerves of both lovers: their hearts were rent in twain: every string was severed.

Hannah, however, was still the mediator. She wafted the sighs to the miserable Mr Cook, and he wrote nonsense verses—not in Latin, though he could do either equally well. One truth he never forgot to state—he could not live without her. How full of truth and feeling was this declaration! If the world were one vast chrysolite, and hers, she would give it for him, most enchanting man! In another sense, the declaration was quite true; for Mr Cook had in reality lived for some time upon subsidies raised from the resources of his mistress, and, besides her fortune, had no means of livelihood in the world.

All this amiable young adventurer's hopes of turning the speculation to a good account, now revived. He brushed up his whiskers and his Eton grammar, in proof that he was a man of refinement. But happiness is not to be taken by storm. The aunt, the unfeeling aunt, was ever on the alert. The holding of a correspondence with a captive, in spite of the governess who held the keys of the citadel, was provoking to the last degree. Determined to put a stop to this intercourse, she renewed her vigilance, and at length observed Hannah more than particularly busy one morning with something like a letter. The aunt hastened to the apartment of Louisa, whom she found singing

"For tenderness formed."

Without ceremony, the aunt closed the door, and waited like a tigress to spring upon her prey. Hannah unsuspectingly opened the door, saying, "Here's the letter, miss." The aunt caught it from the outstretched hand, and, in contempt of the post-office denunciations, broke open the seal, and read all she could. The old lady looked perfectly petrified: Louisa sunk back in her chair; and Hannah vanished. The aunt left the chamber, slamming the door after her so violently, that the windows rattled. Every one in the house rushed to the stairs, and heard that Hannah's boxes were to be examined instantly, her wages paid, and she forthwith bundled out of the house. Searching at the custom-house wharves is a mere glance, compared with this examination. Three sovereigns were found in a little box, and one of them had a mark, which the aunt recognised as that identical sovereign she received in change when she paid her grocer's bill, and which had been paid to Louisa, with others, for pocket-money. How clear that these were the rewards of perfidy! How could the officers of justice be directed to proceed? "Why," replied the uncle, "neither be angry, nor talk nonsense; if you disapprove of Louisa's conduct, send her back to her father, and do not let the tranquillity of my house be disturbed by such vagaries." This was determined to be carried into effect as soon as possible; and the aunt insisted that Hannah should be sent off instantly, which was accordingly done.

The uncle, on investigation, perceived great perseverance in his niece's correspondent; he disliked being her jailor, seeing the impossibility of fulfilling the duties, and he determined on seeing the genteel young man at the inn where he had taken up his quarters, in opposition to the advice of his lady, who thought a very different treatment proper for such an impertinent fellow. The uncle having called on Mr Cook, saw him a youth of fine features, good figure, and of prepossessing manners; and in the course of conversation, felt himself somewhat in the back-ground, while quotations from the examples in the Eton grammar were interspersed without rhyme or reason, to all of which the old gentleman could only umph, and wish himself well out of the house. He learned, however, that William Frederick Cook was resolved to love Louisa eternally, and so took his leave very much dissatisfied with his visit. He now wrote to Louisa's father, explaining all the particulars; gave her twenty pounds, and saw her with her handboxes placed in the coach for London, stating to the coachman that he should see the young lady safely delivered as directed.

But Mr Cook was not to be baffled. By spies in the house, he knew all the movements of the family, and took proceedings accordingly. He joined Louisa on the road, having previously taken his place, and they concerted measures by which to prevent others from thwarting or interfering with their happiness.

It was long before the hurricane had subsided in the aunt's mind, every circumstance being in a course of aggravated repetition. What had Louisa done with

the money that had found its way to her?—and then she enumerated several sums presented to her by wealthy relatives. Why, as she lived, they amounted to eighty-four pounds six shillings and sixpence. Astonishing! And upon this came the astounding fact, that her uncle had given her twenty more at her departure! making one hundred and four pounds six shillings and sixpence!—her voice gradually increasing in shrillness as she repeated the enormous amount. All of which was to be lavished on that sneaking villain! Perhaps it went to pay his extravagance at the Black Lion. Oh! he was a precious swindler, certainly: Louisa would make a fine affair of it. He would soon be sick of her, a silly love-sick stupid girl. She was heartily glad to have wiped her hands of such impertinent misses. Girls now were not what they used to be. One hundred and four pounds six shillings and sixpence in about a month! Such a mean rascal.

Cash to this amount, as appeared in the aunt's memorandum book, had been disposed of as suspected; for Louisa valued nothing but as it might contribute to the enjoyments of her dear William Frederick, and had left her purse without a coin, till the fortunate supply by her uncle.

During a month, occupied in sighing and dying, as Louisa thought, Mr William Frederick Cook had lived like a prince at the Black Lion, enjoying all the rural sports of the season, and often as drunk with wine as with love. His attachment, indeed, was of the most heartless description; and though he must have been more or less than man to have altogether contemned the affection which his mistress displayed for him, he certainly was much more interested in her fortune, or at least to the means which she furnished for supplying him with the paltry indulgences in which he delighted.

They were overjoyed at meeting on the road. The licence and the ring, which had often been spoken of and written about, were now exhibited, and proposed to be brought into action. An opportunity soon occurred such as might never again be presented. It was considered unwise not to take advantage of the moment. Accordingly, by a little artifice, such as is ever resorted to when any thing clandestine is to be executed, the genteel William Frederick Cook and Miss Louisa Heaviside were indissolubly married, at St George's Church, without the knowledge of any part of the young lady's family, although residing in the parish. The festivities on the occasion were kept at the house of old Mr Cook, who saw in this union the fulfilment of his hopes in the advancement of his son. The new-married pair were supplied from his diminishing funds, willingly, because there could be no doubt of a reconciliation with Louisa's family in a short time, and then all would go well on the road to prosperity. But to produce this was an undertaking surrounded by difficulties. To express penitence for a wilful act, by which the perpetrator might alone be benefited, required a greater share of impudence than Mr William Frederick could muster. In this case, Louisa wrote, though not after the genuine dictates of her own simple heart, with diffidence, or submission, or hope of forgiveness; but merely an announcement of their intention to call on their return to town.

Before the expiration of many weeks, the happy pair paid their visit of ceremony to Louisa's father and mother. To meet with unkindness had not occurred to the tutored mind of Mr Cook, although it had been suggested as possible to the sensitive Louisa. They experienced the rebuke and the contempt of a haughty man, who found his intentions thwarted by a designing and heartless villain. They heard the cold expressions of astonishment at their presuming to appear where they had offered such insult. At this expression, the elegant young husband ventured to express his claim to the character of a gentleman, whom Louisa had considered herself justified in selecting as her husband, and said that neither had to regret what had occurred. Unfortunately this partook more of rudeness than propriety. Louisa's mother and sister left the room with all the signals of insulted dignity, and with a parting glance of contempt. Mr Heaviside inquired of Mr Cook the means by which he intended to meet the expenditure resulting from his marriage. This was a trying question for a genteel young man without a profession; he replied, "that he was a scholar," and made up the rest by a string of Latin quotations. "Young man," interrupted Mr Heaviside, "either you cannot express yourself in your native tongue, or you wish to make some impression on my mind, by your smattering knowledge of the classics. If you knew how contemptible you appear, your lower-form absurdities would be expunged from your memory. I know you well." "Sir," replied the high-spirited William Frederick Cook, "you know, then, that I am not solicitous to obtain the pity of any one." "Go, rash man," said Mr Heaviside, "for you are worse than a beggar, and never let me see you more."

Silent and slowly they left the house, the door of which never opened again to receive them. They both secretly felt how much they had transgressed, and that they were driven on the world nearly destitute. Yet they endeavoured to excite in each other the hope that shortly a reconciliation would restore them to what they deemed their just expectations, and then every debt would be paid, and they should yet be happy. Idle dreams! The pride of appearance sustained them under many privations; but the world,

that looked on with an affected smile of commiseration during their distress, finding there was no thought of honest industry, looked coolly upon them, and pity was soon superseded by just contempt.

This infatuated pair subsequently passed a period of wretchedness in a village within a few miles of London, occasionally supplied by Louisa's uncle with small sums to extricate them from pressing emergencies. Mr Heaviside and his family departed from England, and in a short time he died, without the name of his undutiful daughter being mentioned in his will. This was a death-blow to all the hopes of these miserable victims of passion on the one hand, and evil designs on the other. The relations of both had now been completely wearied out with their applications, and declared their resolution to afford no further assistance, be the consequences what they might. As for the elder Mr Cook, he was already drained of every shilling he possessed. After this, the husband of the deluded Louisa proved, by his idleness and his debauched habits, that he was one of the most worthless of beings. The poor forlorn wife at last discovered how egregious had been her folly in trusting to mere external appearances in her choice of a husband, and in making that selection without the approval of those seniors who were better able to judge, and had a right to do so from their interest in her fate. Fortunately she was not doomed to linger out a painful existence. In giving birth to an infant in a miserable apartment in the village in which she and her husband had taken up their abode, the want of attention, of comfort of any kind, and even of the necessities of life, terminated at once her existence and her miseries. As for the monster who had thus blighted the prospects of a tender and confiding female, he soon after was compelled to flee from his country in dread of the vengeance of its outraged laws.

The moral of this too true tale is, that young ladies should beware of forming engagements with genteel-looking young men hanging loose upon society, who do not become acquainted with them in a regular manner, and whose addresses do not meet with the approbation of their parents. In the case of a young lady of fortune, or with "good expectations," this danger is to be especially avoided, for those contingencies render it impossible for her to discover whether she is the object of a real attachment, or only the means contemplated for enriching a needy and perhaps unprincipled adventurer. The state of public feeling on this subject is not what it should be. Whether from the erroneous colouring too often given to it in works of fiction, or from a natural pleasure in seeing those above us degraded to an inferior station, many persons like very well to hear of a penniless young man having been successful in forming a clandestine alliance with a young lady either possessed of or with prospects of fortune. Our sympathies, we must confess, go all the other way. We conceive, that, to practise on the affections of an ignorant and inexperienced female, and induce her to do that which will bring pain and humiliation into the whole circle of her connections, is no honourable way of bettering one's self in life—that, on the contrary, he who injures his neighbour in this manner, is only restrained by the law from injuring him in some other way, less severe perhaps to the injured, though not so safe to the injurer. Marriages, to be happy, must be nearly equal—equal alike in the fortunes of the individuals, and in their ages, tempers, and other personal qualities; and it can certainly never be good for either party that this rule is infringed in any respect. We, therefore, consider every youth who deliberately inveigles a woman of superior rank into matrimony as simply a prudent kind of rogue, who seeks for advantages to himself, at the risk of misery to the person chiefly concerned, and at the expense of wounded feelings and a certain kind of degradation to all connected with her.

SCRAPS FROM ANTIQUITY.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair."

EGYPTIAN LAWS.

The Egyptians, a wise people, to whom Europe is indebted for the best of her institutions, had some singular laws, peculiar, indeed, to themselves, but founded on the deepest reflection and happiest views of state policy. Every man of the Egyptians was ordered to give in to the magistrate to whose authority he was subjected, an account of the ways and means whereby he derived a livelihood, and maintained himself alone, or himself and family together; and the punishment of death was considered due to him who either falsified his return, or refused it. Solon, who travelled into Egypt for the sake of deriving wisdom from conversing with her wise men, transferred this law to Athens. It would appear, that, by the laws of Egypt, ignominious bodily labour was substituted in many cases for the severer punishment of death. One of their kings, by name Sabaco, recommended this substitution, seeing that, by the labour of the condemned culprit, advantage was derived to the state; whereas death not only was too severe, in most cases, for the frail peccabilities of mankind, but was utterly barren of utility, as well to the public as to the individual—a reflection highly honourable to the monarch of Thebes, and worthy of being acted upon by all the legislators of Europe. Herodotus says, that condemned persons in Egypt seldom if ever suffered death, but were allowed to live, subjected, however, to severe bodily labour in the public works; and that

the mounds or artificial eminences, wherever, for the sake of protection from the inundations of the Nile, their cities were built, were the production of the labour of the criminals thus beneficially employed. The laws of another king, by name Boccharis, regarding debts and money transactions, are likewise founded on great good sense. Persons borrowing money, or sued as having borrowed money from others, without the accusing party having bond, bill, or recognition to prove the debt, are acquitted from it, on their giving their oaths they owe nothing.—[This enactment, we believe, has been transferred to every country.]—Of those, however, who were truly debtors, the creditor had it in his power to attach and distrain the *goods only*; his person was considered as sacred to the state, pledged, in common with his countrymen, for its defence and protection; therefore was secure, or ought to be secure, from the violations of an irritated creditor.

MICE.

Mice seem to have been regarded with some sort of superstitious reverence by the ancient people of the earth. In the Egyptian hieroglyphy, the figure of a mouse was understood to typify some unexpected and complete destruction by divine interposition. Apollo in Crete and the Troad, had the name of Smintheus, as being the patronising deity of these gentle animals, to whom he was supposed to have communicated some of his own talent of divination, so that they are enabled to foresee the destruction of the tenement in which they may happen to be lodged, and to make their escape in good time ere the tenement tumble—a faculty which we have transferred, less classically, to rats, a more unamiable and unpopular quadruped. Mice have obtained celebrity by being prominent agents in three transactions—two of profane, the third of divine history. Ashdod, in consequence of the captivity of the ark, was smitten with multitudes of mice; as a trespass-offering to remove which, five golden mice were presented to the judges of Israel by the lords of Philistia. Sennacherib's army, when on the point of invading Egypt, was, according to Herodotus, assailed by a countless army of these animals, who, by devouring their bowstrings, shield-straps, baggage, &c. foiled the invader, and incapacitated him for completing his object. On another later occasion, when a colony of the Teneri issued from Crete in quest of settlements in Asia Minor, they were encouraged and authorised, by an oracular response, to make their abode in that place, where the *earth-born*, or *Indigenes*, should emerge from their dens, and make an assault upon them. This happened to them near Amaxitus, a town of the Troad, where, as they lay encamped during the night-time, a countless host of field-mice emerged, swarming from underground, and began to nibble away the leathern part of their armour, their baggage, and eatables. Considering these *indigenous* creatures as the fulfilment of the oracle, they settled there; and erected a temple in Chrysa to Apollo Smintheus, or Apollo of the Mouse, with a statue of the god, appropriately having a figure of a mouse under his foot. Some geographers have thought that the country called Mysia had its name from this circumstance of the mouse.

DIOGENES.

Diogenes, surnamed the Dog, or the Cynic, was a native of Sinope, but lived for the greatest part of his life at Athens, where his usual domicile was a tub, or large hogshead, where he slept at night, and howled during the morning and evening, much to the amusement of the Athenian boys, who sometimes pelted at and broke down his wooden dormitory with stones. In every thing this man studied eccentricity—in his dress and doctrine, as well as his domicile. He went about with his scrip and staff as a mendicant, at the same time that he gave public lectures on the most abstruse and sublime themes of philosophy to the enlightened citizens of Athens. He wrote some tragedies, and many philosophical treatises, all of which are lost; so that nothing now remains of him but his *sayings*, which are quite enough to prove him to have been one of the most original, sarcastic, and powerful minds of antiquity. He excited the laughter of the Athenians, much to the prejudice of Plato his rival, by producing on the floor of his lecture-room a cock, denuded of wings and feathers, as an appropriate exemplification of the unfortunate definition of Cato, who had styled a man a *biped without wings*. "Behold," said he, to his amused audience, "here is Plato's man!" His rival was so ashamed that he corrected or retracted his definition. The eccentric sage of Sinope was wont to embrace in winter statues coated with ice and snow, to accustom himself, he said, to hardihood: for the same reason, he placed himself under roof-spouts in heavy rains, to benefit his constitution with an effectual cold bath. He, in his half-serious, half-jocular mendicating strolls, supplicated, sometimes, not for money, but for golden and brazen statues, that he might accustom himself to a refusal; from any avaricious person he happened to meet, he solicited as an alms no less than a *mina* (1*l*.3, 1*6s*.), saying, that he begged and got smaller sums from generous persons, who gave to him often, but from misers, who gave but once, he would take no less a sum than he had mentioned. When asked how he wished to be buried—"With my face downward," he replied; "for in a little while every thing in this world will be turned upside-down." When invited by some person to supper, he said he would

not go, as last time he went the inviter was not sufficiently grateful for it. During his life, his reputation for strength of character and genius was such as to induce the victorious son of Philip to pay him a visit in his tub. The Macedonian introduced himself to him as the son of Philip, and king of Macedonia. The philosopher announced himself very simply as being but Diogenes the Dog. So strongly was Alexander impressed with the originality of his mental qualifications, that he left him with the extraordinary expression, that, were he not Alexander, he would fain be Diogenes. It is recorded that he died on the same day at Coriuth with the Persian conqueror at Babylon.

THE SETTLERS OF THE WEST.

THE season for emigration is now some time past: the snows of winter now lie many feet in depth on most of the lands in Canada, and other northern portions of America. The great rivers and canals, which afford a ready communication with the country in the interior, are now frozen over with thick ice; and the settler and his family now sit around their wood fires in their log-huts and cabins, enjoying the plentiful though rude fare of the western wilderness and its clearings, or merrily drive along the hard surface of the snow in their carioles or sleighs. In this country, the nipping frosts, or plashing sleets and rains, so common at the close of the year, keep the hardy peasantry and working classes within doors at divers employments, and afford a period of relaxation, during which they may ruminate on their condition and prospects. Of all the seasons of the year, the present is the best suited for this species of meditation. Every man who depends for subsistence on the labour of his hands, and who has a difficulty in finding employment, should now, therefore, reflect on the advantages which might arise by removing to a much more extensive scene of exertion on the return of spring. To emigrate, is obviously the only course to be pursued by the many thousands of families in this country who are now straitened in their circumstances, yet have the power, as well as the inclination, to better their condition by moral and physical exertion. The time has long since come, when an over-abundant and impoverished population should feel it incumbent to take advantage of this ready and valuable means of relief from their urgent necessities. We again most earnestly press upon the labouring population of Great Britain the consideration of this to them important subject. Almost every day brings forth a body of new and useful facts regarding the increasing comforts of those who have already chosen to emigrate to countries suited for their settlement. Where those countries are, we have from time to time pointed out in general terms. The more that we hear or read of the nature and condition of the countries beyond the Atlantic, the more are we convinced that they hold out the bounteous offer of a place of comfortable settlement for all classes of persons who are willing to go thither, with a desire to succeed by the efforts of patient industry; and the more are we convinced of the folly of persons in destitute circumstances, though with the means of removal, remaining longer in Great Britain. Placing out of view the Canadas, and other British possessions, and also passing over those states in the Union which border on the Atlantic, there are extensive regions in the interior, admirably suited for receiving any number of settlers, no matter how many should go. Let a poor labouring man in this country, for instance, weigh in his mind what we are now going to tell him. Beyond the range of huge hills, called the Alleghany Mountains, in the United States, there lies an immense inner country larger than all Europe, and consisting of the finest land in the known world. In this extensive territory, there are *prairies*, or meadow lands, stretching for a thousand miles in length, by some hundreds of miles in breadth, covered with the most luxuriant herbage for pasturing cattle, and so thinly inhabited, so little occupied by settlers, that if all the people in this country were to emigrate thither, they would hardly be seen. Such is also the demand for labourers in this vast region, that if all the poor and all the labourers out of work in England, Scotland, and Ireland, were to proceed thither, and offer themselves as servants of one kind or another, they would every one of them be certain to get employment, and at wages far higher than they could possibly procure at home. And, what is more, if they had families of children growing up to be useful, they would be better off still. Let the labouring man, or mechanic, who is wearing down with vexation and poverty in this country, reflect coolly on the extraordinary advantages thus to be procured by emigration to the western states of North America.

The vast region beyond the Alleghany Mountains, through which flow the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Arkansas, and many other large rivers, with hundreds of a lesser size, is divided into separate states, each of which is as large as England or Scotland, if not some of them larger than the whole United Kingdom put together. The principal of these western territories are named Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,

Michigan, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, all of which will successfully engage our attention.* Into these large and fine districts are now poured the various tides of emigration from different points of the eastern or Atlantic states, some proceeding from Pennsylvania, by way of the Pennsylvania canal, towards Pittsburg on the Ohio, by which they sail in different routes; some proceeding from the Canadian frontier by way of Sandusky on Lake Erie, whence there is a canal and other species of communication to the Ohio; and others proceeding by way of New Orleans on the south, and sailing in steam-boats on the Mississippi towards the various points of location in the interior. From the east, the north, and the south, innumerable crowds of emigrants, in boats, waggons, and on foot, are pressing continually forward, and filling up by slow degrees the immense territories of the west. Such indeed is the spirit of adventure and desire of settlement in the rich remote lands of the Union, that lately a thousand persons were to meet at St Louis, on the Mississippi, to form a company to cross the Rocky Mountains on the west, with a view to select locations on the slope towards the Pacific Ocean.

Whether approaching the interior by way of the Pennsylvania canal, or by Lake Erie from New York, emigrants very frequently make Pittsburg a main centring point. Pittsburg is a large flourishing town on the Ohio, celebrated for the extent of its trade and manufactures, and a place at which emigrants determine on their subsequent route. If bound to Indiana, Illinois, or Missouri, they either purchase a family boat, and float down the Ohio under their own guidance, or take their passage in a steam-vessel. The voyage down this large river is described as remarkably pleasant. While the emigrant from the south finds the autumnal and vernal season on the Ohio too cool, to the northerner it is temperate and delightful. When the first wreaths of morning mist are rolled away from the stream by the bright sun, disclosing the ancient woods, the hoary bluffs, and the graceful curves and windings of the long line of channel above and below, the rich alluvial belt, and the fine orchards on its shores, the descending voyagers must be destitute of the common perceptions of the beautiful, if they do not enjoy their voyage, and find the Ohio to be what the French called it, *La Belle Riviere*—the fine river.

After the emigrants have arrived at Cincinnati, another flourishing town on the Ohio, or at some other spot where they had anticipated to fix themselves, a preliminary difficulty is the determination to what quarter to repair. All the towns swarm with speculating companies and land agents; and the chance is, that the first inquiries for information in this perplexity will be addressed to them, or to persons who have a common understanding and interest with them. One advises to the Wabash, and points on the map to the rich lands, fine mill seats, navigable streams, and growing towns, in their vicinity. Another presents a still more alluring picture of the lands in some part of Illinois, Missouri, the region west of the lakes, and the lead mines. Another tempts him with White River, Arkansas, Red River, Opelousas, and Attakapas, the rich crops of cotton and sugar, and the escape from winter which they offer. In Cincinnati, more than in any other town, there are generally precursors from all points of the compass, to select lands for companies that are to follow.

When this slow and perplexing process of balancing, comparing, and fluctuating between the choice of rivers, districts, climates, and advantages, is fixed, after determination has vibrated backwards and forwards according to the persuasion and eloquence of the last adviser, until the purpose of the immigrant is rendered firm, the northern settler is generally borne to the point of debarkation nearest his selected spot by water, there being plenty of steam-boats proceeding in every required direction for his use. He thence hires the transport of his family and moveables to the spot, though not a few move all the distance in waggons, which process gives them an opportunity of selecting a location as they pass along. The whole, however, drop in noiseless quietness into their position, and the rapidity of their progress in clearing and settling a country, and covering it with towns, villages, and farm-houses, is only ascertained by the startling results of the census.

The southern settlers who immigrate to Missouri, and the country north-west of the Mississippi, by their show of waggons, flocks, and numbers, create observation, and are counted quite as numerous as they are. Ten waggons are often seen in company. It is a fair allowance, that a hundred cattle, besides swine, horses, and sheep, and six negroes, accompany each—the train, with the tinkling of a hundred bells, and the negroes wearing the delighted expression of a holiday suspension from labour in their countenances, forming one group, and the family moving slowly forward, forming another. As the cavalcade is seen advancing along the plains, it presents a pleasing and picturesque spectacle. The parties always make arrangements at night-fall to halt at a spring where there is wood and water, and a green sward for encampment. The dogs raise their accustomed domes-

* The statistical facts to be brought forward in these proposed papers will be drawn chiefly from Timothy Flint's *Geography of the Mississippi Valley*, an American work of great value, and to which we have been indebted for a portion of the above article.

tic baying. The teams are unharnessed, and the cattle and horses turned loose into the grass. The blacks are busy in spreading the cheerful table in the wilderness, and preparing the supper to which appetite and fatigue give a zest. They talk over the incidents of the past day, and anticipate those of the morrow. If wolves and owls are heard in the distance, these desert sounds serve to render the contrast of their society and security more sensible; their caravans do not, as in the case of those which traverse the African or Asiatic continent, dread the incursion of barbarian robbers, or the exactions of petty savage princes. They alike proceed and lie down in peace and security, every day plunging deeper and deeper into the forest or prairie, until they have found their place of rest.

The position for a cabin generally selected by the western settlers, is a gentle eminence near a spring, or what is called a *branch*, central to a spacious tract of fertile land. Such spots are frequently occupied by tulip and black walnut trees, intermixed with the most striking flowering shrubs of the western forest. Springs burst forth in the intervals between the high and low grounds. The brilliant red-bird, seen fitting among the shrubs, or perched on a tree, seems, with its mellow whistle, welcoming the strangers to their new abode. Flocks of paroquets are glittering among the trees, and gray squirrels are skipping from branch to branch. The chattering rings his echoing note among the woods, and the various domestic sounds produce a strange effect, as heard in the vicinity of these remote settlements. Pleading reflections and happy associations are naturally connected with the contemplation of these beginnings of social life in the western wilderness.

In the midst of these solitary and primeval scenes, the patient and laborious father fixes his family. In a few days a comfortable cabin and outbuildings are erected, and a rude process of agriculture is begun to be exerted. The first year gives a plentiful crop of Indian corn, and common and sweet potatoes, melons, squashes, turnips, and other garden vegetables. The next year a field of wheat is added, and lines of thrifty apple-trees show among the deadened remains of the forest. If the immigrant possess any touch of horticultural taste, the finer kinds of pear, plum, cherry, peach, nectarine, and apricot trees, are found in the garden. Thus do improvements advance. In ten years, the original log-buildings will all have disappeared; the shrub and the forest-trees will be entirely gone. The Arcadian aspect of humble and retired abundance and comfort will have given place to a brick house, or a planted frame-house, with fences and outbuildings very like those that surround the farmsteads in the olden countries.

It is a wise arrangement of Nature, that different minds are endowed with different tastes and predilections, that lead some to choose the town, others manufactures, and the village callings. It seems to us that no condition, in itself considered, promises more comfort, tends more to virtue and independence, than that of these yeomen of the western states of America, with their numerous, healthy, and happy children about them—with the ample abundance of their granaries—their habitations surrounded by orchards, the branches of which must be propped up to sustain their burden of fruit, beside their beautiful streams and cool beech woods, and the prospect of settling each of their children on similar farms directly around them. Their manners may have something of the roughness imparted by living in solitude among the trees; but it is kindly, hospitable, frank, and associated with traits, which, however liable to be ridiculed by those who travel to find fault, constitute the stability of the commonwealth. We apprehend such farmers would hardly be willing to exchange this plenty, and this range of their simple domains, their well-filled store-houses, and their droves of domestic animals, for any mode of life that a town can offer.

No order of things presents so palpable a view of the advancement of American institutions, as that which we thus faintly describe. The greater proportion of these immigrants, besides their wives, a few benches and chairs, a Bible, and a gun, commenced with little more than their hands. Their education, for the most part, extended no farther than a knowledge of reading and writing, and their aspirations had never strayed beyond the desire of conducting a farm. But a sense of relative consequence is fostered by their growing possessions, and by perceiving towns, counties, offices, and candidates, springing up around them. One becomes a justice of peace, another a county judge, and another a member of the legislative assembly. Each one assumes some municipal function, pertaining to schools, the settlement of a minister, the making of roads and bridges, and the execution of public works. A sense of responsibility to public opinion, self-respect, and a due estimation of character and correct deportment, are the consequences.

Such is the general condition and character of those adventurous settlers, who are now in the course of peopling the wide-spread prairies and forest clearings of the remote territories of the Union. In succeeding numbers, we shall endeavour to describe each individual state, its extent, local character, and applicability to the wants of emigrants, in order that a perfect idea may be obtained by the poor man of this great western world, prior to the annual period of emigration from this country.

GOOD ACTIONS.

VERY vague ideas obtain about good actions, and the praise due to them. To a common mind, the half-sovereign bestowed by the king upon a lame sailor, and the halfpenny given to an ordinary object of charity by some person little richer than himself; the money given through the impulse of humane feeling, and that which is tossed away to escape importunity, are the same thing. Nor does it matter whether a man dispenses from what he has fairly won and rightfully possesses, or only gives that which is more properly due to his creditors. The world in general sees only the act of giving; takes little consideration of the proportion between what is given and what remains; and hardly ever becomes acquainted with any of those circumstances in the giver, which so often, in the estimation of those who know him better, cause his beneficence to assume a foolish or a guilty aspect.

In reality, a so-called good action is only so under certain circumstances, all of which must be carefully considered before the deed becomes justly entitled to praise. We must first, above all things, know how much self-denial the individual had to exercise, before he could honestly do this action. If the good consisted in a dispensing of money, we must discover how much temptation he had to spend it upon his own gratification—of what value the sum was to a man in his circumstances. If the good deed consisted in the performance of some kind office, which cost trouble and time, we must ascertain the value of time to that individual, and the temptation he was under to confine his energies to his own business. If a man only gives away that which he could hardly be the better of keeping, or engages himself in humane offices which are rather an amusement to him than a cumber, then we can see little title he has to praise, except upon the score that he is not a miser when he might have been one, and has the good taste to prefer a beneficial to an useless kind of recreation. On this principle, a great discount must be made from the trumpeted bounties of very wealthy men and others—though not perhaps such a discount as some would be inclined to demand. An income may be large, but it can hardly be so much so as completely to transcend the capabilities of man to use it in a great measure upon his own gratifications. It matters not whether we take the weekly pound of the artisan, or the daily thousand of certain British grandees. The appetites, tastes, and habits of men are such, that a gratifying use may be found in every shilling of the money in both cases; and neither political economy nor instinctive justice can say any thing to the contrary. It is to be said, however, that of the larger class of incomes, a great deal must be spent upon luxuries—things not pressing needed—things which a good mind may be easily content to want, in order to obtain a greater gratification for a fellow-creature. As we ascend, therefore, higher and higher into the scale of incomes, we always find the more ample means of sparing for beneficent purposes, and the less self-denial required for enabling an individual to give. Hence, if one man be justly considered charitable, who gives away the fortieth part of an income of forty pounds a-year, a tenth part of an income of forty thousand would hardly entitle the possessor to the same reputation. The former gives where he is tempted to purchase necessities; the latter where he hardly knows what necessities are. The former gives, with the assurance before his eyes that the time is very likely to come when he might wish he had retained; the latter gives from a store which he is confident will always afford him the comforts of life. In fact, he who gives from an income above a competency, has no merit in his benefactions, except that, since he can only spend the superfluity upon luxuries of one kind or another, he approves himself to be a person of good heart and right mind if he prefers "the luxury of doing good" to certain others somewhat less rational.

In estimating an apparently good action, we must also take into account how far it is likely that the performer draws upon his own resources, gives the result of his own toil, and renounces what he could honestly convert to his own gratification. There are some people who are amazingly generous with other people's money. We could point out several individuals, now bankrupt in fortune, who used to enjoy a high character for goodness of heart and liberality to all in distress, and even yet have a kind of twilight fame on that account, though nothing can be more obvious than that their benevolence was at the expense of no self-denial to themselves, no labour, nothing but the

trouble of putting their hands into the pockets of their neighbours. The persons upon whom the expense ultimately fell, could have done three times more good with a third part of the money, and had the credit of it to themselves; but the world, which seldom forms a complicated idea, fails to see this. Now, there is nothing in such a case but injustice, and all injustice must be denounced. We would even exercise so vigilant a jealousy as to the benevolence of certain persons, that, unless we were favoured with a sight of their accounts, we would not give them credit for beneficence to the amount of a single penny. Another thing is to be considered—the appreciation of the money on the part of the giver. If a man gives a sixpence, with a full sense of the value of a sixpence, a recollection of what it cost him to gain it, and a presence of the extent of service which it may be of to the receiver, he is, in our opinion, entitled to a thousand times more credit than he who tosses over his shoulder a half-crown which he did not gain, does not know how to gain, and of the value of which, either to himself or to the person receiving it, he is ignorant.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE GOWS.

No name connected with Scottish music is so celebrated as that of Gow, which belonged to two individuals, father and son, who in this country long stood at the summit of professional excellence as violinists and composers.

Neil Gow, the father, was born of humble parents at Inver, near Dunkeld, in Perthshire, in March 1727. He was intended, it appears, for the trade of a plaid weaver, but discovering an early propensity to music, he began the study of the violin himself, and soon abandoned the shuttle for the bow. Up to the age of thirteen, he had no instructor; but about that time, he availed himself of some lessons from a follower of the house of Grandtully, and soon placed himself at the head of all the performers in the country, although Perthshire then produced more able reel and strathspey players than any other county in Scotland. Before he reached manhood, he had engaged in a public competition there, and carried off the prize, which was decided by an aged and blind, but skilful minstrel, who, in awarding it, said, that "he could distinguish the stroke of Neil's bow among a hundred players." This ascendancy he ever after maintained, not only in his native place, but throughout Scotland, where it was universally admitted that, as a reel and strathspey player, he had no superior, and, indeed, no rival in his own time.

Living in the immediate neighbourhood of Dunkeld house, he was early noticed and distinguished by the Duke of Athol and his family, which was soon followed by the patronage of the Duchess of Gordon, and the principal nobility and gentry throughout Scotland. But while his permanent residence was at Inver, near Dunkeld, he was not only employed at all the balls and fashionable parties in the county, but was in almost constant requisition at the great parties which took place at Perth, Cupar, Dumfries, Edinburgh, and the principal towns in Scotland. No necessary was he on such occasions, and so much was his absence felt, that at one time, when indisposition prevented him attending the Cupar Hunt, the press called on every lady and gentleman present to "dedicate a bumper to the better health of Neil Gow, a true Scottish character, whose absence from the meeting no one could sufficiently regret." In many instances, those skilled in the musical as well as other professions, commit the egregious error of allowing themselves to fall into dissipated habits, trusting that the possession of genius is in itself able to cover breaches in morals, and a multitude of faults and eccentricities. Neil Gow was not a person of this description. He was a man most exemplary in all the private relations of life—a faithful husband, an affectionate parent, and a generous friend. He was, moreover, possessed of a fund of broad humour, which rendered him a welcome guest wherever he visited.

In a professional point of view, Neil Gow is to be judged according to circumstances. He never had the advantage of great masters, and indeed was almost entirely self-taught. He did not, as far as is known, attempt the composition of difficult or concerted pieces. He was one of nature's musicians, and confined himself to what genius can conceive and execute, without the intervention of science. He composed a great number of tunes, nearly a hundred of which are to be found in the collections published by his son Nathaniel at Edinburgh. The greater portion of them are of a lively character, and suited for dancing, such as reels, strathspeys, and quick steps. It would not be interesting in a notice like this to enumerate the titles of so many compositions; but we may safely refer to the beautiful air "Locherroch-side," to which Burns wrote his pathetic ballad, "Oh! stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay," and his "Farewell to Whisky," as specimens which entitled him to take his place among the best known composers of Scottish music which our country has produced.

This celebrated man, "the famous Neil," whose name continues in Scotland as familiar as a household

word, died in the village in which he was born, on the 1st of March 1807, in the eightieth year of his age, after acquiring a competence, which was divided among his children. He left behind him two sons and a daughter: John, who settled in London as leader of the fashionable Scottish bands, and who died in 1827, after acquiring a large fortune; Nathaniel; and Margaret, now the only surviving child, who is at present living in Edinburgh. Two sons, William and Andrew, also distinguished for their musical abilities, died before him.

Nathaniel Gow, who must be considered as having been the most eminent of his family or name, not only as a performer and composer, but as having, more than any other, advanced the cause and popularity of our national music during his time, was born at the birth-place of his father in Perthshire, in 1766. Nathaniel was indebted to his father for his first instructions. He commenced on a small violin commonly called a *kit*, on which his father Neil had also made his first essay, and which is still preserved in the family. At an early age he was sent to Edinburgh, where he continued the study of the violin, first under Robert M'Intosh, or Red Rob, as he was styled, until the latter, from his celebrity, was called up to London. He next took lessons from M'Glashan, who was in high estimation as an excellent composer of Scottish airs, and an able and spirited leader of the fashionable bands. He studied the violincello under Joseph Reneagle, a person of some note in the musical world, who, after a long residence in Edinburgh, was appointed to the professorship of music at Oxford. After the death of M'Glashan, he continued under his elder brother William, whom he succeeded as a leader, a situation for which he was well fitted by his bold and spirited style; but having been cut off about the year 1791, at the early age of forty, Nathaniel took his place, and maintained it for nearly forty years, with a degree of success far beyond any thing that ever preceded or followed him.

So early as 1782, when not more than sixteen years of age, Nathaniel was appointed one of his majesty's trumpeters for Scotland, a situation almost sinecural, which he held during his life, with a small salary of £1.70 per annum. He had for many years previously, by assuming the lead of the fashionable bands, become known not only as an excellent violin player, but as a successful teacher, and as having arranged and prepared for publication the first three numbers of the collection of reels and strathspeys published by his father. So much, however, and so quickly did he advance in reputation after this, and so generally did he become acquainted with the great and fashionable world, that, in 1796, without giving up or abating his lucrative employment as leader, he commenced business as a music-seller on an extensive scale, in company with the late Mr William Shepherd, and, for fifteen or sixteen years, commanded the most extensive business perhaps ever enjoyed by any house in the line in Scotland. In 1813, however, after his partner's death, the business was wound up, and whatever profits he may have drawn during the subsistence of the partnership, he was obliged to pay up a considerable shortcoming at its close.

It was in 1799 that he continued the work commenced by his father and himself; and from that time till 1824, in addition to the three first collections, and two books of slow airs, dances, waltzes, &c., he published a fourth, fifth, and sixth collection of strathspeys and reels; three volumes of beauties, being a republication of the best airs in the three first collections, with additions—four volumes of a repository of Scots slow airs, strathspeys, and dances—two volumes of Scots vocal melodies, and a collection of ancient curious Scots melodies, besides a great many smaller publications, all arranged by himself for the harp, piano-forte, violin, and violincello. During the life of his father, he was assisted by him, and the first numbers were published as the works of Neil Gow and Son. Many collections had been published previously by ingenious individuals, the best of which, perhaps, was that of Oswald; but Gow's collections, beyond all dispute, are the most extensive and most complete ever submitted to the public; embracing not only almost all that is good in others, but the greater part of the compositions of Neil and Nathaniel Gow, and other members of that musical family.

After an interval of a few years, Gow commenced music-seller once more, in company with his only son Neil, a young man of amiable and cultivated mind, who had received a finished education at Edinburgh and Paris for the profession of surgeon, but who, finding no favourable opening in that overstocked calling, and having a talent and love for music, abandoned it, and joined his father. This young gentleman, who was the composer of the beautiful melody of "Bonny Prince Charlie," and a great many others, was not long spared to his father and friends, having been cut off by a lingering disease in 1823. The business was afterwards continued until 1827; but, wanting a proper head—Gow himself being unable to look after it—it dwindled away; and poor Gow, after a long life of toil, during which he had gathered considerable wealth, found himself a bankrupt at a time when age and infirmity prevented him from doing any thing to retrieve his fortunes.

It is difficult to describe the influence, success, and reputation of Nathaniel Gow, during all the time he conducted the fashionable bands in Edinburgh and throughout Scotland; but certain it is, that in these

respects he stands at the head of all that ever trod in the same department. Not only did he preside at the peers' balls, Caledonian Hunt balls, and at the parties of all the noble and fashionable of Edinburgh, but at most of the great meetings and parties that took place throughout Scotland; and in several instances he was summoned to England. No expense deterred individuals or public bodies from availing themselves of his services; and it appears from his memorandum books, that parties frequently paid him from one hundred to one hundred and fifty guineas, for attending at Perth, Dumfries, Inverness, &c., with his band. One of the first objects in the formation of fashionable parties, was to ascertain if Gow was disengaged, and they would be fixed, postponed, or altered, to suit his leisure and convenience. He visited London frequently, although he resisted many invitations to settle there permanently. While his evenings were occupied at the parties of the great, his days were not spent in idleness. He had as his pupils the children of the first families in the country, for the violin and piano-forte accompaniment; from whom he received the highest rate of fees known at the time.

Although thus engaged in the most extensively patronised musical establishment in Scotland, it is questionable if he ever at any time realised profit from it; while it is certain, that, towards the close, he was a great loser; indeed, it can seldom be otherwise where the proprietor has other avocations, and leaves the management to his servants. But from his balls, teaching, and playing, the emoluments he derived were very great; and he was at one time worth upwards of £20,000; but this was ultimately swept away; and he was forced, while prostrated by a malady from which he never recovered, to appeal to his old patrons and the public for their support, at a ball for his behoof, in March 1827, which he did by the following circular:—"When I formerly addressed my kind patrons and the public, I had no other claim than that which professional men generally have, whose exertions are devoted to the public amusement. By a patronage the most unvarying and flattering, I was placed in a situation of comfortable independence, and I looked forward without apprehension to passing the decline of my days in the bosom of my family, with competence and with happiness. Unfortunately for me, circumstances have changed. By obligations for friends, and losses in trade, my anxious savings have been gradually wasted, till now, when almost bed-ridden, unable to leave my house, or to follow my profession, I am forced to surrender the remnant of my means to pay my just and lawful creditors. In this situation, some generous friends have stepped forward, and persuaded me, that the recollection of my former efforts to please may not be so entirely effaced, as to induce the public to think that my day of distress should pass without notice or without sympathy."

The appeal was not in vain—the ball was crowded, and handsome tokens of remembrance were sent by many of his old friends, so that nearly £300 was produced. The ball was continued annually for three years afterwards, and though not so great as the first, they still yielded sufficient to prove the deep sympathy of the public, and to afford him a consolation and support in his hour of trial and sickness. It should not be omitted, that the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian hunt, who had, during all his career, been his warmest patrons, voted fifty pounds per annum to him during his life.

Nathaniel Gow was a man of great shrewdness and good understanding—generally of a lively companionable turn, with a good deal of humour—very courteous in his manners; though, especially latterly, when misfortune and disease had soured him, a little hasty in his temper. The illness into which he fell came to a crisis in the beginning of 1831, and finally terminated in his death, on the 17th of January of that year, at the age of sixty-five. He was twice married, and left several sons and daughters, who still survive.*

A CHAPTER FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS.

A LITTLE pamphlet, entitled "Hints to the Working Classes, explanatory of their True Interests, and the Effects of Trades' Unions," has just fallen under our observation, and seems to contain some well-written opinions on the subject of which it professes to treat. The following observations are obviously congenial with the true principles of political economy, and certainly worthy of the deepest consideration:—

"I shall endeavour to show (says the author) that it is not by restricting, but by encouraging industry, that the value of labour may be raised, and the true interests of the working classes promoted.

The general rate of wages is naturally regulated by the proportion which the supply of workmen bears to the demand for labour; therefore wages may be raised, either by encouraging emigration, and thereby diminishing the number of labourers, or by extending manufactures and agricultural improvements, and thereby increasing the employment of labour.

Britain, with its dependencies, presents a wide field for the consumption of our manufactures, but not nearly sufficient to receive all that we produce; when we look abroad, however, we find that the quantity which the foreign market is capable of receiving, is

fully limited by the cost at which we can furnish the supplies. The inhabitants of almost every country manufacture by far the greater proportion of the articles which they require for their own use; but whenever they find articles of foreign manufacture offered to them for sale at lower prices than they could make them for themselves, they purchase those articles, and employ their labour in some more profitable way. The extent of foreign demand, then, for our manufactures, under a free commercial system, depends entirely upon their comparative cheapness; and their cheapness depends upon the superiority of our powers of production over those of other people. Therefore, all new improvements in machinery, chemistry, &c., by means of which our powers of production are increased, and we are enabled to bring our goods to market at a cheaper rate, must add to the extent of our trade, raise the value of labour, and tend to improve the condition of the working classes.

It would be a foolish and short-sighted policy to reject the introduction of improved machinery into any manufacture, because its immediate effects might be to deprive a few people of employment. Any improvement in machinery which effects a saving of expense in the manufacture into which it is introduced—by superseding, in some degree, the necessity of employing manual labour—must, of course, cause a reduction in the price of the manufactured commodity; hence an increase of consumption, and an additional employment of labour and machinery to supply the demand; and as manufactures are so connected that one branch cannot be extended without extending others that are subsidiary, so an improvement in machinery, although it may diminish the number of persons employed in the particular branch that receives it, will almost invariably be found to cause an increase of employment upon the whole. Manufacturers are frequently forced, by the troublesome conduct of their workmen, to use machinery, when manual labour might be employed with equal advantage; but, under ordinary circumstances, machinery is never brought into operation, unless a great saving of expense is to be effected by its introduction, because a manufacturer will not invest capital in new machinery, unless, by doing so, he has a fair prospect, in the first instance, of obtaining considerable advantage. The introduction of the power-loom was one of those improvements which, in the first instance, appeared most alarming to the working classes; but it was, in a great measure, by means of that invention, that we were enabled to extend our cotton trade, and to compete successfully with the low prices paid for weaving in other countries. It is true, weavers' wages are not nearly so high as they were previous to the introduction of the power-loom, but their wages would have fallen independently of that event; because it was necessary that weaving should be done in this country at as low a rate as elsewhere, otherwise we should have lost the foreign part of that trade. Now, every one acquainted with the subject knows, that although the wages of weavers have been depressed, yet every branch of the cotton manufacture has been so extended, that, upon the whole, there has been a great increase of employment for labour; and the working classes generally have derived much benefit from the invention of the power-loom. Nor would the poor weavers have suffered so much in consequence of the introduction of that improvement, but for those cruel and arbitrary measures on the part of other operatives, who, by monopolising their respective trades, prevented the weavers from procuring other employment, and deriving their just share of the benefit which arose out of the increased demand and employment for labour. There are few improvements, however, that interfere so much with manual labour as the above; and most of them are introduced so gradually and imperceptibly, that their effects can hardly be traced, although, when combined with others, they become exceedingly important and valuable.

Next with regard to wages: If wages were fixed by law at a high rate, and population to continue to increase, the consequence would be, that a portion of workmen would be employed at the good rate of wages fixed by law, but the rest would be unemployed and reduced to beggary. On the other hand, if the rate fixed by law was too low, then all would be fully employed, but the most industrious and valuable workmen would be reduced to a level with the idle and ignorant; which proves that the restrictions well-meaning people would impose, for the better regulation of wages by boards of trade, &c., are worse than useless, in as much as their tendency is to prevent the extension of manufactures, and diminish the employment and value of labour.

The old-fashioned system of monopolies is fast breaking up: it was a system for giving the few some advantage at the expense of the many—a system which, carried to its full extent, would be the most injurious that could well be imagined, as it would be difficult to conceive a more efficient plan for arresting the progress of improvement. Yet there are some good people weak enough to regret the discontinuance of the system, and to predict all manner of evil from the effects of competition. Now, competition among all classes is the grand stimulus to industry and ingenuity, and it is only by industry and ingenuity that wealth and comfort can be maintained or increased.

It is not possible for workmen to raise the general rate of wages by such measures as the 'Trades' Unions' adopt; because their measures have no ten-

* From two articles in the "Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen," by Robert Chambers.

dency to increase employment, but, on the contrary, by preventing the free exercise of industry and talents, they retard the progress of manufactures, and even endanger their transfer to other countries. Their plans are founded upon the selfish principle of every man protecting his own trade, that is to say, excluding as much as possible the employment of new hands; and by preventing fair competition in the market for labour, they endeavour to force their employers to pay higher wages. Now, it is quite evident, that, if they are successful by that means in obtaining higher wages to themselves than they are justly entitled to receive, it must be at the expense of their fellow-workmen who are kept out of employment, and the rest of the community; and they have no right to raise themselves by injuring others. But all attempts to raise wages by unjust and artificial means must, in the end, prove fruitless, and intelligent workmen should be convinced of this by the experience of late years. How many instances have they observed of labourers in particular employments attempting to raise their wages above their natural level by combinations—striking work—and after enduring great hardships and privation, submitting to lower wages than they had before! They are not aware of the extent of mischief they do to themselves by combining and refusing to work, or of the consequences which would follow if they were to succeed in establishing unnaturally high wages, otherwise they would never make the attempt. All that workmen should do is to prevent unnecessary depression of wages, which may be done without putting themselves to much trouble or expense. Let them individually, by the frugal management of their wages, save a little money, and thus place themselves in such circumstances that they are not obliged to accept of lower wages at every stagnation of trade. The comfort and happiness of a workman depends much more upon the good management and proper disposal of his earnings than upon their amount.

I have endeavoured to show, that wages never can be maintained above their natural level by artificial means; that their natural level depends upon the proportion which the population, or supply of workmen, bears to the demand for labour, or extent of employment; that the extent of employment depends upon our superior powers of production, improvements in machinery, and amount of accumulated capital; that the interest of the workman and his employer are the same; and that the prosperity of both depends upon their united industry and ingenuity.

We are now on the eve of having new fields opened up for the consumption of our manufactures, and it is of great consequence that nothing should prevent our enjoying the full advantage of that favourable circumstance. We are also obtaining relief from various restrictions which fettered commercial enterprise, and prevented our enjoyment of free trade with other countries; and we possess a government disposed to use every means for the encouragement of industry, and the improvement of the condition of the working classes. It remains, then, to be seen whether the people of this country are sufficiently virtuous to use their liberty with discretion, or whether they will continue to oppress each other, and run into all manner of wild and foolish excesses."

SERPENT HUNTING,

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BUSINESS connected rather with pleasure than profit had kept me roaming for some months among the West India islands, that land of magnificence and discomfort; and from all that I heard there, and more particularly from what came under my own observation, I can truly affirm that to Europeans in general it is a land replete with novelty and interest, and to writers both of fiction and of truth, a field in which they may reap an abundant harvest of reputation. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or to proceed farther on in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind, a little matter will sometimes turn the scale. I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintanceship; and in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America, I was induced to form the resolution of visiting at least a part of that country before I should think of bending my course homewards. Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demerara, and after a voyage in no degree remarkable for shortness or novelty, I landed there in safety. I will not stop here to describe all I saw. Suffice it to say, that having viewed all I considered worthy of being noticed, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days, I reached the place; and considering that I had been previously an utter stranger, I was received with a degree of warmth and kindness I could scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, on which I had been so kindly invited to take up my residence for some time, and where I had resolved to spend a few weeks in examining the local scenery and curiosities, lay upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr Heinvault (the proprietor), although the superintendence of his

estate occupied a great part of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Caesar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of hunter (a personage not only useful, but even necessary to those who reside on colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him), we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces. Those who are acquainted with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals, before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The deltas or islands formed by those streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that coast, of marshy or savannah land, partly bare, and partly overrun by tall reeds and canes, or other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these, reptiles of various kinds often find a retreat, from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey. The streams are in many places frequented by aquatic birds of the most variegated and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford several kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavour amply repay the labour employed in taking them.

I had been informed, both by Mr Heinvault and Caesar, that serpents of a great size had been frequently seen by them crossing the lagoons from one island to another, and that by great exertion, and not without difficulty, they had succeeded in destroying a few. I confess I had been for some time anxious to discover one of these reptiles; not that I wished a close connection with it—far from it. The little I had seen of them had given me an aversion to them, and this feeling was much heightened by the numerous stories I had heard of their fearful powers of destruction and deglutition. I had no objections, however, to view one at a distance, "dragging its slow trembling length along." But in all our excursions nothing of this kind was to be seen, and I had begun to conceive some latent suspicions that Mr Heinvault and Caesar had a little exaggerated the number and size of the reptiles they had seen and destroyed. But an adventure soon after this befell me, which made me entirely change my opinion of their veracity, and convinced me that their account rather fell short of than exceeded the truth. Occasionally when pressing business detained Mr Heinvault at his plantation, or called him to a distance, and when I found time hang heavy on my hands, Caesar was always willing to volunteer his services as my guide and assistant in any rambles which I wished to undertake; and a clever and active fellow I indeed found him. He was a capital shot, and unequalled in the success with which he contrived to hook his fish when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

One day about two or three weeks after my arrival, Mr Heinvault informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he was obliged to take Caesar with him, he being the only one on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who, from his dexterity and address, proved a useful and agreeable attendant. He added, that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr Heinvault had rode away, I strolled about the plantation an hour or two, looking at every thing to amuse myself; but getting terribly wearied with doing nothing, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out a-fishing for some time, the day being rather warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion. These being soon ready, I sent likewise for my gun, and declining the offer he made to attend me, I pushed out into the stream, and dropped slowly down the river. The current being very slow, I was a while in reaching the place where the river branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those in which I had formerly been along with Caesar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream was not in general above eighteen or twenty feet wide. I "paddled my light canoe" up and down this, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagoons. But the birds were scarce and shy. Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddling about for some time, I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited as well as Caesar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise. Thinking I would be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down, and set the lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in the water, and, working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot upon the benches, and stretched myself alongside of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, over-

come, as I suppose, by the heat of the day, and the fatigue I had undergone.

I know not how long I may have slept; but I was roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field; but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes, and at the same moment I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inattention, taken me for a dead carcase), drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it: my finger was on the trigger; I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly, at a respectable distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place below Mr Heinvault's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where I found Mr Heinvault, who had just arrived. You may be certain I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. "In that case," said he, "it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;" and instantly summoning Caesar, he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. "If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords." I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. "In general," said he, "it is very dangerous to attack them at close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so. But we now take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen." Just as he finished saying this, Caesar re-appeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind, while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a billhook. This Mr Heinvault told me was to clear a road among the reeds, if the animal should have retreated among them; the club being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter. We were soon seated in the canoes, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds, bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them so wide, that a man could with little difficulty enter. Mr Heinvault commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his billhook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr Heinvault and me, with our guns; while Caesar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr Hein-

vault ordered him behind, and, advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up, and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness its head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach, it appeared, from its movements, about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head, we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect; but what did take effect, seemed to be sufficient; for it fell, hissing, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it. But Cassar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and, making a kind of circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. We found that a good part of our shot had lodged about its head and neck, and would probably have proved fatal to it, even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

We set ourselves to work, and not without difficulty did we succeed in dragging the huge carcase to the edge of the stream, and in embarking it in one of the canoes, to which it formed a pretty fair lading. It was not far from sunset when the expedition landed on the bank near Mr Heinvaalt's house. He soon got sufficient assistance in conveying the carcase up, and in depositing it in a place of safety. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr Heinvaalt informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size.

It was not until I was seated at a late dinner, that I felt myself a little overcome with the unusual exertion I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day. But as the evening wore on, I completely recovered; and never do I recollect spending a more agreeable one. The adventure, however, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind; for, during some months after, I often started from my sleep with the cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embraces of a horrid reptile.*

THE GAME OF GOLF.

IN Scotland there prevail two sports for which there is hardly a parallel in the adjoining country: namely, golf and curling. The former is practised on commons, or any other kind of open grounds, it being only necessary that the grass should be very short. The chief implement is a club, called the golf, consisting of a long slender wand, and a loaded mass at the end, together with a small ball of leather, stuffed to great hardness with feathers, which is impelled by the above instrument, and to get which into a distant hole by the fewest strokes constitutes the game. The word *golf* is supposed to be derived from the German noun *kolbe*, a club. The game is very ancient, and has not been always confined to Scotland. In Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," it is mentioned, that "there are many games played with the ball, that require the assistance of a club or bat, and probably the most ancient among them is the pastime now distinguished by the name of goff. In the northern part of the kingdom, goff is much practised. It answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans, which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers, called *paganica*, and the goff-ball is composed of the same materials to this day. In the reign of Edward the Third, the Latin name *cambuca* was applied to this pastime, and it derived the denomination, no doubt, from the crooked club or bat with which it was played."

It seems to be quite uncertain at what period the game of golf was introduced into Scotland; but it may be fairly presumed that this amusement, as well as football and archery, were practised to a considerable extent in the reign of our King James the First.

King Charles the First was much attached to the amusement of golfing, and, on his visit to Scotland in 1641, was engaged in it on Leith Links, when intimation was given him of the rebellion in Ireland; whereupon he threw down his club, and returned in great agitation to Holyroodhouse.

The Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, also delighted in the game. By joining publicly in it and other sports, he softened down among the Scottish nobility much of the prejudice excited by his unpopular principles; while his duchess equally pleased the ladies by treating them with *tea*, which had not till then been seen in the kingdom.

Many names might be added of illustrious individuals, who, in days gone by, as well as in more modern times, found relaxation and delight in practising the game; but none will create greater interest than that of Lord President Forbes. He is said to have been so keen a golfer as to play on the Sands at Leith,

if the Links happened at any time to be covered with snow.

The mode of playing the game does not appear to be the same in all countries—at least the practice in Holland is different from that of England and Scotland. The method among us seems to resemble that of the Romans more than the Dutch. The game of the latter is particularly described in the following interesting communication, in the Statistical Account, by Dr Alexander Walker of Edinburgh, to Dr Carlyle of Inveresk:—

"The Dutch game called *kolf*, from which the word *golf* is derived, as both are probably from the Greek word *kolophos*, is played in an enclosed rectangular area of about sixty feet by twenty-five. The floor, which is a composition of sand, clay, and pitch, is made as level as a billiard-table; and the enclosing walls are for two feet above the floor, faced either with polished stone or sheet-lead, that they may cause the ball to rebound with accuracy. At about eight or ten feet from each end wall, a circular post of about five inches diameter is placed precisely in the middle of the area with regard to breadth, consequently opposite the one to the other, and at the distance of forty feet, or thereby. The balls used in the game are about the size of cricket-balls, made perfectly round and elastic, covered with soft leather, and sewed with fine wire. The clubs are from three to four feet long, with stiff shafts. The heads are of brass; and the face, with which the ball is struck, is perfectly smooth, having no inclination, such as might have a tendency to raise the ball from the ground. The angle which the head makes with the shaft, is nearly the same with that of the putting clubs used at golf. The game may be played by any number, either in parties against each other, or each person for himself; and the contest is, who shall hit the two posts in the fewest strokes, and make his ball retreat from the last one with such an accurate length, as that it shall lie nearest to the opposite end wall of the area. The first stroke is made from within a few inches of what is called the beginning post, and the player directs his ball as precisely as he can on the opposite one, that he may hit it if possible, computing at the same time the force of his stroke, so that, should he miss it (which from the distance may be supposed to be most frequently the case), his ball may rebound from the end wall, and lie within a moderate distance of the post, and before it; that is, between the two posts, rather than between the post and the end wall. The reason of preferring this situation of the ball will appear by reflecting how much easier it is, in that case, to send the ball, after striking the post, back again towards the other one. The skill of the game consists in striking the post in such a way, whether full or otherwise, as may send the ball towards the place where you wish it to rest. It combines the address required both in golf and in billiards. Five points make the game; and such is the difference between a capital and an ordinary player, that the former will give four points of the game, and frequently be the winner. This superiority of play I experienced myself at a *kolf baan* near the Hague, after I had considerable practice in the game, and was, in fact, no mean player. With the advantage of three points I was completely beaten; and even when I got four, I could hardly preserve any tolerable equality. There is generally a kind of apartment at one end of the *kolf baan*, two or three steps higher than the floor, where spectators may enjoy the sight of the game, as far as the clouds of tobacco smoke, with which they commonly fill it, will allow."

The game has been long known in India; and the following notice of the mode in which it is practised, is given from a letter addressed to the secretary of the Musselburgh club by one of its members, whose attainment in the knowledge of eastern languages is of a very high order:—

"The Indian, or rather the Persian, name of the game, is *govy* (strongly resembling the Scotch pronunciation of golf, viz. 'gouf'), meaning 'the ball;' and sometimes called 'chougan a govy,' or club and ball. The game is considered a royal one in the East, and is uniformly played on horseback. The club (according to the representation I have seen in pretty old Persian paintings of a party at play) is bent at the end, and somewhat like our own clubs. The handle, agreeable to the same drawing, seemed a good deal shorter, so as when a player was about to strike the ball, he was necessarily obliged to throw his body downward to the right side of his horse, with the chougan in his right hand, whilst he grasped the bridle, and guided his steed (usually at full gallop) with the left. The manuscript in which I saw the representation, was a highly celebrated work on the ancient history of Persia, by Ferdousi, esteemed one of the best Persian poets."

The game of Palle Maille, or Pall Mall, which is mentioned in Strutt's book, as bearing a resemblance to golf, was played by striking a ball with a mallet through a high arch of iron, the merit consisting in doing so at the fewest number of strokes. Charles the Second and his courtiers practised this game in St James's Park, where there is a walk still called the Mall; the name being supposed to be derived from the mallet with which the game was played.

The question seems to have been once agitated, whether the game of golf was peculiar to England or Scotland. The importance of the inquiry is scarcely such as to command great investigation; but there is

a tradition connected with it, which, if an ancient mode of determining disputed points be a correct one, must be considered as settling the matter for ever at rest. It is related as follows:—

"Two English noblemen, who, during their attendance at the Scottish court, had, among other fashionable amusements of the period, occasionally practised golf, were one day debating the question with his Highness the Duke of York, whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland or England; and, having some difficulty in coming to an issue on the subject, it was proposed to decide the question by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as golfers, together with a large sum of money, on the result of a match, to be played with his highness, and any Scotchman he could bring forward. The duke, whose great aim at that time was popularity, thinking this no bad opportunity both for asserting his claim to the character of a Scotchman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge, and, in the meantime, caused diligent inquiry to be made as to where the most efficient partner was to be found. The person recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man, named John Paterson, a shoemaker, who was not only reputed the best golf-player of his day, but whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial.

On the matter being explained to him, Paterson was not quite satisfied as to how he should be able to acquit himself in such great company; but on the duke encouraging him, he said he would do his best.

The match was played, in which the duke was of course completely victorious; and the shoemaker was dismissed with a reward corresponding to the importance of his service, being an equal share of the stake played for.

With this money he immediately built himself a comfortable house in the Canongate, upon the wall of which the duke caused an escutcheon to be affixed, bearing the arms of the family of Paterson, surmounted by a crest, a dexter hand grasping a golf club—Motto, 'Far and sure.'

The house alluded to is situated on the north side of the Canongate, a little above Queensberry House."

The town of Musselburgh has been long famous for superior golfers, the beautiful and extensive links on both sides of the Esk being an incitement to the practice of the athletic exercise. A golf club was established there in the year 1774, and included among its members the most respectable gentlemen in the parish. To encourage the exercise of the game, they procured a handsome silver cup, which is played for annually, and a year's possession of it, and the honour of being captain of the club, are the gainer's trophies. He is bound to append a medal to the cup when he restores it.

The game also flourishes at Edinburgh and Leith, and still more remarkably, perhaps, at St Andrews, where very large stakes are sometimes played for, and where there is a regular manufactory of balls, both for home consumption and exportation.

EDUCATION.

[BY JOHN BOWRING.]

A child is born—now take the germ, and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
When passion's gust, and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life—and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

—*Amulet*, 1828:

Since the publication of the article entitled "The Last Execution in the Grassmarket," we have had documents presented to us, which give a considerably different colour to the criminality of the culprit Andrews. It appears that he was, in reality, concerned in the maltreatment, and robbery of the man Dykes, and was altogether a less innocent and estimable member of society than our first information gave us to suppose. The article, in other respects, is correct. The jury upon Andrews's trial returned a verdict of guilty, from a servile respect to the bearing of the indictment, and not because they deemed his criminality worthy of the punishment of death; and, as already intimated, they were much chagrined on finding that their recommendation to mercy, upon which they had relied for the means of neutralising their decision, was of no avail.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BRIDGE, Holywell Street, Strand; BANKS & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMER, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO., Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. B. LEBURY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, News-men, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.

Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

* From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, a paper now discontinued.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 98.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

THE EASY MAN.

ALL extremes are bad—even, it would appear, the extreme of goodness; by which I mean good dispositions and habits of extraordinary bountifulness. It seems necessary that we should have a little of the reverse in us, just to defend ourselves against people who are the reverse. Some men are born as if they had been designed for the golden age, and by mistake postponed to the pinchbeck one. I was one of this class, but have been reformed for some time, and am now a pretty passable member of society. In my earliest years, I was distinguished for my good nature. Even before the school era, I was reduced to a wretched bondage by a somewhat elder brother, obliged to be hodman in all his architectural operations, compelled to give up the half of my gingerbread to him to purchase peace, and, in short, to use a comprehensive English phrase, was his fag. At school, I was always glad when I could oblige a boy by giving him a part of my bread and butter, or by helping him on with his exercises; yet, strange to say, this did not procure me any friendship or forbearance. The rascals, on the contrary, finding I had no power of resentment, tyrannised over me in every possible way. I was hustled and hustled about, huffed, cuffed, and disrespected, and all because I was good-natured. The same was my fate throughout all the earlier years of manhood. An insatiable love of approbation, an overpowering desire to serve and oblige all who seemed to require my services, characterised me. I was prone to believe every one, ready to befriend every one, anxious to reconcile every one; and many a poor hanger-on of the family, whom all the rest had got tired of, or found just reason to keep at a distance, maintained a hold on me, and was by me alone supported and cheered. Whoever had once got me into a personal interview, was sure of me. I could not—I had not it in me—to give pain to any one; and so mild and courteous was my tone, that even when applied to by an absolute mendicant, it would have puzzled a bystander sometimes to say whether he or I was the party in distress. The very beggar poets who came to me for half crowns, on the understanding that I was, like themselves, a dabbler in literature, would hold up their heads better than I. I felt in all these cases as if I were to blame in being better off than my fellow-creatures; and the relief which I extended was not so much designed for the good of the receiving party, as to justify the giver in enjoying what he retained. I had no discrimination: there lay my grand error. My charity as often gratified imposture as real want; my justice was sometimes most unjust to myself, or to those connected with me. What is curious, these propensities never forced me into a search for objects of benevolence. I rather avoided them—for I knew my weakness, and, like Hatteraik warning Glossin not to rouse him, would silently deprecate the coming temptation. Unfortunately, it was not necessary for me to go abroad for the means of exercising my good dispositions: the world, somehow or other, has done me *this* honour, that, though I never seek an acquaintance or pay a visit I can avoid, I have fully as many friends as I can make a good use of, and, in these my days of blindness, had always as many intruding petitioners as I could do any good to. Once let the petitioning or distressed party come in contact with me, I could no longer withhold my sympathy. Either I behaved to satisfy myself by the dispensation of a liberal alms, or I must instantly start off to spend my time and energies in advancing the interests of the applicant. In several instances, I am sure that I kept what I thought deserving people alive for

months; in others, I got young men whom I thought possessed of abilities pushed into the situations and the ways of livelihood at which they aimed; in others (this was the largest class), I mediated to prevent the feelings of individuals from being offended by incidents and collisions which must have otherwise occurred. I had a horror of unkindness in thought, word, or deed; it annoyed me to hear scandal; and I preferred rather dullish conversation with plain and as I thought good-hearted people, to the most brilliant and dashing discourse of some professor of wit and raillery. I had a respect for every body but myself. What others did I always thought, or endeavoured to think, well of: what I did myself I never was so sure about, unless I heard some one praise it. This abject self-abasement was perhaps at the bottom of all my absurdities. My actions were directed to hardly any other end than that of conciliating men to think not so badly of me as I thought of myself, and, if possible, by their praise, to inspire me with a little more confidence in my own rights and merits. There might be a higher motive occasionally; but this was the main one, and I am now sensible that it leaves me without a just reason to complain of the ingratitude I have met with. A more discriminating kind of beneficence, springing from a more exalted source, would have been attended with different effects.

Such was my character for a considerable number of years. I had to look back upon a life, during which I had never experienced any thing above the most common-place favours from others—never looked for any thing of the kind—never thought of it; while I had been connected with innumerable persons who were perpetually petitioning me for something or other, and whose good opinions, worthless and unrequited as they were, I had been content to purchase at any price. My character might have been still the same, but for one peculiar event. I had often, as may well be believed, been put to pain by finding that my endeavours to do good were productive either of a greater evil to myself, or a less one to those I had befriended. I had often to feel the bitter pang which attends the display of ingratitude or rancour in one whom I had formerly esteemed and obliged. I had often—deepest mortification of all!—that of finding that my humane efforts to ward off mental anguish from those in whom I was interested, only exposed me to the charge of meddling, and ended in all parties, instead of only one, being offended. It had been pressed more than once upon my attention, that, in the most of cases where I had given money, I had only diminished my own resources to protract an inevitable misery in another; where I had smoothed the way for depressed but meritorious individuals, I had only prevented the good of one man, to make it come to another in no respect more deserving of it; and that, let me give favour after favour to any man for a series of years, the refusal of the last, or the least offence to his self-love or his interest at any period of our intercourse, would make him turn and rend me. Gratitude, I found, was little else; when expressed, than the indication of a hope of further favours: it never long survived the cessation of the favours, whether that cessation arose from my own inability to bestow, or from the other party no longer requiring. Men, I found, whose promotion was evidently owing in the first instance to me, were apt in no long time to consider their own merit as the principal, if not sole instrument; and though I or the world might think differently, that was nothing to them. If any one was my debtor in a more express way—namely, for pounds, shillings, and pence—and if I forbore for a long time to mention it. I found that I did not by

that means increase either the validity of the debt, or its amount. It might have been pressed at the proper time, and perhaps paid; but the delay, though solely springing from kindness of heart on my part, served only to introduce a question as to its justice, and, what I liked worse, a suspicion of the sincerity of my friendship. In fact, my debtors took it exceedingly ill to be reminded of any of these old obligations, and the common result was, that, in the words of the well-known rhyme, I lost both my money and friend. Again, though I reckoned closely with nobody, every body reckoned closely with me: even the man for whom I had raised large sums by the use of my name, or whom I had otherwise obliged in the most extraordinary way, would exact from me the last farthing of some trifling account, and perhaps complain that I was late in making payment. I once paid upon great urgency a claim of fifty shillings to a man for whom, as he failed next day, I became liable for as many pounds. What was worst of all, I found in many instances, that by doing or attempting to do some service to a person imminently needing it, I became responsible not only for it and for its effects, but for almost the whole of the subsequent fate of the party so assisted; who, in the event of any thing going wrong, though only through his own imprudence, or in pursuance of the usual strain of his unhappy lot, generally blamed me as loudly as if I had voluntarily interfered, or had had some personal interest in doing for him what I did, and been of course duly chargeable with the consequences.

It would be endless to relate all the hints I got as to the absurdity of my course. I saw my folly in a glimmering kind of way; but something more was required to produce a decided change of conduct. I was at length reclaimed by one small particular circumstance. A very near relative had always been treated by me in my characteristic manner. Not being a person of well-regulated mind, he had given me much annoyance throughout many years of intercourse; I had yielded, however, to every petulance, submitted to every reproof, however groundless, and even forgiven injuries in a quarter where the most of men are poignantly sensitive. In fact, this person, though advanced in life, took exactly that advantage of my good nature which my school-fellows had done. He unfortunately buffeted me just a little too much. I was angry, but, being totally unaccustomed to that passion, did not know how to express it. At length, it all at once flashed upon me that the individual in question never took the same liberties with another person who stood in exactly the same relation to him—a person, moreover, who had not been nearly so kind and friendly as I had been. I saw the thing at once. The very sternness and unkindness of that person had procured from the ignoble nature of my tormentor, a respect which nothing else was calculated to procure in such a quarter. My natural sense of justice was roused; pride came to my aid; and, when next subjected to the annoyance, I found myself in such a furor of indignation, as to express my sentiments in a manner very different from what was habitual to me. It is said that the anger of one not given to anger is the most terrible of all. Perhaps there was something in this; perhaps it was only the natural submission of a weak mind, to what it had formerly thought a weaker, but now found a stronger. But, whatever was the reason, the effect was decisive: the annoyance ceased, and for the first time I found what I might call true friendship in an individual, who had never *till now* had reason to be otherwise than friendly.

This incident completely revolutionised my views of human nature. I saw that with the most of minds

fear goes a far greater way than love, and that the one is in some measure necessary to secure and enforce the other. So effectually did the change work, that I got quite reclaimed in a single week. I saw that I had made myself the slave of mankind, and been treated as such, while others who aimed at being tyrants over their fellow-creatures, and had not the tenth of my pretensions to their esteem, were served on the bended knee. I resolved, therefore, since nothing but sternness would do, to be stern also. I ceased to take particular interest in any beyond my own circle, and thus, if I did no good, I was at least sure to do no harm. I would put myself out of my way for nobody but myself, and so was pretty certain to secure the comfort of at least one of the human race. The result has been a marked increase of respect from the world. To be an easy or good-natured man, I now see, only causes the generality to suspect your stability in life, while the very men you benefit are unable to respect that extreme facility by which they have profited. Perpetual suavity, I now find, is not the way to procure any weight for one's word. There must be a fortitude, and even a certain dash of rigour, in one's life and conversation, in order to obtain deference for his opinions. This has been shown in a very marked manner in my case, since I became converted from good nature. My sentiments on almost any subject are now received as of some importance. When I make as if I wished to speak, people make as if they wished to be silent; and I am heard to the very end of what I have to say. I begin to be looked upon as a person very likely to thrive in the world, and one or two mothers of marriageable daughters (the acutest class on earth) have spoken of me, to persons who they knew would tell me again, as a very promising young man. If I by any chance offer to do a service, it is received, not as a right, but as a favour. Whenever I appear in the domestic circle, every one is on the bustle to put me to rights, and serve, and amuse me; if I relent into kindness, it is *felt*, and I am called good, which I never was before. In short, mankind have become my friends and servants, the moment I ceased to be theirs; and I do believe, if I were to add a decided misanthropy to my character, I would soon be reckoned a second Lord Byron.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

TASSO.

THE sixteenth century produced in Italy several other great poets besides Ariosto. The principal was Torquato Tasso, author of the noble romantic poem entitled "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" (Jerusalem Delivered), whose misfortunes, however, were fully as remarkable as his genius. Torquato was the son of another poet of no small eminence, named Bernardo Tasso, and was born, March 11, 1544, at Sorrento. He is said to have spoken words at the age of six months, and, at seven years, to have recited compositions of his own, both in prose and verse. In his seventeenth year, he received degrees in canon and civil law at the university of Padua, and, like all the other great bards of Italy, he was fully as much distinguished by his learning as by his poetical talents. His propensity to poetry being much encouraged by his father, he attained distinction in that branch of letters at a very early period of life. In 1564, when only eighteen, he published his poem of *Rinaldo*, which was in the manner of the *Odyssey*, and is expressively described as being, though evidently the work of a young man, yet of a young Tasso. In the preceding year, he had composed six cantos of his greater poem, the *Jerusalem Delivered*, which is universally allowed to be one of the finest productions of the human intellect. When about two-and-twenty years of age, Tasso was taken under the protection of Alphonso the Second, Duke of Ferrara, whose court was then the most magnificent and the most devoted to literature in Italy. Here the poet lived in the highest style at the immediate table of the prince, surrounded by all the brilliant and noble objects which could gladden the spirit of a man devoted to romantic poetry. For some years, his life was one of uninterrupted happiness. His leisure was spent with princes and nobles, who might be considered the most cultivated men of his time; his studious hours were devoted to a species of composition every way according with his taste, and which procured perpetual accessions of new fame. He was, moreover, solaced with the society, and even, it is said, the affection of a princess, the sister of his patron, and described as one of the most accomplished and enchanting women of her time. In the year 1570, he accompanied the Cardinal D'Este, brother of the Prince of Ferrara, to France, where he was received with distinguished honours at the court of Charles the Ninth, who delighted much in the society of literary men, and was in some degree a patron of learning. It is curious to reflect how soon after, a prince thus agreeably brought under our notice—the friend of letters, and capable of appreciating their humanising influence—above all things, the admirer of the noble and pure-minded Tasso—was involved in the atroci-

ties of the Bartholomew massacre! It is related that this modern Nero pardoned, at the entreaty of the Italian minstrel, a culprit of his own profession, to whom all mercy had formerly been refused.

In the year 1573, he brought out his celebrated pastoral drama, entitled "*Aminta*," and also completed his *Jerusalem Delivered*, which turned upon one of the most brilliant events of the history of the middle ages, the taking of the Holy City by Godfrey of Boulogne. Several years were afterwards spent in the task, then considered highly important, of correcting and improving his grand work. Copies of parts of it were distributed among his literary friends in various quarters, and he was indefatigable in touching it up according to their advice and directions. Unfortunately, while this process was going on, a part of the poem fell into the hands of a dishonest person, who published it without the author's consent, and in a state which could not but give him great chagrin. His mind was about the same time affected seriously by the rancorous hostility of several of his fellow courtiers, who, though they could not undermine him in the favour of the duke, rendered his life truly miserable. How far an ill-placed attachment entered into his griefs, it is impossible to say; but it is certain, that, in the year 1577, just as he was about to give to the world one of the most splendid effusions of the imagination that it had ever seen, he began to show symptoms of tottering reason; his sun being eclipsed, as it were, at the very height of noon.

His madness took the shape of a fretful and restless fear. He thought he was beset by a host of enemies, who were perpetually seeking to destroy his life and good name. In this state of weakness he made a journey to Bologna, to confess to the Inquisition that he had once been guilty of holding heretical opinions, and to subject himself to whatever punishment that court might think proper to award. He was acquitted; but, still unconvinced of his own innocence, he applied again, and it was not till a second review of his conduct, and a second absolution, that he was satisfied. In June 1577, having made an attempt upon the life of a servant, in the apartment of the Duchess of Urbino, he was put into confinement by his patron Alphonso, but soon after released, and apparently restored to favour and also to health.

The immediately ensuing part of Tasso's history is the subject of much controversy. He is said to have at length tired out Alphonso with his feverish complaints about supposed enemies, and to have been sternly forbidden by that prince to write to him any more. More alarmed than ever for his personal safety, the poet immediately fled on foot to Naples, and placed himself under the protection of his sister Cornelia, who was married there. Being assured of continued protection at Ferrara, he soon afterwards ventured back, but was disappointed in his hopes, probably in consequence of his own conduct, which was so full of fretfulness and reproach as to be highly disagreeable to the duke. He again fled in a state of alarm, and wandered for some months through the north of Italy. Arriving on one occasion at the gates of Turin, he was so tattered and forlorn in his appearance as to be refused entrance by the guard. The man, however, who was thus sunk so low in wretchedness, required only to mention that he was Tasso, in order to be conveyed to the palaces of nobles and princes, and clothed and fed as sumptuously as one of themselves. After a certain interval, finding he could be happy nowhere but in Ferrara, for which city he seems to have borne a sincere affection, he made such interest with the duke as to be permitted to return, on condition that he would submit himself to a course of medicine, and be careful of his conduct for the future. He returned in February 1579, was treated with less consideration than he expected, and at length, his feelings getting the better of his prudence, he broke out upon his former patron in a tide of satire and reproach, which sealed his fate at the court of Ferrara. In the course of the ensuing month, he was immured, by the directions of the duke, in the Hospital of St Anna, a receptacle for lunatics, where he was put under such a severe regimen as materially aggravated his mental distemper. How far the conduct of the duke was the result of personal resentment, and how far dictated by the humane spirit which every day causes the removal of deranged persons from society to solitude, it is impossible to say. If it was an experiment for the recovery of Tasso, it was an eminently unsuccessful one. For several days after finding himself in confinement, the unhappy poet continued in a state of perfect stupor. On recovering consciousness, his misery was only increased. He shrunk with horror from the squalor and solitude of his dungeon, and abandoned all his former hopes of poetical renown for a moping despair. "My mind," said he in a letter to a friend, "becomes slow of thought, my fancy indolent in imagining, my senses negligent in ministering to them images of things; my hand refuses to write, and my pen even to execute its office. I seem, indeed, to be frozen, and am oppressed by stupor and giddiness in all I attempt to do."

While Tasso was in this lamentable state, his poem of *Jerusalem Delivered* was published surreptitiously in several of the Italian states, so as to deprive him of all prospect of profit from what had been the labour of nearly twenty years. It immediately became famous over Europe, and was every where received with admiration. Strange that the mind which had produced this noble work, should now be lying in ruins

within the cell of a wretched hospital, cut off from all experience of those honours which were so profusely heaped upon his name. "We chill with terror," says Mr Stebbing, "as we hear him pathetically lament in one of his letters, that he was prevented from writing by the constant shrieks of the poor maniacs whose cells adjoined his own; that he was left to the mercy of the keeper and the creatures of the court, who attended to none of his wants though he was so sick and feeble; and that, while the publishers of his poem had gained three thousand ducats by its sale, they had none of them given him a single scudo."

The confinement of Tasso lasted above seven years, and his mind seems to have been completely weakened by so long a period of unrelieved misery. His disease originally was nothing but what would now be termed a nervous irritability, and what a soothing treatment might have been expected soon to remove. But he came out a perfect visionary, and, though still quite gentle and harmless, the finer powers of his intellect were gone, and nothing but a shell, as it were, left behind. He owed his release to the intercession of Don Cesare d'Este with the Duke of Ferrara, and to the Duke of Mantua, who became surety that his highness should suffer nothing from the poet's pen.

The few remaining years of his life were spent under the patronage of various individuals, with all of whom he seems to have quarrelled sooner or later; and he was accordingly reduced on several occasions to a condition little superior to that of a wandering mendicant. As formerly, however, he was never in so low a state, but what could be changed in an instant for the summit of honour and comfort by his simply mentioning who he was. On his arriving at any new place, and taking up his abode with any of the citizens, people were invited to come and see him as an object of wonder. While he passed along the streets, those who met him exclaimed, "See, that is Tasso!"—an exclamation that might well be prompted by the unusually tall and majestic figure of the poet, by his pale and thoughtful countenance, and the somewhat wild expression of his blue, lustrous eye. During this period, he composed his "*Gerusalemme Conquisita*," and a poem on creation, styled "*Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*," but neither of these works has attained the celebrity of his "*Gerusalemme Liberata*." After a life singularly chequered by good and evil fortune, he retired to die in the monastery of St Severino, near Naples, where he expired on the 25th of April 1596, aged only fifty-one years, but completely worn out with mental and bodily sufferings. His body was interred in the church of the monastery, under a plain slab, inscribed with the epitaph so famous for its majestic simplicity, "*Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus*," "Here lies Torquatus Tasso."

We shall conclude this memoir with an extract from the elegant and entertaining work to which we have already been so much indebted—"Of the mind which produced them," says Mr Stebbing, in allusion to the works of Tasso, "it may be said that it was endowed with those higher powers which give sublimity to thought, while it was subject to all those milder influences of the feelings which keep it constantly within the verge of what is human, or of human interest. In the *Gerusalemme*, we trace that harmony of design which is the result only of pure intellect, disembarassing itself of whatever hinders its orderly operation. In the *Gerusalemme*, we perceive the influence of that noble moral feeling which constitutes the distinction between the poetry of times and seasons, and that which lives, and of which the power and majesty are felt, through all ages; and in the *Gerusalemme*, we see those various representations of human character, and those bold inventions which, together with the before-mentioned qualities, raise the epic poem above every other species of composition, appealing as it does to the sublimest attributes of our nature, and furnishing the mind with new food for the elevated emotions to which the verse of the poet gives birth."

THE BASTILE,

A PARISIAN TALE.

"It must come down!" exclaimed Julian; "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me, and yet may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power. It must come down!"

"What must come down?" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment; "what must come down?" repeated he, in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastile," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully, upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly; "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, as you conceive," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know

* It is necessary to mention, that the idea and several of the expressions of this article are to be found in a paper which appeared some time ago in the periodical work entitled the *Athenæum*.

less than you do; you are tainted with that feeling of jealousy and rancour, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of their country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian; "he called to me to hold his horse while he alighted, as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master is a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix. "You have been insolent to the count, too," resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?" Julian was silent.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. "What would you have done, had the count struck you?"

"Struck him again," indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"And you think the count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The count afraid of you! Do you know the power of the count?"

"I do," replied Julian, "and the character of the count. He is not fitted to be admitted into an honest man's family. He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris." "Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it! What then should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix. "Julian, you quit my service," added he. "Very well."

"You quit it to-night!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye, sir," said he; but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning, stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix. "I have been a faithful servant to you, sir," resumed Julian.

"Stay," said his master. "You have lived with me eight years. You have been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous subject. You have begun to think for yourself—to question the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and would give him blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket. "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse; take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop, than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continued to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you?"

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose colour had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence. "It is?" echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old regime. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honourable man. He was handsome, too, and of a graceful commanding figure, though now in his fiftieth year. He was married, and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected within him symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt, but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which, from excessive disparity of years, he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he

dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so. He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two—'Twas a miniature!—a step or two nearer—'Twas his own! He could not suppress his emotions; he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom was reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the count. He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself. "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and, sooner or later, will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother." "Did she send you for me?" "No."

"Why did you come, then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair, into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself, and stared upon his son.

As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and then a noise. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hand upon his sword. The count was stretched upon the floor; Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madame le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix: but the count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the count's attendants among the rest, who, obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room, after his wife, upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix; "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered. Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which at this hour every evening regularly passed the gate of the chateau.

"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy on the other side of him; "a lovely sunset!"

"Yes," replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger whom for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates, who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked M. le Croix.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward, and clasped Julian round the knees.—The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!" "Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris!" ejaculated le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastille!" rejoined Julian. "What!" exclaimed le Croix. Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door, which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father, and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company!" replied the leader, whose sword was drawn. "Your authority?"

"A lettre-de-cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene. That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastille.

He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, was it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone by. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What was intended?" He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again—did he not hear something? No! He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! A kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild! Rapine! Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastille. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls and set him free!" The walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he heard above him, or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. "Was the Bastille beset? It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastille has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawing, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitement. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison. A ray of light shot through the key-hole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon, had not a thousandth part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges.—The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked—"Tis down!—THE BASTILLE IS DOWN!"

FISHING VILLAGES—BUCKHAVEN.

THE fishing villages scattered along our coast, add not a little to the yearly creation of property in the country, and have always been reckoned as affording in the aggregate a most important source of national wealth. In their individual character, however, they are viewed very differently; few have the curiosity to make inquiries into the condition of our fishermen, however much they may prize the value of our fisheries; and a most useful class of men are passed by with a sneer of neglect, which they very little merit. A short notice concerning some of these interesting and industrious people, may correct certain erroneous ideas which have been taken up hastily concerning them as a body, besides attracting attention to those in remote stations, to whom improvement and moral culture has not yet penetrated.

Buckhaven, on the coast of Fife, is one of the most remarkable of our fishing towns: till of late years it was occupied exclusively by fishermen; but, from the facilities afforded by the proprietor for building, there has lately been added to it on the west a kind of suburb, which is tenanted by working people of all trades.

* From the "Magdalen and other Tales," by James Sheridan Knowles. London, Moxon, New Bond Street. 1832.

These, however, have no place in the fishing town itself, which consists of buildings, situated one above another, on the face of a rocky eminence, dipping into the sea. The lower and front houses are built on the edge of the rocks, a very little above high water mark, sometimes in little rows, with a footpath and parapet wall in front, but as often standing ranged with their gables to the sea. The whole, both those on the water's edge and those which overlook them on the ascent above, are closely crowded together, and set down without any kind of order; so that there is no where such a thing as a thoroughfare from one part of the village to another, except by scrambling through narrow dirty lanes, and up stairs as dark and steep as any recollected by the oldest caddie in Edinburgh. This inconvenience has arisen from the scantiness of the ground originally allotted to the people, who were necessitated on that account to occupy every site on which a house could stand. The appearance of the old-fashioned village, on the front of its sloping headland, has a romantic effect from the water, which adds not a little to the interest of a steam-boat voyage along the coast of Fife.

The inhabitants of the village are remarkable for their industrious and steady habits; a sufficient proof of which is afforded by the capital which they have accumulated for the purposes of their business, and which, as far as we can learn, is entirely their own. There are about one hundred and fifty-six fishermen, heads or representatives of families, who are owners of the whole property of the village: the value of that part of it which is employed as capital in the fishing, is not less than L.16,000 or L.17,000, giving more than L.100, on this head merely, for the share of each family. Some have less, and some a great deal more than this amount; but none are without some share; neither is there any one who has not a number of shares, or a number of boats, to be let out to others who have none. Their interest in the fishing apparatus is of course independent of what may be called their unproductive capital—in clothes, furniture, specie, houses, &c. In the article of furniture, they are at considerable expense, not considering their dwellings even decently furnished (*neighbour-like*), without a neat oaken table, and chairs, good beds, chests of drawers, an eight-day clock, and a large well-bound quarto bible. These are to be found in every house, even those which seem most unpromising on the exterior.

The fishermen have different occupations according to the season of the year. About the middle of July, the stoutest and most active of their number depart for the herring fishing on the north coast. Buckhaven sends yearly sixty-two boats to this harvest, each of them about fourteen tons, and requiring from L.180 to L.200 to fit them for sea—in masts, cordage, sails, anchors, and nets, in which last item consists nearly half the outlay. They have each five men, who are all generally partners in the adventure. Each boat is under an engagement to some merchant, to furnish a certain number of crans or barrels of herrings (about two hundred and fifty), for which they received last year 10s. per cran. The proceeds are divided into shares; one-fifth part being allotted for upholding the boat and stores, while the rest is divided in equal portions among the men. Sometimes, however, landsmen are engaged, merely on wages, by the owners of the boat. The fishermen are generally absent on the North Sea fishing about six weeks or two months, departing about the middle of July, and being generally home in the early part of September. They take hammocks and bedding with them, which, together with the clothes necessary for their exposed occupation, render the outfit of the men very expensive.

While the younger fishermen are absent in the north, the old men and boys do the best they can to supply the markets with haddocks, cod, flounders, &c. from the line-fishing at home. They are not able to venture out to sea to the best fishing ground; but the small quantity caught is generally compensated by the high prices they fetch in the absence of a fuller supply. The Buckhaven fish are at this season carried off every morning by certain fishmongers of female appearance, from Leith, who come the day before, in order to make sure of a purchase; and the bustle, grotesque dresses, and odd terms, of their hurried market, amid the rocks and fishing-boats of the little haven, present a most amusing spectacle to strangers.

When the able fishermen return in September, they betake themselves immediately to the line-fishing off the Dogger Bank and the Red Head, which may be considered as forming the staple industry of the village. The boats set sail in the afternoon, and have a distance of at least fifty miles to make before casting their lines; they remain at sea generally two nights, and till the afternoon of the third day; and on their return they proceed immediately to Leith to dispose of their cargoes. Two trips of this kind are made in the week; while the intervals are busily employed in necessary preparations and repairs for again going to sea. All hands are set to work to clear the lines of the sea-weed and old bait, repair the damage done by dog-fish, supply new hooks, &c. The men have also to inspect their boats, look after the tear and wear of sails and cordage; and, lastly, the lines are all to be baited anew. This is an operation which requires a greater number of different processes than the making of a pin—none of which we can describe at present; dexterity in performing them, however, is one of the highest accomplishments of a fisherman's bride.

This work is all done in the open air before the doors of their houses, and generally occupies the whole family; those whose aid is not required are employed in *braiding* (weaving) nets, which they do for one another, according as there are spare hands, at sixpence per yard. No creature above twelve years of age is left unemployed in the family of a fisherman.

From November till the middle of February is the time of the winter-herring fishing, and is a peculiarly busy season, as the cod-fishing is attended to at the same time. A different set of boats and nets are necessary here from those employed in the North Sea. From February till July, the men are again employed in the line or deep-sea fishing, for the supply of the daily markets.

It would be difficult to estimate the average yearly returns of the fishing, from the shifting of prices, and the variable quantities of fish caught in successive years. But, last season at Wick, each boat furnished 250 crans of herrings, at 10s. per cran, which gives an amount of L.7750 for the whole sixty-two boats.

The winter herring-fishing in the Frith of Forth is reckoned to produce about three-fourths of that of the North Sea in August, and may therefore be estimated at L.5800.

The produce of the six months devoted to the line-fishing may be guessed at from the following considerations:—The weekly take of fish, according to the best average which some of the old fishermen could form, is about 60,000; and these are sold according to their quality and the state of the markets in Leith, at prices varying from 3s. 6d. to 12s. per hundred. The average is reckoned about 7s. per hundred, so that the weekly produce may be estimated at L.210; and that for the whole six months, at L.5460; a tenth part may be added for the fish caught by the older fishermen, which will give the whole amount of the line-fishing about L.6006.

The whole proceeds of the fishermen's labour may therefore be estimated at L.19,550 annually.

Their expenses during the same period consist in upholding boats, nets, and fishing-lines, and in the purchase of bait, hooks, and other requisite articles. Their own calculation is, that a fifth part of the gross proceeds is absorbed by the expenses of the boats and boats' stores, such as sails, cordage, anchors, spars, &c.; and in their trips to the North Sea, that proportion is always set apart for this purpose. The upholding of their nets is a very expensive matter; each boat, on going to the herring fishing, requires to have twenty of these, at a cost of L.4, or L.4, 10s., each, and lasting perhaps four or five years only. When in use, it is necessary to boil them regularly every few weeks in a ley of oak bark (called *wis* or *wash*), by which process they are found to dry more readily after being immersed in the salt water, and are prevented from becoming soft and flaxy.* The bark wanted for this purpose costs the village about L.500 yearly.

This industrious community are put to great inconvenience and loss from the want of some pier or landing place near their village. At present they have not the smallest shelter for their boats, except an open roadstead, and are therefore obliged to leave much valuable property exposed to all the chances of the seas and winds.

The inhabitants of Buckhaven have some peculiarities which have been much spoken of.† The most singular is, that, among one hundred and sixty families in the fishing village, there are only about a dozen surnames. There are seventy-one families of Thomsons (or more properly *Tamsens*); nineteen of Deases; fifteen of Logies; of Robertsons and Walkers, nine each; six of Bonthrons; of Taylors, Eassons, and Wananders, four each; besides one or two Murrays and Johnstons. Among so many individuals of one name as must exist in a community so sparing in appellatives, it would be impossible, without some additional aid, to distinguish one from another; and, accordingly, most of the inhabitants have what are called *slog-names*, or *styles* by which they are designated. These are never looked on as matter of offence, though some of them are sufficiently whimsical. One person is called *Fancy*; another, *Black Harry*; one is *Caledonian*, one *Rose*, one *Laird*, and so forth; and these styles are used on post letters, and even in law-papers—as “Henry Thomson, commonly called *Black Harry*.”

It does not appear that the occupations of fishing are very favourable to long life. Hardly any individuals are found in the village above the age of eighty; and when it is considered, that, while out at sea, they are during one part of the time kept in continued exertion and perspiration, while during the other they must remain in a state of inaction (waiting for the filling of their lines), and exposed to the weather in an open boat, it cannot be wondered that their labour is exhausting.

* This is a process of long-tried efficacy among fishermen, but of which chemistry affords as yet no explanation. The effect of the *tannin*, procured from bark, in converting hides into leather, is well understood; but how the same substance operates to make the twisted fibres of hemp dry sooner after being dipped in salt water, remains quite unknown. We can only suppose (which chemists may easily ascertain by experiment) that *tannin* refuses to combine with the salt, which would, if absorbed, prevent the meshes from drying.

† This village has obtained a kind of absurd notoriety from a penny pamphlet, usually sold along with the *History of George Buchanan*. The latter represents the venerable translator of the *Psalms*, and *Historian of Scotland*, as a merry rogue and buffoon at the court of King James; and its companion vends other stories of the same authenticity concerning Buckhaven.

The inhabitants of fishing villages are often considered as reckless and improvident. Those of Buckhaven merit a very different character: a more industrious and economical community does not exist. They are all neatly and comfortably clad in their own fashion, have well furnished houses, and none of them can be thrown into a state of destitution by the result of an unsuccessful season, as is too often the case elsewhere. The readiness and courtesy of the answers to strangers inquiring rationally concerning the affairs of their village, is as remarkable as the contempt they evince towards those who think that their purse or their dress entitles them to quiz a fisherman's jacket.

There is a subscription school belonging to the village, with about 120 scholars, who generally remain at school till about twelve years of age. Much care is exerted in selecting a diligent teacher, and the children are orderly, well dressed, and attentive. A second school has about 80 scholars; the whole number of inhabitants in the village and dependencies is about 1600. There is a dissenting chapel, supported, of course, by the people; and a small but properly selected library has been formed by subscribers of the congregation, not including, however, many of the fishers. There are few newspapers, or other periodical publications, read among the fishermen; and they hardly indeed purchase books of any description except the Bible—their laborious avocations leaving but small leisure for reading. On Sunday morning the village presents an agreeable picture of stillness; the old people are stepping early and slowly to church; no bustle, no noise any where; the dash of the ebbing and flowing tide, which at other times is the accompaniment of hurry and preparation among the fishermen, now sounds idly on the rocks; and the boats and pinnaces lie untenanted, even by the children, who use to hold their play about them on work days.

The original inhabitants of Buckhaven are supposed to have been one or two Norwegian families who settled there at an early period. This tradition is supported by the testimony of Mr R. Bonthron, one of the most respectable inhabitants of the place, who recollects, that, in his youth, the older fishermen used to call the *yard* (on the mast) the *ray*, and employed the term *basbord* for *larboard*. These words correspond with the Danish and Norwegian *raa*, *yard*; and *bagbord*, *larboard*. The words *raa* and *basbord* are also German, it is true; but when the correspondence of terms is taken along with the traditions of the place, there seems little doubt that the colony was originally Norwegian.

THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA.

In advancing westwards from those states of the Union which border on the Atlantic, and which have been described as little else than the portico to this great confederated republic, and after crossing the ridges of the Alleghany mountains, the first territory that presents itself to the choice of the settler in the extensive vale of the Mississippi, is what is called West Pennsylvania, which is a distinct portion of the Atlantic state of Pennsylvania, and contains many spots worthy of the notice of emigrants. The highest peaks of the Alleghanies are elevated from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of their bases. This region, in its mountains, vallies, and cascades, presents all varieties of the grand, rugged, sheltered, and romantic scenery. Iron in vast quantities, lead, and a variety of coal, marble, freestone, and all the useful earths for building and the arts, abound in this state, so variegated in surface, and of geological formations differing widely in character. All parts of the western country seem admirably accommodated the one to the other; the one part supplying what the other wants. Those who intend to live by farming, should not locate on or about the Alleghanies, but pursue their way to a more genial district.

West from the mountains, the land is composed of hill, dale, and plain, and the soil of the vallies is almost invariably fertile. A portion of this region inclines towards Lake Erie on the north; and here the ground is level, and adapted for agricultural purposes. West Pennsylvania, which is watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, contains considerably more than 200,000 inhabitants, who are generally a hardy, robust, and industrious race. The chief town in this district of country is Pittsburg, to which, as we have elsewhere mentioned, nearly all immigrants who proceed this way direct themselves as to a centre point. Pittsburg, which is the greatest of the manufacturing towns in western America, is situated upon a point of land formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, the former flowing from the north-east, and the latter from the south-west. The waters thus joined form the Ohio river. A more charming spot for the site of a city could scarcely be selected. No place is surrounded by more

charmingly rounded and romantic hills. The boundless view of hill and dale—of the conjunction of two fine rivers—the broad and beautiful Ohio, calmly commencing its course of 1000 miles, and winding away among its deep forests and shores, shaded by noble sycamores—the town—its surrounding valleys—and, indeed, the whole scene taken together, as seen from the adjoining hills, constitutes as fine a landscape as can well be imagined. Over the Alleghany river is a high and beautiful plain, bounded in the distance by rugged hills. The coal-hill across the Monongahela rises more than three hundred feet. On this side is a manufacturing village, called Birmingham; and on the Alleghany side another town, called Manchester.

The town of Pittsburg is compactly, and in some streets, handsomely built, although the use of pit coal for culinary and manufacturing purposes has carried such quantities of fine black matter, driven off in the smoke into the air, and deposited it on the walls of the houses, and every thing that can be blackened with coal-smoke, as to have given the place a gloomy aspect. Its excellent position, and other advantages, as a manufacturing and trading town, and its acknowledged healthfulness, will continue, however, to render it a place of attraction for builders, manufacturers, and capitalists. At present the following articles are manufactured on a great scale in this thriving city—Ironmongery of every description; steam-engines, and enginery, and ironwork in general; cutlery of all descriptions; glass and paper; cotton and woollens; pottery; chemicals; tin and copper ware; and which are all exported to a great extent. There are steam flour-mills, carding and spinning-mills, iron-mills, distilleries, breweries, brick-yards, air-furnaces, lead-factories, naileries, gun-smitheries, tobacco-factories, tanneries, with establishments of all the ordinary trades.

Ship and steam-boat building has been pursued here on a greater scale than in any other town in the western country, although the town is situated about 2000 miles from the sea. So long ago as 1814, upwards of four thousand waggons, of four and six horses, employed as transport carriages, passed between this place and Philadelphia. Boats of the smaller kinds are continually departing down the river, for places on the Mississippi, the Missouri, and other large rivers communicating with the Ohio, and for New Orleans, near the sea-coast; and there also depart from Pittsburg, although a remote inland town, merchant vessels, loaded with goods for ports in different parts of Europe. Respecting the shipping business of this place, Mr Clay made the following relation, in one of his speeches a few years ago in Congress, and which, though noticed in most books of travels in the western states, may here be noticed once more:—"To illustrate (said he) the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, he would relate an anecdote of a vessel, built and cleared out at Pittsburg for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the customhouse officer, who would not credit them, and said to the master, 'Sir, your papers are forged! there is no such place as Pittsburg in the world! Your vessel must be confiscated!' The trembling captain laid before the officer a map of the United States—directed him to the Gulf of Mexico—pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi—led him 1000 miles up it to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another 1000 to Pittsburg. 'There, sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out.' The astonished officer, before he saw the map, would as soon have believed that this ship had been navigated from the moon."

A large amount of commission business is also transacted at Pittsburg. Great contracts are continually ordered from all the towns on the Ohio and Mississippi, for machinery, steam-boat castings, and the various manufactures that this city supplies. The inexhaustible mines of excellent pit-coal, in all directions in the coal-hills about the town, furnish great facilities for keeping in operation the great number of steam-manufactories. The coal costs little more than the simple expense of digging, and there is no fear that the supply will either fail or become difficult to procure. The possession of coal here is of immense consequence to the prosperity of the United States. The coal in the British possessions being the property of the crown, and therefore liable to troublesome embargoes—as, for instance, the coal-mines of Nova Scotia, which, we understand, have been given to the late Duke of York's creditors for a long series of years, to help to pay his royal highness's debts—the states cannot be supplied from thence on sufficiently advantageous terms for all purposes. The present amount of the value of manufactures in Pittsburg is supposed to be 2,500,000 dollars annually. The market is rich and abundant, but much higher than in the towns lower down the Ohio. We presume it would be a proper place for the reception and furnishing of employment to industrious artisans in those branches of manufacture above mentioned; and failing an engagement here, the emigrant might easily proceed down the Ohio to Cincinnati, another manufacturing town of considerable importance. The excellence of Pittsburg as a place of settlement for artisans, is noticed by our invaluable authority, Timothy Flint. Speaking of the inhabitants, he says, "they are a mixture of all nations; Germans and Irish predominate; but there are great numbers of English, Scotch, French, and Swiss. Mechanics and artisans who come here bring their me-

chanical skill and industry to a better market than they could find in the Old World." The habits of the people of the place are those of persevering industry, calculating carefulness, distrust of strangers, and a fixed purpose to look to their individual interests. They are of all the different denominations of religion, and as moral as could be expected of a people so situated. Luxury, splendour, and display, are not much in fashion here; and the habits of all the people are frugal and economical. This city has immense advantages of artificial as well as natural water communications. The great Pennsylvania canal, above 500 miles in length, terminates here; another canal is laid out to connect it with Lake Erie through Meadville; and still a third is proposed to the mouth of Mahoning, where it will connect with a branch of the Ohio and Erie canal from its summit head. Pittsburg is the seat of justice for the county of Alleghany, and is situated at the 40th degree of north latitude, at the distance of 300 miles north-west from Philadelphia.

As the information in this article is chiefly directed to artisans or others of the working classes who design to seek employment in the manufacturing towns of America, we beg to subjoin the recommendation to them of taking care to bring with them certificates of character, which they will not do well without, as may be learned by the following circumstance, narrated by Mr Stuart in his Travels in the United States:—

"I had not been long (says he) at Mr Anderson's [a farmer in Long Island, near New York], when I was applied to by a good-looking young man, from the west of Fifehire, in Scotland, whose name was John Boswell, to give him, or procure for him, a letter of recommendation to a ship-builder in New York. I had never seen him before, so far as I knew; but I had been acquainted with his father, a very respectable person in his line, a farm overseer to the late Mr Mutter of Annfield, near Dunfermline. Boswell's story was this:—He had been bred a ship-carpenter, had married, and was the father of two children. Finding his wages, of about 2s. or 2s. 6d. per day, insufficient for the maintenance of his family, he commenced being toll-keeper, but did not succeed in his new profession. He had, therefore, brought his wife and children to New York, being possessed only of a small sum of money, and of some furniture, a fowling-piece, &c. He had made application immediately on his arrival at New York, some weeks previously, for employment, but no one would receive him into his ship-building yard, in which there is much valuable property, without attestations of his character. He accidentally heard of my being in the neighbourhood, and applied to me to give him such attestations. Knowing previously nothing of this young man but what I have mentioned, it was impossible for me to comply with his request, but I gave him a letter to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of New York, who might, I thought, be of use to him, stating exactly what I knew of him. Workmen in the ship-building line were at this period plentiful, and months followed before any opening occurred for employing Boswell. In the meantime, his finances were exhausted, and he had been obliged to part with some of the property he had brought with him. He was beginning to wish himself well home again, when an offer of work was made to him. I happened to be in New York on the very day when this occurred, and remember well the pleasure which beamed in his eyes when he told me of the offer, and asked me what wages he should propose. My advice to him was to leave that matter to his master, after he had been at work for a week, and showed what he could do. The next time I saw Boswell, he was in the receipt of two dollars (about 8s. sterling) a-day, for ten hours' work, and of as much more at the same rate per hour, if he chose to be longer employed. His gains—for he told me that he could live at one-half of the expense which it cost him in Scotland, although his family here had animal food three times a-day—soon enabled him to have a comfortable well-furnished house, where I again and again saw his family quite happy, and in which he had boarders. I sent for him to Hoboken, where I was then living, two or three days before I left New York, in the month of April 1831, that I might learn if I could be the bearer of any communication to his friends in Scotland. He came over to me with a better suit of clothes on his back, and a better umbrella, than, I believe, I myself possessed. He only wished, he said, his friends to know how well settled he now was. He had earned, on the preceding day, almost as much as he could earn at the same business in Scotland in a week; and he hoped in less than twenty years, to make a fortune, and return to Scotland. I have mentioned the whole of the particulars of this case (continues Stuart), because it contains information useful to many. Certificates of good character are very requisite for all emigrants to the United States, but especially for mechanics and labourers; and they should either be procured from magistrates or from clergymen, no matter to what sect they belong. I need not add, that it is most important to obtain recommendations, where they can be got, to some respectable individual at the port where the emigrants first of all arrive." This judicious advice of Mr Stuart is worthy of the utmost attention from emigrants to America, especially when we reflect upon the number of disorderly characters, fraudulent bankrupts, and other fugitives from Great Britain, who flee thither to escape the arm

of the law, and with the view of burying their ignominy in the widely-scattered clusters of population of this vast trans-Atlantic republic.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS:

THEIR SCENT, USES, AND MEDICINAL PROPERTIES.

THE odour of flowers is known to affect different people in a variety of different ways, a single plant producing a fainting sensation in one individual, that would be valued by another as possessing a refreshing and reviving influence. The scent of certain flowers, that produce headaches in some, will be totally innoxious to others; and one man may be charmed with the smell of a flower, which another would deem offensive. Flowers also may be placed in quantities in a room without injury to the waking inmates, but they are generally supposed highly insalubrious to those who may inhale their odours while asleep. Flowers, with some few exceptions (the rose and violet, for example), exhale their perfume only while the plant is living; that which proceeds from the bark and other parts of the plant continues to be emitted after death. Some flowers emit their odours only at certain periods. Those having an ambrosial smell, exhale only after sunset, and the appearance of some plants corresponds with the nature of their scent. Musky-scented flowers, for instance, are always of a yellowish and purple colour, and a dull appearance is indicative, it is said, of the deleterious nature of their perfume.

Again, the scent of some plants is not perceptible until after they are cut down, and exposed to the influence of either the sun or artificial heat. Grass, while growing, possesses no particular smell, but, when made into hay, it scents the country around; this may probably proceed from no particular plant, but a commixture of the various herbage of the crops. The wood of the ash-tree, when burned in a green state, will emit a fragrance like that which proceeds from the violet and mezerion, and this it will diffuse to a very considerable distance. The glands of the fraxinella, from which it exhales its scent, are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, and the vapour is so combustible, that it will burn when a light is placed within its influence. The garden nightshade has the property of causing sleep to overpower those who may inhale its odour; and all have heard of the upas-tree, which (though we may not give credit to the exaggerated accounts of its deadly power) possesses, without doubt, an uncommonly deleterious quality of vapour. The odour of plants and flowers, which seems thus to inherit the property of creating such a diversity of feelings in the human frame, is considered by naturalists to be an excretory secretion, forming a gas or vapour, which in some is supposed to proceed from the petals transmitted from the plant by the claws at its base, and, escaping through orifices on their surface, at others from the nectaries, or various parts which compose their blossoms. Although the effect produced by this gas or vapour is sufficiently visible, yet, as far as regards a knowledge of its nature, we remain totally uninformed. All we can conjecture is, that it must be a body composed of solid particles, each body possessing a power of affecting the senses of animals, in a manner peculiar to itself. The object which nature had in view in bestowing this property on flowers and plants, is also hidden from our ken; but it is not improbable that it may be for the purpose of informing the multifarious tribes of the earth where the supply of necessities fitted for their sustenance may be found. Different plants have various and opposite qualities: some possessing the most nutritious ingredients, others containing the most deadly poisons; and while some have the power of tainting the air to a certain extent with their deleterious odours, all have a tendency to purify it of certain particles which are injurious to animal existence. Animals, by the use of vegetables for food, consume a large quantity of carbon, or charcoal, a part of which is only necessary for the well-being of the individual; and the superfluous part is therefore exhaled by the breath, which consequently contaminates the surrounding atmosphere. A man, it is calculated, exhales in breathing no less than 11 oz. of charcoal every day. The vegetable world, on the contrary, far from being injured by an over quantity of carbon, is ever requiring an augmentation of its stores; and plants therefore absorb from the air, when it comes in contact with the sap at the apertures or stomas situated on the surface of their leaves, that part which would otherwise be so detrimental to animal life. Mr Sennebie covered a plant, which was growing in a pot of earth, with a glass bell full of water, and in the course of a few hours found a quantity of air in the bell. He repeated the experiment with water which had been boiled, in order to deprive it of its air; and in this instance no air was produced in the bell. At length Mr Sennebie, in the prosecution of his experiments, discovered the cause of this phenomenon.

Water in its natural state contains a quantity of carbonic acid, which is a composition of oxygen and carbon. The plant had therefore absorbed the carbonic acid; and, with the action of the sun's rays on

its leaves, had decomposed the acid, had retained the carbon, but had exhaled the oxygen by the stomas.

The quantity of carbon thus acquired by plants has been ascertained by the following ingenious experiment, made by M. de Saussure. He transplanted fourteen periwinkles into vases: he watered seven of them with distilled water, and the other seven with water in its natural state. After some days, he found that the former had acquired no additional carbon; but the latter had accumulated so much, that their wood was one-sixth heavier than the former.

Carbon being the principal ingredient of plants, their growth, and consequent welfare, depend on a constant supply of it; and in order to render it fit for assimilation, or, in other words, to prepare it for forming a nutritive substance for the food of the plant, it is necessary that it should previously be combined with oxygen. This chemical process can only be performed by the aid of the solar light; plants therefore, during the night, inhale oxygen in order to combine it with the carbon which is contained in the animal and vegetable matter, which the sap also holds in solution; and on the return of day, the carbonic acid thus formed is decomposed by the solar influence, and the oxygen restored to the atmosphere, together with that portion which has been absorbed from the soil by the roots. This is what renders flowers placed in a sleeping room injurious to the inmate, by the great absorption of the air.

Various plants possess in themselves a property of nutriment, and at the same time a poison. In such cases, however, the poisonous portion is never found in the food of the plant. In the pulp of the peach, for example, there is no sign of the prussic acid which scents its flowers and taints its kernel; and if the embryo of the yewberry was removed, its pulp, it is supposed, would be harmless. Amongst roots such is also the case. Potatoes, it is known, contain a poison which it secretes in its skin, or immediately beneath it; and the rind of the common turnip, which, though probably not poisonous, is acrid and pungent in a greater degree than the bulb itself.

The poisonous juice of the nettle, which is known to raise in blisters the skin of whoever may touch it, is contained in the hair which is observed on its leaves, while the other parts of the plant are altogether harmless. All stinging plants effuse this juice, by means of very minute glands, situated either at the points of these hairs or at their base, which hairs may be compared to those that grow on the orifices of the pores of the human skin. When the gland is situated on the point of the hair, the liquid which it contains is of an innocent nature; but when situated at its base, it is acrid, caustic, and poisonous. The sting is inflicted by the hair, which, piercing the skin, pours the poison into the wound, and causes the effects already described.

Nettles when softened by moisture are quite harmless, because the hair by that means losing its elasticity, cannot make the incision necessary for the introduction of the poison, and therefore no sting is felt. Stinging plants may also be handled with impunity after death, if dried; for although in this case the instrument may be capable of stinging, yet the juice is no longer fluid, and therefore cannot flow into the wound.

The cassava of central America, of which the Indians make their cassava bread, not only belongs to a very poisonous class of plants, but is, when raw, a deadly poison. The perennial mercury, or "dog's cabbage," so called from dogs preferring it to other plants when they want to physic themselves with vegetable substances, may be eaten when well boiled, though it will still retain an aperient quality; but when raw, or even when roasted or fried, it is a powerful poison. The fruit of the fig and mulberry is eatable, but the juice of both is poisonous, particularly that of the fig. The juice of the poppy, which maintains so high a rank in the estimation of medical practitioners, produces a most potent poison; yet the sanitary purposes to which it is applied by a different mode of preparation, are too well known to be here described. This juice is obtained from the unripe seed of the white poppy, and in Asia Minor whole fields are sown with the seeds of this plant. When the heads are nearly ripe, they are wounded on one side with a pointed instrument, and a white liquor is distilled from the wound, which the heat of the sun hardens on the plant. This is gathered next day, when fresh wounds are made on the opposite side of the seed-vessel; but what comes from the first incision is greatly superior to that which flows from the second. This is opium, which, after being gathered in the manner described, is moistened with a small quantity of water, or honey, until it becomes of the consistency of pitch, when it is formed into cakes or rolls for sale. Tincture of opium, which is made by distilling it in spirits of wine, is called laudanum. The foxglove, which is so common in Scotland and England, is very useful for medicinal purposes, yet is very poisonous. The honey-flower, a Cape plant, produces more honey than any other plant; so much so, that a tea-spoonful may be collected every morning from each of its numerous flowers; but the strong and disagreeable smell of the plant indicates a poisonous quality. There is another plant, the "crown imperial," which produces nearly as much honey, but the plant is so poisonous that the bees will not use it.

The general usefulness of plants is so well known, that it would be altogether superfluous to enter into

any very lengthy observations on the subject; yet the mention of a few of those which do not often come under general observation, may not be found uninteresting. The clothier's teazle, now so much cultivated in the west of England, affords a solitary instance of a natural production being applied to mechanical purposes, in the state in which it is produced. Many attempts have been made to supersede the teazle, by contrivances designed for the same use, but all in vain; every fresh invention has been abandoned as defective or injurious, and the teazle, it is allowed by all, can only do the work. The heads of the teazle are composed of incorporated flowers, each separated by a long, rigid, chaffy substance, the terminating point of which is furnished with a fine hook: this is fastened round the edge of a large broad wheel, which is kept turning, while the cloth is held against these heads, by which means the ends of the wool are drawn out from the manufactured cloth, so as to bring a regular nap on the surface, free from knottings and twistings, the loose parts combed off, and the piece is finished when the cloth ceases to yield any resistance to the free passage of the wheel. The dressing of a piece of cloth requires from fifteen hundred to two thousand of these heads to accomplish the work properly.

An infusion of sage leaves is sometimes used as tea; and the Chinese are surprised that Europeans should come to them for tea, when they have plenty of sage, which the Chinese think far superior. The Dutch have long been in the habit of collecting, not only in Holland, but in the south of France, large quantities of sage leaves, which they dry like tea, and pack in cases for exportation to China, where, for every pound of sage, they receive four pounds of tea. Rubia tinctorum, or "dyer's madder," common in the west of England, affords a very beautiful scarlet dye, which is extracted from the root, and which imparts a corresponding colour to the milk, and even to the bones of the animals which feed upon it.

From the opening and shutting of several flowers, as well as leaves, we may judge of the state of the atmosphere. If the Siberian sow-thistle shuts at night, the following day may be expected to be fine; if it remains open, it is indicative of rain. If the African marygold continues shut in the morning long after its usual time for opening, rain is approaching. The convolvulus, bind-weed, and scarlet pimpernel, even after they have opened, will shut themselves up again, on the approach of rain. From this circumstance, the pimpernel has obtained the name of the "poor man's weather-glass." In former times, when it was believed that the cure of almost every disease might be effected by the application of preparations from herbs and flowers, the plants were quaintly denominated after the disease they were supposed capable of curing; such as, all-heal, break-stone, bruise-wort, gout-weed, fever-weed, &c. &c. Our forefathers had also plants which were thought equally serviceable in healing mental disorders, and were accordingly called heart's-ease, loose-strife, true-love, &c. &c. and they carried their observance of plants so far as to suppose that the flower of the large white lily indicated the price of wheat by the bushel, for the ensuing year, every blossom being equivalent to a shilling.

TRAVELLING ON THE GANGES.

[In the publication entitled the Asiatic Journal, among much matter of inferior interest to Europeans there is usually to be found a variety of instructive and entertaining articles, descriptive of East Indian manners, customs, and scenery, which are calculated to afford pleasure in the perusal. One of these, which has just met our eye, is an account of the mode of travelling on the river Ganges—a process, we presume, little known to our readers, and with which we now take the liberty of making them acquainted.]

THERE is scarcely any season of the year in which Anglo-Indians do not avail themselves of the grand water-privilege, as our American friends would term it, offered by the Ganges; but at the dangerous period—that of the rains—when the river is full, and its mighty current comes rushing down with the most fearful velocity, its voyagers are multiplied, partly in consequence of the difficulty of traversing the country by land, and partly on account of the hope that may be entertained of a quick passage; the navigation being more speedy than when the river is low, and its waters comparatively sluggish. In proceeding up the Ganges, at the commencement of the rains, the general steadiness of the wind, usually blowing from a favourable point, enables the ascending vessels to stem the current by means of their sails; but should the breeze fail, which is frequently the case, or prove adverse—a not unlikely contingency—the boatmen are compelled to undergo the tedious process of tracking, in some instances not being able to drag the vessel beyond a couple of miles in the course of a long and fatiguing day's work. The progress down the river is much more rapid, the swiftness of the descent being sometimes perfectly frightful: boats are absolutely whirled along, and if, while forced at an almost inconceivable rate by the impetuosity of the current, they should strike against the keel of a former wreck, or come in contact with some of the numerous trees and other huge fragments, victims of the devouring wave, destruction is inevitable. The boat sinks at once, and the crew and passengers have little chance of escaping with their lives, unless at the moment of the concussion they jump into the river, and are able

to swim to shore. The crazy, ill-appointed state of the greater portion of the vessels which navigate the Ganges, renders it surprising that so little loss of life should be sustained from the vast multitudes who entrust themselves to such fragile conveyances upon a river which, when swelled by mountain floods, and vexed by ruffling gales, comes raging and roaring like a sea. It is seldom that small boats are attached to the larger craft, to put out in case of danger, and many persons may drown in the sight of a large fleet, without the possibility of being picked up.

Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks nearly as formidable, families proceeding to and from the upper provinces, generally prefer the river to any other mode of travelling, since, during the rains, though not the safest, it is by far the most practicable. Fresh arrivals, from Europe especially, find it easier to visit the places of their destination in the interior by water than by land; the necessary preparations are less extensive, and the fatigue and trouble of the journey greatly diminished. The safest and the most commodious kind of vessel, with respect to its interior arrangements, is a pinnace, but it is not so well calculated to pass the shallows and sandbanks of an ever-shifting stream, as the more clumsy and less secure budgerow. This boat, whose name is a native corruption of the word *barge*, is, therefore, usually chosen by European travellers, to whom time and expense are objects of importance. Though, to a certain extent, the term *clumsy* may fairly be applied to a budgerow, its construction and appearance are far from inelegant; with a little more painting and gilding, a few silken sails and streamers, and divested of the four-footed outside passengers and other incumbences on the roof, it would make a very beautiful object in a picture, and in its present state it has the advantage of being exceedingly picturesque. The greater part of the lower deck is occupied by a range of apartments fitted up for the accommodation of the party engaging the boat; these are generally divided into a sleeping and a sitting room, with an enclosed verandah in front, which serves to keep off the sun, and to stow away various articles of domestic furniture. The apartments are surrounded on all sides with venetians, which exclude the sun in the day-time, and let in the air at night; and by those who are aware of the different kinds of annoyances to be guarded against in river-travelling, they may be rendered extremely comfortable. The addition of *chicks*, blinds made of bamboo split very fine, to be unrolled when the *ghil mills*, as the venetians are called, are opened, would prevent the invasions of those numerous armies of insects which after sunset infest the cabins; and those who do not consider rats desirable guests, will do well to provide themselves with a staunch terrier dog, or a couple of good cats, otherwise they may expect to be overrun with vermin, to the great increase of dirt and bad smells, and to the destruction of clothes and the supplies for the table. In front of the cabins, the deck is of circumscribed dimensions, affording only space for the boatmen, who, on descending the river, facilitate the progress of the vessel by means of long sweeps; the upper deck, therefore, or roof, is the chief resort of the crew and the servants. At the stern the helmsman stands, perched aloft, guiding a huge rudder; the *goaler*, stationed at the prow, ascertains the depth of the water by means of a long oar; and when the wind will permit, two large square sails are hoisted, with the assistance of which the lumbering vessel goes rapidly through the water. In addition to the furniture for the cabins, sea (or rather river) stock must be procured, consisting of groceries of all kinds, wine, beer, and brandy, salt provisions, tongues, hams, tamarind-fish,* flour, biscuits, and charcoal; a dozen or two of live fowls and ducks, and a couple of milch goats. As the budgerow is not calculated for a heavy or cumbrous freight, a baggage-boat is necessary for the conveyance of the goods and chattels of the party, and for the accommodation of those servants who cannot be conveniently retained on board the superior vessel. These boats are usually of the most dangerous description, and the number of accidents continually occurring to them, the destruction of property which, even if fished up from the depths of the Ganges, is totally spoiled, and the constant anxiety and alarm they occasion, would in almost any other country deter persons from hiring such rickety conveyances; but it is the custom to imperil the most valuable effects in this manner, and they are abandoned to the tender mercies of the winds and waves.

A *dinghee*, or wherry, is a very essential adjunct to river-navigation, but it is not always to be procured; and when one of these light skiffs cannot be attached to the larger craft, the communication between the cook-boat and the budgerow is frequently cut off. The former vessels are usually very heavy sailers (how they manage to get on at all, with their canvass in as ragged a condition as the pocket-handkerchief of Sylvester Daggerwood, is the wonder), and they are consequently often left at a long distance behind at the arrival of the hour of dinner. The unhappy passengers in the budgerow, after waiting in vain for the smoking supplies they had anxiously expected, are compelled to be satisfied with a less substantial meal of coffee, eggs, dried fish, or any thing else that their lockers may afford. Few persons venture to move after sunset, both on account of the dangers of the

* Fish cured with the acid juice of the tamarind.

navigation from the numerous shoals and other obstructions, and the increased expense, as it would be necessary to engage a double set of boatmen, the ordinary number being insufficient for the performance of extra duties. At daybreak in the morning, the vessel is usually pushed out into the stream, spreading her sails like those of "a wild swan in its flight," or proceeding more leisurely by the united exertions of sixteen men dragging at a rope fastened at the mast-head; breakfast is laid in the outer room, and is well supplied with luxurious fare.

After the breakfast has been cleared away, those persons who entertain any regard for their eyes or their complexions, will fasten the venetians, and, darkening the boat as much as possible, employ themselves in reading, writing, or working. But strangers find it difficult to abstain from the contemplation of the novel and wondrous scenes around them. The broad and sparkling river is covered with objects of interest and attraction. In some parts of the Ganges, every wave appears to bring with it clusters and coronets of the largest and most beautiful flowers: so numerous are the garlands which the worshippers of the deity of the stream throw into its glittering waters. The rich and luxuriant clusters of the lotus float down in quick succession upon the silvery current. Nor is it the sacred lotus alone which embellishes the wavelets of the Ganges; large white, yellow, and scarlet flowers pay an equal tribute; and the prows of the numerous native vessels navigating the stream are garlanded by long wreaths of the most brilliant daughters of the parterre. India may be called a paradise of flowers; the most beautiful lilies grow spontaneously on the sandy shores of the rivers, and from every projecting cliff some blossoming shrub dips its flowerets in the wave below.

In tracking, the budgerow is frequently not more than a yard or two from the water's edge, and nothing can be more gratifying to the eye than the moving panorama which the scenery of the Ganges exhibits. One of the most striking and magnificent features of an Indian river is the ghaat. The smallest villages on the banks of the Ganges possess landing-places, which we vainly seek in the richest and most populous parts of Europe. The Anglo-Indian, landing upon the English coast, is struck with the meanness of the dirty wooden staircases which meet his eye at Falmouth, Plymouth, and other places of equal note and importance. In India, wherever a town occurs in the vicinity of a river, a superb and spacious ghaat is constructed for the accommodation of the inhabitants: the material is sometimes granite, but more frequently well-tempered and highly-polished chunams. From an ample terrace, at the summit of the bank, broad steps descend into the river, inclosed on either side with handsome balustrades. These are not unfrequently flanked with beautiful temples, mosques, or pagodas, according to the creed of the founders; or the ghaat is approached through a cloistered quadrangle, having the religious edifice in the centre. The banian and the peepul fling their sacred branches over the richly-carved minarets and pointed domes, and those in the brahminic villages are crowded with troops of monks, whose grotesque and diverting antics contrast strangely with the devotional attitudes of the holy multitude performing their orisons in the stream. Nothing can be more animated than an Indian ghaat; at scarcely any period of the day is it destitute of groups of bathers, while graceful female forms are continually passing and repassing, loaded with water-pitchers, which are balanced with the nicest precision on their heads. The ghaat, with its cheerful assemblage, disappears, and is succeeded by some lofty overhanging cliff wooded to the top, and crowned with one of those beautiful specimens of oriental architecture scattered with rich profusion over the whole country. Green vistas next are seen, giving glimpses of rustic villages in the distance, and winding alleys of so quiet a character, that the passer-by may fancy that these sequestered lanes lead to the cottage-homes of England—a brief illusion speedily dissipated by the appearance of some immense herds of buffaloes, either wallowing in the mud, with their horns and the tips of their noses alone out of the water, or proceeding leisurely to the river's edge, which, when gained, is quitted for the stream.

The snorting multitude are left behind, and the scene changes again: deep forests are passed, whose unfathomable recesses lie concealed in eternal shade; savage jungles and marshy wastes; then cultivation returns; wide pastures are spread along the shore covered with innumerable herds; the gigantic elephant is seen under a tree, fanning off the flies with a branch of palm, or pacing along, bearing his master in a howdah through the indigo plantations. European dwellings arise in the midst of park-like scenery, and presently the wild barbaric pomp of a native city bursts upon the astonished eye. Though the general character of the country is flat, the undulations occurring on the banks of the Ganges are quite sufficient to redeem the scenery from the charge of sameness or monotony. High and abrupt promontories diversify the plain; when the river is full, the boat frequently glides beneath beetling cliffs, crowned with the crumbling remnants of some half-ruined village, whose toppling houses are momentarily threatened with destruction, or covered with the eyries of innumerable birds, and tapestried with wild creepers, which fling their magnificent garlands down to the sands below. Other steeples are clothed with umbrageous foliage, and be-

tween the trees glimpses are caught of superb flights of stairs, the approach from the water of some beautiful pagoda peeping out upon the summit, the habitation and the temple of a brahmin, who occupies himself solely in prayer, and in weaving garlands, part of which he devotes to the altars which he serves, and part to the bright and flowing river. These exquisite buildings occur in the most lonely situations, apparently far from the dwellings of man, and the innumerable varieties of birds, some flying in large flocks, and others stalking solitary along the reedy shore, will at all times compensate for the absence of objects of greater importance.

The reputation for splendour of the Anglo-Indian style of living, appears to be fully borne out by the grandeur of the display made upon the banks of the Hooghly. The European towns which grace the shore are superb; palace succeeds to palace as the boat passes Ishara, Barrackpore, and its opposite neighbour Serampore, whose broad and beautiful esplanade presents one of the finest architectural landscapes imaginable; luxuriant gardens intervene between magnificent houses; some shaded with forest trees, others spreading their terraced fronts and pillared verandahs in the full glow of an eastern sun. The French settlement of Chandernagore, a little higher up, only inferior to its Danish neighbour, offers a less striking and imposing front, and though boasting houses of equal splendour, does not appear to so much advantage from the river, while Chinsurah, at a short distance, is infinitely more picturesque. Smaller habitations attract the eye, perched upon the summits of crags richly wreathed with multitudes of creeping plants, and through numerous openings between these lovely cliffs, blooming labyrinths appear, which have all the charms the imagination imparts to beauties only half-revealed.

Towards the middle of the day, the boat becomes insufferably hot; both sides have received the fierce glare of a burning sun; the heat is reflected from the water, which is now too dazzling for the eye to endure without pain; the morning breeze dies away, and it requires all the patience of a martyr to sustain the torments inflicted by the scorching atmosphere, especially as the roofs of the cabins are usually too low to allow a punkah to be hung. As the sun declines, the boat gradually cools down to a more agreeable temperature; and when the welcome shadows of the woods descend upon the deck, it is delightful to sit in the open air and watch the progress of the vessel, as it nears the shore, to the spot appointed as its station for the night. The moment that the budgerow is securely moored, a very active and animated scene commences: the domestics, whose services are not required on board, and all the crew, immediately disembark; fires are kindled for the various messes; those who are anxious for quiet and seclusion light up their fagots at a considerable distance from the boat. The rich background of dark trees, the blazing fires, the picturesque groups assembled round them, and the tranquil river below, its crystal surface crimson with the red glow of an Indian sunset, or the fleeting tint fading away, and leaving only the bright broad river—molten silver, or polished steel, as the dark shadows of the night advance, form an evening landscape always pleasing, and varying with the varying scenery of the ever-changing bank. While the cloth is laying in the cabin for dinner, the Europeans of the party usually walk along the sands of the river, or penetrate a short distance into the interior, sometimes passing through fields of indigo, or plantations of cotton, whose bursting pods strew the pathways; at others pausing to admire the feathery appearance of a beautiful species of grain, which resembles the snowy plumes of the ostrich, and, rising to the height of several feet, produces a magnificent effect as it is undulated by the passing breeze. The cultivated places are watched by vigilant guardians, whose duty it is to protect them from the incursions and depredations of men and beasts. At night, these persons frequently nestle like birds in the branches of the trees, some of the more luxurious having their charpoyis (bedsteads) fastened on convenient boughs; in the day-time, they are perched up in a small wooden watch-tower, which, as they always sit, or rather squat, looks like the upper half of a sentry-box, raised upon a scaffold of bamboo.

It is curious to observe how very little accommodation is necessary to secure the comfort of a native in these happy climes; while Europeans are expiring with heat, the enjoyment of the Indian is unalloyed; he lives in the open air, cooks his simple meal of pulse and vegetables under a tree, and sleeps in a hut of straw scarcely large enough to contain his body. The pedestrian frequently comes upon one of these wigwags, for they are nothing more, and they seem to be favourite abodes, since gardeners in European families, who might be much better lodged, are fond of making a lair for themselves in some sequestered spot in the scene of their daily labours. A few branches are wattled together over-head, a screen of reeds placed in the direction of the wind, the earth is swept scrupulously clean, and the bed, a simple framework of bamboo laced together in a very ingenious manner with cord, does not look uninviting. If the heat of the day could be borne with impunity, this kind of sylvan life, realising the romantic notions of early youth the forest wanderings so often indulged in fancy, would be very delightful, especially where rich and nutritious fruits, some produced without cultiva-

tion and others by the lightest labour, hang temptingly within reach.

Night, always beautiful in India, assumes a still more lovely aspect when it spreads its soft veil over the voyagers on a river; the stars, which come shining forth along the deep blue sky, inlay the waters beneath with glittering ingots; the flowers give out their most delicious odours, and rock and tree, hut and temple, are invested with a double charm. Sleep does not often defer to light upon the lids of those who voyage up the river in a budgerow. The scrambling of rats up the venetians, which they use as ladders, and their races over the bed, if not provided with musquito-curtains, effectually disturb the slumbers, and the stings of insects, which even the musquito-curtains fail to keep out, render the couch any thing but a place of rest.

THE PRIOR OF ST MICHEL.

THE *Landscape Annual* for 1834, which is altogether devoted to descriptions of French scenery, contains a most wickedly amusing story; nevertheless, one calculated to make us look back with horror on the barbarism of the period in which it was transacted. The story turns upon the fate of a certain Prior of St Michel, who lived in the time of Louis the Eleventh, a monarch whose unscrupulous habits in reference to such as were displeasing to him, are so strikingly depicted in Quentin Durward. The worthy churchman had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he loitered so long that he was given up for lost, and a new prior appointed in his stead. At length he returned, to the great annoyance of his successor, and also of the king, whose promise of something better at a future time was, with him, quite unavailing. The Prior of St Michel he had set out, prior he had returned, prior he was, and he would live and die the Prior of St Michel.

Agreeably to this fixed determination, the old prior lost no occasion of appearing in the presence of King Louis—at all hours, and at all seasons; in the levée and out of the levée, there stood the worthy old man, often in respectful terms beseeching that his former priory might be restored to him. It was in vain: the king's supremacy was not to be called in question. But when he no longer dared to press his suit, he stood there as before; and his looks and very silence were a more eloquent appeal than words could make it. It annoyed Louis; he at last grew angry, and the scowl that hung upon his brow announced that the rash petitioner's days were numbered. That morning, on quitting the levée, the king called to him, Master Tristan, his faithful and dreaded secret executioner—"Friend Tristan!" quoth the king, "canst thou not dispose, without delay, of this prior of St Michel, so that I be no longer troubled with him?" Even a hint to Tristan, as it usually was, would have been sufficient; but this broad and marked denunciation was equivalent to at least a score of ordinary death-warrants; for seldom had he seen the black spot, which portended a rising storm, more distinctly dark upon his master's brow. It was fate, the will of Heaven, and the certainty of unalterable doom to the eye of Tristan; and the quicker, perhaps, he executed it, the better for himself. At least so reasoned Tristan; and accordingly, that same evening, he paid a visit to the prior, whom, to his surprise, he found, little dreaming of his approaching fate, engaged in spending a festive hour in the society of a few of his most particular friends. Being well known as a favourite at court, Tristan was received with the utmost politeness, and requested by the host to take a seat, and pledge him to the health of their excellent sovereign. Tristan could not but assent; and having sat and chatted a little while, he requested a minute's conversation with the good prior in another apartment. The moment they were alone, Tristan opened his commission, presenting the royal order and a large sack, into which he invited the prior to step without delay, in order that he might have the honour of speedily throwing him into the Seine. He was not even allowed time to send an apology for his involuntary absence to his guests; for, bagging the prior, Tristan took the shortest path to the river. The ensuing morning, as the king was employed in taking the air in his palace gardens, with the faithful Tristan at his side, consulting upon matters appertaining to the welfare for his realm, and chatting over the affair of the prior—whom, thanks to friend Tristan, he hoped never more to behold—what was the king's horror, on turning an alley, to meet the identical old prior himself! "Ah, traitor!" cried the king, turning to Tristan, "diddst thou not assure me thou hadst rid me of this eternal plague, and here he confronts me again?" "Sire!" answered the alarmed favourite, "you charged me to rid you of the prior of St Michel, and I drowned him only yesterday evening in the river; this is the ex-prior. But if there be any mistake, I will put it right; there are plenty of priors, and this night you shall complain no more of the old one here." "Is it so indeed?" cried the king, laughing, for he had much legitimate merriment in his disposition, "then all is right. One prior is enough at a time, and let him live now as long as it may please Heaven. Go, old man," he added, "you will now find your priory vacant; but to have two priors at once, there is no bearing that."

Column for the Bogs.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS—In the last column which I wrote for your entertainment, I gave you an outline of the most remarkable characteristics in those funny little insects, the ants; and I now intend to tell you some things equally curious and instructive about spiders. I know you have often destroyed the webs of spiders when they came in the way of your amusement, and that you consider spiders nasty little animals, of no use whatever, but only a trouble to people, and, therefore, liable to be crushed under foot when they make their appearance. Still, I can tell you, spiders are a very singular kind of animals; they are a curious people; and in them we find manifested the strongest instances of wisdom in the Creator. Although we may lightly be inclined to suppose that they are useless, and that the world, at least our houses, would be better without them, on serious reflection we would be disposed to think otherwise. Spiders are by no means useless animals. They are of a ravenous disposition, and mostly live on other little creatures; but in doing so they are of service, in preventing the undue multiplication of various troublesome insects, and are, therefore, like some kinds of ants, really the friends of human beings.

As you all know what spiders are like, I need not here go into a scientific account of their formation: that would only tire you. They have a little ball-like body, supported on eight long slender legs, by which they can run with amazing rapidity; they have no division between the head and shoulders, as is commonly the case with insects; they breathe by means of gills, situated under their belly; and on the front and top of their head, they have, for the most part, eight eyes. The arrangement of these eyes is one of the most striking features in the animal, and is employed by naturalists to distinguish the various species. These eight eyes are, in the different species, placed in all sorts of ways; sometimes in two semi-circular rows; sometimes almost in a circle, with others in the middle; sometimes in two lines, diverging from a point; and generally, in their appearance, putting us in remembrance of the rows of buttons on the breast of a soldier's jacket. It has never been exactly told why spiders should have eight eyes, or why their eyes are arranged in the way I have here mentioned; and it is quite enough for us to comprehend, in general terms, that the vision of spiders is so ordained, simply because it best suits their natures and pursuits. They have need to look out at little holes in their nests, to watch not only their prey, but, at the same time, the different corners of their webs; and in walking along the roofs of apartments, they must necessarily have the power of looking downwards from the crown of their heads, if such an expression can be properly used. We may be at least certain, that Nature has not given them more eyes than they require, or placed them otherwise than is most agreeable to their habits. In short, as I have said, spiders are a curious people—a people at war with other races of insects, and so a people who require to have all their eyes about them.

Spiders have no wings; but as by their nature they require to proceed through the air from place to place, this want has been most wonderfully compensated by the power which has been bestowed upon them of shooting forth fine lines from their bodies, on which they can walk across from point to point, as on a bridge. Now, the process by which even the smallest spider forms this line or bridge is one of the most remarkable in the whole system of animated nature—certainly more so than the spinning of silk by caterpillars, which is less complicated, as the same end is not required. To enable spiders to spin these lines, they possess the property of secreting a fine glutinous liquid substance in their bodies, which rests ready for use in certain bags or reservoirs, and from these receptacles the liquid proceeds to be emitted by five different teats. It is found again that these teats or spinnerets are studded with regular rows of minute bristle-like points, about a thousand to each teat, making in all from five to six thousand. These points are minute tubes, called by naturalists spinnerules, each being connected with the internal reservoir, and emitting a thread of inconceivable fineness. When in the process of forming lines, therefore, the spider forces out five thousand fine threads, which being immediately brought together into one, much in the manner of rope-spinners, they thus form a single line fit for any purpose they require. Now, is not this a most extraordinary process to be carried on by such an insignificant little creature as a spider? It is certainly marvellous. Perhaps you may be inclined to doubt that each of the threads of a spider's web is composed of so many as five thousand threads twisted into one; but I can assure you, that naturalists, by the aid of magnifying glasses, have discovered such to be the case beyond all possibility of doubt; and I will show you why there should be such a complex process. You must know that two objects are required to be gained by the spider in spinning its threads. The threads must be made strong enough to bear the burden of the spider's body, and to do so immediately they must dry and be ready for use as soon as they are emitted. By at first coming out in such fine lines, they are individually exposed to the air before meeting, and thus the thread formed by the junction is instantaneously of that firm consistence which is so essentially requisite. If the spider spun at first only one stout line instead of so

many small ones, it would be long in drying, and would never be strong enough either to form its bridge or its web.

It seems that naturalists have had many differences of opinion on the way in which the spider is enabled to send forth its lines or threads from point to point. Many scientific men, misled by appearances, have supposed that the animal possesses a power of shooting or darting out its threads with such a velocity and so sure an aim, as to cause them to proceed towards and adhere to the object desired. This account of the shooting of the lines is proved to be absurd. The spider has no such power. It attaches its lines to distant objects entirely by the aid of the atmosphere or wind, which floats away the thread to the required point. Without a little stream of air, it cannot shoot a line; but, on the other hand, so very slight a breath of air will answer its purpose, that it is rarely at a loss for the means of conveyance for its threads. That this is the most correct account of the shooting of lines by spiders, is sufficiently proved by the following experiment, tried by the intelligent editor of the article "Insect Architecture," in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*:—"So far as we have determined, all the various species of spiders, how different soever their webs may be, proceed in the circumstance of shooting their lines precisely alike; but those which we have found the most manageable in experimenting, are the small gossamer spider, known by its shining blackish-brown body and reddish-brown semi-transparent legs; but particularly the long-bodied spider, which varies in colour from green to brownish or grey—but has always a black line along the belly, with a silver white or yellowish one on each side. The latter is chiefly recommended by being a very industrious and persevering spinner, while its movements are easily seen from the long cylindrical form of its body and the length of its legs. We placed these two species, with five or six others, in empty wine-glasses set in tea-saucers, filled with water to prevent their escape. When they discovered, by repeated descents from the brims of the glasses, that they were thus surrounded by a wet ditch, they all set themselves to the task of throwing their silken bridges across. For this purpose, they first endeavoured to ascertain in what direction the wind blew, or which way any current of air set, by elevating their arms as we have seen sailors do in a dead calm. But as it may prove more interesting to keep to an individual, we shall watch the proceedings of the gossamer spider. Finding no current of air on any quarter of the brim of the glass, it seemed to give up all hopes of constructing its bridge of escape, and placed itself in the attitude of repose; but no sooner did we produce a stream of air, by blowing gently towards its position, than, fixing a thread to the glass, and laying hold of it with one of its feet by way of security, it placed its body in a vertical position, with its spinnerets extended outwards; and immediately we had the pleasure of seeing a thread streaming out from them several feet in length, in which the little aeronaut sprang up into the air."

It is by the process I have now noticed that spiders send forth their threads from hedgerows, and other elevated places, across roads, and towards any object they are desirous of reaching; and it is by the exercise of the same faculty that they construct their webs or nests in the corners of apartments, or other fit places of residence. These webs are generally made in a circular form, with threads diverging from a central point; and the meshes are regulated in a very neat manner, by the spider measuring with its legs, as it goes round, the exact distances betwixt the threads. The limbs of the spider are well adapted for holding by the threads, or for clearing away any matter from the surface of the web, or from its own body. Each foot has three claws, one of which acts as a thumb; the others are toothed in the inside like a comb; and with these the animal combs its legs, or smooths its threads from particles of dust.

One of the chief points of character in spiders, is their living in solitude. Many other insects, as ants and bees, can exist only in communities; but the spider spends its days in its own separate cell, and depends entirely on itself for the means of subsistence. Of all the solitary insects, the spider is the most sagacious; and its industry is not less surprising than that of any other animal whatever. Goldsmith gives an example of the exceeding industry and perseverance of a house spider, which I extract from his works for your entertainment. "I perceived, about four years ago (says he), a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction; and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his

stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts in vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but waits patiently, till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger."

In the West Indies and other warm countries there is a species of spiders known by the name of mason-spiders, which do not form webs like the foregoing, but dig holes in the earth of about three inches in length, and one in diameter. This cavity the animal lines with a thick compact material of the same description as the spider's web, and which, when taken from the ground, resembles a purse. The most wonderful part of this curious structure is the door or lid, which is of about the size of a crown piece. It is nicely and strongly joined at one part to the opening of the nest, and the material being quite elastic, an excellent hinge, having the property of shutting the door spontaneously, is thus formed. You may well ask, my dear little boys, how a poor spider, living in the ground, and without instruction, knows how to construct a nest so ingenious as that which I describe—how it possesses the art of forming a hinge as nice as that you see on any sort of box? But in this we only see another instance of the wonders of nature. The spider makes its door and its hinge entirely by the force of natural instinct, or a knowledge which has been wisely given to it by the Creator.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, PATERNOSTER ROW; G. BAKER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND; BANCROFT & CO., MANCHESTER; WRIGHTSON & WREDS, BIRMINGHAM; WILLMER & SMITH, LIVERPOOL; W. E. SOMERSCALES, LEEDS; C. N. WRIGHT, NOTTINGHAM; WESTLEY & CO., BRISTOL; S. SIMMS, BATH; J. JOHNSON, CAMBRIDGE; W. GAIN, EXETER; J. PURDOW, HULL; G. RIDGE, SHEFFIELD; H. BELLERBY, YORK; J. TAYLOR, BRIGHTON; and sold by all Booksellers, News-vendors, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight. Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh. Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 99.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PROMPTITUDE.

To be prompt in action, is a most invaluable qualification. The man who is constantly in doubt is incapable of managing great affairs. His knowledge may be extensive, his penetration quick, his understanding enlarged, his imagination vigorous; he may be candid and courteous, generous and noble-minded; he may possess every quality which is calculated to fascinate in conversation, and be able to explain difficult cases with such plausibility as to make all who hear him believe there is nobody better fitted for business: still he is worse than useless in action. He sees clearly the advantages that must result from the success of a scheme; but then he perceives with equal distinctness the obstacles which stand in the way of its execution. He weighs the one against the other, and over again weighs them; and he cannot arrive at a decision. No man understands all the niceties—the logical distinctions—of a question half so well, or deliberates half so profoundly, as he does; but nobody can be less the better of a piercing reach of thought, and a painful exercise of the faculties of judgment: for with him the end of all is the hopeless exclamation, "What to do, I cannot tell!" In the mean time, opportunity flies; and he enters upon the consideration of some other matter with the same unprofitable waste of thought. It is extremely hazardous to employ persons of this description in any transaction of importance, unless their part in it be such, that, like sailors, they are told "they have no business to think;" but as companions or counsellors, their value is considerable, because they drop numerous hints, which, used by those who know how to use them in time, turn out to be of infinite consequence.

In war, irresolution is especially disastrous. The general, sitting in his tent with his principal officers, may "deliberate in cold debate" until the enemy enter, and call upon them to surrender. Julius Cæsar used to say that great exploits ought to be executed without waiting for consultation, lest the contemplation of danger should cool the first ardour of courage. Promptitude of decision and of action are, besides, indispensable in commanders, inasmuch as their motions and actions are for the most part sudden, on account of the daily occurrence in a campaign of events and vicissitudes which could neither be foreseen nor provided against. In these circumstances, presence of mind is of greater advantage than a head more sagacious but slow in its operations, and often achieves the most splendid victories. Great conquerors have commonly possessed this quickness of capacity in an eminent degree: as may be instanced in Cæsar, and, above all, in Bonaparte. A readiness of repartee is also of no small consequence, on some occasions, to the leader of an army. Two or three words aptly thrown out in the heat of the moment, produce much more effect upon soldiery than a studied and stately harangue. "England expects every man to do his duty" was far more inspiring than all the speeches in Livy would have been, if they had actually been delivered.

Indecision and irresolution fail in all; the power of deciding in sudden emergencies, and vigour in action, gain a part; but it is only forethought and prudence that secure permanent benefits. People are too apt to imagine, that what is called "the nick of time" is a period which arrives, unexpectedly, but once in a man's life—that "the tide, which, taken at its height, doth lead to fortune," offers to the adventurer no more than a single flow—they sit down accordingly, and "wait to see what will cast up," resolved that no minor occupation shall engross their attention, and prevent them from snatching the grand

opportunity when it comes. This conduct is as foolish as it would be to remain at the bottom of a mountain in the hope of acquiring agility enough to leap at once to the summit, in order to avoid the labour of ascending step by step. There are undoubtedly some events which promote a man's fortunes more than others, and seasons when his affairs begin to prosper better. But the wise man knows that these seldom happen fortuitously. What is "the nick of time?" It is the moment when the iron is hot enough for hammering—the industrious smith knows it well, and brings it about for himself hundreds of times in a day. When is the tide fortunate? Whenever it flows deep enough to carry the ship out of harbour—the prudent merchant knows its periods, and has his vessel ready loaded to sail with it. These, and such as these, are the lucky eras "in the affairs of men;" they present themselves, not once in the "threescore and ten years," nor once in a year, but daily, hourly, every minute; they who embrace them, thrive; they who neglect them, never do well. "The nick of time," we might have said, is nothing else but the present time, which always brings with it something needful to be done—some duty, manual or mental, to be performed. If these be not in their turn regularly accomplished, we not only miss "the nick of time" now, but throw ourselves out of all reckoning with regard to it for the future.

The man who finishes his work—of whatever kind it may be—in due season, need scarcely fear that he will ever experience any disadvantage from the want of presence of mind. He is always unembarrassed, and whatever comes to his hand, he is ready to execute. Few emergencies harass him, because he is prepared for them beforehand. On the contrary, he whose indolence or folly causes him to procrastinate, is always in a hurry, and never does any thing well. He can never extricate himself from confusion; and a small thing is to him an emergency, inasmuch as, when the time for undertaking it arrives, he is never ready to begin. The business of to-day he puts off till to-morrow; and when to-morrow comes, finding he has the work of two days on his hands, and that to go through it would cost him unusual labour, he says to himself once more, "It will be time enough to-morrow," and postpones all till the third day. Thus he proceeds, accumulating in his progress a multitude of dilemmas, from which no earthly prudence or presence of mind is capable of extricating him. We have known men of this kind, who led far more laborious lives, every thing considered, than those who did three times as much work. They would forfeit their sleep two nights in the week, slaving and toiling at a business, which, if taken in proper time, and by proper arrangements, could have been very easily accomplished. To act wisely, therefore, in the business of life, we must always combine forethought with promptitude—we must bring *mind* into play. A well-disciplined mind, which, at a glance at all sides of a subject, can see where the difficulties lie, and how they are to be surmounted, is seldom at a loss in acting promptly and yet prudently. Promptitude without forethought, or the power of acting wisely on the spur of the moment, is of no use, or worse than useless, for it amounts to precipitancy; besides, it is often necessary, in human action, to proceed with deliberate caution—to go on patiently for a time in a dull routine of duty before the period arrives that is to produce the glorious result we anticipated. This is eminently the case in all that relates to works of art. The famous Michael Angelo, who was very long about his works, said, "that in arts haste was good for nothing, and that as nature takes much time in forming what

is to last long, so art, which strives to imitate nature, ought to work leisurely; it being impossible for man to do any thing that is excellent in haste." Thus, even in some of the higher departments of art, where genius comes into play, long labour and careful execution are indispensable to success. Those who work at ordinary professions may likewise be assured that prudence and persevering industry are no less necessary in their case, and that the only way to hit "the nick of time" is, to be constantly busy in their employments.

THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE WIG.

ONE morning, I was about to leave Kendal by the stage-coach for the south. While the vehicle was getting ready, I ascended to the box, which, for many sufficient reasons, I always select in good weather. There I spread my cloak on the seat, by way of establishing my right of prepossession; and as the coach was not to start for some minutes, I descended to stretch my legs—not that I was then in need of such exercise, but perhaps from some vague idea of meeting the coming disease. On returning to re-ascend, what should I behold but a little shred of a man occupying the place which I had laid out for my own comparatively portly person! He was an old withered little creature, dressed in a brown greatcoat, and a grey worsted wig; and it was evident, from the firm projection of his under lip, and the keen settled eye with which he regarded me as I approached, that his mind was completely made up on the subject of his intrusion. I addressed him, nevertheless, with a respectful request that he would give me that place, which, he might observe from my cloak, had been bespoken before he came upon the ground. "I am first here," said the little man, in a broad Cumberland dialect, "and ma mooney is as good as yours, I reckon." "But the rules of travelling, sir," said I mildly. To all my remonstrances, however, he only answered, "Ma mooney is as good as yours;" and so I had to give up the point.

I was entreated to go inside, where there was only a single lady; and though it is as hard to be obliged to take an inside place instead of an out, as it is to drink porter in place of small beer, I half thought of complying; only, while I put on my gloves, I begged the coachman would understand, that, in case it rained, which I foresaw it would (and some drops fell in confirmation of my opinion), we were not to be intruded upon by wet outside passengers. "Oh!" said the little man, "I can put oop my umbrella." "Yes," I replied, "if you want to bring the lightning upon yourself and the coach!" "It wont thoonder, will it?" "It looks like it, sir," said the coachman drily. "Then I am in!" said the little man. "I protest against that," said I. "I'll pye the deefference," said the little man, and down he swung. The money was pocketed, and I took my seat on the coach-box. The sun immediately shone forth, having been merely raising the vapour for the forenoon, and we set off with the usual noise and velocity.

The drive for several miles was delightful, and the coachman was good enough to pause a minute at Leven Hall, that admirable specimen of an old English manor-house, so as to admit of our enjoying the sight of its antique gardens. We had not been again in motion above a minute, when something like a female scream from the interior broke through the rattle of the wheels. "What can the little man in the wig have been doing—what is it?" burst from us all. It soon appeared that the little man in the wig had stretched out his head to see the gardens, and, in pull-

ing it back, had knocked off his hat, which was lying a little way behind on the road. This he pointed out to the coachman, who, contrary to all proper rules, but with abundance of good nature, went back to fetch it.

The horses had just started when another shout was heard, louder than before, from the same little wretch in the wig. It appeared he had lost his insufferable wig at the same time with his hat, but only missed it upon finding his hat too large. With equal promptitude, but less good will, the coachman went back again and brought the wig, but vowed he would not alight a third time, if he should have lost his head. This served for the first stage.

We reached Millthorpe, and changed coaches; but that was not generally known. We had hardly started, therefore, when there was again a tremendous shout. What now? The same ever troublesome passenger. He had been dosing in the left coach, and only aroused by a stable-boy going to clean him out! A fat man in black, who sat behind, was the announcer-general of these disasters, and gave them at last in such a quiet matter-of-course form, that it began to be perfectly ludicrous.

We now came to another stage, where the passengers again got down. In a few minutes, a horse in the stable gave a scream, such as he does when he is angry and kicks, and presently there was a rush to the stable-door. "Oh, nothing more than our old friend, the little man with the wig," quoth the man in black, turning quietly away; "he has been going too near a horse, and has been kicked." The little fellow came out, looking most ruefully. "The ungrateful brute! I only poot ma hand on him in kindness!" said he; and finished the sentence by squeezing his knee. "He doesn't understand you," said the coachman; "come, bundle in." "I would rather go a-top," said he, "and there is room." "Well, well." I had given my seat to the lady, who felt the coach too close, and I began to find the country not interesting; so I went inside, and was alone. To divert myself in these circumstances, I began of course to think of home, which to every man is or ought to be a refuge of pleasant thought.

Crash!—Hollo! "What's that now?" cried the coachman. "The little man in the wig," quoth the man in black. "What has he done?" "Only broken one of the coach windows." "Well, if a have broken a window, I'll p'ye the window." "Y'ou have broken it," said I; "and, what's more, my meditations." "Your what?" "A meditation, sir, that I wouldn't have had broken for money." "If t'ou canst show me that I ha' broken any thing that had a reet to be in ma way, I'll p'ye it—a can do no more." The little fellow, in trying to find ease for his bones, which were probably cropping out a little too much, had turned to the side of the coach, and one of his boots, not being restrained by the slackened sinews of his knee, had come in contact with the pane. The damage, however, was paid, and we soon after reached Lancaster.

Here we had a certain time given us, in order to see the town; and in due season most of us were once more at our posts. "All right!" cried the guard, and the coach drove off. "Noa, noa!" shouted something behind us; and the coachman looked back. "What is it?" said he. "The little man with the wig!" quoth his old cicerone. The coachman (a new one) could hardly keep his seat with laughter, as he saw the tremendously indignant stare of the little man, while he reproachfully held up his watch. "Ma time is not oop by many minutes," said he. "Look at the clock," said the coachman. "A don' mynd the clock; ma watch is reet, and I'll mantaane it. Bou't her only ten days ago, and cost me four pound." "Then," said the fat man in black, "she's a dead bargain, for I see she is not going." "Not goan! a most ha' forgotten to wind her oop, a most." "No matter—mount!" and with that he once more took his seat, and we proceeded.

There are few objects of particular interest on this road for many miles; our chief amusement, therefore, was in looking after the gambols of our little traveller, and noticing how uniformly and ingeniously he contrived to be all but left behind, and this apparently without the least intention.

The coachman, it chanced, was exceedingly morose, and the old man saw it. He could therefore have no intention of using freedoms, yet every time we started after a halt, it was necessary to draw up; and the answer as to what was amiss was uniformly, "The little man with the wig!" At one time he had gone off before us, and there was first a buzz among the passengers, and then a general request to stop. "What is it?" "Only the little man with the wig; he is not in his place." He was now sought for, but could not be found. "Perhaps he left here?" The way-bill was examined. "No; he is booked to Liverpool." "Must find him then." "No; can't stop for any man. My time is up." And, after every inquiry, he was abandoned to his fate; but we had not proceeded five minutes, when there was a screech from the road-side from the object of our inquiry. While we were seeking him, that he might not be left behind, he had manfully walked on, and was wondering what had become of us, and even held up his watch in accusation.

At a little place near Preston, we had halted to change, and one of the horses was said to have met with an accident. He must do his work, however, and the coachman had mounted, when all at once it was

discovered that this wretched creature was again absent. He had gone to examine the accident, about which he knew nothing, and never dreamt of noticing that the coachman was on his box. "Strap him down with the luggage!" shouted the coachman, as the little fellow was hurried away. The guard said he would certainly get killed or lost, and we were all of the same opinion. The most ludicrous thing was the look of astonishment with which he always found himself in fault. All experience seemed thrown away upon him. He was as much taken by surprise at the fiftieth as at the first mistake. He had hardly cooled from one fret till he was in another. Scrape followed scrape, and misfortune chased misfortune, and yet the chance of farther scrapes and misfortunes seemed still undiminished.

At Preston the case became more serious than ever. He had got down as usual, and was standing at once in sight, and quite out of danger, and this by the express direction of the coachman, who at last began to relax so far as to notice the singularity of the old creature's adventures. While we were all enjoying this, and even the old man himself half joining with us, there was a scream from the people about us, and, looking round, what was it? A coach had come up, and was dashing through the archway leading from the inn-yard, when, who should be in the way but—the little man with the wig! While looking at us, he was struck by the pole, and, clinging to it, was stuck up like a forked radish upon the stone that guarded the wall, the pole close to his throat, but fortunately not upon it. His look was indescribable. It seemed to say, as plainly as look could speak, "There now! you see that, by following your directions, I am in more danger than ever!" He was picked out of his perilous situation, and hurried into the coach—the coachman half laughing, and declaring that it would not be possible for him to deliver him safely. At last he was in, and there were no farther stops; consequently, we concluded that our sport was ended. But not so. He came out on the road at the place of his destination. The bundles he had appeared almost innumerable; and the coachman, as every successive one was pulled out, cried, "is that all?" and was answered, "just another, if t'ou'll have the kindness." At last the whole seemed to have been discharged, and the little man paid his trifle, the coachman declaring he had never worked so hard for any thing in his life; so we started, congratulating ourselves on our escape. "Hollo!" from the guard. "Eh! any thing wrong?" "Yes, the little man with the wig!" said our obsequious friend once more. "Tou didn't see a green striped carpet bag," said he, almost breathless, "did't thou?" "What! was that yours?" The guard again opened his receptacles; again rummaged them—not there! "What is it you're seeking?" shouted his friend from the door at which he had stopped, at the same time holding up the carpet bag, already delivered. "Ah! a ha' gotten it!—all reet—good day to you," and for the last time we saw the tormenting little man with the wig!

So ends this tale of a coach goblin—for, at the time, I could hardly consider him in any other light. Perhaps, at home, as Bob Acres says, and out of harm's way, the little man with the wig was a most respectable member of society. It was evident, however, from his proneness to coach accidents and scrapes, that he was a man who, in circumstances at all extraordinary, and when forming part of a social system, was calculated to derange his own comfort and that of every person in contact with him—not perhaps from ill dispositions, but from want of attention and punctuality. There are many such characters in life; but I never met with one in a more extreme or more amusing form than the LITTLE MAN WITH THE WIG.

THE MUSCULAR POWER OF ANIMALS.

THE muscles of an animal are a bundle of soft red cylindrical, and nearly unelastic threads, formed out of a substance called by chemists fibrine; which, when microscopically viewed, are seen to divide and subdivide into still smaller bundles of thread, parallel to each other, and bound together by a delicate cellular net-work, obviously of a different nature. They are uniformly accompanied through their course by a number of very minute nerves, which are cords or tubes that originate from the brain, and branch out in every direction, by which means a perpetual communication is kept up between the sensorium and the remotest parts of the body. While the sensitive fibres of the ear are excited by the stimulus of sound, those of the eye are only excited by the stimulus of light, the one remaining totally unmoved by that which puts in motion the nerves of the other. The lungs are excited by the stimulus of the air; the stomach to that of digestion, by the stimulus of the food introduced into it; the heart by the stimulus of the blood, and so on; and every sensation, as it occurs, is instantly conveyed by the nerves to the brain. But the brain, which by this means receives intimation of the different actions occurring throughout the system, has a voluntary motion originating in itself, the will being the exciting cause, giving birth to what is called the

stimulus of volition, and thus bringing into action the external powers of the body.

By this it appears that there are two distinct systems in the mechanism of the body, the one animate, the other inanimate, which in one case the living power exercises an influence totally different from the other.

Various calculations have formerly been made relative to the functions of the animal frame, which in their results have been curiously at variance: Borelli estimated that the force with which the heart must contract, in order to cause the circulation of the blood in man, is equal to not less than a hundred and eighty thousand pounds weight at every contraction; while Keil could not estimate it at more than eight ounces. Borelli, in applying the same theory to the power with which the human stomach digests its food, calculated it, in conjunction with the assistance it receives from the auxiliary muscles, which he conceived to divide the labour about equally with itself, as equal to two hundred sixty-one thousand one hundred and eighty-six pounds; and Pitcairne has made it very little less, since he estimates the moiety contributed by the stomach alone at one hundred and seventeen thousand and eighty-eight pounds, which gives to these organs jointly a force more than equal to that of twenty millstones. "Had he," says Dr Monro, "assigned five ounces as the weight of the stomach, he had been nearer the truth."

The digestive functions are now so perfectly understood, that the above theory is of course altogether overthrown; for although the stomach participates in a small degree in the process of digestion, yet this important operation is almost entirely performed by a powerful solvent, secreted by the stomach itself, called the gastric juice, and which answers all the purposes which the most violent muscular pressure could produce, and at the same time with the utmost simplicity of contrivance.

With regard to the circulation of the blood, so far as it is now understood, it is caused by a double projective power, one portion being dependent on the living principle in the heart, and the other on the vacuum produced in the heart by that contraction which has propelled the blood, returned from the lungs into the arterial system, whence the heart itself becomes alternately a forcing and a suction pump, having the former in respect to the arteries, and the latter in respect to the veins. Different persons, though of the same size and appearance, do not possess uniformly the same strength, for the fact is well known, that the muscular powers of the human body become greater in proportion to their being used, provided they are not exhausted by violence or over-exertion. It has been calculated that the average weight carried by a stout porter in the city of London averages about two hundred pounds, while it is said that there are porters in Turkey, who, by accustoming themselves to this kind of burthen, can carry from seven hundred to nine hundred pounds. Some years ago there was a man at Oxford who could hold out his arm extended for half a minute, with half a hundred weight hanging on his little finger.

The following estimate of the comparative powers of men, horses, engines, and mills, may be found interesting:—The common labourer may be said to employ a force capable of raising a weight of ten pounds to the height of ten feet in a second, and continued for ten hours a-day. A moderate horizontal weight for a strong porter, walking at the rate of three miles an hour, is two hundred pounds; the chairman walks four miles an hour, and carries one hundred and fifty pounds; the daily work of a horse is equal to that of five or six men upon a plane, but from his horizontal figure, if drawing up a steep ascent, it does not exceed the power of three or four men. In working windmills, twenty-five square feet of the sails is equivalent to the work of a single labourer; and a full-sized mill, provided it could be made to work eight hours a-day, would be equal to the daily labour of twenty-four men. A steam-engine of the best construction, with a thirty-inch cylinder, has the force of forty horses, and, as it acts without intermission, will perform the work of one hundred and twenty horses, or of six hundred men daily, every square inch of the piston being equal to the power of a labourer.

The consideration of the wonderful power of the human muscles naturally leads us to the contemplation of those possessed by the inferior animals. The elephant is capable of carrying a burden of between three and four thousand pounds with its trunk, which has been calculated to consist of upwards of thirty thousand distinct muscles. It snaps off the stoutest branches of trees, and tears up the trees themselves with its tusks. The lion, with a single stroke of his paw, can break the back-bone of a horse, and runs off with a buffalo in his jaws at full speed. In the tail of the whale lies the chief strength of the animal: with this powerful instrument it shatters the long-boat of a ship to pieces. The shark, which is often thirty feet long, and of not less than four thousand pounds weight, has been known to swallow a man whole at a mouthful. The eight-armed cuttle-fish, found in the Indian seas, has arms nine fathoms in length; and when lashed round a man, it is found so very difficult to escape, that the Indians always carry a hatchet with them in their boats, to cut off the arms of the animal should he attempt to lay hold of them and drag them under water. And such is the strength

species which unite in themselves all the powers of motion which are possessed by the superior animals separately. They can walk, run, swim, or fly, with as much ease as quadrupeds, birds, and fishes. Such a combined medley of locomotive functions must require an equal diversity of motive power, and such is the fact. In the mere larva of the caterpillar, when in a state approaching to a butterfly, Lyonet has discovered not less than 4061 distinct muscles, which is about ten times the number that belong to the human body; and it is probable, that, when the insect arrives at its perfect state, the number will be much greater. The phosphorescent springer, a winged insect, has the extraordinary power, that, when laid on its back, it can spring up half a foot in order to recover its position. This insect, also, secretes a light, so much stronger than that of the common glow-worm, that a person may see to read the smallest print with it at midnight. Crabs and spiders can throw off an entire limb, when seized by it, in order to make their escape. The land-crab travels once a-year from the woods which it inhabits to the sea, to deposit its spawn, which sinks into the sands at the bottom of the sea. After a short time, millions of little crabs thus hatched are seen quitting their native element, and making their way to the woods. The hinge of the common oyster is a single muscle, and that belonging to the great clam-fish is no more. This animal is of the oyster kind, and has been taken in the Indian Ocean of a weight not less than five hundred and thirty-two pounds, sufficient to furnish a hundred and twenty men with a meal. It is able, by the means of this single muscle, to cut off the hand of a man, or snap asunder the cable of a large ship.

AN EAST INDIAN STORY.

ABOUT two years before my arrival at Bombay, a Lieutenant Bellarmine had disappeared in a mysterious way, which left it uncertain whether he had fallen in a skirmish with a body of Pindarees, or if, as was reported on some unascertained authority, he had joined these wild depredators, and remained willingly in some of their fastnesses. His previous habits gave a sort of colour to this strange story, for he was known to be a rash, thoughtless lad, distinguished for his bravery, but continually involved in all sorts of quarrels and debt. He was on this account out of favour with most of the superior officers, but was, notwithstanding, a good deal liked in society, from the frank, generous tone of his conversation, and a certain rattling agreeable merriment, which used to thaw the stiffness of Bombay hospitality into involuntary good humour. To these qualities he probably owed his union with a very amiable woman, whom his irregularities and ultimate disappearance left at the presidency in a state little short of distraction. His own fate only gave rise to wonder and curiosity, but that of his wife excited universal commiseration. Had there been authentic accounts of the death of her husband, her situation would have been much less distressing; for she could then have embarked at once for England, where, though her friends were poor (as was reported), her allowance as an officer's widow would at least have placed her above want. In her present situation she was pitted and respected by every one. No aid that she could have wished for was wanting, but she uniformly declined every attention, except that of one or two friends, relations, it was understood, of her husband. It was at the residence of one of these gentlemen that I first saw her.

During the dry season, the English inhabitants of Bombay generally quit their houses within the confined walls and streets of the town, and betake themselves to temporary residences erected on a small green plain between the fortification and the sea. Some of these annual edifices are spacious erections, with a court-yard, stables, kitchen, huts for servants, &c., all constructed of poles and the woody reeds of the country; the dwelling-places being made tight by a coat of clay plaster; another set of residences consist of large tents, which are generally occupied by gentlemen of the military service, and whose clean white appearance as they stand scattered over the green, with the black servants moving about among them, and the horses or sometimes a camel piquetted in front, give peculiar animation to the scene. It is best enjoyed from the opposite rising ground on the Bombay esplanade, where the sea in the distance, and the background of the little island of Colabah, studded with palm-trees, are added to the picture. I had been out one evening with a military friend, of the name of Malloch, on this walk, and had lingered till long after sunset, enjoying the coolness of the sea-breeze. The tents still glittered white in the star-light, and we were sauntering along slowly, sometimes stopping to mark the figures that were in motion about the little camp, and once or twice to gaze on a group or two of dancers in front of some of the tents. One party who seemed to enjoy the exercise with much animation had two flute-players, whose music gave them an additional attraction. The scene altogether was uncommonly pleasing; but Malloch, whose attention was fixed entirely on the music and dancing,

is enthusiasm was kindled, suddenly it is Eastlake's tent, I declare: ere is a lady there just now whom I have long wished to see." "We may go, I dare say," said I, knowing how difficult it would be to keep back my impetuous companion, and aware that we could meet with nothing but the kindest reception from my gallant friend and his hospitable lady.

We accordingly paced downwards across the esplanade, and, leaping the rail by which it is surrounded, soon found ourselves approaching the dancers. The vivacity of the scene was greatly heightened as we drew near and could distinguish the appearance and even the voices of some of the party; but I began at the same time to feel the awkwardness of intrusion, and wished I had been less ready in yielding to my flighty companion. Just in time to save us from embarrassment we met my friend Major Eastlake, who had himself come out so far from the tent in order to enjoy the scene at a little distance. He immediately invited us to join the party; and as we accompanied him thither, he mentioned that he had received directions to take the command of a detachment ordered to embark in a day or two for Ahmednuggur, and that some of his friends had come to bid him adieu on that occasion.

When we joined the company, each of us found several acquaintances; and Malloch was very soon engaged with the dancing and music, being himself an admirable performer on the flute. After some time, he began to look round for a partner; and passing by the ladies who were nearest, he went to address himself to one who sat by herself—with some appearance of being neglected—in a corner of the verandah. I observed that his first motion towards her was noticed by Major Eastlake with a kind of displeased surprise, and that he made a step as if to arrest my companion's intention; he was, however, too late; Malloch, with his usual impetuosity, having already approached and requested the honour of her hand. The lady only replied by a slight shake of her head, and a motion of dissent. At the same moment, Major Eastlake came up, and said to her, with a peculiar manner, which Malloch ought certainly to have felt as a rebuke, "this is my friend Mr Malloch, madam; Mrs Bellarmine does not dance, Mr Malloch." Malloch, who of course knew the history of the young lady, seemed hurt at his own forwardness, and answered by a respectful bow, begging pardon for his intrusion, but hoping that Mrs Bellarmine would not be offended. The lady only answered by a very slight inclination of her head, and a melancholy smile, while Major Eastlake listened to every word with obvious impatience. Malloch was at length led away, and immediately came to the seat next mine. "What a lovely creature!" he said; "she is more beautiful than ever." "More beautiful than ever!" I replied; "you have seen Mrs Bellarmine before, then?" "Years ago," answered he. "I saw her before she had any thoughts of coming to India, or being left in this deserted state, by the fool whom she married. I wish you could be introduced to her." "Not if it were to drive me mad, as it appears to have done you, Malloch," I said; "you should have respected her seclusion from the company; and I hope you will recollect how highly she is regarded by Major Eastlake and his lady." "Oh, she does not need their recommendation to me: but I am acquainted with Mrs Eastlake; the major is a stiff old boy, but he is going in a day or two, and I shall then have a better introduction than his."

As he was speaking, I observed Major Eastlake's attention directed towards me, and a slight motion intimated his wish that I would make my way to him. I was soon by his side; and after a few words on indifferent matters, he said, "I notice that your acquaintance is inclined to direct his attention towards our poor friend Mrs Bellarmine. I know that any thing of that kind—particularly from a volatile person like Malloch—is disagreeable and inconvenient to her; and I therefore take the liberty of imposing on you the task of guardian, which no one else can undertake so well without the risk of offending your friend, or of being officious to Mrs Bellarmine." I bowed, as to one whose good opinion I highly valued, and he immediately turned and introduced me to the lady. She looked up, and I think I never beheld a face of more engaging loveliness; she was dark-haired and dark-eyed, with something of the usual paleness of English ladies who have resided a few years in India; but her complexion had a purity and brightness which I have seldom seen equalled; and her fine regular features, though marked with settled melancholy, responded with quiet intelligence to every thing she deigned to notice in conversation. I entered into discourse with her for a few minutes, and found her a remarkable exception to most of our oriental dames, who are generally brimming over with all manner of gossip, about matters of precedence at balls, scandal at private parties, the debts and embarrassments of acquaintances, and all the other nick-nackeries of their limited society. She either did not know, or did not speak of these matters; and I was thrown upon literary conversation in order to say something. She answered here with intelligence; and I soon found that she lived in a secluded land of poetry and imagination, which is but little trod by oriental ladies. Her sorrow and retirement had blunted her relish for society, but had not destroyed her mind. All her tastes, however, seemed of a serious character; Cow-

per, Beattie, Graham, Montgomery, supplied her with the richest and most beautiful allusions; but of the fierce, mistrustful, and irregular Byron, she did not seem to recognise a line. The readiness with which she appreciated my remarks, and the overflowing yet delicately selected stores of her own memory, made me no longer wonder at the deference with which she was regarded by the few friends to whom she allowed herself to be known.

As we were departing, Major Eastlake said to me "You will not now wonder at the interest we take in Mrs Bellarmine. Her situation is rendered more painful by the conflicting rumours which are continually brought concerning her husband, to whom she is sincerely and devotedly attached; for, notwithstanding his follies, he knew and respected her value. Her distress, I really believe, arises chiefly from the imputations which have been cast on his honour. For myself, I give no credit to them. I know that poor Henry was rash and imprudent; but he was a soldier-like spirit, and could never have turned renegade. My new situation will soon give me the power of making effectual inquiries concerning his fate. If he is alive, I shall certainly find means to reach him, and, if he has fallen honourably, it shall be ascertained. In the meantime, I beg again to repeat my charge, for I have heard and seen enough of Mr Malloch to fear that he is capable of causing uneasiness." He took leave of me with these words, and I did not see him again before he embarked.

His precautions, however, rather accelerated what he feared. Malloch was piqued at the notice bestowed upon me; and he had not boasted in vain of his acquaintance with Mrs Eastlake, who by no means took the same interest in the fate of Lieutenant Bellarmine as did her uncle the major; and firmly believing him to be dead, she had even great pleasure in the prospect of managing a new match for his widow. Malloch had even the art to render my visits somewhat less acceptable to this lady than they were wont, so that I had but few opportunities of learning what was going on. Once or twice when I called, Mrs Bellarmine spoke to me with feelings of the deepest regard concerning her husband, without seeming once to have had her confidence in him shaken; and she mentioned, that, if Major Eastlake ascertained any thing concerning him, he would write first to me on the subject. I alluded once to the circumstance which Malloch had mentioned, that he had met her in England. "Captain Malloch is Mrs Eastlake's guest here," she said, "and I can do nothing that is rude to him; but at no period, either in England or in India, have I seen reason to consider him a man of delicacy or honour." She said no more, and the subject was not again alluded to.

One day, when I had called at the house, something led me into the garden, and I was assisting the *males* (native gardeners) to train up some oriental jessamine on the end wall of a back verandah. Mrs Bellarmine had entered this part of the house in the meanwhile, and Captain Malloch, who had also arrived, joined her there. All this I gathered from conjecture; but being separated from them only by a slight partition, not in very good repair, I was apprised of their presence by the sound of well-known voices. I could not escape from hearing the following fragments of their conversation:—

"My dear Mrs Bellarmine, how often have I repeated, that your image has never once been absent from my mind since I first saw you at Greenside."

"I was then a governess in the family of your relation, Mr Malloch; and your attentions were at that time neither more agreeable nor more honourable to me than they are now. I beg you may desist from language to which I dare not, and will not listen."

"Dare not! how often have I told you that Bellarmine will never return. He was a man I never esteemed, were it for nothing but his conduct to you; but I must say that he died as a soldier should."

"How have you obtained this information, Mr Malloch?"

"I know more about Bellarmine than you suppose. I was in the same district with him at the time of the skirmish where he fell; and it was a foolish joke of mine (though it was never known) that gave rise to the absurd rumour about his having joined the enemy."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mrs Bellarmine; and then, suddenly restraining herself, she said, "perhaps your present story is a joke also."

"My dear Mrs Bellarmine, if you doubt my word, look at that letter which I have received from a serjeant who was on the field with him."

There was silence for a few minutes, only that I heard a deep sigh from the female speaker, and, in a moment after, a shriek, and then a sound as if some one had fallen down.

I hurried round to the front door, but before I could gain admission, there was a crowd of servants collected in the verandah, and Mrs Eastlake was busy chafing the temples of her friend, who lay in a swoon. Captain Malloch was standing at the opposite end of the verandah, leaning against one of its pillars, and gazing with a strange and gloomy earnestness at the scene before him. I saluted him with a manner in which I fancy he must have seen something of my present feelings, for his return was distant and haughty. It was now verging to night, and Mrs Bellarmine was removed into an inner room,

where there were lights. Malloch and I were left together, but no conversation passed; and in a short time a message was brought to us that the lady was better. I proceeded to the apartment where she was; Captain Malloch, as I observed, lingering behind, and not appearing resolved what to do.

Just as I was departing, one of my servants who had followed me thither came up, and put into my hand a letter which a *peon* (runner) had brought to my house. I took it, and went into the room where the two ladies were sitting. Mrs Bellarmine was pale, but collected, and said that she was quite recovered. Her attention seemed attracted by the unopened letter which I held in my hand; and on looking at it myself, I perceived that it was in the handwriting of Major Eastlake. It would not be easy to describe the anxiety which the whole party now felt as to its contents: to Mrs Bellarmine's agitated mind, they seemed to hold the cup of life or death. I broke the seal. The letter was short, but full of interest.

"MY DEAR SIR—I am glad to say that I have obtained sure intelligence concerning our poor friend Henry: his honour is as untainted as the snow. He was made prisoner by the Pindarees, and is now confined in one of their hill-forts, where I have found means of communicating with him. I cannot as yet attempt his release, but he shall be restored to us. You may have heard that Malloch had a command in this district at the time of the skirmish; and it now appears that it was owing to some treachery or cowardice on his part that Henry's party was entrapped and surrounded by the banditti. These things will now be brought to light, as well as some mean forgeries which have been attempted of late, and of which a serjeant here has given an account. I am," &c.

I had read so far before perceiving that Malloch had by this time followed me into the room, and had heard part of the letter; at the last words, I was alarmed by seeing him at once dart out of the apartment with a look of distraction. I heard his footsteps running across the garden, but remained in a kind of mute astonishment, both at the suddenness of his action, and at the contents of the letter. I had hardly stood a minute in this state, when Bappoo, one of the servants, came running into the apartment with a look of terror, and cried, "Sahib! Sahib! Mr Malloch has thrown himself into the sea." The house where Mrs Eastlake lived (she had now removed into the town) was just within the ramparts, on that side where they run into the bay, and a leap from the parapet wall at high water was certain death, except to the best swimmers. If the dreadful announcement was correct, there was, in the present darkness, no chance of recovering Malloch.

I rushed, however, to the spot which the man had pointed out; and as soon as I got on the wall, I sprang to the top of the parapet to look down. The waters were tossing and weltering against the bottom of the fortifications, where I could distinguish nothing in the darkness but the indistinct heaving of a stormy sea, and the white foam which broke in white patches on the tops of its endless waves. To think that a fellow-creature was struggling in such an abyss, perhaps within reach of my aid—if his pride or remorse would allow him to call for it—was dreadful. As we were standing gazing in this anxiety, I heard one of the natives present (for several had now assembled) say to another, in his native tongue, "I see the fool sitting on a stone." My eye lighted at the moment on the object he had observed, which was certainly something white (the colour of the military undress worn by Malloch), and having the appearance of a human figure seated on a rock; but whether it was this, or merely an illusion caused by the foam which broke there, the darkness rendered it difficult to say. I called, however, for a ladder, with the intention of descending; and while the men were fetching it, I could not but picture to myself the extraordinary state of Malloch's thoughts (if it were he), which thus kept him fixed on a rock in an agony between suicide and the terror of dying—the ridicule of surviving and the disgrace of such a death. At this moment we were joined by another person, who had been approaching along the ramparts. He was a tall soldierly-looking man, in a dark military greatcoat, and was followed by a black servant. I was not aware of his presence, till informed by a kind of whispered intimation from an attendant. As soon as the stranger saw that he was observed, he asked what was the matter? I mentioned that a gentleman had thrown himself from the parapet, and pointed to the figure which we saw. "Why does not some one go down to him?" he asked. "A ladder will be brought directly," I answered. "A ladder!—it will never do to wait for that. Mahommed, give me your turban; or tie your turban and girdle together, and give me the end of them." A rope was soon made of the long turbans and girdles of the natives, which was held fast by these people; while the stranger, throwing off his greatcoat, slid down the wall, and dashed into the sea. We lost sight of him instantly in the tumult of waves and the darkness, and could not tell what was to be the event. In the meantime, I inquired at the servant who his master was? "It is Mr Bellarmine, sir, arrived from Chunder." I had not time to recover from the astonishment caused by this stunning intimation, when I saw him emerge from the water on the little rock; and two figures were immediately seen standing together, and, after a little time, apparently struggling with each other.

This, in other circumstances, was only what was to be expected, as Malloch in his frenzy might refuse to be saved; but if they should recognise each other in such a situation, what would be the event? The ladder had been now brought; so that, taking a rope in one hand, I hurried down the wall, and swam to the spot so often mentioned. As I approached, the water shallowed a little, and I could stand upon my feet, in which situation I could hear and see what passed. Bellarmine was endeavouring to persuade Malloch to be saved; while the latter only answered by furious imprecations and oaths; at times saying, "Is it the dead come alive?—or what are you? I am mad—mad—mad—to meet Bellarmine swimming about in the sea! Get you gone, sir—I never hurt you—It is false—false." Bellarmine, who did not appear to recognise him, continued struggling to drag him towards the landing place; and in the meantime I came up, and got the rope fastened round his waist and shoulders. With the assistance of the men pulling on the top of the parapet, we now guided him through the water; and though it looks a little grotesque, had him dragged up the wall like a bundle of wet rags. I prevailed on Bellarmine to ascend before me, and we were both safe landed in a few minutes. Malloch was lying on the grass of the ramparts, and seemed to all appearance either dead or in a swoon. "Who is he? and what has caused this?" asked Mr Bellarmine. Before I could get time to answer, a serjeant's wife, who attended as a nurse in Major Eastlake's family, interposed—"Oh, it is Captain Malloch, sir; and he drowned himself, because he was jilted by that creature Mrs Bellarmine. I hope she may get a worse yet, now that her thrifless husband is dead, as Captain Malloch told me himself." The astonishment of Bellarmine at this abrupt intelligence cannot be conceived. He looked at me for explanation, which I gave him with the more awkwardness, that I had felt Malloch's pulse in the meantime, and perceived that he was only feigning insensibility, in order to escape being questioned. His odd situation may be conceived, in being thus tied down to hear the account which I had to give Bellarmine of his conduct.

The meeting which immediately took place between the long lost Bellarmine and his wife cannot be described. This amiable and ill-used lady, in now recovering her beloved husband, felt herself fully rewarded for her constancy and affection. On an explanation being made by Bellarmine, it appeared he was the bearer of documents which freed him from every shadow of blame. He was also able, in consequence of information which he had collected during his imprisonment among the Pindarees, to render services to government, which led to his speedy promotion. As for the wretched Malloch, the designer of so much evil, and whose infamous schemes had, in reality, proved ultimately beneficial to his victim, he was shunned by all who knew him; and shortly after, obtaining leave of absence, he departed to Europe, there to hide his shame, and to escape the ridicule of his various misadventures.

GAMBLING IN THE METROPOLIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written in exposition of the nefarious and injurious system of gambling pursued in the gaming-houses in London, neither the constituted protectors of public morals, nor the public generally, are yet by any means aroused upon the subject. With the view, therefore, of attracting attention to this subject, we take the liberty of laying before our readers a few extracts from an excellent paper which appeared lately in *Frazer's Magazine*—a publication which contains many articles abounding in useful statistical matter relative to the metropolis.

"On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty gaming-houses have been regularly open in London for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the low houses, and is, like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who follow this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance, from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table: no man who plays hazard ever despairs of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who were in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and, before the termination of the week, they ride in a newly-purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession. The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur are generally well known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching Dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The inferior houses of play are always

situated in obscure courts, or other places of retirement, and most frequently are kept shut up during the day, as well as at night, as if unoccupied, or some appearance of trade is carried on as a blind: a back room is selected for all operations, if one can be procured sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of forty or fifty persons at one time. In the centre of the room is fixed a substantial circular table, immovable to any power of pressure against it by the company who go to play; a circle of inlaid white holly-wood is formed in the middle of the table, of about four feet diameter, and a lamp is suspended immediately over this ring. A man, designated the groom-porter, is mounted on a stool, with a stick in his hand, having a transverse piece of wood affixed at its end, which is used by him to rake in the dice, after having been thrown out of the box by the caster (the person who throws the dice). The avowed profits of keeping a table of this kind is the receipt of a piece for each *box-hand*, that is, when a player wins three times successively, he pays a certain sum to the table; and there is an aperture in the table made to receive these contributions. At the minor establishments, the price of a *box-hand* varies from one shilling to half a crown, according to the terms on which the house is known to have been originally opened. If there is much play, these payments produce ample profits to the keeper of the house; but their remuneration for running the risk of keeping an unlawful table of play, is plunder. At all these houses, as at the higher ones, there is always a set of men who are dependents on the keepers of the house, who hang about the table like sharks for prey, waiting for those who stay late, or are inebriated, and come in towards morning to play, when there are but few lookers on; unfair means are then resorted to with impunity, and all share the plunder.

About eleven o'clock, when all honest and regular persons are preparing for rest, the play commences, the adventurers being seated around the table: one takes the box and dice, putting what he is disposed to play for into the ring marked on the table; as soon as it is covered with a like sum, or set, as it is termed, by another person, the player calls a main, and at the same moment throws the dice. If the number called comes up, the caster wins; but if any other main comes uppermost on the dice, the thrower takes that chance for his own, and his adversary has the one he called. The throwing then continues, during which bets are made by others on the event until it is decided. If the caster throws deuce ace or aces, when he first calls a main, it is said to be crabbed, and he loses; but if he throws the number named, he is said to have nicked it, and thereby wins. Also, if he should call six or eight, and throws the double sixes, he wins; or if seven be the number called, and eleven is thrown, it is a nick, because those chances are nicks to these mains; which regulation is necessary to the equalization of all the chances at this game when calling a main. The odds against any number being thrown against another, varies from two to one to six to five, and consequently keeps all the table engaged in betting. All bets are staked, and the noise occasioned by proposing and accepting wagers is most uproarious and deafening among the low players, each having one eye on the black spots marked on the dice, as they land from the box, and the other on the stakes, ready to snatch it if successful. To prevent the noise being heard in the streets, shutters closely fitted to the window-frames are affixed, which are padded, and covered with green baize; there is also invariably an inner door placed in the passage, having an aperture in it, through which all who enter the door from the street may be viewed: this precaution answers two purposes, it deadens the sound of the noisy voices at the table, and prevents surprise by the officers of justice.

The generality of the minor gambling-houses are kept by prize-fighters, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector the more timid out of their money, by deciding that bets have been lost when in fact they have been won. Bread, cheese, and beer, is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thieves resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame. A table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight; all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensities of mankind are portrayed on the countenances of the players. An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation, strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table-keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average each night from one to twenty shillings to play with. As the money is lost the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes in the winter season for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from 100 to 140 persons may be calculated to visit one gambling-table in the course of a night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box-hands; whilst the losers separate only to devise plans by which a few

more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed, most of them may be said to have figured already. The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2s. 6d. or 3s. 4d. is demanded for the box-hands. At these places silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box-hand. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown-houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior.

The half-crown, or third-rate houses, are not less mischievous than the lowest ones. These houses are chiefly opened at the west end of the town, but there are some few at the east. In the parish of St James's, I have counted seven, eight, and nine, in one street, which were open both day and night. One house in Oxendon Street, Coventry Street, had an uninterrupted run of sixteen or seventeen years; thousands have been ruined there, while every proprietor amassed a large fortune.

The average number of these third-rate houses in London open for play, may be calculated at about twenty-five. If there were not a constant influx of tyro gamblers, this number would not be supported. Their agents stroll about the town, visiting public-house parlours, and houses where cribbage-players resort, whist clubs, also billiard and bagatelle tables; experience having taught them, that the man who plays at one game, if the opportunity be afforded him, is ever ready to plunge deeply into the vice of gambling on a large scale. Junior clerks, and the upper class of gentlemen's servants, are the men whom they chiefly attack.

The abolition of the lotteries has not lessened the evil of gambling among servants: they resort now to gambling-houses, where the sum annually played for by the servants of the present day may reasonably be laid at *one million and a half sterling*. At most of the middle class of gambling-houses, play is going on from three o'clock P. M., to five or six o'clock A. M. In the afternoon, from three to seven, it is called morning play, being generally *rouge et noir* or *roulet*. The latter is a kind of E O and *rouge et noir* blended, there being both numbers and colours on which money may be staked. The board is whirled round on a pivot, and an ivory ball set in motion the reverse way on it. During its revolution, the bets or stakes are placed on numbers and colours, on a circular but fixed exterior frame corresponding in marks to the one in motion. After it subsides, and the ball has fallen into one of the compartments of the table, the bets which are lost are drawn into the bank, and the winners paid. If the ball falls into zero (0), then all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which was laid on colours only, when but half is exacted, the same as at the game of *rouge et noir*. In the evening, play commences again at ten or eleven o'clock, either with *French hazard* or *rouge et noir*.

Want of space induces us to go no farther into the description of this infamous system of gambling, and we beg to refer those interested in the subject to the article from whence the foregoing is taken, in which they will find the most ample expository details. We can only express our astonishment at the laxity of magisterial authority in allowing such well-known illegal practices to be carried on, and anxiously hope that means may be adopted to check so frightful an evil. The misery produced in private society by suffering such a species of gaming is indescribable in amount. "Through the public gaming-tables (says the same writer) every year vast numbers are hurled from respectable life to associate with wretchedness and criminals, or become exiles; and many commit suicide, and leave families in want, after having been robbed of their substance by those harpies, whom our government permits to reside even within the precincts of the court. One scoundrel, who is admitted into genteel society, and resides in a magnificent house in great style, on a fortune made by the most unlawful means, in a gaming-house, was, it is said, the cause, on an average of ten years, of fifteen suicides annually, besides bringing ruin and misery on ten times that number of families in the same period. One case presents itself which can be attested by hundreds of the sufferer's neighbours, being so well known. A respectable tradesman, possessing some property, who resided in Oxford Street, was, in the winter season, accustomed to attend a whist-club, held at a public-house in the vicinity of his own residence. He was remarkably characterised for steadiness of conduct and regular habits, and was never known at one time to venture more than half a crown at any game of chance, previous to the period of which I am about to speak, at which time he was fifty years of age. By some means or other, a fellow, an emissary of a *rouge et noir* house in Bury Street, obtained an introduction to the whist-club; and one evening, as he and his dupe were leaving the house, he said, 'I am going out of curiosity to witness the game of *rouge et noir*, never having seen it. Will you go with me? We need not play.' In an ill-fated hour the tradesman assented, as he subsequently stated, prompted only by the same curiosity which his companion affected to be influenced by. When at the table, seeing others win, and perhaps impelled by his cupidity

(for he was fond of money), he was induced to venture a few stakes, which came off in his favour; following up his success, he left the house that night a winner of L.80, and probably went home to sleep in peace, but it was the last he ever enjoyed! No man ever followed gaming with such avidity as he afterwards did; he attended morning and evening play, till poverty only stopped his going. At one period, it is said that he was a winner of L.2000: he repeatedly knocked up his intimate friends in the middle of the night to borrow money, after having lost that which he took to the table. In a few short months his funds began to wane, and his health to decline. He lingered not long, but departed from this world, a sad example of the danger of once commencing in such a vicious career."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

NAPIER OF MERCHISTON.

JOHN NAPIER of Merchiston, a Scotsman, the distinguished inventor of the logarithms, an arithmetical process by which the labours of scientific men have been facilitated and advanced to an inconceivable degree, was born in the year 1550. He was descended from an ancient race of landed proprietors in Stirlingshire and Dumbartonshire. His father, Sir Alexander Napier of Edinbellie, in the former county, and Merchiston, in the county of Edinburgh, was master of the mint to James the Sixth, and survived the birth of the subject of this memoir for the unusual space of fifty-eight years. There is a prevalent notion that the inventor of the logarithms was a nobleman: this has arisen from his styling himself, in one of his title-pages, *Baro Merchistonii*; in reality, this implied *baron* in the sense of a superior of a barony, or what in England would be called lord of a manor. Napier was simply *Laird* of Merchiston—a class who in Scotland sat in parliament under the denomination of the *lesser barons*.

Napier was educated at St Salvador's College, in the University of St Andrew's, which he entered in 1562. He afterwards travelled on the Continent, probably to improve himself by intercourse with learned and scientific men. Nothing farther is ascertained respecting him, till after he had reached the fortieth year of his age. He is then found settled at the family seats of Merchiston, near Edinburgh, and Gartness, in Stirlingshire, where he seems to have practised the life of a recluse student, without the least desire to mingle actively in political affairs. That his mind was alive, however, to the civil and religious interests of his country, is proved by his publishing, in 1593, an exposition of the Revelations, in the dedication of which to the king, he urged his majesty, in very plain language, to attend better than he did to the enforcement of the laws, and the protection of religion, beginning reformation in his own "house, family, and court." From this it appears that Napier belonged to the strict order of Presbyterians in Scotland, for these are exactly the sentiments chiefly found prevalent among them at this period of our history.

In his more secluded residence at Gartness, Napier had both a waterfall and a mill in his immediate neighbourhood, which considerably interrupted his studies. He is said to have been a great deal more tolerant of the waterfall than of the mill; for while the one produced an incessant and equable sound, the other was attended with an irregular *clack-clack*, which marred the processes of his mind, and sometimes even rendered it necessary for him, when engaged in an unusually abstruse calculation, to desire the miller to stop work. He often walked abroad in the evening, in a long mantle, and attended by a large dog; and these circumstances, working upon minds totally unable to appreciate the real nature of his researches, raised a popular rumour of his being addicted to the black art. It is certain that, no more than other great men of his age, was he exempt from a belief in several sciences now fully proved to have been full of imposture. The practice of forming theories only from facts, however reasonable and unavoidable it may appear, was only enforced for the first time by a contemporary of Napier—the celebrated Bacon; and, as yet, the bounds between true and false knowledge were hardly known. Napier, therefore, practised an art which seems nearly akin to divination, as is proved by a contract entered into, in 1594, between him and Logan of Fastcastle—afterwards so celebrated for his supposed concern in the Gowry conspiracy. "Forasmuch," says this document, "as there were old reports and appearances that a sum of money was hid within Logan's house of Fastcastle, John Napier should do his utmost diligence to search and seek out,

and by all craft and ingine [a phrase for mental power] to find out the same, or make it sure that no such thing has been there." For his reward he was to have the exact third of all that was found, and to be safely guarded by Logan back to Edinburgh with the same; and in case he should find nothing, after all trial and diligence taken, he was content to refer the satisfaction of his travels and pains to the discretion of Logan. What was the result of the attempt, or if the attempt itself was ever made, has not been ascertained.

Besides dabbling in sciences which had no foundation in nature, Napier addicted himself to certain speculations which have always been considered as just hovering between the possible and the impossible, a number of which he disclosed in 1596 to Anthony Bacon, the brother of the more celebrated philosopher of that name. One of these schemes was for a burning mirror similar to that of Archimedes, for setting fire to ships; another was for a mirror to produce the same effects by a material fire; a third for an engine which should send forth such quantities of shot in all directions as to clear every thing in its neighbourhood; and so forth. In fact, Napier's seems to have been one of those active and excursive minds, which are sometimes found to spend a whole life in projects and speculations without producing a single article of real utility, and in other instances hit upon one or two things, perhaps, of the highest order of usefulness. It has been arranged for the good of mankind, that the most follow beaten tracks in all things, while a very few are constantly trying new expedients, constantly roaming about for improved ways of accomplishing labour. Thus, a certain degree of general good is never lost sight of, while the possibility of increasing it receives just that degree of attention on the whole, which may be sufficient for its discovery, without perilling too much of what is already ascertained, in the search. As the life of Napier advanced, he seems to have gradually forsaken wild and hopeless projects, and applied himself more and more to the pure sciences. In 1598, he is found suggesting the use of salt in improving land; an idea probably passed over in his own time as chimerical, but revived in our own day with good effect. No more is heard of him till, in 1614, he astonished the world by the publication of his book of logarithms. He is understood to have devoted the intermediate time to the study of astronomy, a science then reviving to a new life under the auspices of Kepler and Galileo.

"The demonstrations, problems, and calculations of this science, most commonly involve some one or more of the cases of trigonometry, or that branch of the mathematics, which, from certain parts, whether sides or angles, of a triangle being given, teaches how to find the others which are unknown. On this account, trigonometry, both plane and spherical, engaged much of Napier's thoughts; and he spent a great deal of his time in endeavouring to contrive some methods by which the operations in both might be facilitated. Now, these operations, the reader, who may be ignorant of mathematics, will observe, always proceed by geometrical ratios, or proportions. Thus, if certain lines be described in or about a triangle, one of these lines will bear the same geometrical proportion to another, as a certain side of the triangle does to a certain other side. Of the four particulars thus arranged, three must be known, and then the fourth will be found by multiplying together certain two of those known, and dividing the product by the other. This rule is derived from the very nature of geometrical proportion, but it is not necessary that we should stop to demonstrate here how it is deduced. It will be perceived, however, that it must give occasion, in solving the problems of trigonometry to a great deal of multiplying and dividing—operations which, as every body knows, become very tedious whenever the numbers concerned are large; and they are generally so in astronomical calculations. Hence such calculations used to exact immense time and labour, and it became most important to discover, if possible, a way of shortening them. Napier, as we have said, applied himself assiduously to this object; and he was, probably, not the only person of that age whose attention it occupied. He was, however, undoubtedly the first who succeeded in it, which he did most completely by the admirable contrivance which we are now about to explain.

When we say that 1 bears a certain proportion, ratio, or relation to 2, we may mean any one of two things; either that 1 is the half of 2, or that it is less than 2 by 1. If the former be what we mean, we may say that the relation in question is the same as that of 2 to 4, or of 4 to 8; if the latter, we may say that it is the same as that of 2 to 3, or of 3 to 4. Now, in the former case, we should be exemplifying what is called a *geometrical*, in the latter, what is called an *arithmetical* proportion: the former being that which regards the number of times, or parts of times, the one quantity is contained in the other; the latter regarding only the difference between the two quantities. We have already stated that the property of four quantities, arranged in geometrical proportion, is, that the *product* of the second and third, *divided* by the first, gives the fourth. But when four quantities are in arithmetical proportion, the *sum* of the second and third, *diminished* by the subtraction of the first, gives the fourth. Thus, in the geometrical proportion, 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 4; if 2 be multiplied by 2 it gives 4; which divided by 1 still remains 4; while,

in the arithmetical proportion, 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 3; if 2 be added to 2 it gives 4; from which if 1 be subtracted, there remains the fourth term 3. It is plain, therefore, that, especially where large numbers are concerned, operations by arithmetical must be much more easily performed than operations by geometrical proportion; for, in the one case you have only to add and subtract, while in the other you have to go through the greatly more laborious processes of multiplication and division.

Now, it occurred to Napier, reflecting upon this important distinction, that a method of abbreviating the calculation of a geometrical proportion might perhaps be found, by substituting, upon certain fixed principles, for its known terms, others in arithmetical proportion, and then finding, in the quantity which should result from the addition and subtraction of these last, an indication of that which should have resulted from the multiplication and division of the original figures. It had been remarked before this, by more than one writer, that if the series of numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, &c. that proceed in geometrical progression, that is, by a continuation of geometrical ratios, were placed under or alongside of the series 0, 1, 2, 3, &c. which are in arithmetical progression, the addition of any two terms of the latter series would give a sum, which would stand opposite to a number in the former series indicating the product of the two terms in that series, which corresponded in place to the two in the arithmetical series first taken. Thus, in the two lines,

1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256,
0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,

the first of which consists of numbers in geometrical, and the second of numbers in arithmetical progression, if any two terms, such as 2 and 4, be taken from the latter, their sum 6, in the same line, will stand opposite to 64 in the other, which is the product of 4 multiplied by 16, the two terms of the geometrical series which stand opposite to the 2 and 4 of the arithmetical. It is also true, and follows directly from this, that if any three terms, as, for instance, 2, 4, 6, be taken in the arithmetical series, the sum of the second and third, diminished by the subtraction of the first, which makes 8, will stand opposite to a number (256) in the geometrical series which is equal to the product of 16 and 64 (the opposites of 4 and 6), divided by 4 (the opposite of 2).

Here, then, is, to a certain extent, exactly such an arrangement or table as Napier wanted. Having any geometrical proportion to calculate, the known terms of which were to be found in the first line or its continuation, he could substitute for them at once, by reference to such a table, the terms of an arithmetical proportion, which, wrought in the usual simple manner, would give him a result that would point out or indicate the unknown term of the geometrical proportion. But, unfortunately, there were many numbers which did not occur in the upper line at all, as it here appears. Thus, there were not to be found in it either 3, or 5, or 6, or 7, or 9, or 10, or any other numbers, indeed, except the few that happen to result from the multiplication of any of its terms by two. Between 128 and 256, for example, there were 127 numbers wanting, and between 256 and the next term (512) there would be 255 not to be found.

We cannot here attempt to explain the methods by which Napier's ingenuity succeeded in filling up these chasms, but must refer the reader, for full information upon this subject, to the professedly scientific works which treat of the history and construction of logarithms. Suffice it to say, that he devised a mode by which he could calculate the proper number to be placed in the table over against any number whatever, whether integral or fractional. The new numerical expressions thus found, he called *Logarithms*, a term of Greek etymology, which signifies the ratios or proportions of numbers. He afterwards fixed upon the progression, 1, 10, 100, 1000, &c., or that which results from continued multiplication by 10, and which is the same according to which the present tables are constructed. This improvement, which possesses many advantages, had suggested itself about the same time to the learned Henry Briggs, then professor of geometry in Gresham College, one of the persons who had the merit of first appreciating the value of Napier's invention, and who certainly did more than any other to spread the knowledge of it, and also to contribute to its perfection.*

The invention was very soon known over all Europe, and was every where hailed with admiration by men of science. Napier followed it up, in 1617, by publishing a small treatise, giving an account of a method of performing the operations of multiplication and division, by means of a number of small rods. His materials for calculation have maintained their place in science, and are known by the appellation of Napier's Bones. In the same year, April 3, this illustrious man breathed his last, at Merchiston Castle [a small old tower still existing in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh], and was buried in the church of St Giles, on the eastern side of its southern entrance, where a stone tablet, bearing a Latin inscription, indicated that this is the burial-place of the Napiers. His family has since been ennobled, and the present Lord Napier is distinguished as an excellent landlord, and a zealous promoter of the improvement of the moral

and physical condition of the peasantry. A life of the ingenious Laird of Merchiston was published in 1787, by the Earl of Buchan; but one, which it is to be hoped will prove more worthy of the subject, is in preparation by Mr Mark Napier, advocate.

HUMAN LIFE.

[BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.]

I walk'd the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The sky-lark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.
"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems Life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."
I wander'd forth at noon:—alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass
And stretch'd the fading blossom
And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.
Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze that round me play'd
Rich fragrance was diffusing.
The perfum'd air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.
For thus "the actions of the just,"
When Memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

—Forget Me Not, 1827.

INDIAN ANTIQUITIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

The whole of English North America, when first discovered and colonised by Europeans, was occupied by tribes who were utterly uncivilised; that is, they had no knowledge of any of the arts of life, except of such as ministered in the rudest manner to their immediate necessities. The greater part of them were hunters, and had no settled dwelling-place; roaming over a vast extent of country, and only stopping for a time in spots where they found the game most plentiful; or when they were occupied in hostile expeditions against other tribes, against whom they entertained some project of revenge. There were a few settled villages on rivers, or by the sea-coast, where the inhabitants lived by fishing. But their dwellings every where were built only of clay, reeds, and branches of trees; their implements for hunting and fishing were nothing but lances and coarse hooks formed of shells, or perhaps of copper; and their dress a scanty wrapper made of the bark of trees. Such being the condition of the people, they were incapable of producing any work which either required skill in the design, or the union of a number of hands for executing it. No such work was seen among them: their largest building was the hall of the *sachem*, or elder of the village, which was in every respect inferior to the barns of turf and stone seen in the Highlands, and was not fitted to last above eight or ten seasons. How great, then, was the surprise of the civilised people, on proceeding farther into the wilderness, and approaching the forests of the Mississippi, to find among these solitudes the remains of works which could only have been designed and executed by people considerably advanced in civilization, and living under the regulation of a government which had the power of employing the labour of thousands of workmen. The existing tribes had not the slightest tradition about these monuments, or of the people by whom they had been constructed, which is the more singular, that almost all countries have some ancient race embodied in their traditional stories, whom they are accustomed to consider as the engineers of every antique monument for whose existence they cannot otherwise account. The *Soots* have their *Pecks*; the Greeks and Italians had the *Cyclops*, who were said to have built the gigantic ruins of Mycenæ, Tiryns, Roselle, Norba, &c. The Hindoos and Persians have *Deotas* and *Jins*, to whom they give the credit of such works; and so it is universally in other countries. The North American tribes, however, seem to have fallen into so low a state, that they had neither curiosity nor interest in the singular remains of antiquity which are found in their wilds: it is probable that they did not even distinguish them as works of art—an idea which would have implied some knowledge that art and science existed superior to their own, but that they considered them merely as some freak of nature. How, then, can we account for the existence of such monuments in a country where they are completely overlooked, and where the inhabitants have fallen into such a state of savagism? This is one of the most curious questions relating to the early state of America, and has never yet received a satisfactory solution.

The following notices concerning some of the most interesting of these ancient works, are copied chiefly from Warden's excellent Account of the United States.

The whole of them, it will be observed, occur in the western states, in the regions of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri.

"A singular circumstance," says Mr Warden, in the history of Kentucky, is the existence of mounds and fortifications, which indicate great antiquity, and a considerable acquaintance with the mechanical arts in some race of former inhabitants. Several of the old forts near the mouth of Kentucky river are covered with trees, which the botanist Dr Cutler considered as of second growth; and inferred from this, that the fortifications must be more than one thousand years old. The remains of one, situated half a mile from the Ohio, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Big Scioto River, enclose fourteen acres of a square form. The walls are thirty feet thick at the base, and, on the summit, large enough for the passage of a waggon; they are from eight to sixteen feet in height. There are seven gateways, each twenty feet high; three on the west, two on the east, and two on the north. From the north-west angle are seen the remains of a covered way (a road with a wall on each side as a shelter from marksmen), which extends 280 yards to a stream on the west side of the fort. The walls are of the same dimensions as those of the fort; and there is a road protected in the same way leading to a creek (stream) on the east side, distant 150 yards. Beyond these streams on the east and west side there is no vestige of defence. At a small distance from the fort there are two mounds (like watch-towers) of a pyramidal form." On French Broad River, in Tennessee, are perpendicular rocks, on which, more than 100 feet above the water, are carvings of birds and beasts, &c.

In Indiana, on the north side of the Ohio, remains of a different kind are found. These are a number of mounds lying in the tract from White River to the sources of the Wabash. They are of unequal size, and have been evidently formed at very remote periods from each other; they generally contain bones, those of the smaller mounds being still undecayed, and able to bear their own weight, while those of the larger are so decomposed that they crumble to dust on the smallest touch. The trees which grow upon the smaller are also evidently of less age than many of those in the neighbouring woods, while those on the higher mounds are old and magnificent trees. This state of things seems to indicate a progressive decay of arts and power, during a long period, among the people by whom the mounds were raised.

In the state of Ohio, ancient fortifications are numerous. At Cincinnati there is a circular wall or embankment 800 feet across; the bank is thirty feet thick at the base, and from three to six high; there are several others of smaller dimensions, besides four mounds, one of which is twenty-seven feet high, and 440 across. On the summit of an elevated hill, two miles below Hamilton, the walls of an ancient fortification enclose eighty acres of ground. In Highland County, two miles west of Chillicothe, there is a wall of stone from twelve to fifteen feet high, and four or five thick, which encloses upwards of 100 acres. Near Piqua, in Miami County, there is one which encloses about seventeen acres, in a circular form; the walls all round are built of stone, carried from the river 600 yards distant. A wall from four to seven feet high extends seven miles from the Great to the Little Scioto River. The trees growing on the walls of these ruins are all as large as any in the surrounding forests, and cannot be less than 400 years old. There are remains of the same kind all the way from Ohio, south and south-west, to the Floridas.

They are found also in Michigan to the north. On the river Huron, in that district, is a fortress with walls of earth, quite the same as those of Ohio and Kentucky; another is seen three miles and a quarter below Detroit, enclosing several acres, in the midst of an extensive marsh, with a breastwork three or four feet high. On the west of Lake Michigan is found perhaps the most singular of these curious relics; it stands on a level plain below Lake Pepin; it is covered with grass; but Carver, the traveller who describes it, mentions that he could plainly trace a breastwork of a circular form, with its flanks reaching to the river, which covered its rear; the ruin was about four feet high, extending nearly a mile, and capable of protecting 5000 men. The outline of the work had been traced in angles for the facility of defence, quite on the same principle as those of modern fortifications.

In Missouri, in the country of the Sioux Indians, there are many mounds and fortifications. They are also found on the Osage and Platte rivers. So far Mr Warden. Besides the indications given by these monuments, there are other proofs that the continent of North America has been at some former period occupied by a people considerably advanced in a knowledge of the arts. In the gold mines which are now wrought in the western parts of Carolina and Georgia, there have been found crucibles of excellent workmanship, and which were preferred by the miners to the best which can be purchased at the present day. Unluckily none of them have been preserved, but the evidence which they afforded, that these mines have been wrought during some very remote period, and by a people not at all deficient in a knowledge of the arts, is full and unquestionable.

All these appearances are of course utterly unintelligible to the present tribes of Indians; and being accompanied by nothing in the shape of letters, hiero-

* Library of Entertaining Knowledge—Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.

glyphics, or other marks, in which literary diligence might have traced some thread of discovery, they are equally obscure to the learned.

The history of the western continent does not, however, leave us altogether without some facts which throw a glimmer of light on these singular remains, and the people to whom they belonged.

The Mexicans, who inhabited the narrow neck of mountain land which joins the two continents of North and South America, were, when first discovered by the Spaniards, in a state of civilization approaching to that of some European nations. The body of the people were, indeed, in a state of darkness and savagism little superior to that of the tribes by whom they were surrounded; but there was an educated and informed class among them, to whom this mass of ignorance was content to be subject. The educated portion was distributed among the uneducated, in such a manner that the benefits of their knowledge could be every where felt, and gave them influence. Works of great extent and ingenuity were executed by the conjoined skill and labour which could by these two classes be brought to bear on them. It is known, however, from the traditions of this people, and from certain hieroglyphical documents which they had preserved relating to their own history, that Mexico was not the place in which their tribe was originally situated. They had migrated, according to their own account, from regions far to the northward, and had once been a large and powerful nation, whose strength and numbers were reduced almost to nothing, in various desertions, changes, and hostile attacks, during their long migration from their original seat, called Aztlan. The imperfect records which they have preserved, intimate obscurely the time occupied in this period of wandering, as well as the stages at which they halted on their way. Some of these latter have been traced; and by the remains found on the spot, combined with the indications of Mexican hieroglyphics, there is reason to think that they can still be identified. The ruins of a great city were discovered in 1773, near the head of the Gulf of California, and corresponding with one of the stations. They were situated in the midst of a vast and beautiful plain, and occupied a space of three square leagues. The Spaniards gave them the name of *Las Casas Grandes*, or the "Magnificent Buildings;" and the whole plain is filled with fragments of stoneware, resembling the Mexican, beautifully painted in red, white, and blue. It is remarkable also, that, to the north of this region, in a district never occupied, and hardly ever seen by Europeans, the native Indians have advanced considerably in civilization. A missionary, who visited the Mocquis in 1773, was astonished to find here an Indian town, with two large squares, houses of several stories, streets well laid out, and parallel to each other. The people assemble at evening on the terraced roofs of their houses; and the region every where presents traces of cultivation, resembling that of the ancient Mexicans. These people speak a language quite different from the Mexican; but it is well known to some of the learned of America, that two parts of the same tribe, removed from each other, and placed under different circumstances, with different pursuits and a different aspect of country, will in time so completely change, each from the common language, that their origin can no longer be traced by that means. Still farther north, there are found people who indulge a taste for some of the peculiar arts of the same nation, without having preserved any thing of their domestic refinement. Between Nootka Sound and Cook's River, under the 57th degree of N. lat., the natives have a strong predilection for hieroglyphical paintings, such as were found among the Mexicans; and they execute carvings in wood, imitations of the human features and of animals, with great spirit and fidelity. Their buildings of wood showed also design, and the efforts of combined labour.

As we follow these traces of Mexican civilization, we are led, it will be observed, towards the northern part of the American continent, where the ancient remains which first excited our wonder are situated. These are more frequent towards the western districts, and vanish altogether on approaching the Atlantic; that is, their numbers increase as they approach the line of ancient Mexican civilization, and disappear as they leave it. The connection which this circumstance points out between the mysterious monuments of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, and the historical civilization of the races of the south and west, cannot be overlooked. The chain of connection is at present broken and feeble, but investigation may supply the deficient links, and introduce certainty, where as yet there are only probability and surmises.

The Mexicans consisted, as we have said, of a small educated class (not, however, apparently selected from any particular tribe), and a large body of ignorant and demi-savage people, who were under the former, and submitted themselves to be directed by their superior information. This was the kind of civilization which existed in most of the nations of antiquity, no means being then known for the general diffusion of knowledge. It is, however, the most insecure and precarious state in the progress of nations, because, unless with a very strong and well-organised military force, the uninformed mass are always liable to be worked on by some passion or prejudice, and may thus at any time rise and sweep into destruction the

whole labours of the better informed and ruling body. Knowledge is very apt to retrograde in such a state, and has indeed done it in various instances; and it is from such a cause that we must trace the destruction of that power and skill which erected the works of which we have been speaking. There is no occasion for supposing that any nation ever existed in North America different from those found there. It appears only that civilization had at one time gained an ascendancy, which, surrounded and mixed as it was with the hostile power of barbarism and ignorance, it was not able to maintain. The connection of this comparative state of improvement with that of the Mexicans, who seem to have been driven from the northern to the southern parts of the same country, may be elucidated by future investigation.

SCIENCE AND LABOUR.

INDIVIDUALS whose occupations are chiefly of a laborious and physical nature, are exceedingly apt to draw invidious comparisons betwixt the value of their own efforts, and that of those classes of men who mainly depend for their subsistence on the exercise of their mental faculties. To do so, however, is quite adverse to the principles developed by political economists, and is, in reality, quite unworthy of any man laying claim to the most common understanding. It is only by the extraordinary combinations of science with genius and capital, that the working man is furnished with employment, or enabled to support his family; and without a body of men in the country, whose labour consists simply of *thinking*, society would fall in pieces, and poverty visit the firesides of the artisan and peasant. This proper view of the value of science and mental labour is well advanced in the small work called the "Rights of Industry," forming a volume of the "Working Man's Companion."

"Lord Bacon, the great master of practical wisdom, has said that 'the effort to extend the dominion of man over nature is the most healthy and most noble of all ambitions.' 'The empire of man,' he adds, 'over material things, has for its only foundation the sciences and the arts.' A great deal of the knowledge which constitutes this dominion has been the property of society, handed down from the earliest ages. The indirect influence of a general advance in knowledge upon the particular advance of any branch of labour, is undeniable; for the inquiring spirit of an age spreads itself on all sides, and improvement is carried into the most obscure recesses, the darkest chinks and corners of a nation, even as the Liverpool railway is daily extending the civilization of the rudest districts of Ireland. It has been wisely and beautifully said by Hume, 'We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected.' The positive influence of science in the direction of labour is exhibited in the operations of mechanics and chemistry applied to the arts, in the shape of machines for saving materials and labour, and of processes for attaining the same economy. These are the influences of science upon labour, not so direct as the mechanical skill which has contrived the steam-engine, or so indirect as the operation of ethics upon the manufacture of a piece of woollen cloth; but which confer a certain, and in some instances enormous benefit upon production, by the operation of causes which, upon a superficial view, appear to be only matters of laborious but unprofitable speculation. If we succeed in satisfying your minds as to the extent and importance of those aids which production derives from the labours of men who have not been ordinarily classed amongst 'working men,' but who have been truly the hardest and most profitable workers which society has ever possessed, we shall show you what an intimate union subsists amongst those classes of society who appear the most separated; and that these men really labour with you all most effectually in the advancement of the great interests of mankind.

When Hume thought that a nation that had not studied astronomy would be behind in the manufacture of cloth, he perhaps did not mean to go the length of saying that the study of astronomy has a real influence in making cloth cheaper, in lessening the cost of production, and in therefore increasing the number of consumers. But look at the direct influence of astronomy upon navigation. A seaman, by the guidance of principles laid down by the great minds that have directed their mathematical powers to the study of astronomy—such minds as those of Newton and Laplace—measures the moon's apparent distance from a particular star. He turns to a page in the Nautical Almanac, and, by a calculation, directed principally by this table, can determine whereabouts he is upon the broad ocean, although he may not have seen land for three months. Sir W. Herschel, a mathematician of our own times, who has united to the greatest scientific reputation the rare desire to make the vast possessions of the world of science accessible to all, has given, in his 'Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy,' an instance of the accuracy of such lunar observations, in an account of a voyage of eight thousand miles, by Captain Basil Hall, who, without a single landmark during eighty-nine days, ran his ship into the harbour of Rio as accurately, and with as

little deviation, as a coachman drives his stage into an inn-yard. But what has this, you say, to do with the price of clothing? Exactly this: part of the price arises from the cost of transport. If there were no 'lunar distances' in the Nautical Almanac, the voyage from New York to Liverpool might require three months instead of three weeks.

Astronomy, therefore, you see, and navigation, both sciences the results of long ages of patient inquiry, have opened a communication between the uttermost ends of the earth, and therefore have had a slow but certain effect upon the production of wealth, and the consequent diffusion of all the necessities, comforts, and conveniences of civilised life. The connection between manufactures and science, practical commerce and abstract speculation, is so intimate, that it might be traced in a thousand striking instances. A map now appears a common thing, but it is impossible to overrate the extent of the accumulated observations that go to make up a map. An almanac seems a common thing, but it is impossible to overrate the prodigious accumulations of science that go to make up an almanac. With these accumulations, it is now no very difficult matter to construct a map or an almanac. But if society could be deprived of the accumulations, and we had to re-create and remodel every thing for the formation of our map and our almanac, it would perhaps require many centuries before these accumulations could be built up again; and all the arts of life would go backward, for want of the guidance of the principles of which the map and the almanac are the interpreters for popular use.

Science, we see, connects distant regions, and renders the world one great commercial market. Science is, therefore, a chief instrument in the production of commercial wealth. But we have a world beneath our feet which science has only just now begun to explore. We want fuel and metallic ore to be raised from the bowels of the earth; and, till within a very few years, we used to dig at random when we desired to dig a mine, or confided the outlay of thousands of pounds to be used in digging, to some quack whose pretensions to knowledge were even more deceptive than a reliance upon chance. The science of geology, almost within the last quarter of a century, has been able, upon certain principles, to determine where coal especially can be found, by knowing in what strata of earth coal is necessarily formed; and thus the expense of digging through earth to search for coal, when science would at once pronounce that no coal was there, has been altogether withdrawn from the amount of capital to be expended in the raising of coal. That this saving has not been small, we may know from the fact, that eighty thousand pounds were expended fruitlessly in digging for coal at Bexhill, in Sussex, not many years ago, which expense geology would have instantly prevented; and have thus accumulated capital, and given a profitable stimulus to labour, by saving their waste.

Whatever diminishes the risk to life or health, in any mechanical operation, or any exertion of bodily labour, lessens the cost of production, by diminishing the premium which is charged by the producers to cover the risk. The lightning conductor of Franklin, which is used very generally on the Continent, and almost universally in shipping, diminishes the risk of property, in the same way that the safety-lamp diminishes the risk of life; and, by this diminution, the rate of insurance is lessened, and the cost of production therefore lessened. Lightning is one of the destructive forces of Nature, in particular cases, which science knows how to control. A few years ago, all the timber in the Hartz Forest in Germany was destroyed by a species of beetle, which, gnawing completely round the bark, prevented the sap from rising. This destructive animal made its appearance in England; and science very soon discovered the cause of the evil, and provided for its removal. If there had been no knowledge of natural history here, not a tree would have been left in our woods; and what, then, would have been the cost of timber?

The crossing and intertwining of the abstract and practical sciences, the mechanic skill and the manual labour, which are so striking in the manufacture of a piece of calico, prevail throughout every department of industry in a highly-civilised community. Every one who labours at all profitably, labours for the production of utility, and sets in motion the labour of others. Look at the labour of the medical profession. In the fourteenth century, John de Gaddesden treated a son of Edward the Second for the small-pox, by wrapping him up in scarlet cloth, and hanging scarlet curtains round his bed; and, as a remedy for epilepsy, the same physician carried his patients to church to hear mass! The medical art was so little understood in those days, that the professors of medicine had made no impression upon the understanding of the people; and they consequently trusted not to medicine, but to vain charms, which superstitions the ignorance of the practitioners themselves kept alive. Francis the First, king of France, having a persuasion that because the Jews were the most skillful physicians of that day, the virtue was in the Jew, and not in the science which he professed, sent to Charles the Fifth of Spain for a Jewish physician; but finding that the man who arrived had been converted to Christianity, he refused to employ him, thinking the virtue of healing had therefore departed from him. When such ignorance prevailed, diseases of the

slightest kind must have been very often fatal; and the power of all men to labour profitably must have been greatly diminished by the ravages of sickness. These ravages are now checked by medical science and medical labour. In some parts of France, even at the present day, the sick cattle are taken by the country people outside the churches to hear mass. If there were a skilful cattle-doctor in those villages, the loss of stock would be doubtless lessened, and the people would be all the richer for the cattle-doctor's art, instead of degrading religion by an homage akin to the worst idolatry.

But the principle of connecting every exertion of the mind with profitable labour goes farther even than the applications of science, direct or indirect, to the mechanical arts. The sciences and arts cannot be carried forward except in a country where the laws are respected, where justice is upheld, where intellect generally is cultivated, and where taste is diffused. The instructor of the young, who dedicates his time to advancing the formation of right principles, and the acquirement of sound knowledge by his pupils, is a profitable labourer. The writer who applies his understanding to the discovery and dissemination of moral and political truth, is a profitable labourer. The interpreter and administrator of the laws, who upholds the reign of order and security, defending the innocent, punishing the guilty, and vindicating the rights of all from outrage and oppression, is a profitable labourer. These labourers, it may be said, are still direct producers of utility, but that those who address themselves to the imagination—the poets, the novelists, the painters, and the musicians—in every polished society, are unprofitable labourers. One word is sufficient for an answer. These men advance the general intellect of a country, and they therefore indirectly advance the production of articles of necessity. We have already shown you how the study of the higher mathematics, upon which astronomy is founded, has an influence upon the production of a piece of woollen cloth; and we beg you to bear this connection in mind when you hear it said, as you sometimes may, that an abstract student, or an elegant writer, is not a producer—is, in fact, an idler. The most illustrious writers of every country, the great poets, have lifted mankind to their noblest pursuits of knowledge and virtue. Even the less dignified labourers in the same field—those who especially devote themselves to give pleasure and amusement—call into action some of the highest and purest sources of enjoyment. They lead the mind to seek its recreations in more ennobling pursuits than those of sensuality; their arts connect themselves by a thousand associations with all that is beautiful in the natural world; they are as useful for the promotion of pure and innocent delight, as the flowers that gladden us by their beauty and fragrance by the side of the corn that nourishes us. An entire community of poets and artists would be as unprofitable as if an entire country were dedicated to the cultivation of violets and roses; but the poets and the artists may, as the roses and the violets, furnish the graces and ornaments of life, without injury, and indeed with positive benefit, to the classes who more especially dedicate themselves to what is somewhat exclusively called the production of utility. The right direction of the talents which are dedicated to art and literature is all that is required from those who address themselves to these pursuits. He, therefore, who beguiles a vacant hour of its tediousness, by some effort of intellect which captivates the imagination without poisoning the morals—and he who by the exercise of his art produces forms of beauty which awaken in the mind that principle of taste which, more than any other faculty, requires cultivation—have each bestowed benefits upon the world which may be accurately enough measured even by the severe limitations of political economy; they are profitable labourers, and benefactors of their species.

We have entered into these details, principally to show that there are other and higher producers in society than the mere manual labourers. It was an ignorant fashion amongst the mental labourers of other days to despise your class, the physical labourers. They have learnt to know your value, and you should learn to know theirs. Both classes are working-classes. No one can say that the mental labourers are not workers. They are, we may truly affirm, taken as a class, the hardest workers in the community. No one ever reached eminence in these pursuits without unwearying industry; the most eminent have been universally despisers of ease and sloth, and have felt their highest pleasures in the absorbing devotion of their entire minds to the duties of their high calling. They have wooed Knowledge as a mistress that could not be won without years of unwearying assiduity. The most eminent, too, have been practical men, despising no inquiry, however trifling it might appear to common eyes, and shrinking from no occupation, however tedious, as long as it was connected with their higher duties. The positive influence even of the labours of the poets and the artists upon the advance of other labour might be easily shown. In their productions, especially, supply goes before demand, and creates demand. It has been calculated by an American writer, that the number of workmen who have been set in action—paper-makers, printers, binders—by the writings of Sir Walter Scott alone, in all countries, would, if gathered together, form a community that would fill a large town. The pot-

teries of Etruria, in Staffordshire, could not have existed unless Mr Wedgwood had introduced into our manufacture of china the forms of Grecian art, bequeathed to us by the taste of two thousand years ago, and thus created a demand which has furnished profitable labour to thousands. But this, as we have already shown you, is not the principal way of viewing the influence of science, and literature, and art, upon all other industry. To reduce every labour in art, or literature, or science, to the same standard of value by which manual labour is measured, would be as absurd as the tasteless ignorance of the Spaniards, who applied a rare and valuable antique bust to serve as the weight to a church-clock. Any attempt to put the mental labourers upon the same footing of value as the labourers without skill, would be as impossible as it would be mischievous if it were possible; for in that case production would decline, and ultimately cease altogether, for the fountains of labour, with skill would be dried up. Capital must go forward working with accumulation of knowledge; and fortunately, if you, the working-men, adapt yourselves to this natural energy of capital, you will yourselves become the accumulators of knowledge. Manual labour is only in the highest degree required in the early settlement of a country. When a dense population succeeds to a scattered one, labour with skill is called into action. Your counter-control to the absorbing power of capital is the equally absorbing power of skill—for that also is capital. Knowledge is power, because knowledge is property."

A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

(From Hood's Comic Annual, 1833.)

"To Mary at No 45 Mount Street Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MARY—Littel did I Think wen I advertised in the Tims for another Plaice of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am among Kangerooses and Savidges and other Forriners. But government offering to Yung Wimmin to Find them in Vittles and Drink and Close and Husbands was turms not be sneazed at, so I rit to the Outlandish Sectetary and he was so Kind as Grant.

Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22 Pim-pel Plaice And mind and go betwixt Six and sevin For your own Sake cos then the fammily's Having Diner give my kind love to betty Housmad and Say I am safe of my Journey to Forrin parts And I hope master as never Mist the wine and brought Them into trubble on My accounts. But I did not Like so leav for Ever And Ever without treeting My Friends and feller servants and Drinking to all their fairwells. In my Flury wen the Bell rung I forgot to take My own Key out of missis Tekaddy but I hope sum wan had the thought And it is in Good hands but shall Be obliged to no. Lickwise thro my Loness of Sperrits my lox of Hares quite went out of My Hed as was prommist to Be giv to Gorge and Willum and the too Putmen at the too Next dores But I hop and Trust betty pacid them with lox of Her hone as I begd to Be dun wen I rit Her from dover. O Mary wen I furst see the dover Wite cliffs out of site wat with squemishnes and Felings I all most repitid givin Inland warning And had douts if I was goin to better myself. But the stewerd was very kind tho I could make Him no returns except by Dustin the ship for Him And helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50 moor Young Wimmin of us and By way of passing tim We agreed to tell our Histris of our selves taken by Turns But they all turned out Alick we had All left on account of Testacious masters and crustacious Mississis and becos the Wurks was to much For our Strenths but betwixt yew and Me the reel truths was beeing Flirted with and unprommist by Perfidus yung men. With sich exampls befor there Minds I wonder sum of them was unpudent enuff to Lissen to the Salers whom are coverd with Pitch but famus for Not stiking to there Wurds. has for Me the Mate chose to be very Partickler wan nite Setting on a Skane of Rops but I giv Him is Anser and lucky I did for Am infourmed he as Got too more Marred Wives in a state of Biggamy thank Goodness wan can marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since I have bean in My present Sitation I have had between too and three others for My Hands and expex them Evry day to go to fisticus about Me this is sum thing lick treeting Wimmin as Wimmin ought to be treetid Nun of your sarsy Buchers and Backers as brakes there Prommissis the sam as Pi Crust wen its maid Lite and shivvry And then laffs in Your face and say they can hav anny Gal they lick round the Square. I dont menshun nams but Eddard as drives the Fancy bred will no Wat I mean. As soon as ever the Botes rode to Land I dont agravate the Truth to say their was haf a dussin Bows apeace to Hand us out to throar and sum go so Far as say they was offered to thro Speckin Trumpits afore they left the Shippide. Be that as it May or may Not I am tould We maid a Verry pritty site all Wauking too and too in our bridle wite Gownds with the Union Jacks afore Us to pay humbel Respex to kernel Arther who behaved verry Gentlemanny and Complementid us on our Hansom apereances and Purlitely sed he Wisht us All in the United States. the Salers was so gallaunt as giv three chears wen We left there Ship and sed if so be they had not Bean without Canons they Wood have salutid us all Round. Servents mite live Long enuff in

Lonnon without Being sich persons of Distinkshun. For my hone Part, cumming among strangers and Pig in Pokes, prudence Dicktatid not to be askt out At the verry furst cumming in howsumever All is setteld And the match is aproved off by Kernel Arther and the Brightish government, who as agreed to giv me away. them's wat I call Honners as we used to Say at wist. Wan thing in My favers was my voice and my noing the song of the Plane Gould Ring with the Van Demons had never Herd afore I wood recummend all as meens cumming to Bring as menny of the fashngable Songs and Ballets as they Can—and to get sum nolliges of music as fortunately for me I was Abel to by meens of praxtising on Missis Piney Forty wen the fammily Was at ramsgit. Of Coarse you and betty Will xpect Me to indulge in Pearsonalitis about myintendid to tell Yew wat he is lick he is Not at All lick Eddard as driv the Fancy bred and No-boddy else yew No. I wood send yew His picter Dun by himself only its no more lick Him then Chork is to Cheas. In spit of the Short Tim for Luv to take Roots I am convinst he is verry Passionet of coarse As to his temper I cant Speak As yet as I hav not Tride it. O Mary littel did I think too Muntch ago of sending yew Brid Cake and Weddin favers wen I say this I am only Figgering in speach for Yew must Not look for sich Things from this Part of the Wurld I dont mean this by Way of discourragement Wat I mean to Say is this If so be Yung Wimmin prefers a state of Silly Bessy they Had better remane were they was Born but as far as Reel down rite Coart ing and no nonsens is concernd This is the Plaice for my Munny a Gal has only to cum out hear And theirs duzzens will jump at her like Cox at Guberris. it will Be a reel kindnes to say as Much to Hannah at 48 and Hester Brown and Peggy Oldfield and partickler poor Charlotte they needent Fear about being Plane for Yew may tell Them in this land Faces dont make stumblin Blox and if the Hole cargo was as ugly As sin Lots wood git marrid. Deer Mary if so Be you feel disposd to cum Out of Your self I will aford evry Falicity towards your hapines. I dont want to hurt your Felines but since the Cotchman as giv yew up I dont think Yew have another String to your Bo to say nothink of Not being so young As yew was Ten Yeer ago and faces Will ware out as well as scrubbin brushes. theirs a verry nice yung man is quit a Willin to offer to Yew providid you cum the verry Next vessele for He has Maid up his mind not to Wait beyond the Kupid and Sikey. as the Ship is on the Pint of Saling I cant rite Moor at present except for them has as shily shalyng sweat harts to Thretten with cumming to Vandemins And witch will soon sho wether its Cubbard love or true Love I have seen Enuff of Bows dropping in at supertime and falling out the next morning after borrowin Wans wags. Wen yew see anny Friends giv my Distant love to Them and say My being Gone to another wurld dont impear my Memmery but I offen Thinks of Number 22 and the two Next Dores. yew may Disclose my matterymonial Prospeex to betty as we hav always had a Deal of Confidens. And I remane with the Gratest assurance Your affectionat Friend Susan Gale.

P.S. Deer mary my Furst Match being broke off short, hope Yew will not take it Ill but I hav Marrid the yung Man as was to Hav waited for Yew but As yew hav never see one Another trusts yew will Not take Him to hart or abraide by Return of Postesses he has behaved Perfickly honnerable And has got a verry United friend of his Hone to be atatch to Yew in lew of him. adew."

By an unlucky misrecollection, Earl Spencer's name was given in a late article, instead of the Marquis of Blandford's, as the purchaser of the celebrated Valdarfer Boccaccio. Earl Spencer was the competing bidder, and stopped at L.2250. The Marquis, who is now Duke of Marlborough, bade L.2260, and "after a due pause," says the bibliomania Bidin, "the hammer fell. The spectators," continues that quaint writer, "stood aghast, and the sound of Mr Evans's prostrate sceptre of dominion reached, and resounded from, the utmost shores of Italy. The echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St Mark. Boccaccio himself started from his slumber of some five hundred years; and Mr Van Praet (Napoleon's librarian) rushed, but rushed in vain, amidst the royal book-treasures at Paris, to see if a copy of the said Valdarfer Boccaccio could there be found."

MESSRS CHAMBERS again respectfully notify, that they do not require and cannot accept of any communications, either in prose or verse, for their Journal, which is conducted on a uniform fixed principle, requiring a great deal of care in the composition, and therefore liable to serious injury if intruded upon by matter not in strict accordance with the leading features of the work. They have also to mention, that they have made it a rule, from the first, of never answering correspondents, anonymous or otherwise, through the medium of their publications, in order that their pages may not be loaded with matter which can only be interesting to one out of fifty thousand individuals. All letters not post-paid are returned to the Post Office without being opened.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ONF & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BRADBURY, Holywell Street. Strand; BAXTERS & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WILSON, Birmingham; WILLIAMS & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALES, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight. Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh. Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 100.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1833.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

A SENTIMENT—one of the most amiable of our nature—forbids that we should soon or altogether forget the friends who have gone down before us to the dust. To forget is to injure—and who would injure the dead? They cannot, it is true, resent any injury. They can never chide us either for neglect, or for any more positive kind of wrong. Yet, just because we are thus safe from their wrath—just because they lie thus powerless for the assertion of right or privilege—we shrink from doing them injustice. For such an offence our own affections would inflict an infinitely severer punishment than any with which we could be visited by an aggrieved party, however sensible of wrong, or eager to avenge it.

There are lonely and silent moments, when we have only ourselves to commune with, and when the memories of departed friends rise before us, like ghosts, but welcome and pleasant ones, each bringing back his own well-remembered face, with a long train of associations, by which he is more or less endeared to us. Such shadowy reviews have a marvellous pleasure in them; for in the very act of thus pretracing, as it were, the existence of the departed, we assure ourselves so far that it is a duty which the living are not apt to neglect, and consequently that when we ourselves shall have submitted to the stroke of fate, there will be some kind survivors who will not let us *all* or *suddenly* die, but, erecting a shrine for our image in the temple of their hearts, carry us in some measure victorious over the grave. Even as the spring-flower comes and sits on the bed of the dead, so does the sweet memory of a departed friend steal into our thoughts, and flourish and blossom there. It will no doubt be in time trodden down by the rude feet of worldly necessities; or as one floral year succeeds another, even so will the remembrance of one set of friends be displaced by new griefs and new recollections. But still let us cling as long as we can to these pleasing images, and afford them all the space and breadth in our souls, which the pressure of existing things will by any means admit of.

The state of mind which immediately ensues from the loss of a friend or endeared relative, has never perhaps been fully estimated either in the pulpit or in the study. One mistake prevails universally—a supposition that it is for our own loss and damage that we shed these burning tears. "Consider," cry those who mean to console us, "that you have many blessings left behind, which ought to make this bereavement seem of the less account." Alas, it is not for ourselves that we grieve—it is for the dead. Absurd as the feeling may be, we melt in overpowering sympathy with those who are now beyond all pain and sorrow—we compassionate them for the awful calamity which has befallen them—we grudge to see ourselves so happy as still to possess life and health, and the power of enjoying this too-dear world, while they have been so signally unfortunate as to lose all—and, though religion may busy itself to point out the probability of an improvement in their state, still it is for the disaster of death, which we have seen our friend encounter, with all its harrowing circumstances, that we chiefly weep. Perfect reason may condemn this conduct; but it is so natural, and at the same time connected with so many of the better affections, and so useful, we are persuaded, in palliating the horrors of death, that we cannot wish it to be otherwise. The expectation that our decease will be beheld with a kind sympathy by some who are destined to survive us, is not what ought to be our chief support against the terrors of that crisis: but it may tend materially to

soothe life in its decline, and eventually to cheer the gloomy hour itself—and who, since such is the case, could wish it to be precluded?

Of this feeling of sympathy for the deceased, the tender recollection of them at a later period is just a continuation. We cease to regret so deeply the actual calamity of death; the agonising distresses of the scene revisit us less frequently in our sleeping and waking hours; the fierce and raging grief fades gradually away. Then, however, dawns the moonlight of a gentler sorrow. We start in the midst of a cheering domestic scene, and regret that *he* is not here to participate in it. The thought suddenly strikes us, in the busy marts of the world, that all this is what *he* once formed a part of, but will mingle in no more: it is still the same, but that *he* is not of it. We sit in the solitude of twilight chambers, and, looking forth upon the stars, as they one by one step out upon the threshold of night, reflect that he but as yesterday could behold them, and speculate upon their nature and purposes, as we do now, but since then has been huddled away into oblivion, while *they* continue shining on and on with the majestic continuity of inanimate existences. The idea of his re-appearing as usual before our eyes, will for months—perhaps in some cases for years—intrude at times upon the imagination; and still when reason comes in to dash the vision, the regretful feeling will arise—he comes not, he cannot come again. This habit, however, lingers long, and is loath to part. Even after it has been banished from our daily thoughts, it will cling to the dreams of night, and thus, as it were by a refractive power of the intellect, is the image of the departed kept up before us. We see him enter and take his usual place; we hear him speak; we address him and are replied to; we do not remember that he is dead, but yet there is something not earthly about him—the glimmering pallor of a dream—and his speech and deportment are not like those which characterised him in life. The vision at length departs, and, though it leaves tears and terror behind, how fondly do we wish that it had staid! Often in this manner does the bereaved mother strain her lost child once more to her beating bosom. Nature in this case finds unusual difficulty in forgetting the lost one. The infant is a part of the mother's very existence; is connected by ties which none but herself can feel or comprehend; and when she sends it away to the grave, she does something which her reason will hardly convince her to be a reality. One who had suffered this dreadful calamity, and just at that period in the life of the infant when in general it is most endeared to the parents, used to relate that for a long period she saw her child once more almost every night. Sometimes the endeared vision was presented to her in one way, and sometimes in another; but on all occasions the infant appeared to be alive. In one particular instance, she conceived that she was led to see the grave in a lonely churchyard. It was one of many such little mounds which filled the place, and beside which stood many other mothers, in the same situation with herself. Presently, the graves were all opened, and the children came forth to play. She and the other mothers surveyed the scene with pleasure inexpressible; but yet, in all their sports, the infants did not appear to be naturally alive, nor did the mothers seem to understand that life was there, or that they had regained their lost treasures. It was only a pageant, vouchsafed to satisfy so far the yearnings of affection: the scene was still a churchyard, and in the same place they knew it would end. Accordingly, when the proper time had come, each mo-

ther took her own child, wrapped it tenderly in its sepulchral attire, and with her own hands replaced it in the grave; after which, they all slowly and mournfully withdrew. The dreamer then awoke, as she usually did after such visions, in tears.

The preservation of the memories of lost friends is not only a good exercise for the affections, and the source of a pleasing hope to all who are yet to die, but it is calculated to have a soothing and refining effect upon those who reasonably indulge it. Our departed friends always appear to us in the light of beings removed to a purer existence and a higher state of intelligence, so as to be enabled to see and judge correctly of all our thoughts and actions. If we bear them any respect, we will hesitate, under this ideal censorship, to do things which are unworthy of us, and for which perhaps the present world has no punishment. We will try, on the contrary, to be as pure in thought and deed as possible, in order that we may be the more pleasing to those who, we conceive, are altogether pure, and whose esteem we naturally desire to conciliate. In the midst, too, of the bustle and shock of the present life, when little interests and petty jealousies are rearing themselves like serpents in our hearts, how salutary to reflect that all the advantages we can now seek either to gain or to defend, are but trash and dross in the estimation of those from whom we lately parted, and in no long time will be the same in our own. Are we provided with a large share of such goods as this world has to give, then will we control our appreciation of them, by reflecting of how little account they will be when we have rejoined those friends in another world. Are we poor, and injured, and friendless, then will the recollection of our departed friends tend to cheer us, by presenting the idea of their superiority to all such evils—a superiority soon to be our own.

THE START.

IN all that relates to the serious affairs of life, it is of great advantage to have "the start" of all who are likely to become competitors. Those who are the first to attract general attention to their invention or their labours have ever the best chance of being the most successful; and so frequently is this the case, that it is proverbial to say, "that those who follow must always be behind." Nevertheless, this advantage is proved not to be by any means permanent: continued success can only be obtained by great exertion in keeping ahead of all who may afterwards start in the same career; for the world, on the whole, will not for any length of time patronise those who do not continue to come up to their expectations and ideas of excellence.

Many people who have gained "the start" in speculations do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the danger of losing their first advantages. Because they once gained and still possess an eminence, they are apt to imagine that none will climb beyond them; and so they get careless of keeping their footing, and are ultimately undone. When a man is so simple, or so unfortunate, as thus to lose his early advantages, he is sure to fall under greater disrepute than if his inferiority had been apparent from the beginning. The world applauds his efforts as long as they promise to be attended with success; but when they fail, those persons who applauded in the beginning are indignant to find that they have been deceived, and join in the laugh at his defeat with a degree of bitterness perhaps greater than is commendable.

In a footrace, some years ago, one of the runners sprung off at first with an agility which distanced all

his competitors except one, who kept close behind him. As the struggle continued for some time, without any ground being lost or gained, the younger and more inexperienced spectators began to encourage the foremost with the certain hopes of victory; but certain more elderly individuals were more wary: "Wait a wee," said they to the clamorous youngsters; "thole a bit." It was a tempestuous day, the wind and rain blowing direct from the turning-post to the starting-point. For the first half of the race, therefore, the storm beat violently in the face of the one runner, while the other avoided the fatigue of its encounter, and saved his breath and strength, by keeping close in the shelter of his over-sanguine opponent. After passing the starting-post, the hindmost still preserved his position, being now wafted along by the gale, while at the same time he deprived his antagonist of that assistance. On approaching the winning-post, however, he exerted all his unexpended vigour, distanced his now exhausted companion with ease, was declared victor, and triumphantly crowned with the bonnet, the reward of him who overcomes in such contests. The loser was more chagrined with the manner in which he had been made, as it were, to gain the race for another, than with his own failure.

How closely do the chief features of human nature preserve their resemblance through all the variations of rank! This anecdote is an useful illustration of what we frequently happen to notice occurring in every state of life. We find those who once "had the ball at their foot"—who "had the world for the winning"—who set off in a course of prosperity which it was thought nothing would arrest, now brought to, and at a stand, or feebly lagging behind those who at first started long after the others had set out.

The self-confidence which urges many individuals to take a lead in society, if not backed by great natural abilities, is, in the same manner, rarely of any permanent advantage. An eagerness, for instance, to obtain "the start" in conversation, and to engross that attention of which every one thinks himself entitled to a share, procures many enemies, and is sure to end in some notable disgrace—perhaps in the total exclusion of the offender from society. It is in vain that he or she collect parties at home, to hear them harangue, and to admire their accomplishments. The severity of the punishment is wretchedly compensated by the expedient fallen upon to render it nugatory; for plenty of people may be got to come and eat a good dinner, but not one in twenty can be cheated into delight with a tiresome chatterer.

The only circumstances, perhaps, in which "the start" is of certain advantage, is where it is accidental—where it precludes the possibility of a living competitor. Homer, even if he had not been superior to Virgil in other respects, would have been more highly esteemed, because he had "the start"—because he was the first in writing an epic poem. In reference to this subject, it has been truly observed, several had been the phoenix of their profession, if others had not gone before them. The first have the birthright in the inheritance of reputation; and there remains but a scanty portion for the juniors—nay, and even that is contested. It is to no purpose for those who come second, to fret; they cannot baffle the opinion which the world entertains, that they do no more but imitate.

THE SEA.

ITS TEMPERATURE.

THE temperature of the sea, like that of the air, is liable to be affected by the latitude, and the season of the year, but not to nearly so great an extent as the air. Within the tropics, where the season has hardly any influence, it is generally found at about 80 or 81 of Fahrenheit's thermometer, being somewhat more, in general, than the warmth of the neighbouring air, which is deprived to a certain extent of its heat, in order to carry on the process of evaporation. Taking the month of March as one of those during which the heat of the sun must be equally determined in both directions by latitude, we find that in that month the sea has been found, at 11° 32' south, of 80.6 Fahrenheit; at 31° 34' south, of 75.7; at 40° 36' south, of 59.9; though in some instances it has been found several degrees more or less at the same season, and under nearly the same latitude. The chief cause of the variation is a perpetual flow of water from the poles to the equator, which we shall afterwards explain. It has been pretty nearly ascertained, that, in the tropical seas, it ranges about 9 degrees of Fahrenheit; in the middle of the temperate zone, about 12; and after that, decreases with a more rapid and more equable gradation. The temperature of the sea is also affected by its depth. In deep seas between the tropics, the heat diminishes towards the bottom; while, in more frigid latitudes, it is sometimes observed to become warmer. The sea is a bad conductor of heat; the solar rays can only penetrate about three hundred feet below the surface, nor does the light descend any farther. A small difference is observed between the observations on temperature in

the two hemispheres. For the first 25° towards the south, the decrease of heat is slower, and after that more rapid, than towards the north.

It must be evident to every one who considers the great mass of waters composing the ocean, and the interchange of position which must always be taking place, to a greater or less extent, between the upper and warmer parts and the lower and colder, that this comparative equality of temperature is unavoidable, even if there were no other causes to account for it. The uses of that equality are still more obvious, and must add greatly to the wonder we always experience when the economy of nature is to be surveyed. By this equality, the natural result of high latitude is more or less corrected, for the advantage of the human beings who happen to be so placed. A milder air breathing from the sea softens the climate all over the adjacent land, and produces a freshness which is of the greatest service to vegetation. On the other hand, in those torrid regions where both animated and vegetable nature are apt to sink beneath the vertical rays of the sun, the cooling breath of the ocean comes, generally at fixed times, reviving the parched soil, and communicating to man sensations of relief and pleasure which are hardly to be imagined by those who have not experienced them.

MOTIONS OF THE SEA.

The sea, from its fluid nature, is liable to be agitated and moved in various ways, but chiefly by the tides, by the rotatory motion of the globe, and by atmospheric causes. Having fully explained the tides in our work styled *Information for the People* (article *Astronomy*), we shall omit the subject in this place.

The rotatory motion of the globe from west to east is believed to be at least the main cause of the currents which prevail in all the great oceans, and a knowledge of which is of such importance to the mariner. The solid part of the globe leaves, as it were, the fluid behind; and hence there is a perpetual flow of the sea from the western coasts of Europe and Africa towards the eastern landboard; as it is called, of America, and from the west of America to the eastern coast of Asia. This movement is chiefly confined to the tropics, unless where the sea is turned aside by the land, and caused to diverge towards the north or south. If we start in a survey of this motion from the western coast of America, we find it producing a constant current across the vast expanse of the Pacific, till it is turned off by Asia and Australia. A great division of its force is directed through the seas on both sides of the latter continent, and so on through the Indian Ocean, and round the Cape of Good Hope, till it reaches the free expanse of the Atlantic, across which it proceeds in the same manner as across the Pacific. The current of the Atlantic strikes the coast of Brazil, and breaks at Cape St Augustine into two divisions, one of which proceeds round Cape Horn into the Pacific, while the other advances through the Caribbean Sea, and so on into the Gulf of Mexico. This latter branch conspires, with the vast issue of fresh waters which pours into the Gulf of Mexico, to raise the level of that sea above that of the neighbouring ocean, and, causing the surplus to force its way out between Florida and Cuba, produces the celebrated Gulf Stream, which is perhaps the most powerful sea-current in the world.

To the mariner, as already mentioned, these currents are of great importance. From Portugal, for instance, ships have sailed to the Bights of Benin, on the Guinea coast, being 150 leagues, in two days, though they could not return in less than seven weeks. It is also common for vessels to descend to the latitude of the Canary Islands, in order to get into the tropical current across the Atlantic, which carries them to America in a comparatively short time: it was by this current that Columbus was carried so smoothly on in his first voyage to the new continent. The Pacific, it is said, can be crossed in this way in about ten weeks, being at the rate of 1000 miles per week; and some mariners have expressed an opinion that China might be reached by this route in less time than by the shorter course round the Cape of Good Hope.

For the same reason that the sea flows from east to west, the air has a tendency, when not counteracted by other causes, to move in the same direction. The earth in its motion leaves the air, like the sea, a little behind it; in other words, does not carry it so fast forward; hence what are called the trade-winds, which, operating in the same direction with the sea-currents, increase the facility of navigation to the westward in a very great degree. We shall have occasion, perhaps, in some other place, to treat more minutely respecting this species of aerial current, as well as of winds in general. In the meantime, it is impossible to avoid remarking, that these natural phenomena, which, it is to be supposed, might have been counteracted or neutralised from the beginning, must have been designed for some end useful and necessary in the economy of the world. Perhaps, like the diffusive powers given to the seeds of certain plants, they were intended to aid in the dispersion of the human race over the globe. It is well known that population exists in many places, which appear cut off from all

connection with others, by seas that must have been impassable by navigators in the early ages of their art. Men could only be drifted to such places, in early ages, by the currents of the sea and air; and thus the cultivation of large and important regions must have commenced much earlier than would have otherwise been the case.

Besides the grand equatorial or tropical current, there is one of a less decided character from the poles to the equator. The sea under the tropics evaporates to a greater extent than elsewhere, by the influence of a vertical sun. The vapours are apt to proceed towards the north and south, where they descend in rain. A surplus of water is thus produced in the high latitudes, which naturally flows back towards the equator. Hence a constant, but comparatively slight flow from the north and south towards that warmer region of the earth. Under the influence of this stream, large masses of ice are constantly becoming detached from the polar stores, and drifted to the tropics. In some of the bays on the north side of Iceland, this frigid substance comes in vast quantities, inasmuch as to choke them up to the depth of 500 feet. What is still more strange, these masses of ice are sometimes mixed up with trees, some of which are known to be the produce of the torrid zone in America: this is accounted for by the action of the northern division of the great current which parts at Cape St Augustine. That northern division, after rushing into and out of the Gulf of Mexico, proceeds northward to Newfoundland, and thence at a high latitude returns athwart the Atlantic, finally sweeping along the western coasts of Europe, and rejoining the current which gave its first impulse. By this current, it is supposed, American timber may easily be carried to the northern shores of Iceland.

The operation of the tides is less observable in the great currents we have alluded to, than in those which prevail in the more secluded seas. The abstraction of water from a secluded sea by the recess of the tide, and the rush inwards produced by its flow, are sufficient of themselves to cause very impetuous currents, more particularly in the narrow channels by which the inland seas are connected with the ocean. We find it stated, in a pamphlet which happens to be lying before us,* that the Pentland Firth, which separates the continent of Great Britain from Orkney, "has no fewer than four-and-twenty contrary currents of the tide at the flood of spring, beside numerous sets and eddies, which, under the local names of *wells*, *swelchies*, *roosts*, and *rulls*, boil more madly on the Orcadian shore, than ever did witch's caldron on the kindred coast of Norway, if we may believe old tradition and Bishop Pontoppidan. 'The Boar of Papa,' at the opposite extreme of Orkney, is another terrible tide; when he gets a vessel in his tusks, he shakes the masts out—an operation which in the country phrase, goes by the name of *hackling*." The contrariety of influences which are sometimes brought into play by polar and equatorial currents, and those produced by the tides, occasions many phenomena, extremely perplexing, and sometimes very dangerous, to the navigator. In the Cattegat, by which the Baltic is connected with the German Ocean, one current always goes in by the side next Jutland, while another issues forth by that nearest to Sweden. In like manner, a current seems to proceed along the eastern coast of Britain towards the south, while another, flowing in an opposite direction, advances along the coast of Holland. What is still more curious, under-currents are sometimes found going in a contrary direction to those upon the surface. In the Straits of Gibraltar, it is said there is always a surface current going in, as if to supply a want in the Mediterranean, while, at a certain depth, there is another going out. So strong and so steady is this contrariety in the Caribbean Sea, that a boat may be moored by dropping a heavy substance to a certain depth; the upper current impels the boat one way, while the under one draws the sunk object another, and between the two the boat is steadied.

Two currents of equal force, but of different directions, meeting in a narrow passage or gut, will cause what is generally called a whirlpool, and has ignorantly been said to be produced by subterranean rivers, gulfs, chasms, &c., but essentially is only an eddy, produced by the contact of two currents, which, as if meeting on a centre, whirl round, as it were, in each other's arms! The whirlpool named the Euripides, near the coast of Greece, alternately absorbs and rejects the water seven times in twenty-four hours. Charybdis, in the Straits of Sicily, absorbs and rejects the water thrice in twenty-four hours; and the Maelstrom, on the coast of Norway, which is considerably the largest, absorbs, every six hours, water, ships, whales, in short, every thing that approaches its malignant influence, and the next six hours is employed in casting them up again. These eddies are sometimes augmented by the force of contending tides, or by the action of the winds. They draw vessels along, dash them upon rocks, or engulf them in their furious vortices, the wreck not appearing until some time after.

It now remains for us to notice those motions or agitations of the sea, which are produced by winds. The slightest breeze that blows, it is well known, will ruffle and swell the surface of water, even in a little

* Orcadensis to William Cobbett, M.P. on the Political Grievances of Orkney and Zetland.

pool. A violent wind, exerted on a large mobile mass, will of course produce a corresponding degree of turbulence. Hence, in large seas, a storm raises the surface into billows as high as mountains, which often bury the adventurous mariner in their bosoms. These various oscillations of the sea are caused by the currents of air dislodging a portion of the waters, and thereby destroying the equilibrium which they are every moment endeavouring to regain; a movement similar to that of a pedulum. It is amazing, however, how superficial is the most terrible tempest. Divers assure us, that, in the greatest storms, calm water is found at the depth of ninety feet.

Marine waterspouts are also caused by the action of atmospheric currents, and are as dangerous in their effects, as they are calculated to inspire no small degree of wonder. Malte Brun thus describes them:—"Underneath a dense cloud, the sea becomes agitated with violent commotions, the waves dart rapidly towards the centre of the agitated mass of water, on arriving at which they are dispersed into aqueous vapours, and rise whirling round in a spiral direction towards the cloud. This conical ascending column is met by another descending column, which leans towards the water, and joins with it. In many cases, the marine column is from fifty to eighty toises (fathoms) in diameter near its base. Both columns, however, diminish towards the middle, where they unite; so that here they do not extend more than three or four feet in diameter. The entire column presents itself in the shape of a hollow cylinder, or tube of glass, empty within. It glides over the sea without any wind being felt; indeed, several have been seen at once following different directions. When the cloud and the marine base of the waterspout move with unequal velocities, the lower cone is often seen to incline sideways, or even to bend, and finally to burst in pieces. A noise is then heard, like the noise of a cataract falling in a deep valley: lightning frequently issues from the very bosom of the waterspout, particularly when it breaks; but no thunder is ever heard."

Sailors, to prevent the imminent danger which their vessels would be exposed to by coming in contact with these tremendous columns, discharge upon them a cannon ball, which, passing through them, causes them invariably to burst, and consequently removes all chances of injury connected with them. This phenomenon is accounted for in the following manner:—Two winds meet—a vortex ensues: any cloud which happens to lie between them is condensed into a conical form, and turned round with great velocity: this whirling motion drives from the centre of the cloud all the particles contained in it; a vacuum is thereby produced, and water, or any other body lying beneath this vacuum, is carried into it upon the usual and well-known principle. The cannon ball, breaking this cylinder, which is always partly hollow, causes it to fall to pieces, in the same manner as a touch upon the surface of a soap-bubble reduces the resplendent mass to a drop of common water.

THE FIRST THEFT,

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

[MY DEAR LITTLE GIRLS—I have often given columns for the boys upon various entertaining subjects, which I daresay you have sometimes read with as much pleasure as if they had been specially devoted to your perusal; and I am now going to tell a nice little story addressed particularly to yourselves, although no one can be the worse for reading it. It is taken from a neat small volume, just published in Edinburgh, called the "Infant Annual," which contains many such pleasing stories for girls, and which, if you behave yourselves properly, some one may perhaps buy and give to you as a Christmas present. The story is intended to show the great danger of committing even the smallest theft, and is calculated to make an impression on all young people for their good.]

Emily Ascott was about ten years old, her mamma was in very bad health, and had for many months been wholly confined to her bed. She had no family but Emily and a little boy about four years old. Emily was a very good little girl; up to the time I am going to tell you of, she had been the greatest comfort to her parents; she was very attentive to her lessons—tried as much as possible to avoid giving trouble, and to be as useful to her mamma in every way as she could. Every morning she made breakfast for her papa, sat at the head of the table, and poured out his tea for him; and when his breakfast was over, she put away the sugar, the marmalade, and all the things that had been used, locked the tea-caddy and the side-board, and took the bunch of keys into her mamma's room before she went out to school at ten o'clock.

Emily was passionately fond of sweet things. Now, it cannot well be called a fault for a little boy or girl to be fond of sweets; but I have often thought it was a great misfortune, both to mind and body, for, if it is not early and judiciously restrained, it leads to many disgusting and disgraceful faults, both in childhood and manhood. A greedy, self-indulging child will most surely be a greedy, self-indulging man or woman. The greed of sugar-plums and tarts no doubt goes off with childhood, but the greed remains behind, only directed to other objects—more important, more culpable.

For a long while after Emily was entrusted with her mamma's keys, she continued most strictly honest and faithful, though often sorely tempted, when she was taking out jelly or marmalade for breakfast and tea, to taste a little of it herself. One morning she was taking out

sugar from the canister into the bowl, and a piece fell; Emily sought on the floor, but could not find it; but after she had taken the keys to her mamma's room, she observed the bit of sugar lying under a chair; she picked it up; it was a nice large piece, she thought; "I'm sure it's not worth while to go for the keys to put back this one bit of sugar—I think I'll just eat it." She did so, and thought it was excellent; but even while she was crunching it in her mouth, the thought rose up in her mind—"I wonder if it was dishonest of me to eat this?" and she endeavoured to persuade herself that the sugar having fallen, made it not dishonest in her to take it. Next morning she purposely let fall another piece, and did not look for it, and then in the same way she picked it up afterwards and ate it; she found it very difficult to persuade herself that this was not dishonest, so she tried not to think of it at all.

Once or twice her little brother came toddling into the room when she was sleeping, and she trembled from head to foot lest he should notice what she was about. Once it occurred to her—"Oh, how wrong what I am doing must be, since I dread even a little infant seeing me."

Thus, my little readers, did unfortunate Emily begin, and I beg you will observe that the great misfortunes which she came to endure never would have happened but for this trifling, as some would call it; but nothing, however small, is a trifle that begins a sin.

She very soon gave up the ceremony of letting the bits of sugar fall—instead of that, they were thrust into her pocket, not one at a time, but at last in whole handfuls. At length, one morning, when she was at this work, and had pushed more pieces into her pocket than she had ever done before, she felt herself suddenly caught hold of by the arm, and rudely whirled round. Emily grew blind with terror lest it was her papa; and it was some relief to her to find it was only Sally the housemaid. This was a servant against whom her mamma had frequently warned her, and desired her on no account to have any familiarity or communication with, because she had not a good opinion of her. "Oh ho, Miss," cried Sally, in an impertinent tone, "so I've caught you; that's the way you go on, is it, when your mamma gives you the keys, instead of giving them to me, as she ought to do! I'm very glad I've found you out, however. I'll soon let your mamma know what a fine steward she has chosen for her keys—ha, ha, ha!" Emily felt her heart burn with indignation at this insulting language from a servant; but what could she do? She was degraded by her own conduct, and dared not resent it. So far from that indeed, that, in the most humble and pitiful manner, she besought the insolent Sally not to inform her mamma of what she had seen; but Sally was too cunning to yield to her entreaties without making her pay dearly for it; so she pretended to be quite immovable. Driven to desperation, the weeping Emily threw herself on her knees before her—"Oh, Sally, dear Sally, don't tell upon me, and I'll give you every thing I have in the world; I'll give you my four half-crowns, Sally; I'll give you my four half-crowns."

"What do I care for your half-crowns, forsooth!" said the wicked woman; "it's not a dirty four half-crowns that'll make me let you go, I can tell you, Miss thief."

"Oh Sally, Sally, tell me what will you have? and, if I can, I will give it you," cried the miserable child.

"Well, well," said Sally with a sneer, "rise up and dry your eyes, and in the first place let's see the half-crowns."

Away Emily ran and brought her treasured half-crowns, her birth-day present from her father! How proudly had they been received, how proudly kept; and now, how were they going? To buy the concealment of her guilt? Was the poor pleasure of eating bits of sugar or spoonfuls of jelly, or eating any thing, worth such a sacrifice?

Sally deliberately put the four half-crowns in her pocket, and then said, "now, you must give me some tea."

"Tea!" repeated the trembling Emily, "I have no tea."

"Hav'n't you the keys, you blockhead," said Sally, with a loud laugh; "hav'n't you the keys of the tea-box?"

"But, Sally, that is mamma's tea; I dare not take it to give to you."

"Oh ho," retorted Sally, "you've grown honest all of a sudden, have you, Miss? Very well, good bye t'ye; I'll go and tell your mamma this very moment what I found you doing." And she walked towards the door. Emily flew after her screaming,

"Oh, don't, don't tell mamma—Sally, I implore you do not."

"Will you be a rational good girl, then, and give me some tea? What do you make such a fuss about? it's no more than your mamma would do if she were up. She often gave me tea—ay, as much as a pound at a time—in a present."

"Did she, Sally?" said Emily, feeling that it was a lie the woman was telling, yet eager to believe any thing that made her own conduct appear less culpable. "Did she really?" repeated she.

"To be sure she did," said the wicked Sally, with the greatest effrontery: "Come, come," she added, "just give me the key and I'll take it, and then it will not be your doing, you know."

Emily's hand shook, and her conscience bitterly condemned her when she allowed Sally to take the keys with which her good kind mamma had entrusted her, and help herself to a quantity of tea, and sugar also. She did not dare to go to her mamma's bedside to bid her good bye, as usual. She laid down the keys on her table, and slunk out of the room. All day at school she was more utterly wretched than I can describe; and many, many were the repentant resolutions she formed, never never, while she breathed, to be guilty of even the smallest theft. Her thoughts were not upon her lessons, so that all went wrong, and every one of her masters was angry with her.

She had medals both in the French and grammar classes, and had kept them for more than a week, but

that day she lost them both. She came home miserable, dejected, and humiliated. At the door she was met by Sally—she started back with horror and disgust from her—but Sally was all smiles, and whispering to her she said, "Look in the little press in your own room, and see what I have put there for you."

When Emily went to her room and looked into the cupboard, she found a very nice large apple tart. Now, Emily's mamma had most strictly forbidden her ever to accept of sweet things, or eatables of any sort, from the servants. This order she had hitherto strictly obeyed; but, alas! when we commit one fault, who can tell where we shall end? Had she thought but for one moment, she would have seen that to accept of presents of this sort from Sally, was to put herself more and more in that wicked woman's power, and must make it more and more impossible for herself to keep the good resolutions she had formed of never again being dishonest.

'Too late did she find that this was true, for no sooner had she gone into the parlour next morning to get ready for her papa's breakfast, than Sally followed her, and shutting the door, told her that she must have some coffee, and a glass or two of brandy for a sick cousin. Emily was quite unprepared for this renewal of Sally's demands—for, like a poor inexperienced child, as she was, she had supposed that the four half-crowns and the tea and sugar of the day before had for ever satisfied and silenced her. Poor little girl! she burst into tears, and begged and implored she would not oblige her to steal any more. Sally only tossed her head, and said, "Oh, very well, Miss; since that's the way of it, I'll just up to your mamma, and tell her what you have done already. There was no word of all this mighty honesty when you were eating the tart I made with the sugar you gave me yesterday. I put every grain of it into that tart—but to be sure I don't need to care about it. You may just do as you please."

"Oh," thought Emily, "that I had never never been dishonest, and then I never could have been so miserable!"

She laid her face in her hands and sobbed. Sally left the room, and Emily heard her go up the stairs that led to her mamma's apartment; and unable to endure the agonising thought that she had gone to tell upon her, she flew up the stairs, and beckoning to her, she whispered she would give her what she wanted. Alas, alas, if instead of thus weakly yielding to the fear of her mamma's just displeasure for what was past, she had gone at once to her room, and throwing herself into that dear mother's arms, confessed all to her—oh, how very different would the evil have been! No doubt, a papa or a mamma's displeasure is very sad to bear. The fear of losing their good opinion is a dreadful thing; but, my dear little readers, try—oh try—always to remember how much better and easier confession is when you are at the beginning of your faults, than it can ever be again; and that a sincere confession will always bring half forgiveness with it. So well does every good parent know the value of a habit of sincerity in their children, that a great fault confessed will always be more readily forgiven than a small one concealed.

Thus it went on, however, for Emily had no one to advise or direct her, and from day to day Sally increased her demands—always taking care at the same time to pamper the poor child's appetite for sweets, and Emily always eating what was offered her, though her conscience all the while upbraided her. At length one morning Sally told her she must leave the keys with her, instead of putting them into her mamma's room before she went to school.

"Oh, Sally," cried Emily, "how can I do that? You know mamma would notice if I did not lay them down on the table as usual."

"Oh pho, no fear; you know your mamma's curtains are always shut; so all you have to do is just to jingle the keys on the table as if you were laying them down, and then fetch them away in your hand. I'm not going to do any harm with the keys; it's only in case any thing is wanted when you're out; it is so strange to say I never have the keys; I always had the whole keys, I can tell you, in my last place."

"I cannot do it, Sally; indeed, indeed, I cannot," said Emily imploringly.

"Well, well, just as you please. I have a fine large pot of sweetmeats I got in a present, and I meant to give it to you; but if so be you won't do that much for me, I'll keep them to myself."

"What sort of sweetmeats, Sally?"

"Fine West India sweetmeats, to be sure."

"And how big is the pot?" said Emily, looking wistfully.

"As big as that," said Sally, holding up her two hands. "Oh dear me, I would like to taste them! Are they very nice, Sally?"

"Nice! You never tasted any thing so nice all your life. Nice indeed! And I meant to have given you the whole pot just to yourself; but I won't do it now, since you won't do what I'm sure is no favour to me; for what's the use of the keys to me? but only for your mamma's credit I wished to have them, because all other people's servants just quite laugh at her for her scrupulousness, when they see that I have not the keys to keep." The sound of Mr Ascott's footsteps approaching the parlour put an end to Miss Sally's oration, and set her off like shot at another door.

I said at the beginning of my story that greed of sweets, or greed of any thing, was a great misfortune; so it proved to Emily. All day the thought of this pot of West India sweetmeats pictured it to her imagination so large and so large, and so good and so sweet, and so delightful! And must she lose it, only for not leaving the keys with Sally, who said she wanted nothing with them—no harm would be done to mamma by leaving them, surely? Conscience cried out, "Sally wants the keys that she may steal your papa and mamma's property," but Emily tried not to hear the voice of this disagreeable friend, who always tells us when we are wrong.

Next morning Sally renewed her entreaties her, to ex-

ings, and her threatenings, for the keys; and Emily, how shall I tell it, Emily was so base as consent to deceive and cheat her dear good mamma, who was too sick to notice any thing, by jingling the keys on the table at the side of her bed-curtain, and then taking them away to the detestable woman who was thus leading her to ruin. Her hands trembled and her knees shook. At the door she would have turned back and laid them down again, but her enemy was there on the watch, and seizing hold of her, prevented the unfortunate child obeying this suggestion of the good Spirit.

She went away to school, dejected and miserable at what she had done. Instead of thinking with any pleasure on her dearly purchased pot of sweetmeats, she loathed the very thoughts of it. Again she got into disgrace at school, and she returned home wretched and discontented. Sally was waiting for her, as she said, to give her back the keys, and she did so with an assurance that not a place nor a press had she opened while Emily was away. This was some comfort to the miserable child, and she tried to forget that that made no difference in her criminal deceitfulness to her mother.

Time went on, and poor Emily was a very unhappy child. The loads of sweets with which the wicked Sally kept her supplied, and which she, poor infatuated little creature, always ate, kept her stomach constantly uneasy, and undermined her health. She lived in constant dread of detection. If any one came suddenly into the room, or she heard a hasty foot approach her, she would start and tremble, always thinking they came to say her tricks were found out.

Her papa and mamma were afflicted at the change on their once healthy and happy child. Mrs Ascott was still unable to leave her bed, and after a consultation, they resolved to ask Mr Ascott's sister Anne to come and take charge of the house and of Emily. She had formerly been very fond of her aunt Anne, and her papa and mamma were astonished to observe how little pleasure she seemed to feel when told that her good kind aunt was coming to visit them, but my little readers can guess why it was any thing but pleasant to Emily.

The very day after Miss Ascott came, Emily's papa asked some friends to dine with him. Mrs Ascott told Emily to give her aunt the keys, and show her the plate-chest, that she might give out some trays and other silver things which would be required. When Miss Ascott opened the chest, there were no silver trays there; little or nothing in it. "What is the reason of that? Is there any other place in which the plate is ever kept?" said she to Emily, who was standing by. "Not that I know of, aunt," said Emily, looking to John, the foot-boy, who was waiting for the things. "If you please me'am," said he, "I saw my mistress put all the silver, saying what we uses every day, in here, just two days afore she was taken ill; they were never out since as I knows of." "Nor me either," said Emily; "I never had the chest open, and I never saw them out."

"It is very extraordinary indeed," said Miss Ascott, "but we must look elsewhere;" so saying, she opened the sideboard, and from it she went to every other place where it was possible such things could be, but in vain; not an article of the sort could be found. Miss Ascott felt much alarmed; but, unwilling to disturb Mrs Ascott, she sent for her brother. While they waited on his coming, she said to Emily, "My dear child, are you sure that you were always careful of your mamma's keys when you had them? You never left them hanging in the locks when you went out?"

"Oh, no, never, I assure you, never," said Emily, red-dening excessively.

"Or entrusted them to any other person?" said Miss Ascott, looking very hard at her. Emily grew as pale as death, and seemed as if she would have fainted; for at this question of her aunt's the whole truth flashed upon her mind, that Sally had stolen the plate the day she was so base as leave her mother's keys in her possession! She hesitated and faltered—what should she do? Tell the truth? At the thought of all the disgrace to which that would expose her, the blood rushed back to her face and neck, and her knees knocked together. A few months before, how impossible it would have been for her to utter the enormous falsehood which she now told in the vain hope that it would hide her other sins! "No, no, I never gave them to any body."

As she uttered this lie, her father entered the room, and she took advantage of the earnest conversation that followed, between her aunt and him, to slip out of the room unperceived.

She ran, like a poor guilty thing as she was, up to her own room, and throwing herself upon her bed, she gave way to the most violent bursts of sobbing. It is impossible for any innocent child to conceive how very, very dreadful were her feelings. She now for the first time saw her guilt in its true colours—she was a thief and a liar—many many persons had been hanged for conduct less base than hers. Her father had been robbed, she heard him say as she left the dining-room, to the amount of £200; and all this had arisen from her detestable greed of eating sweetmeats.

As she lay upon her bed agonising with bitter repentance, she was much surprised to hear her papa, accompanied by a strange coarse man, going up the garret stairs.

Her papa and the man went straight to the door of the room where Sally was, and finding it was bolted inside, they knocked.

"Who is there?" said Sally, in a sharp voice.

"Open this door instantly," said Mr Ascott.

"Oh, dear me, sir, is it you?—I'm sure I'm very sorry, but I cannot open the door just yet—for—for—I'm dressing, I'm dressing, sir."

"Open the door instantly—or I'll order it to be broken up," said Mr Ascott.

After a considerable bustle within, the door was opened. She heard her papa say, as he entered the room, "You are, no doubt, aware that a great quantity of silver plate has disappeared. I have got a warrant, and a king's officer to search every part of the house—the trunks of your

fellow-servants have already been searched—you have, I suppose, no objection that yours should be the same?"

"I don't care a snuff where you search," said Sally, in an insolent tone.

"I'll thank you for your keys, mistress," said the officer.

"I've no keys to give you," answered Sally. "I'm none of your thieves that has any thing to hide under locks and keys—no, no, my places is all open, search where you please."

The officer sought all her boxes, and a chest of drawers that was in the room, but not a thing did he find. Sally, notwithstanding Mr Ascott's presence, could not restrain her insolent triumph at this; but when the officer next approached her bed, to search it, she became quite outrageous—saying, "It was a shame to be heard of, any man being so impertinent as to meddle with *her* bed."

The officer was, I suppose, accustomed to be talked to in this manner, for he paid not the least attention, but coolly lifted up the bed-clothes, and then rolled up the mattress, shook it, and felt it in every direction. Under this there was another mattress, but when he attempted to raise it, he found it was firmly nailed to the bedstead round and round.

"That mattress," said Sally, "never was up since I came to the house. I found it as you see it—so it's no use searching there, I can tell you."

"We'll see what it's made of, any how," said the man drily—and he pulled out of the lapel of his coat a long steel needle, like what upholsterers use; and pushing it forcibly into the mattress, it instantly struck against something that sounded like metal. He immediately began with his pen-knife to rip open the mattress. Mr Ascott turned round at this moment to take a look of Sally, and saw her just whisking out at the door—he darted after her, and dragging her back again, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"You had better have let me go—you had better, for your own sake, Mr Ascott," cried she, almost choked with rage and agitation. "I'll make you repent bringing me back—that I will."

Mr Ascott paid little attention to her threats—for now the officer had got the whole cover off the mattress, and there, nicely packed, lay, not only the silver trays, and other things, but a number of Mrs Ascott's finest damask tablecloths and napkins.

"How came these things here, can you tell me?" said Mr Ascott to Sally.

"Oh yes," replied she, with a grin of the most malignant defiance. "Since you are determined to know, I'll soon tell you: It was your own daughter Miss Emily that stole them, and gave them to me to keep for her, that she might dispose of them by degrees, as she needed the money."

"Hold your peace, detestable, lying wretch," said Mr Ascott, stamping his foot, "nor dare to utter such nefarious falsehoods of my child."

"Oh, you need not go into such a funk about it, and abuse me for a liar," said she, with the greatest audacity; "go to her room, and you'll find a dozen of empty pots of Indian sweetmeats she stole, as well as these things—and what's more, you will find the pawnbrokers' receipts for the silver things that are not here, and the necklaces and trash she bought with the money."

Alas! my little readers, you already know that Emily was a guilty child, though far from so wicked as Sally made her appear; but the sweetmeat pots were found in her room, her father recognised them as part of a large box of preserves sent to him from the West Indies some time before, and the convicted Emily could not deny she had secretly eaten the contents of them; the necklace, too, and the pawnbroker's receipts, were found in her drawers.

You will easily guess that it was Sally who had put the receipts into her drawers, to make her appear more guilty than she really was. But it is the peculiar misfortune of liars not to be believed, even when they speak the truth. It was in vain that Emily wept and screamed at the very mention of such a thing as her stealing the plate and the table-linen; it was evident that she *had* been a thief, she could no longer deny it—she had also been a liar—she had betrayed her mother's trust—and no one, no, not even her fond father, the father that had almost idolised her, would believe her, or could look at her but with disgust and abhorrence.

At length she made a full and complete confession to her father of all that had taken place; told how she first was tempted to become dishonest, and how she fell under the power of the detestable Sally; and from the cowardly fear of confessing a little fault to her mother, was led step by step into such great wickedness, and such great misery. As I have already told in the story of "The First Lie," it is quite impossible for a little child to conceive the dreadful wretchedness of a parent's feelings, when forced to see that the darling, whose peace and welfare is the dearest object they have on earth, has, in spite of all their cares, become wicked and miserable and disgraced.

Emily was not a hardened child, and she felt as if every tear her father shed over her disgrace was a drop of scalding lead upon her own heart.

Sally was taken to prison, and soon after was tried for her life. In the open court she had the audacity to persist in saying that Emily assisted her to steal the silver plate, and that the necklace and other toys were what she received as her share. It is not easy, however, for a person to persist in a falsehood in a court of law, amongst people accustomed to examine criminals, without contradicting themselves so much as to show that it is a falsehood. And this, added to the evidence of the other servants of the house, who had been observing more than Sally was aware of, made it evident that poor Emily was innocent of all knowledge of the use the wicked woman made of the keys. But only fancy to yourselves what you would feel to be exposed in a court of law, amongst such a crowd of strangers as Emily was! and obliged to hear it told over and over again, how she had thieved, told lies, and deceived her parents. If you can

form any idea of her agony, let it be a warning to you—never forget, and try to remember it, when you are tempted to commit your "First Theft," try to remember, that when you have once entered ever so little on the crooked path of dishonesty, it is utterly impossible to tell how far it may lead you, or in what miseries it may land you.

When Emily lay down that night on her sleepless bed, she thought her punishment was full—she little knew what was yet in store for her! Mr Ascott had tried to keep all that had happened a secret from Mrs Ascott, dreading the bad effect the agitation might have upon her health.

At last, however, it became impossible to conceal it, for she saw something was wrong, and insisted on being told what it was. He tried to make Emily's conduct appear as little disgraceful as possible; but when she learned even his account of it, and that Emily had been in a court of law, she could not stand it—she fainted again and again. A new attack of her disorder came on, and in a week after, Emily saw a band of sad mourners, with her almost distracted father at their head, move away from the door, bearing to the grave the blessed and the lovely mother she loved so fondly, whom she could have died to save, and yet whom her conscience told her she had murdered.

Years have passed since that sad day, and Emily still lives to mourn over it. It is by her own request I have written this her sad story for you, my little friends—and she bids me tell you, that there was one mistaken idea she had, which was in a great degree the cause of all her sins and sorrows. She thought that if it was only things of no great value she stole, that it was but a *little sin*. This is indeed a very mistaken idea. It is not said, "Thou shalt not steal any thing valuable," but simply, "Thou shalt not steal,"—and the *smallest* theft we can commit is as much a breaking of this law as could be the very *greatest*, particularly in children of your rank, who have not the excuse too many poor little criminals have, that they are driven to it by starvation, bad advice, and bad example.

CURLING.

CURLING is a game of great antiquity and popularity in the southern part of Scotland. It is a winter game, and, when the ground becomes covered with snow, and the brooks are frozen, usually supersedes all other out-of-door amusements. The game, in its principles, resembles that of golf. It is played by a party forming rival sides, each individual being possessed of a circular stone, of about nine inches in diameter, flat and smooth on the under side, and, on the upper, having a handle, fixed to the stone. Each player is likewise armed with a broom, to sweep the ice, in order to accelerate the progress of the stones; and his feet are ordinarily furnished with trampets, or crampets, which help to steady him in taking his aim. A large long open space of ice, called a *rink*, being cleared, and a mark or *tee* being made at each end to play to, the contest takes place, by each person hurling his stone towards the opposite end of the rink. A certain number being the game, the object of each side is, which will have the greatest number of stones nearest the tee; and all play from end to end alternately, till this is ascertained. To hurl these stones with precision, in this species of sport, is exceedingly difficult; much depending on the keenness of the frost, the tone of the ice, and the truth of the stone. Sometimes the very best and oldest players are baffled by beginners, simply by their curling-stones having taken a bias to one side or another; and frequently, after the best players have placed their stones in a cluster round the tee, one rapid shot from an antagonist will disperse the whole in all directions round. Occasionally, it also happens, that, in hurling, the stones come far short of the mark; but if they do not get beyond a line, called the *hogg score*, they are dragged aside, and are not counted. A more than usually extensive match is called a *bonspiel*.

Such is a meagre outline of the game of curling, which, all over the west and south of Scotland during the keen frosty days of winter, engages all classes of persons in its exciting sport. Parish contends against parish, county against county, club against club, in universal mirthful rivalry. So keenly is the game pursued, that, in many places where there are no natural brooks, artificial ponds are formed at the approach of winter, for the purpose of being frozen. At Edinburgh, where there are neither rivers nor ponds, the inhabitants resort for the amusement of curling, as well as skating, to the adjacent beautiful small lake at Duddingstone, lying at the south-eastern base of Arthur's Seat. Here a most animated scene is exhibited during the period that the waters of the lake are frozen. Numbers of rinks are cleared, at which may be seen playing together persons in almost every shade of society—professors of the university, clergymen, private gentlemen, merchants, tradesmen, and artisans—all meeting on a common level, and engaged in the same spirit-stirring pursuit; for in curling

there is no aristocracy of feeling, and so, for the time, a universal saturnalia prevails. The game of curling is eulogised by more than one Scottish poet, particularly by Grahame, who thus commences a description of the sport:—

"Now rival parishes, and shrievedoms, keep,
On upland lochs, the long-expected tryst,
To play their yearly bonspiel. Aged men,
Smit with the eagerness of youth, are there,
While love of conquest lights their beamless eyes,
New-nerves their arms, and makes them young once more."

In Mr M'Diarmid's "Sketches of Nature," we find the following spirited account of this delightful winter game:—

"The time is not distant when the game of curling was little known out of Scotland, or even within it, benorth the Forth. But the taste for this manly sport has increased greatly of late years; and in various parts of England, as well as of America, the broom and the channel-stone are put in requisition with the same regularity that winter comes round. In the course of last year, several hundred pairs of stones were exported to Canada; and it may be worthy or remark, that the best material for the manufacture of these is found at Ailsa Crag—one of the most remarkable rocks in the world—and particularly on the side of it facing Girvan. To fashion and balance the stones properly requires a very good workman, and the few that are known to excel in the art have great reason to be satisfied with their earnings.

In the whole range of rural sports, I know nothing more exhilarating than a *spiel* on the ice, where the players are numerous and well matched—the stakes a dinner of beef and greens—and the forfeit the honour of rival parishes. Whether we mingle with the eager throng, or perambulate the banks of the frozen lake, on the principle that 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' the scene abounds with points of interest, that might well afford scope for the pencil of a Wilkie, or the pen of a Scott. First, we have the icy arena itself, scooped at the bottom of some quiet vale, fringed with reeds, from which the wild duck rises whirring on the wing, and skirted with alders, whose beautifully feathered and fantastic tops seem even more engaging than when nursed into foliage by the beams of May. All around is blank and dreary—the snow-flake freezes as fast as it falls—the sun seems level with the horizon's verge—the hills make the spectator cold to look at them—and every thing, in one word, conspires to complete the picture of a winter's day. But the courage of men bent on the favourite amusement of curling is not easily damped by the inclemency of the elements; on the contrary, their spirits seem to mount as the thermometer falls, and nothing pleases them more than a feeding storm, and, along with that, the prospect of a long lease of 'their roaring play.' Arrived at the scene of action, all is bustle and animation, till the stones have been distributed, assorted, claimed—rinks measured, tramps fastened, tees fixed, and the order of battle completely arranged; and as these preliminaries are speedily settled, to it the parties set with all the anxiety of those who contend for a much higher prize. Lots, perhaps, are cast for the first shot, and the greatest novice invited to deliver the first stone; and should his arm lack the proper pith, that instant a dozen brooms are raised to help the laggard over the *hogg score*. A second, a third, a fourth succeeds, and so on, till the line stretches a tolerable length, though not by any means to the 'crack of doom'; and each man is warned by his respective friends to plant, if possible, an excellent guard—dislodge this stone and cover that—open up one port, and close another—play soft or strong, outside or inside, as the occasion may require—and steer as closely by the signal broom, as the mariner, when warned by similar devices, threads his watery way through sand-banks and shallows.

As the animating sport deepens, it is amusing to contrast the bustle that obtains in one little spot with the stillness that broods over the external world; while the hills above are silent and dark, the shining lake below is instinct with life, and resounds with sounds of mirth and glee, which, borne along on the elastic air, invade the solemn loneliness that reigns around, till echo itself takes up the tale, and repeats in broken fragments the curler's vocabulary. At length, as the more veteran players advance to decide by their skill the fate of the *side*, the interest becomes intense, and gives rise to so many calculations of what is to be done and what avoided, such bustling to and fro, as must appear a perfect mystery to the uninitiated. The last wary shot booms athwart the ice as if impelled by magic, and while every port, to an onlooker, seems closed, finds its way under the guidance of a powerful arm and steady eye, through passages rivaling the intricacy of the walls of Troy. Then follow the shout of victory and the murmur of defeat, till the contest is renewed under the mingled emotions of hope and fear—the vanquished trusting that the tables will be turned, and the conquerors confident they will remain the same. At this stage of the business, which may be aptly enough described as act the first of the curling drama, rations of bread and cheese are handed round—appliances which custom renders needful; and when the combatants, while flapping their benumbed hands, feel their stomachs warmed and their strength recruited, to work again they set with fresh vigour, the one party bent on recovering the ground they unfortunately lost, and the other determined to retain the laurels they have already won. In a trice the eager players are marshalled, and the broom put in requisition as before; again the stones boom away and away, meandering here, meeting there, and whirling from the collision like the urchin's top at school; again shot succeeds shot, and game follows game, until the conclusion of the *bonspiel*, or the approach of evening proclaims that it is time the sport

should surcease, and the combatants wend their way to the nearest *clachan*, to enjoy their favourite feast of beef and greens. And now the scene changes entirely, though, as the savoury viands load the board, all feel the effects of the keen mountain air, and make so good a use of their time while the opportunity serves, that the business of eating becomes nearly as noisy as the business of play; rounds of corn-beef, flaggons of home-brewed, disappear with a rapidity that is truly astonishing, and of which no adequate conception can be formed by persons whose appetites were never whetted by a day on the ice.

Previous to the discovery of Professor Leslie, there are few, I suspect, who would have credited the possibility of ice being generated in a common room, heated to the temperature of 65 deg., by means of an apparatus so simple and portable, that the spectator sees unfolded, step by step, the beautiful process of crystallization, from the first projection of a series of spikes (hardly more tangible than the tiny cable with which the moor spider moors his web to a tuft of heather), till the gradual consolidation of the watery surface. Who, within the last twelve months, could have supposed it possible that curling could be conducted on scientific principles, by economising not caloric but cold, or rather turning it to the best account. Yet the thing has been done, and the lovers of that ancient sport, by submitting to a very trifling expense, may in some measure render themselves independent of the elements. The merit of this discovery belongs to Mr John Carnie of Largs, who three years ago succeeded in forming a curling rink weeks before the ice would bear in any other quarter, within eighty yards of the sea-coast, and so near the smoke or his own kitchen, that he could tell, by casting his eyes in the proper direction, every time the cook mended the fire. A circumstance so novel was not only bruited abroad in Ayrshire, but even reached the town of Dumfries, and was shortly noticed in one of the journals of that town.

In forming an artificial curling rink, the first thing to be done is to select a suitable piece of ground, levelling and freeing it from grass and weeds; the bottom must then be lined with clay, to prevent any material absorption of water. A little lime mixed with the clay has the effect of killing and checking the mining operations of worms; and in the absence of lime, a small quantity of coal-tar spread on the surface will serve the very same purpose. The walls, so to speak, of the rink, and which need not be above five inches in height, are formed in the same manner as the bottom, with this exception, that the clay is sloped and covered with a thick layer of turf, to prevent the sides and ends from being broken. The rink originally formed by Mr Carnie is 44 yards long by 7 yards broad; but if he had the work to do over again, he would enlarge its dimensions to 60 yards by 11. The additional space would afford scope for two rinks, and the ice, however thin, is found so true and keen, that the player requires 'room and verge enough.' Little more than a hundred carts of clay completed the pond formed at Largs, and this was the principal item of expense. Now, in ordinary circumstances, a few neighbouring heritors or farmers, by sending their carts to the clay hole in the morning, might have a pond ready to curl on at night. Farm-servants in winter are often half idle, and the whole outlay in such a case would be a few bottles of whisky to the men. And the pond or rink once formed, nothing is more easy than to cover with water. To produce ice to the thickness, let us say, of a quarter of an inch, on such an area as is described above, about five hundred gallons of water will suffice; but where haste is required, the fourth part of the quantity will be found sufficient, and may be applied by two men in the course of an hour, who of course find it no great hardship to walk backward and forward, and sprinkle the surface with the roses of watering-pans. The water freezes as fast as it falls, and many coatings of ice will be formed before the men have completed their task, and within the time just specified. Where the water is deep, and the resistance slight, successive nights of frost must occur before the curler dare trust himself on the icy platform; but for this Mr Carnie has discovered a remedy. As the bottom of his pond is firm and hard, it becomes, as it were, a *table of ice*, and that too when the thermometer merely oscillates at the freezing point; and I can compare his operations to nothing more apt than a glider silversing a huge mirror or plate of glass. The thought was happy—the idea most ingenious; and in all probability, before many years elapse, rinks similar to the one at Largs will be formed in every district where curling is known. During many seasons we have no abiding frost; in others almost none at all; and even under the most favourable circumstances, a company of curlers must often ascend hills and traverse moors in search of a proper arena for their favourite sport. Thanks, therefore, to the man who has taught us to scoop a curling rink with the same certainty that we level a bowling green, and obviated all the accidents of drowning and drenching that sometimes occur on those lochs which are as deep in the middle, if not at the sides, as the hills around them are savage and high.

During the summer or autumn of the present year, Mr Carnie improved his curling rink greatly. After two years' experience, he found an objection arising from weeds and worms; and to obviate this, he employed workmen to stick a number of small stones into the clay; over these a roller was drawn repeatedly, and the mass, when thus consolidated, became nearly as firm and hard as a road thoroughly macadamised. Not contented with this, he spread a mixture of lime and sand over the clay to the depth of an inch and a half or more, levelling the surface with the roller as before; and if a barrel or two of Roman cement were superadded, or even used as a substitute for the sand, the inventor is of opinion that the pond would remain perfect for many years without requiring the slightest repair. But for ordinary purposes, a mass of well-levell'd clay, sprinkled with lime, with sides and ends a few inches high, is quite sufficient; and though it may suffer from worms and the vicissitudes of weather, a very little care will put every thing to rights on the recurrence of winter. To prevent the ice from being cut up with tramps, Mr Carnie places at the ends

of the rinks moveable pieces of sheet iron, frosted both below and above, and by means of this simple device the curler obtains an excellent rest for his feet, and stands not only firm, but *low*. Tramps elevate the player too much, and every body knows that the nearer the curler stands to the ice, he is the more likely to make his shot effectual. Independently of this, the tramps disfigure the ice by throwing up dirt, and are now dispensed with where curling is practised on the most approved principles."

WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

OHIO.

LEAVING Western Pennsylvania, with its hilly regions, its coal and iron mines, and its flourishing town of Pittsburgh, the next district which comes under the notice of the emigrant is that of Ohio. The length of this state is 210 miles, and its mean breadth 200, and altogether containing 25,000,000 of acres, with a population which in 1830 amounted to nearly 940,000. It is bounded on the north by the territory of Michigan, and Lake Erie (which separates it from Upper Canada); on the east by Pennsylvania; on the south-east by Virginia, from which it is separated by the Ohio river; on the south also by the Ohio river, which separates it from Virginia and Kentucky; and on the west it has Indiana.

There is probably nowhere in the world a body of land of the same extent of which a greater proportion is susceptible of cultivation. It may be considered a surface of table or high flat land sloping in one direction towards the Ohio, and in the other towards Lake Erie. The northern belt has great tracts of wet and marshy soil. They are, however, excellent, and in positions that render them easy to be drained. They are covered with forests, and, when cleared and drained, will not make the least valuable part of the state. There are extensive bodies of land heavily timbered, in a state of nature, which are as level as prairies. The most fertile part of the state is between the two Miamies. On the upper courses of these rivers, and on the Muskingum and Scioto rivers, are rich and extensive prairies, a great proportion of which is susceptible of cultivation. On the whole wide surface of the state there is scarcely any land so hilly, sterile, or marshy, as, with moderate labour, may not be subdued and cultivated. The whole region seems to have invited a hardy and numerous body of freeholders to select themselves moderate and nearly equal-sized farms, and to intersperse them over the surface. There are vast tracts of the country of an alluvial nature, and therefore of a rich quality. The soil generally is very productive. To be able to judge of the extent and power of vegetation, one must reside in the state through the summer, and observe with what luxuriance and rapidity the vegetable creation is pushed on; how rapidly the vines, grain, and fruits grow; and what a depth of verdure the forests assume. Indian corn is the staple of the grains, and is nowhere raised more easily or in greater abundance. On rich alluvial soils 110 bushels have been produced from an acre, though fifty may be considered an average crop. The state generally has a fine soil for wheat. Rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, and all the grains, are raised in great abundance and perfection. Melons, squashes, pumpkins, potatoes, and all kinds of kitchen vegetables, are raised in great perfection. Apples and most kinds of fruits, as peaches, cherries, gooseberries, and grapes, can be produced in abundance. From the fullness and richness of the clusters of cultivated grapes, it is clear that this ought to be a country of vineyards. The gardens are among the finest in America, but agricultural improvement still proceeds at a slow pace.

The Ohio state lies between the 38th and 41st degree of north latitude, and its climate corresponds to this genial situation, except where modified by local peculiarities. The climate along the immediate valley of the Ohio is more equable and temperate than in the middle and table lands of the state. The mean temperature generally is found to be 53° of the thermometer. The prevalent and warm winds are those that blow up the valley of the Mississippi. The northern breezes come charged with the cold of Canada and the lakes. In that part of the state that slopes to the south, the snow neither falls deep nor lies long, but in the district that slopes towards the lakes, there are deep and durable snows, and sleighing and sledding are practicable for a considerable length of time. It is a great inconvenience in this climate that the transitions from cold to heat, and heat to cold, are frequent and violent. Yet winter is oftentimes mild, and can scarcely be said to be more than a prolongation of autumn. The summers are usually hot, but the autumns are almost uniformly temperate, dry, and beautiful, and they cannot be exceeded for health and pleasantness. Nowhere in the world is the grand autumnal painting of the forests, in the decay of vegetation, seen in more beauty than in the beech forests of Ohio. The richness of the fading colours, and the effects of the mingling hues, baffle all description. A great farming

community, like that of Ohio, could scarcely desire a better climate for themselves, their cattle, and stock of all kinds, or one in which a man can work abroad with comfort a greater number of days in the year.

This state derives its name from the noble and beautiful river Ohio, which bounds it on its eastern confines. In a former article, we mentioned that the Ohio river was formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela at Pittsburg. The Alleghany, which rises in the state of Pennsylvania, is the most important tributary of the Ohio. It has a swift sweeping current, and often a rocky bottom, and is considered to be dangerous in its navigation. Monongahela rises in Virginia, and flows in a north-west direction to Pittsburg, where it is more than four hundred yards wide. It traverses a rich and well-settled country, noted for its whisky, flour, iron, and manufactures. The banks are often bold and high bluffs, and in some places the country is hilly. In good stages of the water, it is navigable by large boats a hundred miles from its mouth. There are few more rural, picturesque, and delightful tracts of country in the United States, than that on this river. The Ohio, at the union of these streams, is above six hundred yards wide, or about a third wider than the Thames at its broadest part in London. From its commencement, the Ohio affords most delightful prospects, and, at the distance of every few miles, rivers of a romantic and beautiful character flow into it as lateral canals. The lands on its margin are of extraordinary fertility, generally high and dry, and for the most part healthy, while the configuration of the country around has all that grandeur, softness, or variety, in such combinations as to destroy a monotonous effect. For thirty miles below Pittsburg, its course is north-west. It then slowly turns to the west-south-west, and pursues that general direction five hundred miles—thence south-west a hundred and seventy miles—thence westward two hundred and eighty miles—thence south-west a hundred and seventy miles, through a low and swampy country, to its junction with the Mississippi. Between Pittsburg and its mouth it is diversified with a hundred considerable islands, some of which are of exquisite beauty, and afford most lovely situations for retired farms. With respect to the rapidity of the current of the Ohio, it is found, according to the different stages of the water, to vary between one and three miles an hour. In the lowest stages of the water, in autumn, a floating substance would probably not advance a mile in the hour. The river is liable to extreme elevations and depressions. The average range between high and low water is fifty feet. Its lowest stage is in September, and its highest in March. But it is subject to sudden and very considerable rises through the year, and has been known to rise twelve feet in a night. When these sudden elevations take place, at the breaking up of the ice a scene of desolation sometimes occurs, and boats and every thing in its course are carried away by the accumulated power of the ice and water. The smallness of the declivity of this river is remarkable. At Cincinnati, a town on its banks, immediately to be noticed, the surface of the river at low water is supposed to be no more than a hundred and thirty feet below the level of Lake Erie, and four hundred and thirty above that of the tide water of the Atlantic.

Some of the other rivers in the state of Ohio are considerable. The following are the most important: the Muskingum, Great Kauhawa, Scioto, Great Miami, Kentucky, Wabash, Cumberland, and Tennessee, all of which are navigable in moderate or high stages of their waters, for considerable distances. The Little Miami, another stream in the state, is not of much importance for navigation; but from the fertility of the lands on its borders, and its numerous mill-seats, it is a river of great utility. There are nearly fifty mills upon it; some of them mills for the manufacture of paper. The country between the Great and Little Miami is generally finely watered, healthy, pleasant, and fertile, and may be considered the garden of the state. The Ohio is the general recipient of these important rivers, and points on their banks may be reached by the steam and other boats departing from Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

The state of Ohio, more populous than the others in the west, has taken precedence of all the rest in manufactures. Cotton yarn, cloth, and woollen goods, are already manufactured to a considerable extent; Cincinnati being the principal seat of this spirit of industry, but Steubenville, Zanesville, Chillicothe, Dayton, and many other rising and promising towns commencing in a similar career of prosperity. Wheeling, a flourishing town, within the limits of Virginia state, is situated on the left bank of the Ohio below Steubenville. Cincinnati, which the emigrant will most likely find occasion to visit, for the furtherance of his views either as to agriculture or trade, is situated on the north shore of the Ohio, in the south-west angle of the state, of which it is the chief town. Its position is a beautiful vale of twelve miles in circumference, created by an elliptical sweep of the Ohio hills. Those of them that have not been laid bare by the axe are beautifully wooded to their summits; and, by the swell and indentation of their waving outline, present the most graceful and charming forms. From the summit of any of these hills, the town spreads a panoramic map of exquisite painting. The eye traces every street, with its smokes, fixtures, and

moving life, from which all the roughness of inception, softened by distance, disappears. The noble establishments, the handsome mansions, the extending masses of buildings, the numerous manufactures propelling their columns of black smoke aloft, the boat-yards, the bustling inhabitants with the hundred teams and drays, the Ohio wending along the southern limit, and itself enlivened by passing crafts and stately steam-boats rounding to the shore, or departing from it, the villages of Newport and Covington with their showy houses and manufactures on the Kentucky bank of the Ohio, taken together, offer such a picture of beauty, wealth, progress, and fresh advance, as few landscapes in any country can surpass.

A more eligible position for a town can scarcely be imagined. The chief area consists of two parallel plains, the one elevated sixty feet above the other, and descending to it by a gentle and graduated slope, affording admirable facilities for washing the town by every considerable rain, and sloping it to the eye in the graceful form of an amphitheatre, and at the same time furnishing it with every pleasing variety of sites for building. Seven of the streets are sixty-six feet wide, and 396 apart, intersected by streets of the same width and distance at right angles. One entire square, and the fraction of another, are reserved in central parts of the city for public buildings. The city buildings cover an irregular area nearest the form of a parallelogram. The central parts are compactly built with houses and stores, that would ornament any town.

There are many excellent stores on Fort and Main Streets, and the eye is arrested by many beautiful private habitations. Architectural taste is daily becoming more enlightened and agreeable. The dull red of the brick walls is giving way to more pleasing shades between white and green; and a beautiful stucco, imitating marble and granite, is getting into fashion. The number of substantial buildings added annually to the city for three years past, averages 450. Cincinnati has already become a great manufacturing town, and is constantly becoming more so. Our limits preclude details; but all the substantial manufactures known in America are carried on to a greater or less extent. The manufactures in iron are very great, particularly in the article of heavy castings, and all sorts of machinery driven by steam. Of such establishments there are nine or ten, and some of them on a great scale. The next most extensive article is cabinet-work. Steam-boat building, and the making of hats, are also pursued to a great extent. It is believed that the city contains at least forty different manufacturing establishments driven by steam power. Being the importing and exporting depot for more than a million of inhabitants, this city transacts an immense business, particularly in the retailing and manufacturing line. The imports, in which dry goods are the principal item, exceed five millions of dollars. The amount of exports, consisting of the various articles of produce, of which pork is the chief, and of manufactures, of which iron articles and cabinet-furniture are the chief, probably exceed the imports. No town of its size in the United States produces a more respectable show of all the different classes of mechanics, arranged under their respective standards, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence. One hundred and eleven steam-boats have been built here, at the rate of about fifteen every year for the last three years. The city revenue of 1831 amounted to 35,231 dollars, and the expenditure 33,858.

In Cincinnati there are two banks, a savings bank, several native insurance companies, many associations of different kinds, and a great number of excellent schools. The town publishes three daily, two twice a-week, and six weekly newspapers, of which four are religious. There are also various of the larger description of periodicals. Although first established in 1789, this town did not properly commence till 1808, since which period its increase has been regular and rapid; in 1813, it had a population of only 4000; and at present it numbers about 30,000 inhabitants, composed of emigrants from most parts of the Union, and from European countries, especially Great Britain. By the course of the river, Cincinnati is situated 455 miles from Pittsburg, and 405 from the Mississippi. From New Orleans it is 860 miles, from St Louis on the Mississippi 350 miles, and from New York, by way of the Erie and New York canal (the route by which emigrants from this country ought to proceed) 850 miles.

The state of Ohio has a number of other towns rising into importance, either from their situation, or trading and manufacturing capabilities. Columbus is the capital of the state, and stands at very nearly the centre of it, on the east bank of the Scioto river. Steubenville, on the west bank of the Ohio, thirty-eight miles north-west from Pittsburg, is yearly increasing. It is surrounded by a rich and populous country, and contains three churches, an academy, a woollen factory, a steam paper-mill, a flour-mill, and cotton-factory; besides two printing offices, two banks, twenty-seven mercantile stores, sixteen public inns, and various useful establishments. It now contains about 3000 inhabitants. Zanesville, situated on the east bank of the Muskingum, also possesses various manufacturing establishments. Chillicothe, on the Scioto, is another neat town of a similar character.

Marietta, Lancaster, Gallipolis, Portsmouth, Circleville, Dayton, Lebanon, and Sandusky, on Lake Erie, with many other towns of lesser note, are likewise gradually and steadily advancing in size and prosperity. The banks of the Ohio, says our authority, are destined shortly to become a continued village.

The state is now greatly improved by its system of canals. The grand canal, connecting Lake Erie and the Ohio, passes nearly through the centre of the state, from Cleveland on the lake, to Portsmouth on the Ohio, a distance of 306 miles. Many lateral canals are also constructed, and others are in progress. The wonderful work of uniting the Canadian lakes with the Ohio, and consequently the Mississippi, and Gulf of Mexico, has imparted a new aspect to the country through which it passes, and has in many places quadrupled the land in value. In whatever aspect we contemplate the extensive state of Ohio, the mind is affected with surprise and pleasure. The history of colonies affords no similar example of a settlement of equal numbers, improvement, and prosperity, so rapidly springing from a solid forest wilderness, with no adventitious aid, no forcing or patronage; nothing except the fertility of the land, the freedom of the institutions, and the enterprising character of the American people.*

ALGIERS.

ALGIERS, a Mahomedan country on the north of Africa, was long notorious as a piratical state. For almost two hundred years, its government afforded the shelter of its port and flag to the robbers of all nations who chose to make that the depositary of their plunder. It was repeatedly chastised, its fleets destroyed, and its town burnt to the ground, by the European nations who smarted under the annoyance of its petty system of sea-robbery; yet the government recurred always to its former practices, and gave encouragement to every adventurer or renegade who could bring capital sufficient to fit out a new pirate ship, and was able to find a crew of desperadoes to man her. This system was begun in the early part of the sixteenth century, when Algiers, being threatened with subjugation by Spain, was forced to call to her assistance a famous pirate of those days, called Barbarossa. This man defeated the Spaniards, but soon afterwards murdered the prince who had invited his aid, and occupied the throne of Algiers in his place. He extended his dominions in Africa, and made the flag of Algiers an ensign of war and piracy against all Christian nations. His brother Hayraddin, who succeeded him, fortified the town in a strong manner, in which work he employed 30,000 Christian slaves.

The loss caused to the trade of the Mediterranean by these pirates was so great, that Charles the Fifth fitted out an expedition of 30,000 men, with 140 ships, against them (1541). The whole armament was, however, destroyed or broken up by a storm almost immediately on landing, and the Algerines escaped without harm. The next attempt to put them down was by the French in 1617, who sent Admiral Beaulieu with a fleet of fifty sail against the place: he was able, however, to effect nothing decisive. The same result happened to the English under Admiral Mansel, in 1620. The Venetian commander Capello, and the French under Du Quesne (1682), gave them severe lessons, and almost annihilated their marine, but were not able to prevent their resuming their depredations as soon as they could again collect arms and ships. In later times the expedition of Lord Exmouth, who reduced the town and its fleets to ashes, must be fresh in every one's recollection. Still they were not to be tamed; in truth, the place subsisted only by plunder, and had no prospect of trade or profits without it; it was, moreover, a convenient resort for unprincipled men from all quarters, who wished to carry on the practice of piracy. When one swarm of vermin was destroyed, another immediately occupied a place so well fitted for their purposes, and where they were received with open arms by the authorities.

These circumstances at last determined the powers of Europe to adopt a new course, which it was left to France to put in operation. This power fitted out an armament in 1829, not only to chastise the Algerine government, but to take permanent possession of the country and of the port, which had so long been a den of robbers. This expedition consisted of 37,639 men, with the requisite cavalry and artillery. The number of vessels altogether was 644. The commander, Marshal Bourmont, conducted his system of attack with great prudence, and gave France possession of Algiers with very slight loss. The captive dey, or sovereign, was sent to Europe, where he lives on an allowance as a private individual, in some part of Italy—(it is said he is now going to Alexandria). The expenses of this expedition were amply repaid to France by the public treasures of gold and silver which were found (amounting to about two millions of pounds sterling); besides 1,300,000 of stores. She was left mistress of the finest district of Northern Africa, and had besides the satisfaction of breaking up thoroughly a nest of pirates, who had kept the Mediterranean seas under contribution for nearly two centuries.

The country which France has thus occupied is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, and on the south by a range of elevated ground, called the mountains of Atlas; it has the state of Tunis on the east.

* Collected and arranged from the works of Timothy Flint.

and the empire of Morocco on the west, and is about 675 miles long by 150 broad; the arable ground which it contains is reckoned at 6300 square leagues. There are a number of small rivers, which take their rise in the mountains to the south, and water the whole breadth of the country in their way to the sea, so that there is every facility for increasing the productiveness of the land by irrigation. The soil is naturally fertile, and yields many of the fruits and other productions of the West Indies, besides several which cannot be cultivated there. The carob-tree,* the date-tree, and the olive, are natural to the soil; the vine thrives on the hills, and decorates the plantations of the flat country, its trunk growing frequently to the size of the pear-tree; lemons, oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, are found in superabundance, and of the finest flavour. The Barbary indigo plant, the Suleiman sugar-cane, the nessler or white rose, the flowers of which produce the famous otto of roses, in quantity double those of Europe; these are all of a quality peculiar to the country, and might greatly increase its commercial riches. The grains most commonly cultivated are wheat and barley; oats do not thrive, but maize, doura, rice, and peas, produce excellent crops. The sea-shores abound in superior qualities of coral, which, with ordinary skill and industry, might be converted into a mine of wealth. The chief riches of the tribes who live in the interior of the country consist in flocks and herds; and every province being full of pastures of the most extensive description, they possess all kinds of domestic animals; horses, oxen, camels, mules, cattle, goats, &c. The apes are particularly large, docile, and beautiful; the Barbary horse is little inferior to the Arabian; horned cattle, however, are small in size, and the cow yields no milk when her calf is removed. Algiers and Morocco are the native countries of the famous Merino sheep, besides which, they have another breed like that of the Cape of Good Hope, with large tails, composed entirely of fat.

Such are the natural capabilities of this region, but the riches of a country depend more on the industry of the people, and the good qualities of the government, than on the bounties of nature; and accordingly we find that Algiers, with all her blessings of soil and climate, has a population as poor and wild as any on the surface of the globe. There was not in the whole country, when the French occupied it, a road practicable for any kind of cart or carriage, and only mere paths for horses or beasts of burden. A fourth part of the population are without settled places of abode; the implements of labour in use among those who cultivate the fields are ill-contrived, unfit for their purposes, and worth nothing; every thing is to be done by main strength, without aid from tools or machinery. The wages of a working man are about twopence farthing per day, and his miserable hut, food, clothing, and working-tools, are such as he can procure from that pittance.

When the French first obtained possession of the country, their design was to convert it into a colonial settlement, and to introduce French cultivators with habits of European industry, and more efficient modes of labour. They accordingly brought over a number of settlers both from France and from Rhenish Bavaria, established a *ferme modèle*, or pattern farm, and gave every encouragement to colonists who had either skill or a little capital. It was soon found, however, that there were difficulties in the way of carrying this plan into effect, which had not been anticipated. In the first place, the French had calculated on taking possession of all the lands held by the Mahomedan religious establishments, and which were considered as public property, but it was soon found that the greater part of these were only nominally in possession of the church (if the *mosque* may be so called), having been merely conveyed in a certain form to the priests, in order to remain under their protection for the use of the actual owner or his heirs, in case of any attempt at confiscation by the government. The priests were in fact only trustees for others. This narrowed greatly the choice of lands which it was intended to bestow on the new colonists. In the next place, the settlers themselves, being generally poor people, were without means of procuring effectual shelter from the heat or dews, and accordingly numbers of them fell victims to the change of climate. Their manner of living was, besides, much more expensive, and required much higher wages to maintain them in health, and in working condition, than that of the natives of the country. There was an additional reason, we believe, which must always prevent French colonies of this kind from being successful, that France has neither capital nor skill to throw away on such enterprises. All the people who have either stock for carrying on business, or skill for any useful trade, are wanted at home by the necessities of their own country, and have no temptation to emigrate.

These causes, and perhaps others, have now determined the French to give up their original idea of colonising the country, and of introducing European modes of agriculture. Their *pattern farm*, with its *offices*, has been abandoned, and the colonists have been sent home to France. The object now is, by

establishing a regular and steady form of government, to give confidence and alacrity to the industry of the natives themselves, and to lead them to improvement, by the prospect of securely enjoying the fruits of their own labour. Roads are in progress for this purpose between some of the principal towns, and every means are taken to prevent the incursions of those demi-savage and hostile tribes who have been accustomed to harass the country from their fastnesses in the mountains.

The people who are thus to be managed, consist of several distinct races. The most numerous are those called the Moors, and who, though altogether a mixed race, are the oldest tribe of civilised inhabitants: they are the farmers, labourers, tradesmen, and even merchants of the country. The next are the independent, or unsettled Arabs, who have great numbers of flocks and herds, and remain within certain recognised districts, but are chiefly without fixed dwellings. Some of these people have maintained a kind of war against the French ever since the conquest of their country, and it is only of late that they have been dislodged from Bougeia, a stronghold which had long been occupied by them on the coast. The next tribe is Kabylies, or inhabitants of Mount Atlas, who are far removed from the sea-coast, and are a rude, though hardly savage race of mountaineers; they are cultivators, and have fixed dwellings, sometimes even pretty large villages, among the hills. They have hitherto been extremely inimical to the French, and given them much annoyance. This hostility is instigated by some partisans of the former government, and is the more to be lamented, that the French are anxious to conciliate them, considering them as one of the oldest and most original races of Northern Africa: they are in truth the descendants of the ancient Numidians. Their language is spoken with slight variation through an immense extent of alpine country, almost from Cape Nun to the Oasis of Siwah; and several missionaries have already put themselves in the way of acquiring it, in order, by that means, to introduce religious knowledge, and the germs of regular industry, among a people hitherto neglected. A few of them near the coast profess the Mahomedan faith, but in their remote villages, among the mountains, the only religion is paganism.

Besides these, which are the most numerous races, there are Jews, Turks, and Kolouglis. The Turks and Kolouglis are chiefly people connected with the old system of government. The Jews, who have here seventeen synagogues, are petty dealers, brokers, money-changers, and merchants, as they are found in all parts of the world.

The following enumeration of the different tribes is given on the faith of the French "*Journal des Sciences Militaires*":—

Moors and settled Arabs	-	1,200,000
Independent Arabs	-	400,000
Kabylies or Berbers	-	200,000
Jews	-	30,000
Turks and Christian renegades	-	20,000
Kolouglis, or descendants of Turks	-	20,000
		1,870,000
European population, June 1832—		
French settlers, merchants, &c.	-	1,927
English subjects (chiefly Maltese)	-	421
Spaniards	-	1,052
Sardinians, Germans, Italians	-	621
		1,874,021

The same amount of population is stated by M. Gravery de Hensro, the Swedish consul; but the numbers of the several classes are with him very different: the reason of which no doubt is, that the distinctions betwixt the classes are not very obvious, and in some cases cannot be at all recognised. He reckons, however, 70,000 negroes, whom it is rather surprising not to find in the French account.

The agriculture of the country, though all its implements are of the most miserable kind, is conducted on very good principles; which is not surprising, when we consider that it was the Moors, the inhabitants of this very country, who introduced all those agricultural improvements into Spain, which long made Andalusia the richest and best cultivated district of that now mismanaged country. The irrigation of land is well understood, and the works in different parts of the states of Algiers for that purpose are worthy of imitation. Yet the small extent to which cultivation is carried, from the defects of the former government, the want of roads for carrying grain to market, &c. renders it necessary to import both corn for the people, and even hay for the use of the French cavalry.

There can hardly be said to be such a thing as foreign commerce. The exports in 1831 consisted only of old metal, chiefly copper and iron; a little olive oil; with a trifling quantity of leather, wool, and wax. The coral fishery furnishes a slight addition to the exports.

The French are doing something to introduce a taste for mental culture, and a knowledge of the arts. They have established a "*Colonial Society*," for attending to the interests of agriculture and commerce; and which proposes to publish an annual account of the state of Algiers, of which the number for 1832 has already appeared. There is another scheme, which, in the present state of things, could have occurred to none but Frenchmen: this is the "*Philharmonic So-*

ciety," composed of a number of young officers, who propose to civilise the Algerines by inspiring them with a taste for the opera and the music of Rossini. Odd as this idea may appear, if the habit of meeting for public amusement, and a taste for pleasures not entirely sensual, can be produced by it, it will not be without beneficial effects. In the matter of general education, we believe nothing has been done. The only schools established by the French are, two for the children of their own people, and a boarding-school for young women.

The education of the Mahomedan schools is exceedingly imperfect, the children being only taught to read, and to repeat sentences from the Arabic Koran (which is not their own language), with a little arithmetic.

The public income of Algiers under the French has been published, by which it appears that the expenses of the French in retaining Algiers amount to L.928,285, whereas the income is only L.44,558. In this situation of affairs, it can only be the prospect of future advantage, or (which we believe is greatly the case) a feeling of national pride, which induces them to retain possession.*

LETTER FROM CANADA TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE following extract from a letter from Dr D— a Scottish medical practitioner in Upper Canada, to his friend Mr James Hogg, has been put into our hands for publication by the Shepherd himself, though, we must confess, the facts which are mentioned are perhaps too strongly drawn to meet with perfect credence, and may be shrewdly suspected as a satire on the extravagant desire for dissection which animates the modern school of surgery:—

"Goderich, Upper Canada, July 12, 1833.

But why should you doubt my word about the resuscitation of those corpses which I wrote you about? You have written and published so many falsehoods yourself, that, when one tells you a wonderful story, you immediately suspect him to be one like yourself. I have always noted, that when you spoke you told the truth, sometimes a little exaggerated; but whenever you put your pen to paper there is no more hold to be had of you. With me it is quite the reverse. If you believe all that I say, I would not advise every body to believe you; but when I write, I always relate the straightforward truth, as you will perceive before finishing this letter. Now, you must know that since ever I left Edinburgh, and my two glorious associates L— and S— (we three having performed such feats together), I have been very fond of dissection, and, since I came here, have plied the whittle to some purpose, and have made some curious discoveries both in anatomy and pathology, for the Indians are not formed like us: but these things are above your capacity: so to return to my narrative.

I think it was either in the winter of 1825 or 1826, that there was the body of a man found buried in the snow, and frozen to death; and as no one knew who he was, or to whom he belonged, so there were two Canadians brought him to me, and I gave them a guinea for him. The body was such a complete icicle, that I could not distinguish whether he was a white man or a native Indian; and I had to put him before a great fire for three days and three nights before he was fit for dissection. On the fourth, I found him lithe and limber, quite warm, and in capital condition; so I put on my jacket and apron, laid him upon the board, and began by making a gentle incision with my knife, when I was rather astonished at seeing, as I thought, the appearance of some dark red blood oozing from the wound like small drops of dew. I touched it with my palm, and imagined I felt it warm; but thinking it could only be from the heat of the fire, I gave another slash, when behold my subject began a-writhing and muttering in a weak tremulous voice. I was thunderstruck, but had so much recollection left as to hold the wound firm with my hand, and ring the bell. The fellow opened his eyes, and looking me in the face with a drumbly stare, called, "Och, mhurder! what is it that you'll be after doing to me, maister? Is it my life that you wants?"

I at once knew him to be an Irishman, though he was so dark of complexion: I had taken him for a Canadian all the while. "Why, my dear fellow," said I, "you were brought into me the other day dead, and frozen to an icicle, and I was only trying a little operation to bring you to life again, which I am happy to have effected."

"Was it daid that I was?" said he, in perfect good humour. "I thought I had bin only taking a slaip to myself. And true for me so I was, as Quinkum the shooter will tell you; for he was with me when I lay down in the snow to take a slaip. But is it the cutting up of the top of a man's belly, and taking out of his monipies, that brings him to life? That is certainly a faisable plan."

* The greater part of our materials for the above notice have been furnished by a French work, called "*France Pittoresque*," which is at present publishing in Paris. It appears in cheap weekly numbers, on the plan of which Chambers's Journal furnished the first example; but which is now extensively acted on in Berlin, Paris, and other well-informed capitals of the Continent.

* In Spain the fruit of this tree is called "St John's bread," and is supposed to have been the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness, though our version of the Bible translates it "wild locusts."

I then sewed up the wound I had made, put a plaster on it, and bandaged it up; and my friend called for something to drink, and grew quite communicative. I asked him who he was, what he was, and how he was engaged when he lost himself among the snow.

"A man cannot be said to be lost who is found agin," said he. "Every man is not after being lost who lies down to take a slalp. But I must have been walking in my slalp, else how came I here? As for the rist, my name is Barney O'Towl, commonly called Black Barney; and was sint by my mauster all the way from Fair River with a litter to Mr Thomson; but havin' nothin' to drink, I fell down with fatigue and sleep yesterday, and here I am. The prime of the day and of health to you, mauster; but I cannot help laughin' when I think of your operation for raising the daid."

Barney never ailed any thing more, for I took very good care of him; but I never could persuade him that he was at all dead or in a torpid state. He cut open the lining of his vest, and showed me the letter, when, to my utter astonishment, I perceived that it was addressed to a friend of mine, Mr Thomson, surveyor. "Why, dear Barney," said I, "Mr Thomson left this country very nearly three years ago. You have slept in that snow-wreath three years."

"And, indeed, it was a very fair refreshment of the sort," said Barney; "I fear I shall scarcely be able to make up the balance by three years' waking. But you know, mauster, that's all blarney."

I then opened the letter to Mr Thomson, and found it dated precisely three years, all save three weeks, previously to the day it was opened. Barney never believed a word of all this until he went home to Fair River, and found his master's two daughters, whom he left girls, grown into fine women, and was obliged to take their words for the time of his absence.

But that's nothing at all. One discovery in any art or science always leads to greater anxiety and research. One day a piece of information came to my ear that interested me exceedingly. It was that a whole colony of the Strong-Bow Indians had at some former period been overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, on the very northmost part of the Rocky Mountains, and had every one, man and woman of them, perished; that an avalanche had lately shot down from a ravine in which were scores of bodies in a frozen state, and the fatal accident having happened long before the memory of any person living, so it behaved to be upwards of a century ago. This was a chance of an investigation not to be lost.

I provided every thing for a long journey; plenty to eat and to drink; with a number of excellent canoes, one of them not less than sixty feet long; and both skates and wheels for the portages. We sailed the whole way, it being spring, but in a very zig-zag direction, having only one considerable carrying-place, and another smaller one, until we came to McKenzie's River, which we sailed down to the influx of a river called the Liars. "Ay, weel named, Doctor, weel named," you will be saying to yourself when you read this. Well, we sailed up this with great difficulty, until we reached the nearest possible point for the object of our search. There we erected a temporary residence, and set out for the mountains. Having one of the Harefoot Indians for a guide, we went straight to the spot, and a singular scene was there presented to our view. There were corpses with their heads above the avalanche, and some with their heads downward, and their feet above; others, again, with one limb sticking up like a gun—a comical position; for all the parts that were above the snow were quite bare of flesh, consumed by the summer suns and beasts of prey; but the parts below the snow being jammed among solid ice, and quite rigid, appeared to be perfectly fresh. We brought home three subjects, apparently the most perfect, which we digged deep out from amongst the ice; and the very first that I thawed turned out to be a young man, short of stature, but well made, who, as soon as the rigidity was fairly overcome, began to emit some growling sounds from his throat, and was ultimately completely recovered.

The other two I did not venture to thaw, but first cut them in pieces, and thawed and dissected them afterwards. They are a pigmy, insignificant race, greatly inferior to us in all respects, and I think, in that inhospitable climate of theirs, must soon die out. They regarded me as an enormous giant, come to eat them all up, and kept always at a due distance from me. I think the word of my dissections had spread abroad among them, which had put that ridiculous idea into their heads.

One of the Harefoot Indians, who acted as our guide, proposed to me that we should proceed to the place where the colony had first perished, where it was probable I should find plenty of whole bodies. I thought the scheme a plausible one, and we set out accordingly, well provided with hands and mattocks, and soon found the place, from the breach the shot snow had left, which was full twenty feet perpendicular. The Indians directed us where to dig. They knew, from the formation of the tremendous wreath, from whence the storm had blown, and where the hapless group would naturally take shelter. They were right. We soon recovered plenty of bodies; and a woeful sight it was. Some were lying in pairs, clasped in each other's arms: some in groups, lying

above each other, apparently whole families lying together. We loaded sixteen sleighs with them, of the youngest and freshest we could wale, great part of them women, for there were no children, who must all have been left at the settlement, and perished. I thawed them carefully and gently round a great fire, and they mostly came to life, though many of them died shortly after. I preserved all the young women, and brought a few of the best home with me, and they have done very well, and two of them are married, and have families. When you come to Upper Canada, my dear Shepherd, which I understand from Mr Dickson you are preparing to do—and the sooner you come the better—I shall introduce you to some of those who were thus singularly brought to life, and who are, of course, of an immense age.

W— D—

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now.
They need not, sure, as distant be
As Java or Japan—
Yet ev'ry Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duett;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernised—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Horvey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now;
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd,
By Mr Pickford's van.
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

Hood's Comic Annual, 1831.

MINUTE WRITING.

WE have known many persons who affected a taste for writing in extremely minute characters, as for instance of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and the Ten Commandments, within the compass of a sixpence, or perhaps a silver penny. On this subject the learned D'Israeli has the following observations:—"The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Elian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be enclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem, in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in a space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country; where this minute writing has equalled any on record. Peter Bales, a celebrated calligraphist in the reign of Elizabeth, astonished the eyes of beholders, by showing them what they could not see; for, in the Harleian MSS. 530, we have a narrative of 'a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, and a clerk of the chancery;' it seems by the description to have been the whole Bible 'in an English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. The nut holdeth the book: there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible.' We are told that this wonderfully unreadable copy of the Bible was 'seen by many thousands.' There is a drawing of the head of Charles the First, in the library of St John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which the librarian assures the marvelling spectator includes the entire contents of a thin folio, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

On this subject it may be worth noticing, that the learned Huet asserts that he, like the rest of the world, for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have enclosed the Iliad in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible. One day, in company at the dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line, which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7500 verses, and the reverse as much; the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if on any occasion paper should be most excessively rare, it may be useful to know, that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf."

POWER OF SMALL ANIMALS.

The muscular power of small animals is particularly observable in the *Terada navalis*, or ship-worm, a native of India, which attacks the bottoms of ships in multitudes, and with such force, as has produced the necessity of coppering vessels, now so generally practised. This insect is only six inches in length, but the muscle with which its head is armed enables it easily to penetrate into the strongest oak plank. Each worm, in labouring, confines itself to its own shell, which is only divided from that of its neighbour by a partition not thicker than a piece of writing-paper. Although in this particular the ship-worm may be considered by the seamen as a nuisance, yet it is, on other occasions, a most useful friend to him, when the mouths of docks and harbours are blocked up by the wrecks of whole forests, laid waste by the tornado or whirlwind. It is then that the ship-worm proves its worth and usefulness. Immense hosts of the *Terada navalis* instantly attack those obstructions, and in a wonderfully short period entirely remove them.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BERRIS, Holywell Street, Strand; BANCROFT & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILKINSON & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCOTT, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month, and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.
Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitechapel.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER."
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 101.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1834.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

IS IGNORANCE BLISS?

It is curious that, even in *this* age, we still occasionally hear people talking of the bliss of ignorance. Such people must certainly be very *happy* themselves, or they would never indulge in such a sentiment. What, on the contrary, is the source of all the peculiar enjoyments of this country, but knowledge?—what is the source of all the evils to which our contemporaries in other countries are subjected, and to which our own ancestors were liable, but ignorance? When a child burns its hands by grasping a hot iron, whether is it knowledge or ignorance that causes the evil? The case is an extreme one; but yet how many instances of pain and trouble, only a little less direct, might be adduced as springing, every day of our lives, from an unacquaintance with the laws under which we are designed to live!

It is most evident that man has been originally planted on the earth, without any information as to the laws of nature, but with faculties calculated in time to inform himself upon these matters. At the very first, the race must have had to struggle with dreadful difficulties: their total ignorance of the arts of catching, rearing, and cooking food, of preparing clothes, and forming proper habitations, must have caused numbers to perish miserably, before any became in the least comfortable. Always the nearer to this original state of things, we find the more calamities and distresses oppressing the tribes of earth—not only from ignorance of the means of taking advantage of the bounties of nature, but from the results of passions which they had not yet been taught to regulate. The early history of all nations abounds in transactions which appal the modern reader: in Poland, at the present day, we have but a meagre specimen of what used to be going on in our own country, when it was exposed to the violence of neighbouring states parallel in rudeness and ambition to Russia. Like the tides of locusts which *drift* up any high wall they may meet in their course, to enable the rest to pour over and pursue their route, ages after ages of imperfect knowledge and imperfect enjoyment have been squandered, in order that men might at last come to the superior comforts which they were designed to enjoy. Our ancestors at no distant date were subjected to periodical plagues, and died at the regular rate of one in about thirty every year, in consequence of their slothfulness and erroneous police regulations: gradually, they were impelled by the dread of these miseries to improve their acquaintance with natural laws, and act more in conformity to them; *we*, therefore, inheriting and improving upon these advantages, do not die at above the rate of one annually in fifty-eight. Undoubtedly, men could have been informed upon all these subjects at the very first—could have been made perfectly moral and innocent beings—whereby much misery, to appearance, would have been spared. Such a system, however, would not agree either with his faculties, or with the circumstances of nature. He was designed, evidently, to be an active being, to help himself, and, in proportion to his acting well or ill, to be the source of his own happiness and misery. The secrets of nature were veiled from his casual glance, in order that he might exercise his ingenuity, and give himself pleasure, in finding them out. He has not yet become fully acquainted either with his own nature or with the physical arrangements of the earth he inhabits. But always the more he learns on these points, the more will he abstain from injuring his fellow-creatures, the more surely will he provide for and guard his own comfort, and the more nearly will he approach to that moral and intellectual perfection which philosophers have dreamed that he might attain.

The uses of studying our own nature are perhaps less obvious than those connected with the study of physical nature; but they are not less important. A knowledge of human nature, and a habitual system of acting upon it, has come to be known in the present age by the expressive word *tact*; and it is certainly an accomplishment by which many great and direct advantages are to be gained by the individual, while the welfare of others is not in the least diminished, but rather increased. There is unfortunately no *system* of knowledge of this kind, if we except phrenology, which has not yet gained general attention or credence. But every man may learn a great deal from the ever-open book of nature itself, if he is only willing to inspect the movements of his fellow-creatures with any share of attention; and, imperfect as the science is, there are many books which he may study with advantage.* If a knowledge of human nature were to do us no more good than to teach us how to treat the single sentiment of self-love in our neighbours, it would be of boundless advantage. A great part of the discomfort which we experience in life, arises from our neglect of this principle; and always the lower we go in society, and the more nearly we approach the bounds of ignorance, the more mischief do we find arising from it. Vulgar persons call each other names: self-love rises in wrath, and bloodshed, or even murder, is perhaps the consequence. In more civilised circles, adroit sarcasms are used; and though the moral sense is there too strong to permit of actual violence, there is not the less strife and unhappiness found to arise from it. We have known individuals who had every worldly comfort at their command, render themselves and others supremely miserable, simply by the ignorant or unguarded way in which they treated the self-love of their fellow-creatures. They neither knew how to control it in themselves nor to respect it in others; and they therefore moved, in a constant atmosphere of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, which involved all who came near them. It is evident that a little knowledge of human nature, and a wise, tender, and humane way of considering the feelings and privileges of our neighbours, would obviate all such evils.

In the relations of commercial life, of how much use must this knowledge prove, and how disadvantageous must be the want of it! Men of business have to depute much to others; but unless they can form some estimate of the character of the deputy, and calculate how such a trust is apt to operate upon it, will they not be liable every day to the most serious calamities? They have also to form intimate and confidential relations with partners, fellow-dealers, and others; but if they have not some power of penetrating the intentions, estimating the powers, and calculating the steadiness of these individuals, will they not be in the greatest danger? Perhaps, however, there is no circumstance in human life where a knowledge of human nature is of more value than in the formation of a matrimonial engagement. Unfortunately, this arrangement is generally entered into in youth, when the faculty of penetrating character is at the greenest, and when it is apt, moreover, to be perverted by passion. Hence the numerous miseries, which, in so many instances, arise from wedded life. The parties were mutually ignorant of each other's character;

they now find each other to be so unsuitable as mutually to increase, instead of diminishing, the current evils of life; and they either struggle on to the end of an embittered and unprosperous existence, or separate to their common disgrace, and are blighted for ever.

The advancement of happiness, by the acquisition of general knowledge, is, we have said, a still more obvious truth than even the above. The progress from ignorance to knowledge is itself a path of pleasure: every new fact or truth that we acquire conveys a sensible satisfaction to the mind; hence it is clear, that our advancing from the primitive condition of ignorance to one more or less the reverse, is an absolute rule of our being, to resist which can never be conducive to happiness. The advantages of knowledge, when at length acquired, may be experienced in various ways. By knowledge of the laws of physical nature, even so far as they have already been explained, we may, as individuals, avoid many evils which would otherwise befall us, and bring ourselves many advantages which we would otherwise never know. As a community, do we not every moment partake of the immense advantages which such knowledge has achieved, and is constantly achieving? Does not the knowledge of the power of steam, for example, confer blessings upon us in almost every minute circumstance of our lives? If a life is lost at sea through an insufficiency in the vessel, or on land by a failure of the machinery to which we have trusted for locomotion, it is a sacrifice to ignorance, or neglect of the physical laws. If a labourer is killed by the rushing of a quarry, which he has too much undermined, he is the victim of ignorance of the physical laws, joined to an undue desire to shorten his work. An immense proportion of the accidents which take place, and which spread so much misery among families, might be obviated, if men were in general less ignorant, and less negligent. A more extended knowledge of the law of gravitation alone, would, we are persuaded, be the means of sparing many tears. The loss of lives by storms at sea is generally looked upon as what is called a natural evil, which no man can prevent; yet, through a superior acquaintance with natural laws, fewer lives are now lost by such means than formerly; and hence it is not too much to infer, that, if knowledge continues to increase, a time will come when the dangers of the sea may be almost entirely, if not entirely, overcome. The explosion of fire-damp in mines was not long ago regarded as one of those unavoidable evils, arising from the nature of things; but we have lately seen another law of nature—the incapability of flame to communicate through wire gauze—brought to bear upon it, and lives are no longer in danger from this cause. It may be said that it is the duty of particular minds, of a studious character, to see after the good of mankind in these matters, as the most of men are too much engaged, each in his own several pursuit, to have either time or attention to bestow upon them. It is so in some measure; but, at the same time, individuals may easily learn a great deal beyond the immediate sphere of their own profession, if they have only the inclination; and this knowledge, exerted by themselves, may be of service in numberless cases where it would be idle to call for the aid of a professed philosopher. A knowledge of the laws we speak of ought to be part of the education of every individual in the state—on the same grounds that it is the duty of all nurses to teach children to avoid putting their hands into the fire, or clambering along precipices. If such were the case, a kind of science, now deemed proper only to a student, would be identified with the mass of that almost unconscious knowledge which every sane person pos-

* We would particularly recommend one small and cheap treatise, Combe's "Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects." This work is founded upon phrenological views; but these are so separable from the general body and spirit of the book, as to be of no consequence even to the most inveterate disbeliever in the science which the profound and accomplished author has done so much to propagate. The present article, though embracing some new views, is chiefly designed as an abstract of Mr Combe's volume.

esses, and through the means of which we walk, eat, and speak. The luggage of our minds, so to speak, would be in no respect more cumbersome than before, and our happiness would be both positively and negatively increased.

Another kind of knowledge immediately necessary for the improvement of our condition is a knowledge of the organic laws—of the laws, namely, which govern the system of our own frames. If we are totally ignorant of the nature of our bodies, and of the evils to which they are under certain circumstances exposed, we run the greatest danger of rendering ourselves miserable for a longer or shorter space of time, or of altogether cutting short our lives. If a man is either ignorant or reckless of the consequences of a sudden blast of cold coming upon the heated skin, ten to one he is destroyed in the middle of his days by a catarrh. If he does not know that to drink cold water when warm, or to sit down upon damp grass, is detrimental, he will hardly reach an old age. It will be said that the most of people are aware of these dangers, and avoid them: we answer, it is, then, the utmost extent of the knowledge of even that cautious class. There are innumerable contingencies in life, where a little knowledge of anatomy or medicine, enough to give a proper sense of the extent of danger, would prevent the last and worst of human calamities. It was the fate of the present writer, only a few months ago, to witness the death of a very near relation of only twenty-five years of age, whose disease might have been easily turned aside, if the unhappy sufferer had only been instructed in the slightest degree in the organic laws. This young man had caught a slight cold in the beginning of winter; and, instead of retiring to his chamber, to get quit of it by a few simple applications, he continued to go abroad as usual, and even undertook one or two long journeys. The malady which one day of retirement could at one time have banished, then took firmer hold, and settled upon the windpipe. Still, even when deprived of his voice, and when various friends endeavoured, by all possible means, to convince him of the rashness of his conduct, he persisted in exposing himself—his business, he said, being such that he could not think of withdrawing from it. He at length did retire, but only when the disease had fixed itself in such a manner upon the *bronchiae*, as to baffle every attempt to reach it. For about a month he suffered the intensest agonies under those fruitless applications, and then sunk under the remorseless gripe of a disease, which, if he had been more prudent, or better acquainted with the constitution of his own body, and the action of certain natural influences upon it, might have been easily turned aside. Here was a ruin of the most deplorable kind—the death of a young man entering into the world with the best prospects, for whom much had been done to bring him to that point in life, and in whom many hopes and wishes were centred—produced by the ignorance which some hold to be of so blissful a character. Such is a specimen of the way in which ignorance of this particular kind may affect an individual: we shall give an instance of the way in which it sometimes acts upon a community. “A gentleman, who died ten years ago,” says Mr Combe, “at an advanced period of life, told me, that, six miles west from Edinburgh, the country was so unhealthy in his youth, that every spring the farmers and their servants were seized with fever and ague, and required regularly to undergo bleeding and a course of medicine, to prevent attacks, or restore them from their effects. At the time, these visitations were believed to be sent by Providence, and to be inherent in the constitution of things: after, however, said my informant, an improved system of agriculture and draining was established, and vast pools of stagnant water formerly left between the ridges in the fields were removed, dunghills carried to a distance from the houses, and the houses themselves made more spacious and commodious, every symptom of ague and marsh-fever disappeared from the district, and it became highly salubrious. In other words, as soon as the gross infringement of the organic laws was abated by a more active exertion of the muscular and intellectual powers of man, the punishment ceased.” This habit of attributing to Providence all the evils with the sources of which we are unacquainted, is entitled to the utmost respect, as it is the mark of a pious and well-disposed mind; but it is liable to lead us into strange errors—for in all probability what we attribute to this sacred cause, could be traced by a better instructed person to some simple circumstance, such as the pools and dunghills in the above anecdote. When any great calamity occurs, and we do not at first see any source for it in nature, let us endeavour, in the first place, to increase our knowledge of nature, so as to determine that it really is not there: in doing so, we shall, in all probability, sooner or later discover the cause of our affliction in some natural thing—something intended, no doubt, in the original constitution of things, to promote that active exertion of the faculties which is one of the primary laws of the human constitution, but no more directed by a special interposition than the burning of a finger which has been put into the fire. A still more remarkable exemplification of the evils of ignorance on a large scale is to be found in the history of what is called the humoral system in medicine. For fifteen centuries before the last, it was erroneously supposed that all maladies lay

in the humours of the body; and hence blood-letting was practised periodically to prevent disease, and almost uninterruptedly to cure it, though such treatment could only be right in a few out of many cases. There can be little doubt that the traditional obloquy in which physicians are held in our popular literature, is mainly owing to the sufferings of the human race for so many centuries under this tremendous evil, the whole of which arose from ignorance. The practice now obtains only in such dark countries as Spain, where every village has still its *Sangrador* or blood-letting; and can there be any doubt of the vast advantages which we enjoy, under a more enlightened system?

If we were to study the fates of our fellow-creatures, as they pass before our observation, with a view expressly to the physical, organic, moral, and intellectual laws, we would generally find happiness more or less in proportion to a knowledge of, and obedience to these, and misery in proportion. Many of the labouring classes marry early and under circumstances entirely violative of the moral law; the miserable consequences can be traced by every one. Men expose themselves to dangers which knowledge would have taught them to avoid, and their lives, or their health, or their comfort in a greater or less degree, are consequently sacrificed. Innumerable ills are incurred through the too eager pursuit of wealth: the health of the body, the culture of the mind, the improvement of the moral faculties, are all neglected for this object: and thus men, in seeking the means, lose the end. Even where every physical comfort prevails, some individuals provoke wretchedness by their ill-regulated sentiments and propensities; a just punishment for the neglect of mental cultivation. Many are unsuccessful in all their pursuits, from not having selected a profession for which their capacities are adapted. In short, so many and so various are the disasters arising from ignorance of the laws under which we were designed to live upon earth, and the relations which our faculties bear to the objects of nature, that man may be said to have his own fate in a great measure within his own power—and hence one of the reasons for a general system of education under the patronage of the state. There ought to be schools in every considerable seat of population, for teaching—not Greek and Latin, or English, writing, and arithmetic, *exclusively*—for these are but means of useful knowledge—but the laws of nature in all their branches, the laws of the human faculties and sentiments, and, in general, the means of improving our individual and social condition on the globe which we inhabit.

SALT.

THIS familiar and useful substance, which exists, in several forms and in immense quantities, all over the face of the earth, is scientifically denominated the *muriate of soda*. Its name in Latin is *sal*; in Spanish *sal*; in French *sel*; in Italian *sale*; in Russian *sol*; in Dutch *zout*; in German *salz*; in Arabian *melh*; in Hindostanee *nimmuck*; and in Chinese *yen*. It is evidently one of those things which have been designed from the beginning for the ordinary and daily use of man; and, therefore, is dispersed over the earth in such ways as to make it in general easily accessible to him. Nevertheless, it is not, like the most of the other great staples of human consumption which nature has taken it upon herself to supply, a nutritious substance. It appears simply designed to give a relish to food, to aid in its digestion, and to preserve meat which we may wish to hoard against future necessity. It is, of all condiments, the safest, best, and most extensively employed; but yet, when taken in too large quantities, or applied too profusely for the preservation of meat, it has a detrimental effect. The common people in Scotland believe that too much salt tends to darken the complexion, and take away the gloss of the skin, and they therefore warn their children not to eat it by itself, which all children are naturally apt to do.

Salt is found in greater or less quantities in almost every substance on earth; but the waters of the sea appear to have been its first great magazine. It is found there dissolved, in certain proportions (for which we may refer to a late article on the sea); two purposes being thus served—namely, the preservation of that vast body of waters, which otherwise would become an insupportable mass of corruption, and the diffusion of this important alimentary article over the face of the globe. If salt, however, were only to be obtained from the sea, the people who live throughout large continents would find a great difficulty in supplying themselves with it, and might thus suffer great evils from the want of so useful a substance. For this reason (for the design is too obvious to be a matter of doubt), nature has provided that the sea, on leaving those continents, all of which were once overspread with it, should deposit vast quantities of this constituent substance, in many places throughout the country, sufficient to provide for ever for the necessities of the inhabitants of those parts. In some places, this deposit lies exposed on the surface of the ground, in a glittering crust several inches thick; in others much thicker layers have, during the protracted processes

of creation, been covered over with layers of totally different substances, which subsequent submersion had brought over them, so that the salt now requires to be dug for, like coal or any other mineral. Salt is found in this last shape in every quarter, and almost in every country in the world; and it is certainly amazing to reflect that, probably thousands of ages before man was created, means were taken to furnish him *conveniently* with the salt which it was known he would require for a relish to his daily victuals. In some places, especially in the central parts of North America, the trouble even of digging is saved to man by nature; for the springs of fresh water, in bursting through to the surface, become tintured with salt from the subterraneous deposits; and this only requires to be boiled in order to produce salt.

Of the various ways of obtaining salt for domestic purposes, the most primitive, perhaps, is that by which the heat of the sun is caused to assist in the process. It is practised to a great extent in France, Spain, and Portugal, from the last of which countries we annually import between three and four hundred thousand bushels, so prepared. Large flat spaces of ground are banked off in connection with the sea, and a shallow pool of sea-water being introduced and sluiced off, is permitted to dry up, so as to leave the salt behind. This is raised in the shape of a cake, and piled up in a dry place, where it is allowed to stand for two or three years, till all the bitter and earthy parts have been drained off. Salt made in this manner is considered the best for preserving meat. Till a recent period, salt was made in nearly the same manner at Ruthwell, on the coast of the Solway Firth, in Scotland. People collected a saline crust on the sea-beach in warm weather; and as they could not obtain it without taking the surface of the sand also, they put the whole into pits, from which, by pouring in salt water, they drained off a very strong brine, which only required a little firing in order to produce a coarse kind of salt. It is curious to find, from the researches of recent voyagers, that the people of the Great Island of Loo Choo, in the Pacific Ocean, obtain this indispensable article in exactly the same manner.

In countries where the sun does not offer much assistance, and no mines or salt-springs are at hand, the boiling of sea-water in works upon the coast is resorted to. Such is and has always been the case in Scotland, excepting in the solitary instance above mentioned. Salt-works were in that country given as donations to abbies seven hundred years ago. In 1128, David the First gave the salt-pan at Airth, near the head of the Firth of Forth, with many other things, to endow the Abbey of Holyrood at Edinburgh; and it is evident, from the chartularies of Newbottle, that that conventual establishment had salt-pans on the same estuary in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The mode of the manufacture is said to have been improved by some of Queen Mary's French attendants, who, in consequence, obtained from their mistress an exclusive privilege for the manufacture, which lasted till the reign of Charles the Second. The process now followed in Scotland may be very briefly described. A reservoir is built near the sea, into which, at high water, supplies are taken in by means of a pipe extending a good way down the beach; for it is an object to get the water from a point as far below the surface as possible, so that it may be the more impregnated with salt, and require the less firing. From the reservoir, the water is pumped into the neighbouring pans, which generally extend in a range on both sides. The pans are shallow vessels of plate iron, about twenty feet by twelve, having a furnace below, with a space for holding coal. The whole apparatus is contained in a small out, the covering of which is of deals, fastened by wooden pins, as iron nails are liable to be quickly corroded by the vapour from the salt. At the meeting of the roof, a space is left, to permit the vapour to escape. Two men, one of whom is a kind of drudge to the other, attend each pan; and they are not much cleaner or neater in appearance than coal-miners. This class of men in Scotland, together with colliers, were, till the year 1776, *slaves*—slaves to all intents and purposes—and, what is more curious, when their freedom was obtained by an application of their enlightened proprietors to Parliament, they exclaimed against the proposal, as a mere attempt on the part of those gentlemen to shake themselves clear of some small burden, to which they were liable by custom when one of the salters or coalmen happened to take a wife. The coal employed is the small kind, which is always considered as refuse at the Scotch pits; the salters call it *wood*, such having been perhaps the original fuel employed in the works. Bullock's blood is put into the boiling water, to bring its impurities to the top, which are skimmed off. When the water has boiled down, more is pumped in; and this process is repeated before the salt is finally drawn. From a pan of 1300 gallons, fifteen or twenty bushels, of fifty-six pounds each, are obtained in this manner, the process requiring about twenty-four hours. An oily residuum is carefully collected, and employed in the manufacture of magnesia. In general, the pans are only put through five processes in the week, which leaves the Saturday afternoon as a period of recreation to the men. The salt is at first very light and floury, in proportion to its bulk, and in this state is most appreciated. A still finer article, resolving into large crystals, is made between the last pan of one week and the first of an-

other, while the fire is low; and this is called *Sunday salt*.

A large proportion of the salt used in England, and nearly the whole of what is consumed in the United States of America, is derived from salt-springs, which, as already mentioned, issue forth at various places far removed from the sea. In Cheshire and Worcestershire are the chief salt-springs in England. At Northwich, in the former county, where there are also salt-mines, the trade of manufacturing salt from springs is carried on to a great extent, and has been so ever since the reign of Charles the Second. The water is generally impregnated with salt to the extent of twenty-two per cent., which is double the average of the springs found in France; and the process is almost exactly the same as that above described. All over the back settlements of America there are numerous salt-springs, which are there called *salt-licks*; and an immense quantity is yearly manufactured from them, though the processes appear of an inferior order, and the salt produced not nearly so good as that made in England. Hence, no less than three millions and a half of bushels were exported from Britain to the United States in 1829, besides a million and a half to our own colonies bordering on that republic. American travellers mention that the salt-licks are much resorted to by animals, who seem to have as much need for this condiment as human beings. Flint speaks of tracks in the woods extending for hundreds of miles, and formed solely by wild animals on their way to the salt-licks. It is probable that most of the country west from the Alleghany mountains, and between 31° and 45° north latitude, is pervaded by a stratum of salt, deposited there by the evaporation of a vast lake or central sea, long since vanished.

We now come to speak of salt as found, in a solid shape, either on the surface of the earth, or in subterranean beds. On both sides of the Atlas mountains, in the north of Africa, there are plains covered thickly with salt several miles in width, and extending as far as the eye can reach. In Abyssinia, there is a plain of salt four days' journey across. In North America, large prairies near the sources of the Arkansas river, and on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, are found covered with a cake of salt several inches thick. In these and similar instances it is to be supposed that the sea covered the ground at a comparatively recent period, when nearly the present levels had been attained. Where salt, however, is found in profound mines, or in large masses above the general surface, and intermixed or covered with soil, it is to be presumed that the deposit took place in the early stages of creation, or at least of the arrangement of the materials of the globe. Spain is the country where salt is found most generally in masses above the general surface. At Cordova there is a mountain, 300 feet high, which consists to the amount of four-fifths of salt. At no great distance is a promontory more than double that height, which consists altogether of salt of a red colour. At La Mancha there is a similar mass 210 feet in diameter. And near the river Ebro, there is a whole chain of hills, consisting of salt, mixed with layers of limestone. The salt-mines of the Tyrol are also in a mountain, so that they can be wrought by horizontal excavations. In Peru, there are salt-mines on mountainous situations no less than 10,000 feet above the present level of the sea!

Where salt is found in beds beneath the general surface, it is generally found to rest upon some one of the class of rocks which are considered as of secondary formation, and to be covered with others of a similar kind, such as sandstone, limestone, clay, and so forth. The beds in Cheshire occur from thirty to fifty yards beneath the surface, and are from twenty to thirty yards thick, consisting of a hard clear reddish crystal, which requires to be dissolved in water and clarified before it is fit for use. It is dug like coal, by pickaxes and wedges, and sometimes is blasted with gunpowder. The greater part is exported to America, to the Netherlands, and even to Russia and Prussia. The mines are dry and healthy, and, being supported by thick pillars of salt at proper distances, have a striking appearance when illuminated. There are similar salt-mines in various parts of Germany and Hungary. But the most wonderful are those of Poland, which have been wrought ever since the fifth century, and, being in the hands of government, are the source of an immense revenue. The entrances to the pits are a few miles from Cracow; but the city is completely undermined, and is suspended, as it were, upon pillars of salt. The vaults or spaces whence the salt has been extracted, are uncommonly large and spacious; some of them contain chapels, of which that of St Anthony is thirty feet high, and is furnished with images of the saints cut out of the prevailing mineral. Others of the vaults are used as magazines for salt after it has been dug; and some are employed as stables for the horses, a great number of which are in constant use. The roof is supported either by masses of the salt left for that purpose, or by timber posts; but in some places there are large vaults, which appear without any support, and lead the eye into uninterrupted gloom. The whole are dry and healthy; and the miners, who work six or eight hours at a time, attain the ordinary length of human life.

An analysis of various kinds of foreign and domestic salt was made some years ago, by Dr Henry of Manchester, in order to ascertain the respective purity of each. From the experiments of this gentleman, it appeared that that called the fishery salt, produced in

Cheshire, contains 986½ parts of pure muriate of soda in 1000, the remaining 13½ parts being chiefly of sulphate of lime. The salt formed by simply crushing the rock of the Cheshire mines is little inferior in purity, being 983½ parts of muriate of soda to 6½ of sulphate of lime, 10 of insoluble earthy matter, and various minute proportions of muriates and sulphates. The Scotch common salt was found by Dr Henry to have only 935½ of pure muriate of soda or genuine salt, to 28 muriate of magnesia, 4 of earthy matter, 15 sulphate of lime, and 17½ sulphate of magnesia. The French salt, made in the peculiar way already described, hovers in purity between the common Scotch and the Cheshire kinds. Of the rock-salt of eastern Europe, no analysis that we are aware of has yet been taken.

It was calculated by M. Necker, the great financier, that the people of France annually consumed 19½ pounds of salt each at an average. Mr McCulloch calculates that those of Great Britain consume each 22 pounds, and assigns the difference in the chief ailments of the two countries as the cause why the Englishman eats two pounds and a half more than his neighbour on the other side of the Channel. It appears, however, that, even in the same species of food, different nations may employ very different quantities of salt. The bread of Great Britain contains a pound of salt to the bushel of flour, while that of the United States contains only half a pound. Salt is used for many other purposes besides giving a relish to food. It is employed in glass-making, in the manufacture of bleaching-liquor, in the operations of the skinner, in making the glaze for earthenware, and in the preparation of a number of useful and extensively-used medicines.

Salt is now used to a considerable extent in agriculture—an idea suggested upwards of two centuries ago by Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, but never acted upon till the present age. Sowed in a certain quantity upon the ground, it acts as a stimulant to vegetable life, by exciting the absorbent vessels into greater action than usual, and thereby causing them to take up their nourishment more rapidly, and perform their secretions and circulations with greater energy, which necessarily increases the growth. Care must be taken, however, to give only a certain quantity, for, when applied too liberally, it destroys vegetation altogether, and leaves only a brown and withered surface. Of course, those parts of tropical countries which are covered thickly with salt, remain in a state of perpetual barrenness. The scriptural writers were aware of this natural fact, and in several parts of the Bible we find the sowing of salt used as a metaphor for rendering a place desolate. There being a valley between Tadmor and Idumea in this condition, was perhaps what suggested the idea to the Jewish writers. It is curious that, in 1596, about the very time when Napier was cogitating the plan of rendering the soil fruitful by a moderate sprinkling of salt, we find his neighbour and sovereign, King James the Sixth, threatening to raze Edinburgh to the foundation, and sow the place with salt, after the scriptural idea of lasting desolation, as a punishment for the riotous behaviour of the inhabitants.* Salt had also something of a sacred character in the estimation of ancient nations. It was a symbol of friendship and fidelity, due to guests, friends, or servants, from their entertainers or masters; and to this day, in some eastern countries, if a guest has tasted salt with his host, his person will be held inviolable, even although the individual may be afterwards discovered to have done his entertainer some grievous wrong. The sacrifices of the Jews were all seasoned with salt, and we read in the Bible of a covenant of salt. It has also its place in modern superstition. Among the common people all over Scotland, a new house, or one which a new tenant was about to enter, was always sprinkled with salt, by way of inducing luck. A plate of salt used regularly to be deposited on the breast of a corpse after it was dressed; a custom which was probably meant at first to have the effect of a charm, in warding off evil influences of one kind or another. Another custom of a curious nature once prevailed in our own, and probably also in other countries, in reference to salt. Men of rank, it is well known, formerly dined at the same table with their dependents and servants. The master of the house and his immediate relations sat at the upper end, where the floor was a little elevated. The persons of greatest consequence sat next, and all along down the sides, towards the bottom, the rank of the guests declined by well-considered gradations, till the servants were found at the bottom. At a certain part of the table, was placed a huge salt-vat, which formed a line of demarcation between the superior and the inferior orders. Sitting above the salt was the mark of a gentleman, or man of good connections; while to sit beneath it indicated a humble station in society. There was also a gradation of liquors, from the generous wine at the head, to the small beer at the bottom; but with this custom, though perhaps of more material consequence than the other, we have at present no concern.

Salt was the subject of a tax among the Romans, and has been so among most modern nations. The tax was in France so very oppressive, and, by provoking smuggling, caused so many thousands of persons to be annually sent to the galleys, that it is reckoned

to have been one of the leading causes of the revolution. In this country, a tax was first imposed in the reign of William the Third. In 1798, it amounted to 5s. a-bushel, or about a penny a-pound; but it afterwards rose in England to 15s. a-bushel, which caused a great deal of smuggling. The bad effects of the high duty being strongly represented to the House of Commons, it was, in 1823, removed altogether; which was certainly an unnecessary extent of relief, as a million a-year might have easily been raised from this article, for the service of the state, without being felt by the people, or causing any contraband dealings. The article is now sold at about 14s. or 16s. per ton.

MANNERS OF WEST INDIA SLAVES.

A GENTLEMAN, resident in St Vincent's, has sent us a large mass of interesting original information on the condition and character of the slaves on one of the estates in that island; but from the controversial nature of the subject, we are prevented from inserting any portion of the details in our Journal, except that which relates to the manners and customs of the negroes.

"In their manners (says our correspondent) they are more polite than many would be inclined to credit; for you hear them, at every turn, addressing not only their superiors, but each other, with, 'Yes, sir'—'No, ma'am'—'My good lady there,' meaning his wife—'Brother,' 'Sister,' or 'Cousin,' and other expressions that would amuse as well as surprise a stranger. They are passionately fond of dress, singing, and dancing. Whatever money they make is usually laid out in finery of some description, which they arrange with a good deal of taste, especially the ornaments for the head, as handkerchiefs and turbans. The hair, which is naturally short and woolly, they endeavour, by every expedient, to draw out its curls, by forming little cork-screw plaits all over the head; and the men, who are for the most part beardless, are delighted to have a razor, to encourage the growth of the down upon their chin. They wear no shoes, except on grand occasions, more as an ornament to gratify their vanity than any advantage, as they appear to be rather an encumbrance than conveniences; for in going or returning from a festival, you often find them with their shoes in their hands, or, if not, hobbling like a cat in walnut shells. Many of them are able to plait straw hats, which they do very neatly, of a coarse, light, and flexible grass, which grows in abundance in the fields.

The usual dress of the men is a pair of white trousers and shirt, with a straw hat; but others wear, in addition, a blue jacket and black hat. The women wear a gown, chemise, and petticoat, with a handkerchief or Scotch cap on the head, and a necklace of coloured beads round the neck; to which they also sometimes add a hat, neckerchief, &c. They are passionately fond of music, and very readily acquire any tune they hear, turning every circumstance or important event into such rude verses as those sung on the day after my arrival at Grand Sable Estate, when they had holiday given them, and something to make merry.

'My Lady Brisbane gone away,
'Massa come and give us holiday,
Huzza! huzza!'

And these you hear repeated over and over again, as they pass along the road, or down the cane-rows at work. On another occasion, when returning from an excursion, I was amused as well as surprised by hearing a negro boy as he approached me whistling, with great accuracy and precision, and at the same time with some melody and execution, the hunting-song in *Der Freischütz*. The adult negroes, when working in the fields, have their favourite songs, in which the whole gang unite, iterating or bringing down together a long line of glittering hoaxes in exact time; the delicate and attenuated voices of the females, blended sweetly and prettily with the full deep tones of the male performers. Our negro sailors, too, have their nautical songs, similar to the 'Canadian boat-song,' and ply the oar, or pull upon the hawser and capstan, adapting the measure to the slowness or rapidity of their movements. Nay, even the little Creole gang of children have some favourite choruses; and a leader, a little improvisatore, who composes as he goes along, drawing from the stores of his own imagination, or forming rude verses from the ideas suggested by passing objects: first comes the solo of their leader, and then his little band of followers, joining in one simultaneous and merry chorus, beating the time with their hands or upon their little breakfast tins.

Dances and entertainments are given all over the island at Christmas, when they have three days' holidays, and sometimes got up in such a style, that a gentleman assured me he had known a negro spend a very large sum of money, and kill two fat pigs at his ball and supper, for which they issue a sort of invitation card. They have a display of all kinds of vegetables, with fowls, pork, &c.; and sport in addition, too, rum, bottled porter, and Madeira wine. They who cannot afford to give entertainments, give so much for a ticket of admission to the ball-room and permission to dance. On these occasions, they spend the greater part both of the day and night in singing, with their usual characteristic ardour and agility, displaying such an easy graceful movement, and marking

* See both facts in Birrel's Diary, Dalryell's Fragments of Scottish History, 4to. 1759.

with so much precision the time and tune, that their performances would often do credit to the more practised elegants; and is very favourably contrasted with the rude earnestness and clumsy movement of the English peasant, who, neglecting or ignorant of the airy movement 'on the light fantastic toe,' confines his skill to the incessant thumping of his heel in or out of tune, or an awkward swing, endangering his neighbours' shins by his ungraceful pirouette. The ladies dress themselves out with great taste; and I have seen some of the men dressed in long black or blue coats, with white stockings and pumps; white pinked striped or nankeen trousers; a white plaited shirt and neckcloth, and a broad scarlet riband passing round the neck, and brought to the waistcoat-pocket, in imitation of the riband for an eye-glass or watch-guard, having at the same time in his hand or waistcoat-pocket a bottle of lavender water, to refresh himself and partner. In dancing country dances, they have a custom peculiar to themselves; and that is, whenever any gentleman who is out of the set observes another too long a time dancing with a particular lady, he advances towards him, making a low and graceful bow, and, calling him out, takes the hand of his fair partner."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

In the life of this distinguished painter, we find an extraordinary instance both of the precocity of genius and its power of raising the most humble individual, by well-pursued industry, to the highest eminence in public estimation.

Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769, and was the youngest of a family of sixteen children. His father, who had been bred an attorney, and was afterwards an officer of excise, at the time his son Thomas was born, kept an inn in Bristol; but his business here being unsuccessful, he removed, in 1772, to Devizes, in Wiltshire, where he became the landlord of the Black Bear. It appears that this removal was by no means advantageous to Thomas's father, who was a man of singular manners, and was fonder of spouting poetry to his guests than attending steadily to the affairs of his household. His mother, we are told, was a person of a very different and more respectable character. While in this house at the town of Devizes, the wonderful genius of little Thomas began to be manifested. He could recite verses to the admiration of all who heard him, and, by a natural faculty, began to use a pencil, and take likenesses—an accomplishment which induced his parents to present him to all strangers of note who visited their house. A striking instance of this precocity of talent occurred when he was but five years of age, and is thus mentioned:—Lord and Lady Kenyon happening to stop for a day at the Black Bear, on their way to Bath, Mr Lawrence, the landlord, entered their apartment, and began to expatiate on the genius of his boy, who, "although only in his fifth year, could recite them poetry, or speeches, or take their likenesses, whichever they chose." Lady Kenyon was, in the first instance, somewhat annoyed by the interruption; but there presently capered into the room, straddling upon a stick, the most lovely and spirited child she had ever beheld. His beautiful face was flushed with exercise, and neither she nor her husband felt inclined to stop his gambols. As soon as the boy could be induced to stand still, Lady Kenyon took him into her arms, and asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to the future Lord Chief Justice. The child, looking with an impatient earnestness at Lord Kenyon, exclaimed, "Yes, that I can, and very like too." Whilst materials were sent for, the child resumed his play; but when all was prepared, throwing his little legs from over his stick, he was lifted on the table, and seated in an arm chair, from which height he took Lord Kenyon's likeness, with a rapidity, a spirit, and a correctness truly astonishing. That done, he was impatient to be gone; but his lordship, coaxing him, asked if he could take the likeness of the lady. The boy exclaimed, "Yes, that I can, if she will only turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." This produced a burst of laughter; for Lady Kenyon, by an accident, had a slight curvature of the nose. The child took the profile. Twenty-five years after, an old friend of Lady Kenyon saw this portrait, and could distinctly trace a resemblance to what her ladyship had been at the period when it was taken.

At the age of six years, little Lawrence was sent to school, where he remained only two years; and this was all the education he ever received, except a few lessons afterwards in Latin and French from a dissenting clergyman. From his sixth to his tenth year, he continued to take likenesses occasionally, and to be exhibited as a prodigy by his partial father, who seems to have in some measure lived on the profits of his son's ingenious exertions. At the age of ten, the young artist commenced, of his own accord, to execute original compositions of a higher class. He painted several scripture pieces; and his fame in this branch of the arts also spreading, he was invited by gentle-

men to visit their galleries of paintings from the eminent masters.

The erratic efforts of the rising artist did not save his father from ruin. Old Lawrence failed in his business at Devizes, and removed to Bath, where he placed his son a pupil with Mr Hoare, a crayon-painter of taste and fancy. Under this excellent master he acquired those qualities of grace, delicacy, and spirit, which afterwards distinguished his productions. While at Bath, and only thirteen years of age, he made a drawing of the Transfiguration, which having sent to the exhibition of the Society of Arts, was rewarded by the society conferring upon him the great silver palette, and five guineas, in approbation of his abilities. During his residence at this place of fashionable resort, he was taken by his father on excursions to Oxford, Salisbury, and other towns, where he obtained considerable occupation for his pencil. It is said he generally received four sitters every day, giving to each half an hour, and half an hour longer from memory. When about sixteen years of age, he was strongly inclined to make the stage his profession, and he actually performed at the Bath theatre; but from this line of life he was happily diverted, and turned to better pursuits. He remained at Bath about six years; and, during the whole of this period, young as he was, he was the sole support of his father and the other members of the family. At length, his father, either thinking that his labours might be made still more profitable in a wider field, or perhaps prevailed upon by the remonstrances of his son, determined to remove to London.

It was in the early part of the year 1787, when in his eighteenth year, that young Lawrence was brought to the metropolis, to commence that career which terminated so triumphantly. He was now in the midst of institutions established for affording instructions in his art, and this was a most fortunate circumstance for him at this crisis in his life. It appears, that, on the arrival of the family in London, his father immediately hired a handsome suite of apartments in Leicester Square, in the immediate neighbourhood of the rooms of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom he was anxious his son should be introduced. On applying to this great painter for this purpose, an interview was appointed; and young Lawrence, with the sensibility inseparable from worth and talents, was taken to the painting-room of this distinguished head of the English school of art. Sir Joshua was forcibly struck by the beauty, fine figure, and graceful manner of the lad, and received him with an attention and a benignity that dissipated his apprehensions, and restored him to self-possession. The performance he brought with him was examined, and partially approved of; and having given the young painter several valuable directions, kindly told him he was welcome whenever he chose to call. Lawrence listened to his remarks with deference, and felt grateful for the attention bestowed upon him. Seeing now the folly of his father in wishing to set him up as a master of the art of painting, he very soon removed from Leicester Square to less splendid lodgings in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, and procured himself to be admitted a student at the Royal Academy.

From this period may be dated the rapid rise of Mr Lawrence into notice in the higher circles of society in the metropolis. Every year he attained a greater proficiency in his art; but though commissions for portraits to a considerable extent flowed in upon him, his pecuniary affairs were far from affluent. The drafts upon his purse, in behalf of his parents, were absorbing; but although this burden long held him down, he was never heard to murmur or complain. In 1791, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy; in the following year, on the death of his former patron Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was appointed his successor in the offices of painter to his Majesty and to the Dilettanti Society. From this time his reputation grew steadily till he came to be generally considered the first portrait painter of the age. Every year he produced portraits of eminent characters, and his works included pictures of most of the crowned heads in Europe. In April 1815, the Prince Regent was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Mr Lawrence. At the request of the prince he was induced to proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take likenesses of the most distinguished statesmen who had there met for diplomatic purposes; having executed this mission, to proceed to Vienna, and from thence to Rome, where he had an opportunity of contemplating the great masterpieces of ancient art. During the whole of Sir Thomas's residence on the Continent, he was entertained in the palaces of the various sovereigns with marked distinction; and the propriety and elegance of his deportment made an impression highly favourable to his character as an English artist and gentleman. He returned to England in 1820, but before his arrival, on the death of Mr West, he was elected without opposition to succeed him as President of the Royal Academy. This distinguished office he continued to hold till his lamented death. This event took place in a sudden manner on the 7th of January 1830, and was ascertained to have been caused by an extensive and complicated ossification of the heart—a disease which has prematurely cut off many men of genius.

It would be useless here to say any thing of the character of this eminent individual as a painter. His works, and engravings from them, are every where to be met with, and their superiority may be discovered

even by the most ignorant, from their extraordinary delicacy of touch and gracefulness. He was one of the few eminent English painters who attained a proficiency in their profession before visiting Italy, or without studying the old masters—a circumstance attributable to his wonderful native genius and good taste. Although he never had to contend with those difficulties at the outset which have frequently beset the early career of men who arrived at distinction, his biography presents us with the instructive example of a man of genius successfully struggling to support a father's family, and who was neither intoxicated with applause nor abandoned to that recklessness of conduct which is too commonly found the concomitant of genius, especially when not strengthened by a good education in youth. But we will remember that although Sir Thomas's father was a *down-draught*, his mother was a woman of considerable intelligence and of many lady-like qualifications, as well as matronly virtues; and to her he no doubt owed much of that steadiness of principle which carried him so successfully through life.

LANDING IN AFRICA.

In an interesting work, entitled "Sketches of Spain and Morocco, by Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, Baronet," the accomplished author presents us with the following account of his first landing on the shores of Africa, and the manners of the Moorish population at Tangier, a town on the coast of the Mediterranean, nearly opposite Gibraltar:—

"On approaching the African shores, the aspect of the mountains was desert in the extreme, and the country appeared totally uncultivated, and partially covered with brushwood. As we approached Tangier, the town presented an appearance novel and striking in the highest degree, forming an amphitheatre picturesquely broken by the mosques and high towers of the consular houses, and crowned by the lofty battlements and irregular turrets of the castle commanding the whole. At three o'clock, seated astride on the brawny neck of a Morocco Jew, I made my triumphant entry through the surf, and was landed safe and sound, for the first time in my life, in Africa. The acting consul-general, Mr Ellis, was down on the beach to receive me; and his influence, seconded by the weighty arm of the captain of the port, a sturdy Moor, which fell heavily upon the shoulders of troops of inquisitive wretched-looking Jews, brought me safe through the crowds that were assembled to look at me.

Cockney travellers, on passing from Dover to Calais, are oftentimes pleased to manifest their wonder at the marvellous alteration exhibited to their eyes. The person, however, who for the first time exchanges the shores of Europe for those of Barbary, may well be allowed to express his feelings of surprise at the new and extraordinary scene so suddenly presented to his view. A very few hours' sail has carried him from Europe to the vast and mysterious continent of Africa, from the midst of civilization into barbarism; and, from being surrounded in the morning by Christians, he finds himself in a crowd of Mahometans. The order of things is completely reversed, and every object appears to him novel and strange in the highest degree. The change is indeed so striking, that you may almost imagine yourself to have been transported at once to Timbuctoo; so wretchedly barbarous and so truly African does every thing appear to the eyes of the Christian stranger.

Tangier is a good specimen of a Moorish town. While you view it from the bay, it looks fair and inviting; and, it may be said, almost magnificent: when you enter the walls, however, the illusion ceases, and you can hardly believe your own eyes at the woful falling off in the aspect of things. The principal, and indeed the only one that can be called a street, and which intersects the town in an irregular manner from east to west, consists of a miserable collection of houses, the meanness of which is made more conspicuous by the almost splendid appearance of one or two of the consular houses. Near these the street opens into an oblong space forming a kind of market-place, one side of which is occupied by a low range of shops, or rather stalls, where fruits and different articles of grocery are sold.

One would have expected, in a street inhabited by the representatives of the European powers, to have found the pavement at least passable, whatever might be the case in other parts of the town. This is, however, hardly the case; and the Christians in this instance seem to be as regardless of their own comfort and safety as the Mahometans, for a more villainous piece of paved or unpaved road is or was not, when I was there, to be found in any part of the dominions of the sovereigns either of Morocco or Spain. "From this principal street, as I have described it, numerous others branch off, winding round the town in all directions. Whilst slowly picking your way through these, you are almost inclined to fancy yourself in some of the barbarous towns in the very heart of Africa. In order to touch the houses on both sides of you, there is no occasion to extend your arms very wide; or to raise them to any great height, to reach the flat roofs as you walk along. As for the doors, many of which are scarcely three feet in height, you wonder how any human being can get in, much less the gigantic body of a Moor.

The houses, which, with few exceptions, have but one story, form a small square, one side of which

consists of the entrance door and a wall, and the rest of three small narrow apartments destitute of windows, and merely receiving their light through an open arch which forms the doorway. From the courtyard, a flight of steps reaches to the roof, which constitutes a flat terrace of considerable thickness to keep out the rain. It is thus prepared: over the boards which form the ceiling, a layer of clay, about a foot in thickness, is well beaten down. This is covered by a coating of lime: another layer of clay then succeeds, and a thicker one of lime to form the outer surface, the whole being well beaten down and whitewashed several times."

Our traveller next visited the Alcazaba, or castle of Tangier, to pay his respects to the bashaw or governor. Returning from this visit, he continues, "as we descended the hill, an arched entrance, near the gates of the Alcazaba, pointed out the approach, as I was told, to the habitation of a saint. These gentry, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter, are as abundant at Tangier as elsewhere—a small white linen flag, or rag, stuck on a pole, denoting their abode, which no Christian is allowed to pollute with his presence, or even to approach. From the habitations of Moors, saints, and Jews, being indiscriminately mixed together at Tangier, it requires a residence of some time, and a perfect knowledge of the many little winding streets, to make oneself well acquainted with those in which you are not permitted to set foot; and it frequently happens, that after following one of these winding alleys for some time, you find you are in a cul de sac inhabited by Moors, by whom you are almost sure of being reviled should you chance to be seen. On this account, a stranger is always provided with a soldier to attend him whenever he stirs out."

In such a miserable place as Tangier, it might naturally be supposed that the most profound silence and tranquillity would reign during the night; quite the reverse; and a stranger, on his arrival, does not find it an easy matter to close his eyes, so incessant is the noise echoed through all parts. This is owing to the military patrol, who are stationed in different parts, and perambulate the town throughout the night, calling out the watchword; which, being repeated by the next, circulates in an instant through the whole of the place, and is repeated about every five minutes during dark. In vain the poor stranger tries to close his eyes, and, turning from side to side, wonders at the cause of the savage cries that he hears thus echoed. Through many a weary hour is he constrained to bear this uproar, when, towards dawn, the wretches who have been murdering his repose sink away, and for an instant his weary eyelids are closed by sleep. I say for an instant, for the cries of the night patrol have scarcely died away, when he is suddenly aroused by a loud sepulchral voice, whose unearthly tones appear to his drowsy senses to descend from the air: this is the muedden or orier, who, from the top of the mosque, calls out to the true believer to shake off sleep and repair to prayers. It is the universal custom in Morocco, the use of bells being unknown both in Barbary, and, I believe, in other parts of the world where the Mahometan religion is professed. According to its rules, every Mussulman must repeat his prayers five times during the day; and this injunction by no means adds to the repose of the inmates of the consular house, from its immediate vicinity to the great mosque.

Every morning, when it is still almost dark, the muedden ascends the tower or minaret, and begins to exclaim from the top with a loud stentorian voice, in order to wake and give notice to the inhabitants. Having ceased for a short time, he recommences, continuing his exhortation or prayer for nearly half an hour, while the people are dressing and preparing themselves for the mosque. A third time he commences, when they repair to the mosque; and the first prayers are repeated, it being now dawn. The second prayers, which are announced in a similar manner, take place at twelve o'clock. The third time the muedden cries is nearly two o'clock; the fourth time, at gun-fire or sunset; the fifth and last prayers being announced at the close of day, and when the last gleam of light has disappeared on the horizon.

From the foregoing circumstances, it will be easily conceived, that, however agreeable and quiet Tangier may be during the day, it is not so during the hours when one feels most inclined to repose. A powerful addition to these miseries might well be enumerated in the never-failing lungs of one of those personages whom the besotted ignorance of the people dignifies by the name of saints, and who is one of the curiosities of Tangier. This holy man, who is easily recognised by his uncovered head, his filthy raiment, and a long staff with the aid of which he slowly perambulates the streets, is distinguishable from other saints by a loud peculiar bellowing, which is so strange and incessant as to induce some to suppose that it is the howling of an evil spirit which by some means or other has got possession of the good old man's inside. At cock-crow his daily roarings commence, usually stationing himself at the door of the fondak or caravansary, which is a short distance above the English house. The utmost respect and obedience are paid by the Moors to this old madman, who acts in some respects with considerable method and forethought. Every market day he makes his appearance in the sok, provided with a capacious basket, which he fills at the different stalls with whatever pleases his fancy best, and for which payment is never demanded. It

is amusing enough to see how well the holy man forages for himself: from one he takes a piece of meat, from another bread, from a third vegetables, until at last, having got sufficient to stop the throat of his noisy companion within him, he makes a quiet and orderly retreat.

The law here is administered with little form: the judge hears the different causes and suits frequently in the open street, and sitting probably at the door of some shop, where the respective parties plead their own causes before him; and the point in dispute is at once decided in a manner rather more expeditious than in our Court of Chancery, and as summarily as a country bench of magistrates disposes of a question of rates or a settlement case. Matters, however, are often left to be determined by arbitration. The usual punishment is the bastinado, which is so unsparingly administered upon all ranks and orders, that it may be considered indeed the birthright of a Moor. Arising out of this little instrument, three general divisions or classes of society exist in Morocco, as I have heard it observed: first, the sultan; secondly, those who beat; and, lastly, those who are beaten; the latter class always living in hopes to advance in life, and change places with the one immediately above them; a pithy arrangement, but very significant of the people and country.

Beheading prevails in cases of criminal delinquency; and in this operation the Moors are as expert as their other Mahometan brethren. The sufferer being thrown on his back on the ground, his legs and arms are held steady, while the operator, by means of a long sharp knife, removes the head, with a quickness and dexterity attained by practice alone; when in the hands of a novice, some hacking, as I have been told, naturally occurs. Decapitation, indeed, is so usual in Morocco, that it is thought little of; and a body is shortened with as much unconcern and ease as an Englishman slices off the head of a turnip. In many countries men's heads are their own; in this they belong to the sultan, before whom every Moor, proud and haughty as he may appear, crouches with the most abject slavery, in token of his being master of his life, and every thing he possesses."

A sketch of the manners and customs of the people of this interesting portion of Africa will be given in a succeeding number.

SCOTTISH PROBATIONERS.

THERE is a very general ambition among the lower order of the Scotch people, founded on the most laudable points of their character, to rear one of their family to be a clergyman. The English would be astonished if they knew what poor people north of the Tweed will do to attain this object—how shepherds, and small tradesmen, and coachmen, will sometimes contrive to obtain a learned education for one of their children, who perhaps gladdens their eyes before they die, by appearing in a pulpit, and fixing himself in one of the most respectable stations in life. No doubt, the wonder is lessened, in some measure, by the extreme cheapness of education in Scotland, and the expedients which are open to students for procuring their own support as they advance. Yet, after making every allowance, it must still be held as an extraordinary, and, in a national point of view, a creditable thing, that the bulk of the members of one of the learned professions of the country should be derived from a class of society almost the poorest which it possesses.

Praiseworthy, however, as we may allow the spirit to be, which induces a poor man in Scotland to make himself a great deal poorer, in order that one of his children may hereafter be a credit to him, and fill a high sphere of usefulness in his country, we cannot see that there is any abstract good in the Scottish clergy being so generally the children of poor men. It would be quite as well, we think, judging the question upon principles of general humanity, if clergyman were to arise from a class who could afford the education of their children with somewhat less of suffering, leaving the poor people to bring up their offspring to pursuits which would demand a smaller sacrifice of their own comfort. There is no reason in the world that a parent should pinch himself all his days, and abstract part of the comfort due to his other children, in order that one may hereafter be in the situation of a gentleman, while he and his remaining offspring still continue in their original humility. It is easy to see that there is a partiality and a wrong in this, which there is nothing on the other hand but a gratified sentiment to compensate. Nor is there any reason in the world that one man should wade through misery to a situation which another can attain without any misery. The privations of the Scottish theological students are in many cases dreadful—as would be the sufferings of any other persons of a humble rank, who should endeavour to step into any situation

equally different from their original, and equally difficult to be attained.

All this, however, proceeds upon the assumption that the situation is sure in the long-run to be gained. If it were so, there might be more feasibility in this strange ambition of the common people. But, unfortunately, there is such a disproportion between the number of livings in the Scottish church and the number of those who are educated for the profession, that, for one who is successful, perhaps two are otherwise. The livings are about a thousand, of which thirty, at an average, become vacant every year. As four years is the period of theological education, it follows that little more than a hundred and twenty young men should ever be at one time in preparation for the profession. Now, it is far within the mark to assign five times this number as the amount of theological students in the various universities. The consequence is, that a vast number of young men are brought into a most delicate, anomalous, and painful situation in life, unable to obtain the employment for which they were reared, and equally powerless to adapt themselves to any other, except, perhaps, the business of teaching, which is more meanly paid than the humblest of the arts. "Exactly twenty years ago," says a friend at our elbow, "I was completing my classical course with a young man, the son of a very poor person, who was destined for the church. For twelve years, I have been in a way of supporting myself, and am now in a position in life with which I have every reason to be satisfied. What has been the fate of my school-companion? Owing to the narrow circumstances of his parents, his education was protracted through twice the number of years that would otherwise have been necessary. About nine or ten years ago, he was at length able to obtain a licence as a preacher, but not before he had undergone sufferings and difficulties such as could have never been his fate, if he had chosen a course of life more suitable to his native circumstances. Nor was the licence to preach an end to his distresses. He has since then found no better employment than to live with a very small gentleman as tutor to his children, upon a salary which scarcely keeps up a decent wardrobe. With the greatest personal worth, he possesses respectable abilities; yet such is the difficulty of obtaining a clerical location, that he may yet hang on for years before he obtains one, and, after all, may have to sink into the forlorn condition of a country schoolmaster, or try to find a congregation among the backwoods of America. He appears in my eyes in no other light than as a person who has lost his proper place in the world, and never been able to find another. The whole flower of his life is past, without having been either enjoyed or usefully employed; and even should he now become fixed in a clergyman's salary (seldom great at the best in this quarter of the island), what a deduction would need to be made to compensate for the years he has lost!"

Such is a single instance, but it is one which every reader will be able to multiply from his own recollections. It is in reality the case of a vast proportion of the young men reared in this country for the church; and it is one which every good mind must contemplate with regret. A multitude of young men of good abilities, who in other circumstances would have been benefiting the community, and securing their own prosperity and happiness, are left in the most distressing and hopeless situation, a burden to themselves and all connected with them.

Considering this as an evil of some magnitude in our country, and one which calls for correction, we have thought it consistent with the aims of our humble sheet, to convey the above remarks to the minds of the common people, in order that they may be induced to pause, before giving way to even those laudable feelings which are so apt to lead them into a course pregnant with mischief to themselves and others. If they are chiefly inspired with a wish that a child of theirs should be concerned in the great business of enforcing religious precepts, they ought to consider if they are sure that an opportunity to do so, will, under present circumstances, be allowed to him. If the temporal advantage and respectability of a clerical situation be what chiefly animates them, they would do well to consider if equal advantages may not be gained at a less sacrifice of immediate comfort. A parochial minister has certainly something like a competency for current subsistence; and the dignity of his profession raises him considerably above that degree of public respect which the same income would gain in any other situation. The clergyman, however [we speak of Scotland only], has no means of extending his income, so as to provide for the settlement of his family, or for any other of those purposes to which the most natural and justifiable feelings might prompt him. We every day see men, whose education has cost little or nothing, and whose origin is the meanest, rise by trade to the enjoyment of an excellent income, and eventually accumulate immense wealth. The chances, indeed, in almost any course of life that an adventurous and able young man can enter into, are infinitely better than those of the

church. There is also a kind of grudge in the minds of a large class of the people respecting even the moderate incomes which the clergy enjoy, and to which no layman, however wealthy, or however discredibly he may use his wealth, is ever subjected: this, with a mind of any sensibility, must greatly detract from that comfort which is supposed to reside in a manse. It would, therefore, we think, be well for the individuals who are anxious to educate their sons for the church, to weigh well beforehand three questions—Is the situation temporally better than others which can be gained at less expense, and with less discomfort? Is there a good chance of the situation being gained after all the qualifications have been accomplished? Is it not better, since there is such difficulty in a poor person obtaining these qualifications, to permit some richer one to take the risk? Unless these questions can be satisfactorily answered, they are only sacrificing, to a vain excess of a laudable sentiment, their own welfare, and that of their children.

THE RIFLE, AN AMERICAN TALE.

ABOUT the middle of December, some ten or twelve years ago, before Illinois was admitted a sister state into the union, on the afternoon of a day that had been uncommonly severe, and during the morning of which there had occurred a light fall of snow, two persons were seen riding along one of the immense prairies, in a northern direction. The elder seemed advanced in years, and was dressed in the usual habiliments of the country. He wore a cap made of the skin of the otter, and a hunting-shirt of blue linsey-wolsey covered his body, descending nearly to the knees, and trimmed with red woollen fringe. It was fastened round the waist by a girdle of buckskin, to which was also appended a bullet-pouch, made of the same material with the cap. His feet were covered with buckskin mocassins, and leggings of stout cloth were wrapped several times round his legs, fastened above the knee and at the ankle with strings of green worsted. The horse he bestrode was so small, that his rider's feet almost dragged on the ground, and he had that artificial gait which is denominated rocking. The old man's hair fell in long and uncombed locks beneath his cap, and was white with the frosts of many winters; while the sallowness of his complexion gave proof of a long residence in those uncultivated parts of the country where the excessive vegetable decay, and the stagnation of large bodies of water, produce perennial agues. His companion was a young man, dressed according to the prevailing fashion of the cities of the eastern states, and his rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, evinced that he had not suffered from the effects of climate. He was mounted on a spirited horse, and carried in his hand, the butt resting on his toe, a heavy-looking rifle.

"Well, Doctor Rivington," said the elder person, "I should no more ha' looked to see one of you Yankees taking about wi' you a real Kentucky rifle, than I should ha' thought I'd be riding myself without one. If I did'n't see it in your hands, I could almost swear that it's Jim Buckhorn's."

"You have guessed correctly, Mr Silversight," replied the young physician; "I believe you know almost every rifle in this part of the territory."

"Why, I have handled a power of 'em in my time, doctor," said the old man; "and there a'n't many good ones atwixt Sangano and the Mississipp; that I don't know the vally on. I reckon, now, that same rifle seems to you but a clumsy sort of shooting-iron, but it's brought down a smart chance of deer, first and last. That lock's a rail screamer, and there a'n't a truer bore, except mine, that I left down in the settlement, to get a new sight to."

"I was unacquainted with the worth of the gun," resumed Charles Rivington; "but stepping into the gunsmith's this morning, I heard him lament that he had missed a chance of sending it out to Jimmy Buckhorn's; so, intending to come this way, I offered to take charge of it myself. In this wilderness country, we must stand ready to do such little offices of friendship, Mr Silversight."

"'Twas no doubt kindly meant, doctor, and Jim will be monstrous glad to git his piece agin," said the hunter. "But my wonderment is, and I don't mean no harm by it, how that tinker would trust such a screamer as that 'ere with a Yankee doctor. Do give it to me; I can't 'bide seeing a good rifle in a man's hand that don't know the vally on it."

Dr Rivington resigned the weapon with a good-humoured smile; for he had been some time in the country, and partly understood the love which a hunter always feels for a piece of the character of that he had been carrying; he knew, too, though the old man's manners were rough, there was nothing like roughness in his heart. Indeed, the very person who was loath to trust his young companion with a gun, intrinsically worth but a trifle, would, nevertheless, as we shall presently see, have unhesitatingly placed in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncouped or unlimited amount of money. Handing his rifle across his horse to the old hunter, Charles Rivington observed, "I am glad you have offered to take it, Mr Silversight, for there appears to be a storm coming up, and, as I wish to reach Mr Wentworth's to-night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing

through the timber into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn's."

"Will you be going to town to-morrow, doctor?" asked Silversight.

"I shall."

"Well, then, you can do me a good turn. Here," said the old man, handing a little leathern bag, "is fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest, four hundred and eighty-five in Shawnee-town paper, is wrapped in this bit of rug. Want you to pay it into the land-office, to clear out old Richly's land. I was going to take it in; but you'll do just as well, and save me a long ride."

The physician promised to attend to the business, and they kept on together, conversing about such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until they reached the place where the path, dividing, pursued opposite directions.

"This is my nearest way, I believe?" said Charles.

"It is," answered the old man. "This first track, that we noticed awhile ago, lies on my route; so I'll push my nag a little, soon as I load this rifle, and it may so be that I'll overtake company. Doctor, look here, and you'll know how an old hunter loads his piece—it may stand you in stead some day; I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a leetle smaller than Jim's, your mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball into its place, and carefully poured some priming into the pan, "it's done in quick time by them what have slept, year in and year out, with Red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, doctor; you needn't lift the certificates—the register may as well keep 'em till old Richly goes in himself."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, as the night threatened to set in dark and stormy. The old hunter had proceeded about four or five miles on his way, when the report of a musket was heard reverberating through the night, and the old man, writhing and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, which, scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the prairie. A form was seen a few minutes after, cautiously approaching the place, fearful lest his victim should not yet be dead; but apparently satisfied in this particular, by his motionless silence, he advanced, and proceeded immediately to examine the pockets of the deceased.

"So!" muttered he at length, when a fruitless search was finished, "the old curmudgeon has'n't got the money after all; and I've put a bullet through his head for nothing. I'm sure I heard him say, in Brown's tavern, down in the settlement, that old Richly gave it to him to carry; well, it's his own fault, for telling a bragging lie about it; and the grey-headed scoundrel won't never jeer me again, for using a smooth-bore, before a whole company of Kentuck-squatters—it carried true enough to do his business. I'm sorry I dropped that flask, any how; but this powder-horn will make some amends," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast where it had hung for forty years. "What have we here!" said he again, as he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "ho, ho," discharging it into the air, "if the worst comes to worst, they'll think his piece went off by accident, and shot him. But there's no danger—it will snow by day-light, and cover the trail, and the prairie wolves will finish the job."

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, nearly at right angles with the path along which the unfortunate hunter had been travelling.

It was in a log-house, larger, and of rather more comfortable construction, than was usually seen in that wilderness country, beside a fire that sent a broad and crackling flame half way up the spacious chimney, that there was seated, on the evening of this atrocious murder, in addition to its ordinary inmates, the young physician from whom we have lately parted. His greatcoat, hat, and overalls, were laid aside, and he was conversing with that agreeable fluency, and pleased expression of countenance, which denoted that he was happy in the society around him. Opposite, and busily employed in knitting, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen. From her work, which seemed to engross an unusual portion of her attention, she every now and then would send a furtive glance to their guest, thus telling, in the silent language of love, the tale she never could have found words to utter.

Catharine Wentworth was the daughter of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the state of New York, but to whom misfortune in business had suddenly befallen, and had stripped him of all his fortune. Not caring to remain longer among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated with his family to the wilds of Illinois. In a plain log-cabin he now enjoyed a degree of happiness that he had never known before. And well might he be happy, for his wife, two hardy and active sons, and his daughter Catharine, were all around him, smiling in contentment, and ruddy with health.

This happy family, with the addition of Charles Rivington, who was already betrothed to his dearly beloved Catharine, were gathered, as we have said, round the fireside, conversing cheerfully, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Mr Rumley, the deputy-sheriff of the county, entered the apartment, apologising for his intrusion by saying he was on his

route for a cabin farther up the prairie. He was by no means a person of prepossessing look, and on the present occasion wore a haggard appearance; but he was welcomed to the cottage, and accommodated with a lodging for the night. In a short time the different members of the family retired to rest.

It was late on the following day that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town where he resided, was seated in his office, employed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying at the same time on the table before him, when three men abruptly entered the apartment.

"You are our prisoner," cried the foremost of the party. "Look there, Jim; there's the very money itself. I can swear to the pouch."

"Stand back, sir, and lay hold of me at your peril," replied our hero; "if I am to be made prisoner, produce your warrant."

"You may as well submit, doctor," said Buckhorn, another of the party; "you are accused of being the murderer of old Silversight, who was found shot through the head on the road this morning."

"Is it possible? Poor old man! has he really been killed? When I parted with him last night, he was not only well, but seemed in excellent spirits. However, I yield myself your prisoner. I perceive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely, for a while, upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honour and fair dealing, until I shall be able to prove my innocence, or till the real perpetrator is placed in the hands of justice."

So saying, Charles Rivington departed with the officer and his companions to the house of Mr Lawton, who, being a justice of peace, had issued a warrant for his apprehension. It is needless to say anything of the examination. Our hero was committed for trial, and so strong were the proofs against him, that the worthy magistrate, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, could scarcely hesitate to believe him guilty. When the sun arose that morning, Charles Rivington was one of the happiest of men. Loving and beloved, his business increasing, his name respected, and the time rapidly approaching which was to bind him to his Catharine in the tender relationship of marriage—he looked back upon the glorious orb, as it burst through the eastern heaven, with an eye of almost kindred brightness. How changed the scene at its setting! Its last rays fell upon him through the iron-guarded window of a prison; but he was invigorated by conscious innocence. The only son and support of a widowed mother, he had been endowed with good principles, and now was deeply troubled at the distress she would experience on his account. Information was soon conveyed to the excellent woman of the unhappy fate of her boy, and she hurried to visit him in his confinement: the meeting was such as will be easily imagined.

To proceed: week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for the trial at length arrived. The little village in which the sessions of the circuit-court were held, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "the Public Square," in which stood a building, answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of a meeting-house when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small one-story edifice, about twelve feet square, and built of hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. Here lay the hero of our story till his trial took place.

The trial of Charles Rivington for murder excited a great deal of attention in this remote district, and on the important day the court-house was crowded. Among the witnesses who were examined was one Carnock, the nephew of the deceased. He mentioned, that, on the night of the 16th of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped perhaps for a while at Buckhorn's, who lived at the distance of a mile or so; but as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of tracking the horse. He called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail, and followed it till they found the dead body. It led them to Mr Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there who had crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered, that Dr Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them; that Mr Rumley, the deputy-sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he had come from farther up on the same side. They followed on the trail till they arrived in the town. Being informed by Mr Drill the gunsmith, that Dr Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle out with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

Other witnesses were examined, and the prisoner was put on his defence; and all that talent or ingenuity could devise was done by skilful counsel. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character; but their evidence was rendered unnecessary, by the attorney for the prosecution admitting, in unequivocal terms, that, previous to the horrid occur-

rence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. Summing up very briefly, he assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to a moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder-flask had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree engraved upon it—C. R. M. D.—Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine; and that this was a point in the evidence of the most conclusive kind.

The charge of the judge, who was evidently much affected, occupied but a few minutes, and the jury retired to make up their verdict. The prisoner, in the meanwhile, sat firm and collected, though pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his situation in a nauseous confined prison. Let us hurry over this distressing scene. The prisoner, as was anticipated, was pronounced guilty, and doomed to perish on the gallows as a malefactor that day three weeks. The intense anxiety, and at length the horror of mind of the mother of this unhappy victim of circumstantial evidence, and of the sorrowing, almost distracted Catharine, both of whom waited with impatience the termination of the trial, it would be impossible to describe.

The three weeks which had been allowed before carrying the sentence of the court into effect, elapsed. The morning which our hero believed was to be the last of his earthly existence, rose with unwonted brightness; and throngs of people came pouring into the little village, impelled by curiosity to witness the appalling spectacle. The hour now arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square, and thither the sad procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal spot with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectator guess that he shrank from the horrors of such a death. They reached the spot, and a prayer was offered up with unaccustomed fervour. The sheriff's attendant stood in waiting with the fatal cord; while the agonised mother, vainly endeavouring to emulate the firmness of her heroic son, approached with trembling steps to bid a last farewell—when, hark! a shout was heard—all eyes were turned to catch its meaning—another shout, and the words, "Stop the execution!" were distinctly audible. In an instant after, the death-pale form of Jimmy Buckhorn tumbled from his horse, with just sufficient strength remaining to reach towards the sheriff, with an order from the judge to stay the execution.

Jimmy Buckhorn had deeply lamented the fate of Charles Rivington, and, though at first bearing witness against him, felt a conviction of his innocence, and sought for some clue to the real murderer. For some time he was unsuccessful; but at length the thought struck him that the track in the side of the stream where Mr Wentworth resided might have been caused by a traveller passing along on the morning after the fatal deed, and the deputy-sheriff, in that case, might be the real culprit. He immediately set out to visit every cabin above Mr Wentworth's, to see if Rumley's story of having been farther up the stream was correct. This took a considerable time; but the result satisfied him that the tale was false. He then procured the assistance of a surgeon, imposing upon him secrecy until the proper time for disclosure; and proceeded to disinter the body of Silversight. This was more successful than he had dared to hope: the ball had lodged in a cavity of the head, and being produced, Buckhorn pronounced at once, from its great size, that it could have been discharged only from Rumley's smooth-bore. He set out directly in search of the deputy-sheriff, whom, with his gun, he happily secured at one of the taverns in the new settlements, and thereupon lost not a moment in fleeing to the house of the judge to procure an order to delay the proceedings against the unoffending Rivington.

But the chain of evidence in this extraordinary case was not yet complete. A wild and dissipated young man, of the name of Michael Davis, who had just returned up the river from New Orleans, entered the office of the clerk of the county, on his way back from the place where the execution was to have taken place. Here he saw lying on the table the fatal powder-flask which had been brought in evidence against our hero, and which he proved to have been his own, "or rather," said he, "it was mine and Caleb Rumley's together; there's our initials C. R. M. D. for Caleb Rumley and Michael Davis, scratched on one of the sides with my own knife." Immediately on this wonderful development of Rumley's connexion with the murder, no one continued to hold the unfortunate Rivington any longer guilty; and it became the duty of the worthy magistrate to commit, in the course of that very day, that respectable personage Caleb Rumley, Esq. to the same tenement which Dr Rivington had lately inhabited. A bill was forthwith found by the grand jury, and the trial of the real murderer came on shortly after. For a long time he obstinately denied any knowledge of the death of Silversight; but as proofs after proofs were disclosed against him, he first became doggedly silent, then greatly intimidated, and at last made a full disclosure of his crime. He was accordingly found guilty, and executed on the same gallows that had been erected for our culminated hero.

The sickness of Catharine Wentworth was long and severe; but our friend Charles was her physician, and the reader will not wonder that it yielded at last to

his skill. The excellent parent of our hero had been condemned, at different periods of her life, to drink deeply of the cup of affliction, and she had bowed with noble humility to her fate; but she now supported herself in this more trying hour of joy. As for her severely-trying son, he was now restored to the affections of all who knew him: his character was held in higher estimation than ever. Spring had gone forth, warbling with her thousand voices of delight, over those wide-extended prairies, and the flowers had sprung into a beautiful existence at her call, when the hand of the blushing Catharine, herself a lovelier flower, was bestowed in marriage on the transported Charles Rivington.*

NEW YEAR OBSERVANCES IN SCOTLAND.

EXCEPT in some parts of the Highlands, where the day of the Nativity is still marked with some show of decent observance, the Scottish people may be said to have no holidays besides the first and last days of the year, and an anomalous festival called Handsel Monday. Easter and Christmas were no doubt observed in Scotland, before the Reformation, with the same pious regard as elsewhere. But after that period, when, as some one remarked, we made so much haste to escape from Rome, as almost to run out of Christendom, those festivals were denounced as Popish; nor even in the partially triumphant days of Episcopacy was it found possible to induce an observance of them. In a religious point of view, Christmas and Easter are totally unknown among us, except to Episcopalian families. To make up for this, however, we celebrate the close of the one year and the opening of the other with such intense mirthfulness, that the whole period is called, *par excellence*, the DAFT DAYS.

Christmas, it must be acknowledged, partakes a little of the general character of the Daft Days. It is honoured with a shadowy and traditionary notice among the peasantry, the remains of a respect which has long gone by. The guizards, for instance, always look upon it as the first of those nights when it is lawful for them to go about in the exercise of their calling. We may also learn, from several popular rhymes, that it is either still, in some places, a day of feasting, or is recollected to have been so in times past. Thus, the boys in the old pastoral town of Peebles have a rhyme which they cry during the Daft Days, as they go about the streets:

"On Chrisslemass nicht I turned the spit,
I burnt my finger, I find it yet!"

And in Fife they have a rhyme still more pointedly testifying the festive character of the day—a rhyme breathing a fine spirit of mingled gratitude and regret for past pleasures:

"Yule's come, and Yule's gane,
And we hae feasted weel;
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel."

Scotland has also in its time partaken of the old religious rites with which Christmas used to be celebrated at the peasant's fireside. The boys are still well acquainted with the rhyme alluded to in Ellis's edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities, as having been descriptive of, or allusive to, a certain domestic ceremony:

"Yule, Yule, Yule,
Three puddings in a pule!
Crack nuts and cry Yule."

These are curious memorials of the Scottish Christmas or Yule, and tend to illustrate the remark of Coleridge as to the difficulty of altogether erasing the marks of "that which once hath been." They show that even a high religious principle may fail to extinguish the humblest and homeliest custom, if it once be a custom, and have any recommendation from the universal taste for amusement. Old Scottish ballads allude to the hallow or holidays of Yule:

"When the hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
Then in and came her ain two sons,
And their hats made o' the birk."

There is also some illustration of this point to be derived from a child's rhyme; which, being redeemed from silliness by a good moral, may also be placed amidst these frail vestiges of an observance almost forgotten:

"There was a guse, they ca'd it Luce,
Was paiding in a pool-y,
By cam a tod, wi' mony a nod,
And bad her to her Yule-y.
He took her hame, and thocht nae shame
To put her on a stool-y,
Then singit her claes, and burnt her claes,
And garr'd her look like a fool-y."

And such will be the fate of all silly geese, which trust too much to the courteous invitations of wily tods.

But we hasten from Christmas to Hogmanay—from the shadow to the substance. Hogmanay is the universal popular name in Scotland for the last day of the year. It is a day of high festival among young and old, but particularly the young, who do not regard any of the rest of the Daft Days with half so much interest. In the town above mentioned, which, being quite secluded from other places, maintains old customs in considerable purity, the children of the poorer people—all of them, without exception of sex or age, if only able to walk—get themselves, at an early hour, tied into large aprons or sheets, the lower corners of which are turned up in front, so as to form

each into a vast pocket or refectory. Thus rigged out, they go in families or bands to the doors of all the better sort of people, to collect an alms of oaten bread, from time out of mind accustomed to be given on this day by the rich to the poor. Each child gets one quadrant section of oat-cake (sometimes, in the case of particular favourites, improved by an addition of cheese), and this is called their *hogmanay*. In expectation of the large demands thus made upon them, the housewives busy themselves, for several days beforehand, in preparing a suitable quantity of cakes. A particular individual, in my own knowledge, has frequently resolved two bolls of meal into hogmanay cakes. The children, on coming to the door, cry "Hogmanay!" which is in itself a sufficient announcement of their demands; but there are other exclamations, which either are or might be used for the same purpose. One of these is,

"Hogmanay,
Trolloley,
Give us of your white bread, and none of your grey!"

What is precisely meant by the mysterious word *Hogmanay*, or by the still more inexplicable *Trolloley*, I shall not pretend to determine; but the reader will find, from the fourth volume of the *Archæologia Scotica*, that the subject has received due attention at the hands of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. Of the many other cries, appropriate to the morning of Hogmanay, I may chronicle two of the less puerile:—

"Get up, gudewife, and shake your feathers,
And dinna think that we are beggars;
For we are bairns come out to play,
Get up and gie's our Hogmanay!"

Another is of a moralising character, though a good deal of a truism:—

"Get up, gudewife, and binna sweir,
And deal your bread to them that's here;
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And then ye'll neither need ale nor bread."

She is in a very peevish strain, but, as saith the sage, "Blessed is he that expects little, for he will not be disappointed:"—

"My shoon are made of hoary hide;
Behind the door I downa bide;
My tongue is sair, I daurna sing—
I fear I will get little thing."

The most favourite of all, however, is much smarter, more laconic, and more to the point, than any of the foregoing:—

"My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin;
Gie's a piece, and let us rin!"

It is no unpleasant scene, during the forenoon, to see the children going laden home, each with his large apron bellying out before him, stuffed full of cakes, and perhaps scarcely able to waddle under the load. Such a mass of oaten alms is no inconsiderable addition to the comfort of the poor man's household, and tends to make the season still more worthy of its jocund title.

In the evening of this day, as on Christmas night, the guizards are all astir. Such of the boys as can pretend to any thing like a voice, have for weeks before been thumbing the collection of excellent new songs, which lies like a bunch of rags in the window sole, and being now able to screech up "Barbara Allan," or the "Wee Cot-house and the wee Kail-yardie," they determine upon enacting the part of the guizards. For this purpose they don old shirts belonging to their fathers, and mount casques of brown paper, shaped so like a mitre, that I am tempted to believe them borrowed from the Abbot of Un-reason: attached to this is a sheet of the same paper, which, falling down in front, covers and conceals the whole face, except where holes are made to let through the point of the nose, and afford sight to the eyes and breath to the mouth. Each vocal guizard is, like a knight of old, attended by a kind of "humble squire," who assumes the habiliments of a girl, with an old woman's cap, and a broomstick, and is styled "Bessie." Bessie is equal in no respect, except that she shares fairly in the proceeds of the enterprise. She goes before her principal, opens all the doors at which he pleases to exert his singing powers, and busies herself during the time of the song, in sweeping the floor with her broomstick, or in playing any other antics that she thinks may amuse the indwellers. The common reward of this entertainment is a halfpenny; but many churlish persons fall upon the unfortunate guizards, and beat them out of the house. Let such persons, however, keep a good watch upon their cabbage gardens next Halloween! Guizarding is proper for four nights of the year:—Christmas, Hogmanay, New-year's Day, and Handsel Monday. We observe it is tried in a small and unpretending way at Edinburgh.

It were unnecessary, in this place, to enter into an account of the practices at the midnight between Hogmanay and New-Year's Day, which are already so minutely described in other works. Neither, for the same reason, is it worth while to particularise the customs of the first day of the year itself. I may only mention, that the custom of New-Year's gifts, still so rife in France, was formerly much more common in this country than it is at present. We find, for instance, from Mr Pitcairn's great work, that James the Fourth would have a gift of ten angels presented to him in his bed on New-Year's morning; as also a *caudle*, which, by the way, must have been exactly the same thing which the modern people of Edinburgh know by the term *het-pint*. It is pleasant also to find, that, on the 1st of January 1490-91, the same monarch presented Blind Harry, the minstrel, author of the "Life of Wallace," with eighteen shillings. Still more

* Abridged from a series of American tales, edited by Miss Mitford.

delightful is it to know, that, on the New-Year's-Day of 1597, the monarch gave to diverse "menstrallis, schawmeris, trumpeteris, tabouraris, fithellaris, luteris, clarshaaris, and piparis," the aggregate sum of forty-one pounds sixteen shillings. The custom of giving and receiving New-Year's gifts was still more common at the court of James the Sixth, who was exactly the kind of man to give encouragement to at least one branch of the system. We find Elizabeth also a great receiver of New-Year's gifts. And after James went to England, the practice had reached such a height, and was so indispensable, that it is grievously complained of as a tax upon the pockets of the courtiers.*

THE DOCTORED MONKEY.

A MELANCHOLY fate, I am sorry to record (says Captain Hall), befel a monkey of mine. I was then in command of the *Lyra*, on the homeward voyage from China, after the embassy under Lord Amherst had been concluded. We touched on our way to Calcutta at the Philippine Islands, and, amongst other live stock, laid in a monkey which had seen the world. He was born, they assured us, at Teneriffe, bred at Cadiz, and had afterwards made the voyage across the Pacific Ocean, via Lima and Acapulco, to Manila. This splendid bay is the chief station of the Spaniards in the eastern world, and has long formed one of those links in the vast colonial chain which enabled that once powerful nation to boast with truth that the sun never set on their dominions. Our extensive traveller had made good use of his time and opportunities, and was destined to see a good deal more of men and manners, indeed almost to make out the circuit of the globe. We brought him with us through the Straits of Malacca to Poole Penang, and from thence carried him across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta and Madras. We next visited together the Isle of France, the Cape, and, lastly, St Helena, at the very time the ex-emperor of the world resided there.

This distinguished monkey had a particular liking for the marines, who caressed and fed him, and sometimes even ventured to teach him to play off tricks on Jack, which the sailors promised one day to pay back with interest on the soldiers. In so diminutive a vessel as a ten-gun brig, there is but a small party of marines, merely a sergeant's guard, and no commissioned officer, otherwise I hardly think the following trick would have been attempted.

It has been already mentioned, that on Sundays the ship's company are mustered at divisions, ranged on either side of the deck. Every man is then dressed in his very best togs, shaved, and trimmed up as gaily as possible. The marines, of course, sparkle about as brightly as polished metal, scarlet cloth, and the eternal pipeclay, can make them. When all are reported present, the captain walks slowly and solemnly round, eyeing each man from head to foot, to detect a spot of dirt, or a thread opening at a seam, and peering under the breast of every gun to discover some neglected delta of unwashed-away said.

One fine day, while going our formal rounds, I came to a figure which at first sight puzzled me not a little. This was no other than our great traveller the monkey, dressed up as a marine, and planted like a sentry on the middle step of the short ladder which, in deep-waisted vessels, is placed at the gangway, and reaches from the deck to the top of the bulwark. The animal was dressed up in a complete suit of miniature uniform, made chiefly of the coloured buntin used for flags, with sundry bits of red baise purloined from the carpenters. His regimental cap was constructed out of painted canvass; and under his lower jaw had been forced a stock of pump-leather, so stiff in itself, and so tightly drawn back, that his head was rendered totally immovable. His chin, and great part of the cheeks, had been shaved with so much care, that only two small curled mustachios and a respectable pair of whiskers remained. His hair behind being tied back tightly into a queue, the poor creature's eyes were almost starting from his head; while the corners of his mouth being likewise tugged towards the ears by the hair-dresser's operations, the expression of his countenance became irresistibly ludicrous. The astonished recruit's elbows were then brought in contact and fastened behind by a lashing, passed round and secured to the middle step of the ladder, so that he could not budge an inch from his position. One of the ship's pistols, fashioned like a musket, and strapped to his shoulder, was tied to his left hand, which again had been sewed by the sailmaker to the waistband of his beautifully pipeclayed trousers; in short, he was rigged up as a complete sea-soldier in full uniform.

As the captain and his train approached, the monkey began to tremble and chatter; but the men, not knowing how their chief might relish the joke, looked rather grave, while, I own, it cost me no small official struggle to keep down a laugh. I did succeed, however, and merely said, in passing, "You should not play these tricks upon travellers; cast him loose immediately." One of the men pulled his knife from his breast, and cutting the cord which fastened the poor Spaniard to the ladder, let him scamper off. Unluckily for the gravity of the officers, however, and

that of the crew, Jacko did not run below, or jump into one of the boats out of sight, but made straight for his dear friends the marines, drawn up in line across our little hurricane-house of a poop. Unconscious of the ridicule he was bringing on his military patrons, he took up a position in front of the corps, not unlike a fogleman; and I need hardly say, that even the royals themselves, provoked though they were, now joined in the laugh which soon passed along the decks, and was with difficulty suppressed during the remainder of the muster.

A day or two afterwards, and while the monkey was still puzzled to think what was the matter with his chin, he happened to observe the doctor engaged in some chemical process. As his curiosity and desire for information were just such as ought to characterise a traveller of his intelligence, he crept gradually from chest to chest, and from bag to bag, till he arrived within about a yard of Apothecaries' Hall, as that part of the steerage was named by the midshipmen. Poor Mono's delight was very great as he observed the process of pill-making, which he watched attentively while the ingredients were successively weighed, pounded, and formed into a long roll of paste. All these proceedings excited his deepest attention. The doctor then took his spreader, and cut the roll into five pieces, each of which he intended to divide into a dozen pills. At this stage of the process, some one called the pharmacopologist's attention to the hatchway. The instant his back was turned, the monkey darted on the top of the medicine-chest, snapped up all the five masses of pill stuff, stowed them hastily away in his pouch, or bag, at the side of his mouth, scampered on deck, and leaped into the main rigging, preparatory to a leisurely feast upon his pilfered treasures.

The doctor's first feeling was that of anger at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless immediate steps were taken, the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

"Lay hold of the monkey, some of you," roared the doctor to the people. "Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mess of my stuff he has run off with."

The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must be cracked.

"For any sake," cried the good-natured physician, "don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel; and unless you get it from him, he will die to a certainty."

This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps, or twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their impotent efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; and all hands, marines inclusive, most of whom had never been farther in the rigging than was necessary to hang up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his sad fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the maintop seized him by the tail, at the starboard royal yard-arm, he was cramming the last batch of calomel down his throat!

It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach-pump was then, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jacko's sufferings, of course, were great:—First he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and, in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of pain, distortion, and rigidity of limb, that I felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from his misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along for the British Channel.

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

So completely is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have always considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. If quicklime be put upon land which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me, respecting some land which surrounds an old castle, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, near Moffat. On removing the peat,

which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the regent, and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, some of them little known even at this time in Scotland.—*Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History.*

A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

Near the middle of the vale of Glen Urcha, in Argyleshire, the traveller will perceive a small eminence, entitled by the people of the district the Gallows Hill, and which is now an object of traditional legend. When the clan Macgregor was in possession of this part of the country, this mount was the ordinary place of execution; and the gallows, from whence it took its name, is said to have stood on a small knoll upon its summit. Among the various tragic tales told of the fate of those condemned by the feudal jurisdiction to suffer on this spot, the following is one sufficiently illustrative of a system of barbaric legal usage, which was not abolished till about the middle of the last century. At a remote period, the chief of the Macgregors became violently in love with a beautiful young woman of the glen, who was betrothed to one of his clansmen. The addresses of Macgregor were in the highest degree distressing; but though she was the daughter of a serf, and he was her chief, neither his threats nor entreaties could induce her to alter her resolution not to listen to his proposals. At length, enraged by her obstinacy, Macgregor's love was turned to hatred; and to revenge the slight which he imagined he had received, he devised the horrible plan of causing her to be accused of having conspired against his life by means of witchcraft. In the mock trial which ensued, it is almost needless to say that this unfortunate female was condemned, and was forthwith hanged upon the Gallows Hill, and her body afterwards suspended from the gallows in a creel or rustic basket. The corpse of this victim of superstition continued for a considerable period bleaching in the rain and sun, till during a violent storm, when it was blown from the gallows, and thereafter conveyed away and privately interred by the sorrowing and impotent relatives. It is a remarkable fact, though of course proving nothing in the way of retribution, that the descendant of the Macgregor who inflicted the above atrocious act of despotism, was, according to tradition, the first Highlander who suffered the punishment of hanging in chains—a doom held by the Scots at the time as the most abhorrent to the feelings.

INTERCOURSE WITHOUT LANGUAGE—A RECOLLECTION, BY AN OLD OFFICER.

It is surprising how people of different nations and tongues, and not understanding each other's languages, contrive to make their wants known to each other; to enter into bargains or contracts for their supply; or to fix the price or remuneration for them respectively. This was strongly exemplified in my own case many years ago, when, at an early period of my life, I was, from particular circumstances, carried in the ship in which I was embarked to the coast of Arabia, where we anchored and remained for some time. I was a lieutenant in a regiment proceeding to Bombay; and as our ships were in want of refreshments, we were obliged to have sailors constantly on shore, and to land a subaltern's party for their protection, and to preserve due order between them and the natives. The subaltern's party were to be relieved weekly; but as my brother officers preferred remaining on board their respective ships, and I infinitely preferred remaining on shore, with the consent of our commanding officer I took the duty for the whole six weeks that we remained there. I spoke not a word of Arabic, nor of any other language that the natives understood; and they were equally ignorant of English; notwithstanding which, I became remarkably intimate with some of them; and by signs, and tokens, and other means, contrived to make a bargain with particular persons for antelopes, which they were to shoot and bring me, and for which I was to pay them, and besides to supply them daily with a small quantity of powder and ball. Every morning, therefore, these people came to my tent to get the settled quantity of ammunition; then went off into the interior, and generally returned next day with what they had killed, and, according to our contract, made me the first offer at a dollar for each antelope. We had no small coin to exchange for articles of small value; we therefore cut our dollars into triangular bits, which they readily took, for it was for the metal to convert into ornaments for their women that they desired our money. Our regiment was a Highland corps; and the Arabs were highly delighted with the music of our bagpipes, and to see our men dance reels to them; and in return they danced to us their war-dance, accompanied with shouting, brandishing their swords, and striking them against each other's shields, for in this manner they were armed.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORR & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BAKER, Holywell Street, Strand; BANCOS & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALES, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO., Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight. Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh. Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

* From the Edinburgh Literary Journal, Dec. 1831, to which it was contributed by one of the editors of Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

† *Elements of Voyages and Travels*, second series.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 102.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1834.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

HARRY WEIR.

SOME years ago there lived in Edinburgh a man named Harry Weir, a dyer to his trade, and an honest hard-working man as ever breathed, but who, being tormented for many years with a worthless wife, at last lost heart in his business, began to drink a little, and accordingly declined rapidly in his circumstances. Harry was originally a man of some mettle, and had invented some particular shade of blue, which was called the Weir blue, being the next in shade to Mazarine blue; so that he might, with something like a colour of truth, be said to rank very near in greatness to one of the most famous ministers whom France or the world ever saw. Harry was a good deal puffed up, we believe, about the Weir blue; but the grand cause of his declension was the wretched woman to whom it was his misfortune to be united. This base creature had originally been a woman of sober habits, though without any strength of mind to bear her up against temptations; and having, from a love of gossiping with idle and dissipated housewives in the neighbourhood, contracted a habit of *tasting* spirituous liquors, and finally of drinking outright, she soon proved completely unworthy of her husband's confidence; would appropriate the money received in his absence to gratify her depraved appetite; and even, at last, when all other means failed her, pledge away the furniture of her house, in order to purchase the means of indulgence. Harry tried for a time, on account of his children, to keep up a stout heart against this evil; but all would not do. If a man finds his home rendered a waste, and his substance perverted to the worst ends, by one who is properly designed to comfort and assist him through life, it is hardly to be wondered at, that he flies from the one, and neglects the improvement of the other, and that finally he becomes almost as bad, through pure despair, as his unworthy partner. Such was Harry's case. His neat shop in one of the second-rate streets in time grew dim and paltry. He was seldom to be found in it himself. If a customer called, he would perhaps find a woman in a state of speechless intoxication behind the counter. The unfortunate dyer would himself be seen occasionally, towards evening, in a condition hardly any better. The proper consequences followed. Harry Weir became a bankrupt.

When such a calamity as this happens through unavoidable circumstances, the unfortunate individual often receives such consolation from his wife—is so edified and spirited up by the nervous resolutions which she forms on the occasion, and which only a woman can form—that he is enabled to retrieve the accident, and in time place himself on almost as good a footing with the world as ever. But alas for the men who stand in the circumstances of Harry Weir! To them no star of hope sends forth its reassuring ray: the very motive to renewed exertions is taken away, in the consideration that, if we failed before with every advantage in our favour, how can we be successful now, when all circumstances are against us. Harry, however, did make an effort. The wants of an infant family form in themselves a motive—one that would operate in the very jaws of despair. He struck his colours in the somewhat flaunting shop which he had had in the New Town, and in the course of a week or two raised a small pennon of the Weir blue over a humble tabernacle in the Candlemaker Row. Though not inclined to suicide, he said, in a witty shop-bill which he published, that he was resolved to dye at all hazards. "Do or die," was some people's motto; but, for his part, he was determined to do *and* dye. All was here made face that would be face. The window was filled with persuasive pla-

cards and specimens of silk of various hues; and though Mrs Weir was little better than ever, Harry himself showed a manful and sober front to the world, absolutely denying himself all kinds of liquor for a whole week. A little business did come in; but the poor dyer had neither patience nor capital to hold out till a complete resuscitation should take place. His wife soon became worse than before. He again lost heart. The shop once more grew dusky and shabby. The resolutions expressed in his whimsical shop-bill began to be strangely at variance with the appearance of the window in which it was exhibited; till a considerate spider, with a tenderness which the human race would do well to imitate, saw the ridicule to which it was exposed, and drew a veil over that which he could not remove. Harry dragged on to the next term, when a strange revolution took place in his circumstances. Being unable to pay his rent, his landlord had arrested his furniture, and he was next day to be turned adrift, without a stick or a rag wherewith to recommence the world. He had that day drawn eighteen-pence for dyeing a lady's scarf. Of this he gave a shilling to his eldest daughter to buy provisions for her brothers and sisters; with the remainder he went forth to purchase an hour of oblivion—for he was now arrived at that stage of misery when, if a little momentary relief can be at all gained, the future excites no care. At his return, he was informed that a fire had taken place in his humble dwelling, from which his children had been saved with great difficulty—but *they only*. Every thing else—the furniture, the counter and shelves, the pennon of Weir blue, the shop-bill and the humane cobweb—had been burnt. One life had been lost: it was needless to inquire how or why; but the grand source of Harry's miseries was shut for ever.

The fire, with its lamentable circumstances, occasioned some sensation in the city, and a benevolent gentleman, conceiving it to be a fit occasion for his interposition, commenced a subscription in behalf of the unfortunate sufferers, by which a few pounds were raised. This sum was in reality so much gain to Harry, for, as his furniture had ceased to be his own, he could not be said to have lost any thing by the fire. Coming upon him at a moment when he seemed utterly destitute of resources, and accompanied as it was by the sensation of relief, which was certainly the most prominent, though not the only feeling produced by the death of his unhappy spouse, it re-erected the man into something like his former self, and promised, for a time, to be the means of redeeming his fortunes. He took a shop in one of the streets leading out of town, where he had some vacant ground for his business, and where, if population was scant, rents and public burdens were moderate. Here Harry established his little family under the charge of his daughter already alluded to, a girl of about fourteen, and prudent beyond her years. Of furniture he had very little; but it was enough in the meantime. He was more anxious to lay out his little capital upon the materials of his trade, more particularly as he had resolved not to confine himself to dyeing, but to attempt the business of a scourer also, which he knew to be more profitable. In no long time he had furnished up the apparition of a shop—an airy, gauzy, spectral-looking place, with a few empty shelves within, a flashy shambling sign on the front, and a tall pole and cross beam over all. His shop-bill now went beyond all precedent in puffing. It represented him as a dyer in general, and restorer of gentlemen's apparel. "Some people pretend," said he, "to renovate gentlemen's apparel; but they only wash it. I really do renovate it. A coat may have sunk into what appears the eter-

nal sleep [it should have been *nap*] of death; but once let me get it subjected to my patent electric process, and it is restored instantly to its pristine state. It awakes to a new life. And home it comes to the owner, as fair and glossy as ever. Hats, in the same manner, I can, for one-and-sixpence each, bring back to all their wonted woolliness and lustre: in fact, the buying of new hats, after this, is in a great measure precluded—for I can make the old ones quite as good for a trifle. Waistcoats—the patent fluid creates a new soul under the ribs of waistcoats." And so forth. It would have been all very well if the world would only have believed it. But, unfortunately, Weir's pretensions only excited suspicion. Gentlemen and ladies saw, within a shop of the most ghastly and insubstantial appearance, a man of whose nose the point alone would have dyed the multitudinous sea incarnadine. Which of the two *bills* to believe, that was the question. The evidence for the latter was certainly not the weakest. They therefore feared, that, instead of *restoring* their clothes, he would keep them to himself. That he would *scour*, was the only part of his professions to which they could attach the least likelihood. Besides, poor Weir presented in his own person that argument against his pretensions, which has so often been brought to bear upon fortune-tellers. If he was so expert in reviving clothes, why appear so deplorably out at the elbows himself? Why not, on the principle of charity beginning at home, try the first experiment of his electric liquid upon that jacket, for instance, which appeared to have seen so much service upon his own back? It was evident from this ratiocination, that no man who pretends to renovate gentlemen's apparel should wear a single shabby stitch himself. He ought to be constantly gleaming under the splendours of a new suit.

These circumstances operated so strongly against Weir, that he obtained very little business—not nearly enough to render him any profit. A few printed gowns and greased coats came in from the neighbours; but he totally failed to attract any employment from the neighbouring city. This small quantity of business was worse perhaps than none at all, for it was executed at a greater expense than it would bear, and left him in the meantime a loser. Every practicable effort was made, every expedient tried, in order to obtain more custom. He was himself as sober and steady as he had ever been in his life, and was inspired with a sincere and earnest desire of doing what he could for the support of his family. But that which a little capital might have enabled him to do, was denied to his present pennilessness and want of credit. He could not keep himself and those depending upon him in life, till the period of remunerating labour should arrive. For whole afternoons would he be seen at his door, brushing long slips of damp silk and cloth, and apparently in a great bustle, though he in reality was doing nothing—all being intended merely to impress passengers with the idea that he was a thriving and active person, who would do their work, if they chose to give it to him, in double quick time. He had, moreover, taken the expedient of planting himself nearer to the city than several other persons in his line on the same street, so as to have the chance of intercepting some business that might have otherwise gone to those who were not so much in need of it. Sometimes a blundering maid-servant or apprentice boy, who had been dispatched with a bundle of clothes to be scoured by one of those individuals, whom the proprietor was in the habit of regularly employing, would stumble into Weir's ever open door, on the supposition that *this* was the place to which the bundle was destined; a mistake which Weir was not bound, as he

said, to correct. No such blunderer ever required to ask any questions as to whether this was the right place. "Come away, my bonnie lassie," Harry would say; "what is it you have brought me to-day? How are they all up the way? Lay the bundle down here, and I'll open it. Do you want the towel back again with you?" And so on he went, in a torrent of plausible talk, to occupy the mind of the bearer of the bundle, and induce the supposition that all was right; which he generally succeeded in doing. Yet all these ingenious artifices did not suffice to establish that full and constant flow of custom which was necessary to enable the poor dyer to keep his head above water.

One long dull sunny afternoon in the month of September, when nothing seemed to be abroad but the sun, and the pennon of Weir blue flaunted lazily in the air—when nothing was heard but the buzz of a wasp from the neighbouring grocer's, which occasionally took a jig against the window-pane, and all mankind seemed to have deserted the surface of the earth—Harry sat in deep cogitation within his humble shop, not a penny in his pocket, not an ounce of food in the house for the children's evening meal, and no more likelihood of a customer coming in, even by mistake, than there was of the sky showering copper money at his door. He had sat thus for an hour in silent abstraction, revolving all kinds of plans for obtaining a livelihood, when his eye happened to catch the title of a paragraph in a fragment of an old newspaper which lay upon his counter. The paragraph was headed "Old Clothes," and gave an account of the vast system which was carried on in London by the Jews for the exportation of that article of merchandise to Germany. Thousands upon thousands of coats, vests, and other things not to be mentioned, regularly shipped off every year for Hamburg! Hundreds of persons, both in this country and in that, making a livelihood by collecting and distributing the article! A handsome surtout, perhaps, after adorning the person of a London exquisite, seen afterwards walking the streets of Weimar upon a German student, and ultimately concluding its existence as a scarecrow on the plains of Hungary! Harry paused a moment to think, and then starting with galvanic energy from his stool, exclaimed, "I have it—it will do!" The exultation of Bentham, on forming the mighty idea of the greatest happiness principle, did not exceed in enthusiasm of joyfulness the exclamation of Harry Weir. Reader, that was the moment of the conception of one of the most important mercantile systems which now attract your observation on the highways of this world. Harry had formed the resolution to become a dealer in old clothes upon a plan and scale hitherto not dreamt of in his native country. "Why," thought he to himself, "the Edinburgh gentry have old clothes to sell also. There are, moreover, many people amongst us who are disposed to buy such goods; but, for want of a system of collecting, like that carried on in London by the Jews, most of the cast clothes of gentlemen with us are left to waste their sweetness on the desert air, if not to perish by moths, for want of the said contact with the atmosphere. What is wanted, is a medium of communication, by which the article may get from the hands of those who wish to sell, to those who wish to buy. That it shall now be my duty to supply. Impudence, be thou my friend to a small extent, and Harry Weir is once more a man."

Equipping himself next day in his best remaining attire, as much renovated as possible, he proceeded to one of the best streets in the neighbouring city, where, on any gentleman passing him (for he walked slowly), he, without turning his head, or appearing to accost the said individual, breathed into his ear the insinuating words, "Any old clothes, sir?" Gently as this sentence was pronounced, it operated upon the most of minds like a spell. It awakened all at once the idea that there was a new branch discovered in the widely ramified system of social convenience—here was a plan for putting to use many articles which had hitherto been condemned to waste. It was not long, therefore, before Weir had made appointments with several individuals to call at their residences at a certain hour, and make purchase of their cast wardrobes. How to provide himself with funds was now the most pressing consideration. No other expedient was open to him but that of pawning a particular article of furniture, of some little value, which he had not yet parted with. Armed with somewhere about twenty shillings, obtained in this manner, he proceeded to one of the gentlemen's houses as appointed. Here, however, the quantity of clothes was so much beyond his present capital in value, that he was obliged to make some excuse for putting off the close of the bargain. He proceeded to two or three others, where he had to do the same thing, but, at length, finding one where his money was sufficient, he made what he thought an advantageous purchase, and, immediately proceeding to one of the marts for the sale of cast apparel, realised 50 per cent. by transferring it to one of the most respectable dealers. He had now thirty shillings, which of course enabled him to close his bargain with one of the gentlemen who had things to that amount. This second purchase he disposed of to another dealer upon equally advantageous terms, and thus was able to make a third and still larger purchase. So he went on, till he had bought all the lots which he had been invited to see: after which, he betook himself once more to the street for new appointments. For a time, his trade prospered

amazingly. Almost every body had a pack of old clothes to dispose of; and such as did not awake to the system at his first whisper, had thought of it before the next, and were prepared to enter into his views. Harry was aware of the risk he ran of getting rivals, and he, therefore, sold his goods to as great a variety of dealers as possible. His *trick* was nevertheless discovered at last, and immediately imitated by whole legions of poor devils like himself; whereby gentlemen were so much pestered as they walked the streets, that they soon grew quite sulky, and inaccessible even to the most plausible and insinuating address; some proceeding so far as to knock down the whisperer, or hand him over to the police as a nuisance. Harry, however, had by this time acquired what was to him a little fortune, and being snugly established in a shop in St Mary's Wynd, with a considerable stock of goods, felt himself at liberty to despise the arts by which he had risen. He still retained the exclusive patronage of many of the gentlemen with whom he had first transacted business, and thus was able to keep up a constant supply of the article in which he dealt; while his neighbours or their emissaries had to endure all kinds of contumely on the streets, without getting nearly so good a share of the *exuvie* of mankind. Now also did his ingenuity as a renovator of apparel come into full play. He did not absolutely perform the miracles specified in his former bill, but he executed his work at once in a cheaper and in a better manner than his fellow-brokers, and thus of course was able to realise better profits. He gave the black coats, and other garments which he purchased from gentlemen, such a gloss of freshness—such an appearance of newness, that his shop, and his little trying-on room up stairs, of a Saturday night, were more crowded than any other establishment in the alley, by persons seeking for bargains of cheap and good-looking Sunday habiliments. In short, Harry Weir had now got hold of a profitable trade; and, from being one of the poorest wretches on earth, was suddenly raised by one ingenious thought, promptly and cleverly acted upon, to a state of comparative comfort.

The utility of this story of humble life is of a compound nature. It is here shown, that an ill-disposed wife will bring the most ingenious and active tradesman to ruin; that relief from that pest will not always be sufficient to restore prosperity where it has long been wanting; but that, if the aggrieved party shall keep his energies from that besotting vice, to which, under such circumstances, he is liable, they may yet command some turn of fortune, which shall once more, to use a familiar phrase, set him upon his feet.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON ROMAN HISTORY.

ROMAN GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

A SKETCH of the history of the Roman republic and empire, as well as of the religious practices of the people, having been already given in the Journal, we proceed to describe some of the other characteristics of this remarkable nation.

The greatness and power of the Roman people were founded principally on their military capacity, by which they contrived to lay the whole known world under contribution, for every species of supply to their necessities and gratifications. These supplies being dispensed, either by the state or by great men, to their large bodies of retainers, it happened that the people generally had much time to spare from their ordinary duties to devote to the pursuit of idle amusement. From this cause, and perhaps from the desire of those in authority to keep the community from thinking deeply of their condition, there were instituted a variety of games, spectacles, and dramatic entertainments, to which all had free access, and which afforded constant pleasure to the spectators; as the games were likewise in some instances dedicated to religious ceremonial, it was of course a mark of piety to attend them. At Rome, the great place of public resort for objects of this nature, was the Circus, an open amphitheatre of an oval form, extending to the length of upwards of two thousand feet, and which measured in circumference fully an English mile. This vast open area was surrounded with rows of seats, rising one above another, the lower being of stone, and the higher of wood; and separate places were allotted for the different orders of the people. No fewer, it is said, than 250,000 persons could be accommodated in this manner; and there being different entrances and outlets, no disturbance or confusion took place. The Circus was thus open to the weather; but one of the emperors erected covered awnings or roofs of fine cloth, which could be drawn in case of rain falling, or the sun shining intensely; and in case of the wind blowing so as to prevent the coverings being spread, the spectators used broad-brimmed hats, and sometimes a kind of umbrellas. To show how far the gratification of the people was

consulted, there were in the amphitheatres secret tubes, from which the audience were besprinkled with perfumes—an excess of luxury which appears extraordinary in the present day. The area of the Circus was not altogether clear. In the middle, for almost the whole length of it, there was a brick wall, about twelve feet broad, and four feet high, called *spina*, round which the horses and chariots turned in their races. Pillars were also erected, answering the purposes of modern starting and winning posts.

The chief of these public amusements was the racing of chariots and horses. The chariots were low two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by two horses abreast, the charioteer standing within a high front, holding the reins. A great deal of attention was paid to the matching of these charioteers. They were distributed into four parties or factions, distinguished by different coloured dresses or liveries; and the partisanship of these factions often raised sanguinary disputes among the onlookers. In the time of Justinian, no fewer than 30,000 men are said to have lost their lives at Constantinople, in a tumult raised by contention among the partisans of the several liveries. In the present day, disputes of this origin are happily allayed among the attendants of horse races, by the practice of betting. It must have been a fearful sight to witness the starting of a large body of chariots in the Circus. A signal being given by dropping a napkin or cloth, a chain was withdrawn, when they sprang forward, and whoever first ran seven times round the course was victor. This was called one match, for the matter was almost always determined at one heat; and usually there were twenty-five of these in one day. The name of the victor being proclaimed by the voice of a herald, he was crowned with palms, and received a prize in money of considerable value. The use of the palm-tree to form crowns of victory was borrowed from a practice of the Greeks; this tree being chosen for the purpose because it rises against a weight placed on it; hence in modern times it is put for any token or prize of victory in honourable contention.

The next description of these public exhibitions consisted of contests of agility and strength, of which there were five kinds: running, leaping, boxing, wrestling, and throwing the discus or quoit. The place where the wrestlers and others met to be trained in these exercises was called a *Gymnasium*, from whence is derived our word gymnastics. But none of these exhibitions were so brutalising in their nature, as one which consisted in the fighting of wild beasts with one another, or the fighting of beasts and men; who were either forced to this by way of punishment, as the primitive Christians were, or fought voluntarily, either from a natural ferocity of disposition, or induced by hire. An incredible number of animals of various kinds were brought from all quarters, and kept for the entertainment of the people, at an immense expense. Pompey, in his second consulship, exhibited at once five hundred lions, who were despatched in five days; also eighteen elephants. The emperor Augustus introduced the exhibition of a sea-fight, by digging a lake near the river Tiber. Those who fought on these occasions were usually captives or condemned malefactors, who contended against each other till one party was slain, unless saved by the clemency of the presiding emperor.

It was a custom among the Romans to slaughter captives at the tombs of those slain in battle, to appease, as they imagined, the spirits of the deceased. From this savage practice was introduced the custom of causing captives to fight against and kill each other publicly, for the gratification of the assembled multitude. The unhappy beings who thus fought in the Circus were called gladiators; from *gladius*, the Latin word for a sword. The combats of gladiators took place chiefly on great occasions of rejoicing, when incredible numbers of men were destroyed in this manner. After the triumph of the emperor Trajan over the Dacian nation, spectacles were exhibited for 123 days, in which 11,000 animals of different kinds were killed, and 10,000 gladiators fought; whence we may judge of other instances. To prepare the gladiators for such severe contests, they were regularly trained and exercised with wooden swords. Latterly, freemen became gladiators for hire, and even men of noble birth, and, what is still more wonderful, women of quality, fought in the arena. Gladiators were distinguished by their armour and manner of fighting. Some wore a helmet, a shield, and a sword; and such used to be matched with others wearing nothing on their head, but bearing in their left hand a three-pointed lance, and in their right a net, with which they attempted to entangle their adversary, by casting it over his head, and suddenly drawing it together, and then slaying him with their trident. In fighting together, these gladiators were sometimes elevated on a temporary scaffold raised by secret springs out of the arena. The bloody encounters of these combatants were viewed with breathless anxiety by the crowds of spectators; when they became much interested in the fate of any one who seemed to deserve to live, as a token they pressed down their thumbs; but when if to be slain, they turned up their thumbs, and ordered him to receive the thrust of the sword, which gladiators usually submitted to with amazing fortitude. Such was the appetite for this cruel exhibition, that the citizens of ancient Rome spent whole days in the Circus, feasting their eyes with the struggles and tortures of their fellow-crea-

tures. It is allowed by all writers that these representations tended greatly to brutalise the populace, and to render them cruel or blood-thirsty. As quite adverse to sound morals, they were prohibited by Constantine, the first Christian emperor; but were not entirely suppressed for some time afterwards, till the reign of Honorius.

The games of the Circus were succeeded by dramatic entertainments or stage plays, these being first introduced at Rome, on account of a pestilence, to appease the Divine wrath, in the year 391: This idea of attending a theatrical entertainment to please the Creator of the World, will indicate to our readers the debased condition of the understanding of the Romans. The theatrical entertainments of the Roman people were of divers kinds, as dancing to music, pantomimes, comedies, and tragedies, though it was a considerable period before they came to perfection in these branches of the scenic art. The practice of wearing masks they copied from the Greek players. The Romans also had rope-dancers, who used to be introduced in the time of the play; also interludes or musical entertainments. The plays were often interrupted likewise by the people calling out for various shows to be exhibited, as the representations of battles, triumphal processions, gladiators, and wild beasts. The noise which the people made on these occasions is compared by Horace to the raging of the sea; the actors were also loudly applauded or hissed, as they pleased or displeased the spectators, as in our modern theatres. The actors who were most approved received crowns, which, as at other games, were generally composed of leaves or flowers. The theatres at Rome could accommodate from 40,000 to 80,000 persons, and were of the most magnificent construction, and were latterly covered with roofs, like those in our own times. The internal arrangements of these theatres somewhat resembled those now acted upon; our terms *orchestra*, *proscenium*, &c., being immediately derived from the Roman phraseology. The benches, or seats of the spectators, also rose above one another, and were distributed to the different orders of society in the same manner as at the amphitheatre. The foremost rows next the stage were assigned to the senators and ambassadors of foreign states; fourteen rows behind them to the knights or gentry, and the rest to the common ranks of the people. Certain officers usually attended at all public shows, to regulate the places of sitting, or points of etiquette, as in the case of our masters of ceremonies. We therefore learn that the arrangement of seats into three distinct divisions, analogous to our boxes, pit, and gallery, is as old as the institution of theatrical entertainment among the Romans. It appears that the Roman senate were occasionally far from countenancing public performances on the stage, which they found, even in the comparative infancy of the drama at this early period, were opposed to good morals; and, to obviate the opposition of the supreme magistracy, the theatres were sometimes dedicated as temples to the gods.

EMIGRATION.

THIS week we postpone our papers on the Western States of America, in order to lay before our readers the following extracts from the letters of a young lady, the daughter of a respectable individual who lately emigrated from the town of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, to the state of New York, where he is now comfortably settled on a cleared estate. The information, it will be observed, is suitable only for capitalists, as, for instance, farmers in this country, who, for little more than the annual rent of a farm here, may purchase the freehold of one almost equally good in the settled portion of the Union. We pledge ourselves for the accuracy of the letters, a perusal of which we were favoured with:—

“Albany, 24th July 1833.

“MY DEAR CATHERINE—I expected to have had time to write to you before leaving New York, but found it impossible, from being so hurried; so I will now try and tell you something of our voyage from Scotland, and proceedings since. We sailed from Greenock on the 29th of May, in a vessel for New York, where we landed on the 17th of July.—[Here the fair writer gives some particulars of the voyage, by no means interesting to our readers.]—When we came near New York, an American doctor came on board to examine into the health of the passengers; and we had to ride quarantine only one day; but all the dirty clothes in the ship had to be washed before we were allowed to go on shore. The custom-house officers examined our luggage on the quarantine ground at Staten Island, about seven miles from New York; they were uncommonly civil, and drank ale and talked nonsense as well as any young men could have done in the country I had left. We might have smuggled any things we had thought of; and I almost wished I had brought some silk and merino dresses with me; for silk is as dear, and not near so good, and merino far dearer than at home. I have found that butcher-meat and vegetables are almost as dear as at home; but bread is cheap; butter and milk good; and fruit almost for nothing. Whom do you think I happened to meet in New York, but J.—, that you have heard me speak of? There is

a great improvement on him, and he has made a good deal of money at his business of a baker. I went across the river with him to Hoboken, in a steam-boat, about fifteen minutes' sail. It is a very beautiful place, but not well kept, every thing growing wild, without being trained. It was on a Sunday I went, and I am sure there were five thousand or six thousand people there. You would be astonished if you saw the American gentlemen; they are the handsomest fellows in the world, and beat the Scots gentlemen hollow; they are not only handsome, but smart and well dressed. In passing along Prince's Street, in Edinburgh, you will meet many affected foppish puppies, who do not appear to have a grain of sense in their composition; but here the young gentlemen have a smart intelligent look, and quite superior to the silly dandies in the old country. As for the American ladies, they look very well, but are not half so well dressed as our ladies, and you will not see one lady for twenty gentlemen. They have far finer stores here than we have: no shops that I ever saw were so splendid; but the store-keepers are the sauciest set you can think of, and do not seem to care whether they serve you or not. The American servants are as ill every bit. The hotel we staid at has a good many servants, but no one would brush our shoes; if you want them cleaned, you must go to a place where there is a sign of a brush, and a negro will do it.

My mother and the children went to Albany in one of the luggage-boats. My father and I got into one of the steamers: it was named the Ohio. The grandeur of it you can have no idea of: it was one of the night-boats, and every one had a bed to themselves. There were more than five hundred beds for gentlemen, all hung with scarlet damask moreen. The ladies' cabin was splendid: the beds in it were of orange damask, beautiful Brussels carpets, fine dressing-glasses, and the rest of the furniture far richer than any thing I ever saw at home. The scenery on the banks of the Hudson river, and the country around, were all and more than Stuart described them: it is indeed the glorious Hudson. We are to leave Albany to-day, and go on to Buffalo, about three hundred miles farther up: it will take us four or five days: we have to go by the [Erie] canal. I can assure you I am heartily tired of travelling, although I think now nothing of two or three hundred miles.”

“Brighton, Monroe County, State of New York, 26th September 1833.

“MY DEAR MISS S.—You will already have heard of our arrival in America; but I deferred writing to you till we were somewhat settled here. We staid only four days in New York, and went from thence to Albany in a steam-boat, which might well be called a floating palace: it was very commodious, and the fare for each passenger was three dollars. In proceeding from Albany to Buffalo by the Erie canal, we stopped at Schenectady, a large town on the canal. Here we learned that our old minister, Mr F., lived at Princetown, a place only ten miles distant. We got a gig, and went to see him. He was not in the house when we called, and was working at his farm. When we saw him, he was much stouter than formerly, and you never would have known him to be a minister from his appearance. He was well contented and happy, also his wife and family. He advised my father not to go to the state of Ohio, as cholera was very bad there this summer; but to stop beside him, look round the country, and settle in his neighbourhood. My father, however, did not like the land there; and so we got into the canal-boat to go on to Buffalo, and then proceed to Ohio, as we intended before we left Scotland. But the boat got leaky, and could not proceed farther than Rochester, where we also stopped, being heartily tired of travelling by canal-boats. You may have some idea how uncomfortable we were, so many of us, all our luggage, and a number of passengers besides, in one of those wretched boats not so large as any of those that ply on the canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow. We rented a house in Rochester, which is a large, handsome, and increasing place. The Genesee river runs through the town, on which are situated many flour-mills and other establishments. The Erie canal crosses the river in the centre of the town, in a splendid aqueduct of red freestone. Rochester being situated on the canal, and only a few miles from Lake Ontario, and a ship navigation within two miles, its inhabitants are enabled to select a market either at New York, Quebec, or the borders of the great western lakes. Its other natural advantages for trade and manufactures make it as busy and stirring a place as any other of its size in North America. My father, on inspection, liked the country around, and was determined to go no farther west if he could find a farm to suit him; and I daresay he travelled forty miles round in every direction before he made his choice. I was often with him in these excursions, and I do think the Americans here are the most polite and obliging people in the world. There is a settlement of Scotch twenty miles from Rochester, and called Caledonia. I went to it with my father, and we called first on a Mr M., a Highlandman. We told him we were lately from Scotland; coming from the ‘Land o’ Cakes’ seemed to have a talismanic effect upon him. His horses, his gig, all were at our service in a moment. He introduced us to his neighbours, who were equally kind and obliging, and I was soon as much at home in New Cale-

donia as ever I was in the old one. I have since been there on a visit, and it was a continual round of visiting among the neighbours, who were equally kind. There I heard a Gaelic sermon preached for the first time in my life. But I am forgetting to tell you about our own place. My father bought a farm about a week since, of one hundred and sixty acres, about three miles from Rochester. It is as pleasant a place as I have seen in America, and I am sure there is no place half so pretty in Scotland. Our house is beautifully situated; and from the windows of the second flat we have a view of the whole farm. The house contains a dining-room, drawing-room, and parlour, six bedrooms, with garrets, kitchen, and cellar, &c., finished in the best style; every window has green Venetian shutters, even to the milk-house one; pretty flower-plots round the house, quinces and roses growing up to the windows; a large garden in front, with an esplanade of vines running across the whole breadth of it. We have a handsome front door, with a flight of steps, and seats on each side of it. Eskbank [a place near Dalkeith] is not nearly so pretty. At the back of the house is the peach orchard, and it is a noble one; there grew in it the last year 250 bushels of peaches. About a hundred yards from the house, are the plum and apple orchard, of seven or eight acres in extent, where you literally wade among the fruit. You can have no idea of the vast quantity of plums and apples here; if we could be at the trouble to pull them, we would find a market for them at Rochester, to go to Canada. There are excellent barns, stables, and other outhouses, all in good repair. There are about 106 acres of cleared land on the farm, the land being ploughed and ready when we bought it; and I now, from the window at which I am sitting, see my father sowing his wheat, and my brother George carrying the seed to him. He will have in between thirty and forty acres this fall. The rest of the farm is in fine wood, beautiful oak and hickory, black-walnut, and butternut trees, some of them fifty feet without a branch. The wood land is as valuable and more so than cleared land, being so near Rochester, where so much wood is consumed for want of coal in this part of the country. A fine stream of water runs through the farm, which drives a saw-mill—a very profitable concern, a share of which belonged to another man, whom my father has bought out. He has now the farm and all about it, free and unencumbered. He paid thirty-four dollars (about L.7, 14s. sterling) an acre for it. It is reckoned an excellent bargain by all the neighbours round, as he had it one thousand dollars cheaper by paying down cash than he could have bought it for on credit, or one-half cash and mortgaging, which is a good deal practised here. Ready dollars tempt the Americans more than any thing, for ready money seems the greatest want among them. Every one appears anxious for property: a man buys a farm for 4000 dollars, but he will pay only perhaps 1000, and pay an interest of eight or ten per cent. on the remainder. Dollars, dollars! is the incessant cry here. You will no doubt think thirty-four dollars a high price for an acre of land in America, and certainly it would be a dreadful price for land in Canada or the western states; but here, in the state of New York, it is very different. Here the country is mostly well cultivated, and more populous than many parts of Great Britain, and the markets are good for every thing that can be raised, even to a cabbage. Vegetables, I think, are dearer than any thing, because few people raise more than to serve themselves: we generally paid five and six cents (about 3d.) for a single cabbage in Rochester market; but victuals are generally a great deal cheaper than in Scotland. We reckon that a dollar will go as far here in buying things we need (clothing excepted), as a pound did at Dalkeith. The people hereabouts seem to grudge sugar more than any thing, and many take their tea and coffee without it. We have quite a new system of living here. We get up at five in the morning, breakfast at six, dine at twelve noon, and sup at sundown, and then off to bed. We have, as yet, had most beautiful clear summer weather, but oppressively hot, and frequent showers, which keep every thing fresh and green. The showers do not last long, but are very heavy: there has just been one, with a good deal of thunder. The climate appears no way injurious: we have never heard a cough amongst us, nor a complaint, since we came here. You have no idea of the style of living here. Every petty farmer has his light waggon, or gig, with seats covered with buffalo skins, which looks very nice, and a pair of beautiful horses. The truth is, the people never think of walking: they get out a team, as they call it, and away they go, though perhaps they have not half a mile to ride. You will rarely meet any one walking on a road; and the farmers all about seem to live as well as the nobility of Scotland. Such loads of victuals they have!—a breakfast like a dinner you would have for a party, and a supper the same. They mostly have tea at all their diets, most of them being temperate. In this part of the country they do not cook any dinners on Sundays, as it interferes with their going to church. They take pride in raising every thing they need on their own farms. They make soap, candles, and cider; kill their own meat; take the wool, spin it, weave it, and dye it: in short, they do every thing. The American women here are very industrious; every one works; and no servants, but at extravagant wages. All the ladies go without caps, married ladies too, no matter how old they are: most of them have beautiful hair which they dress

tolerably well: no curls, all done up with combs; the combs they have for their back hair are low ugly things; mine was a perfect wonder; but I have broke it, and I will never get another any thing like it. We had to purchase a good deal of stoneware at Rochester, most of ours being broke, and all our crystal. We got crystal of English manufacture much cheaper than at home. * * * In looking back to the time since we left Scotland, it appears a mere nothing. It is scarcely four months since we left Dalkeith; and here we are, all well and comfortably settled, and all well pleased with our new home.—I remain, my dear Miss S—, yours truly, ISABELLA —."

THE CAPITAL OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE improvements effected within the Highland boundary in the space of the last sixty or eighty years, are in few places more conspicuous than at Inverness, a town situated near the east coast, at the distance of 156 miles north of Edinburgh, and about 550 from the British metropolis. Inverness is considered the capital of the Highlands; and being the only town of any consequence in a wide district of country, it has in recent times risen into importance, opulence, and refinement. This pleasing town, which contains from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, occupies an exceedingly advantageous and delightful situation in the low eastern part of the country, chiefly upon the right or south bank of the river Ness, near the place where that river falls into an arm of the German Ocean, called the Moray Frith.

Inverness is a town of remote antiquity; its origin being lost amidst the fables of bards and local historians. Not to go back farther than the eleventh century, it is related that Duncan, king of Scots, was murdered in the castle of Inverness, by Macbeth, in the year 1039. Shakspeare has followed the usual accounts of this transaction; and the poet has done justice to the agreeable situation of the castle in which the foul assassination is said to have occurred:

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

This edifice, which in reality was the property and residence of the Thane of Lochaber, stood on an eminence to the east of the town, a spot well worthy of the above flattering eulogy. Throughout the lapse of the seven subsequent centuries, Inverness figured in Scottish history on divers occasions, besides being made the scene of the quarrels and conflicts of Highland chiefs and their clans. During that time, an entirely different castle, bearing the same name, had been erected close to the town. This, after the revolution, was converted into a government fort, and, as such, was taken by the Highland army of Prince Charles, in February 1746. Only the wall of an exterior rampart now remains, while the place where it stood is so smooth as to be used as a bowling-green. The site has lately been gifted by the proprietor, the Duke of Gordon, to the town, for the erection of a new court-house, jail, and bridewell.

Inverness now consists of several well-constructed streets, and possesses a number of excellent public edifices, for educational, religious, and other purposes. The town is also well lighted with gas, and supplied with water by pipes. The schools of Inverness are reckoned among the best conducted in Scotland. The trade and shipping of the port have been extended by means of the Caledonian canal, the traffic on which terminates here on the east. Various steam-vessels now ply betwixt Glasgow and Inverness, by this channel, and in the summer months a steam-vessel arrives and departs weekly, in communication with Leith and Edinburgh. In a former article in the Journal, we mentioned that there are several annual fairs held here, the chief of which is a great sheep and wool market. At this fair nearly the whole fleeces and sheep of the north are generally sold or contracted for. The market is attended by the Dumfriesshire and other lowland sheep-dealers, and by woolstaplers from Yorkshire. The town possesses a variety of excellent shops, for the sale of all kinds of goods; it has also a good newsroom and circulating libraries; and at the book-shop of our respectable agent, Mr James Smith, the stranger will find a choice of the freshest and most popular literary productions from London and Edinburgh. The taste for reading has greatly advanced in this quarter, and although Gaelic is still the vernacular tongue of a large proportion of the humbler classes, a desire of acquiring knowledge, through the medium of the press, prevails to an extent which is far from being equalled in towns of similar extent even in the highly-favoured regions in the southern part of the island. In the present day, the town and the district around support two newspapers, to one of which, the Inverness Courier, we acknowledge ourselves to have been indebted. Travellers passing through the town can now command the best accommodation in the inns, and nothing is, indeed, wanting to render this one of the

most agreeable and comfortable towns in the country. Besides, it should be told that the society of the town and its environs is esteemed among the most refined of any out of the metropolis.

The revolution of manners seems to have overtaken Inverness more recently than the towns farther south along the coast. Many a joke has been uttered by Englishmen, at the expense of the Scottish character, for cleanliness; and there is no doubt that the ridicule was deserved, as far as referred to the state of manners in the early part of last century. It is mentioned, that, about a century ago, the streets of Inverness were kept in the most uncleanly condition; and the story is told of a stranger gentleman asking the provost one day why the thoroughfares were not cleaned, when the worthy functionary replied, "there will soon be a shower"—implying that the rain was the best and cheapest scavenger. It was not till the Union, in 1707, that the first regular post to Edinburgh was established; and it was not till 1755 that letters were carried any other way than by a man on foot. The first coach ever seen in or about the town was one brought by the Earl of Seaforth in 1715, when the country people, as ignorant of the uses and arrangements of such a vehicle as the remote Chinese, looked upon the driver as the most important personage connected with it, and accordingly made him low obeisances in passing. We find that in the year 1740, the magistrates advertised for a saddler to settle in the burgh; and that it was so late as 1778 that the common-shaped cart was first used in the town, one of these vehicles being introduced by subscription.

About the middle of the last century, the father of the late Bailie Young flourished in Inverness. He was a deacon of the weavers, and remarkable for his early adoption of new fashions. He was the first burgher who changed the blue bonnet of the olden times for a hat, which piece of dress had formerly been confined to lairds and clergymen. This novelty excited the ridicule of his fellow-citizens to an intolerable degree; they were perpetually teasing him with their congratulations upon such a splendid accession to the dignity of his personal appearance; his constant reply to their observations was, "Well, after all, I am but a mortal man." It is a common tradition at Inverness, that, about eighty years since, a shilling could have bought a leg of mutton, a neck of veal, and a gallon of good ale. Except in one house, there was not a room in the town without a bed—a usage, however, still quite common in Scottish provincial towns. Provost Phineas Macpherson, a late dignitary, whose fine old Highland manners might have ornamented a court, used to say, that in those days he lived with great hospitality and plenty, sporting claret at his table, and yet never spent more than seventy pounds sterling a-year. The vice of intemperate drinking is understood to have been carried to a great height in Inverness in these not very distant times. In the work usually called Burt's Letters, the writer gives a minute and animated account of the hospitality of the house of Culloden, in the days of the President's elder brother; telling, among other things, that the servants would on no account permit a guest to walk to his bed, considering that an insult to the laird; every man had to sit till he became insensible, and then they brought spokes and carried him off, as in a sedan. Modernised and improved as we find the manners and appearance of the people of Inverness, a southern stranger, on visiting the town, would still have the feeling of being transplanted into a population quite different, in aspect and language, from any thing to which he has hitherto been accustomed. The women of the lower ranks walk the streets, and even to church, the wives without bonnets, and the maidens without caps; while the extreme simplicity of the rest of their attire is quite consistent with this strange and primeval fashion. The men of the same condition, at least the peasantry, wear garments of the coarsest material, as homespun blue short coats, stockings of the species called in Scotland *rig-and-fur*, and small blue bonnets; some have plaids, but all of their garments display more or less of the Celtic fashion. Few of the neighbouring peasantry, when addressed, are found to speak any thing but Erse. In point of language, the people of Inverness, laying the lower orders out of the question, may almost be said to transcend those of all other Scottish towns, the capital not excepted. The common solution of this mystery, is, that they received a correct English pronunciation from the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell; but it seems rather attributable to the simple circumstance, that the people here do not learn English in their infancy through the medium of broad Scotch, but make a direct transition from Gaelic into pure English. In proportion as the colloquial English used in Scotland comes into use in the town, the tone of speaking will be found to be proportionably lowered in quality.

The want of some place of recreation in the open air was long felt in Inverness, but this cannot be said to be now the case. Two long narrow islands in the Ness, above the town, have been planted and beautified in a variety of ways, so as to make them a most delightful place of promenading in fine weather. The environs of Inverness, enriched by the fresh green foliage of these small islands, are perhaps not excelled in Scotland. The situation of the town, near the south shore of an arm of the sea, somewhat resembles that of Edinburgh; but here the views are of a finer description. Every thing is done for Inverness

that can be effected by wood and by cultivation, the characters of which have here a richness, a variety, and a freedom, which the traveller will miss around Edinburgh. The mountain scenes are finer, more various, and more near. Each outlet is different from the other, and each is beautiful; whether we enter the valley of the Ness, or skirt the shores of the frith, while a short and commodious ferry wafts us to the lovely country opposite, rich with woods, and country seats, and cultivation.

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

To those who do not enjoy any portion of the surface of the earth as their own, the utility to them, of its being possessed by others, is not apt to be an obvious idea. Yet reflecting minds have long settled, that, even for a few to possess the property of the earth, is advantageous to all. We extract a very clear abstract of the philosophical views entertained on this subject, from Mr Wade's *History of the Middle and Working Classes*, a manual which we cannot too warmly recommend to the notice of those for whom it is designed. The general circulation of this work—the composition, we understand, of one who was himself at no remote period an operative—would, we are persuaded, be of the greatest service, not to any class in particular, but to the general interests of the country.

"In the cultivation of the earth, two modes may be adopted; either it may be cultivated in common or individually; the disadvantage of the former is, that it makes no distinction between the weak and strong, the idle and industrious; for superior exertion and ability there is no superior reward. Under this system, the world would not be reclaimed—men will not willingly labour for others; to stimulate exertion, rewards must in some degree be proportioned to deserts. Appropriation, therefore, or the right of every one to enjoy the produce of his industry, became necessary to the effective cultivation of the earth; each man, having a portion of land allotted to him, in which he vested his labour, became entitled to its produce. This was probably the foundation of property in the soil. By its introduction, no man's natural rights can be said to have been extinguished or encroached upon; the earth before lay common to all, but unprofitable to all—by appropriation it has been made valuable to all. Farther than this it does not appear necessary to inquire into the origin of the rights of property: their obvious utility must have forced themselves on every people on first emerging from the barbarous state.

A state of society, in which there is equality of possessions, in which each man tills his own land, and raises the food and clothing necessary to his wants, appears at first sight very fascinating. It favours that feeling of independence so dear to the human heart. But if we reflect on the tendency of such a mode of social or rather anti-social existence, we shall find it pregnant with misery.

In the first place, the mere labour of society would be greatly augmented. As each person's means would not exceed his current necessities, they would not exceed the amount essential to the maintenance of himself and family, the idea of capitalists is precluded, and, consequently, no expedient for saving labour by machinery or otherwise, could be employed. All would be engaged in spade husbandry or other manual occupation. Such a disadvantageous mode of exertion would obviously be very unproductive; it would yield none of the luxuries, and barely the comforts, of life; people would hardly be better off than the cottar peasantry of Ireland, or the pauper colonists of Holland; and the whole of society would be literally brought under the primitive curse inflicted on our first parents. If the physical wants were supplied with so much difficulty, the mental ones would be totally neglected. As each would be fully occupied in providing sustenance, there would be no spare time to any for intellectual pursuits. If science, philosophy, and the arts, had existed, they would speedily fall into disuse and oblivion. Ignorance and barbarism would overspread the land. Men would become unacquainted with themselves and with the natural phenomena by which they are surrounded. Their past history and future destiny would be alike shut from view; they would move, as it were, in darkness—the victims of suspicion, of mutual mistrust and superstitious fears—a prey to all those calamities which are known to be inseparable from savage life when divested of the illusions of the imagination.

From such a state of universal toil and dreariness

one naturally turns to the more cheerful appearance which actual society presents, and one of whose chief advantages is derived from the circumstance, that certain classes are exempt from at least the necessity of bodily labour. Now, this advantage could not be possessed without a certain degree of inequality in men's fortunes; in other words, the existence of a proprietary class. Property is not a free gift of nature; the value even of landed property is chiefly a product of labour; it is almost entirely capital, or the produce of anterior industry. But if this capital or property did not exist, there would be no fund in reserve to maintain a class of persons occupied in what have been very inaccurately termed unproductive employments: all would be engaged in procuring food or raiment, and none could exclusively devote themselves to the pursuits of literature, science, and legislation.

Besides augmenting the produce of the earth, and creating a surplus beyond the wants of the producers, the rights of property have other advantages; they *preserve it to maturity*. 'We may judge,' says Dr Paley, 'what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth, from the trifling specimens we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unscented pasture, are seldom of much advantage to any body, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect, that he had better take them as they are, than leave them to another.'

Property also prevents *contests*. War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

Further, it improves the *convenience of living* by facilitating the division of employments. Without property this would be impossible, for there could be no exchanges of commodities; in a community of goods, every thing would belong to every body; no one would have any production which he could call his own, and which he would be entitled to exchange for the production of another man. We should thus be deprived of one of the chief advantages of civilised life. When a man is from necessity his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time all their operations require.

Upon these several accounts, we may venture, with few exceptions, to pronounce, that even the poorest and worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessities of life, than any one in places where most things remain in common.

Against the institution of property, it is urged that it is the source of *competition* among mankind. This, on reflection, will be found a recommendation. Property is mostly the reward of ability, sobriety, and perseverance. Without its stimulating agency, we should have little eminence, social, moral, or intellectual. The innate tendency of man is to repose, not to persevering exertion; and if superior application, superior enterprise, or superior endowments, were not rewarded, few would sedulously devote themselves to trade, agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts. In pursuit of these, an honourable—not a greedy, short-sighted, and fraudulent—spirit of competition is salutary, by stimulating invention and rivalry, which tend to general cheapness, excellence, and accommodation.

For competition, Mr Owen would substitute *co-operation*. But do not the several classes of society already co-operate in the most advantageous manner for the common benefit of the community? One class is occupied in rural industry, another in manufactures and commerce, another in science and letters. Each is rewarded, not always perhaps, but mostly, in proportion to desert; but the claims of merit would not be recognised under Mr Owen's system; the indolent would reap the rewards of the industrious, the vicious of the more deserving. This is more like *corporation* than co-operation, the principle of the old monastic institutions and commercial monopolies—associations of whose stagnating, debasing, and injurious tendency, the world has already had sufficient experience.

Rousseau, the Abbé Mably, Godwin and Paine, have objected to the institution of property, the *partiality* of its advantages. They allow that it is advantageous to those who possess property, but contend that it is disadvantageous to those who have none. 'It has tended,' says Paine, 'to make one part of society more affluent, and the other part more wretched than would have been the lot of either in a natural state.' The radical difference between the civilised and natural state is, that, in the latter, *all are poor*—all are in a state of discomfort, insecurity, and privation, and none are rich. But even in this state there

is not exact equality of condition; all are not equally strong, dexterous, and persevering in fishing, hunting, and hut-building; and these inequalities of endowments produce inequalities in the rewards of their exertions. In the civil or natural state, no two individuals are exactly alike, either in mental or physical qualities; they differ in their habits as in their stature, complexion, and strength; and supposing an equality of possessions was at any time forcibly established, it could not possibly continue for a day or hardly an hour—some would be more wasteful than others, some more industrious and inventive. There may doubtless be institutions which tend to aggravate the inequalities inseparable from human nature; these institutions may have risen from the predominance of proprietary influence in legislation; but such abuses are wholly unconnected with the utility of the right of property, and the progress of society must necessarily tend to alleviate them; the right of property of itself is an unmixed and universal benefit. Without its protection, the rich would become poor, and the poor be unable to become rich, and all would sink to the same bottomless abyss of misery and barbarism. It gives no exclusive advantage—it only gives general security; it does not take from one to give to another, it only says to all—*labour, and I shall take care that none shall be permitted to rob you of the produce of your exertions*. 'It is the security of property,' says Bentham, 'that has overcome the natural aversion of man from labour, that has given him the empire of the earth, that has given him a fixed and permanent residence, that has implanted in his breast the love of his country and of posterity. To enjoy immediately—to enjoy without labour, is the natural inclination of every man. This inclination must be restrained; for its obvious tendency is to arm all those who have nothing against those who have something. The law which restrains this inclination, and which secures to every individual the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, is the most splendid achievement of legislative wisdom—the noblest triumph of which humanity has to boast.'

CHARITABLENESS.

NONE of the principles which ordinarily actuate the human character is so amiable or so beneficial, whether applied individually or generally, as that which is distinguished in the sacred writings by the name of *CHARITY*. In this single word may be comprehended the whole sum and substance of a code of morals: all that the Grecian philosophers, in their various schools of ethics, taught to their pupils, or bequeathed to posterity, falls short in point of excellence of what is implied by this singularly comprehensive and expressive phrase. The sentiment indicated by charity, and which is eminently adapted for the regulation of social life, is exceedingly amiable in its character, for it produces that exalted disposition in our intercourse with each other which leads us on all occasions, and at all times, to put the most favourable construction on particular actions, or on the general conduct of our neighbours. And it is the want of this urbane and beneficent virtue which produces the greater part of that mischievous animadversion so commonly indulged in when speaking of the fortunes or misfortunes of the rest of our fellow-creatures.

To be charitable, in the true acceptance of the word, is to think no evil—to utter no vicious splenetic remarks—to have always in remembrance that human nature is composed of many contradictory qualities—that those who do behave with impropriety have perhaps been labouring under a variety of temptations, from which we ourselves were happily exempted—and that even the greatest criminals have often about them many points allied to virtue or goodness, of which others in the respectable walks of life are possibly in some degree destitute. We believe there is absolutely none who will not own that charity, in the sense we have put upon it, is *not* of all sentiments the most excellent, and the most worthy of cultivation; yet—and we speak without asperity—how few do we find that are willing to allow it full effect upon their words and actions! There is hardly an individual in the whole circle of society, and certainly not a single family, who does not occasionally smart under uncharitable suppositions of evil—who does not complain of the impertinent misconstructions of their neighbours, yet, curiously enough, who does not, most likely, abstain from indulging in the very same species of uncharitableness about which they are heard to utter such loud lamentations when it is directed against themselves. The truth is, that uncharitableness in a great measure proceeds from a want of thought, or, correctly speaking, from the want of moral discipline. Out of the mere lack of something else to speak about, people, when they meet together, sometimes let loose a variety of observations on the apparently improper

conduct of others, without at all remembering that they are not perfectly acquainted with all the remote causes and proximate circumstances which produced that description of conduct, however obvious it may appear to have been. In the same manner, for want of calm reflection and investigation, people are apt to treasure up in their minds a bad opinion of others, for some imaginary impropriety; whereas, if they were to reflect soundly, and make a rigid inquiry into motives and governing circumstances, they would perhaps find that those they were about to blame, or had already uncharitably accused, were in point of fact free from all imputation of offence, and worthy of their deepest commiseration and respect.

In order to avoid being chargeable with this great offence in morals, it is imperatively incumbent upon us to think no evil of our neighbours, and to put forth no sarcastic or invidious remarks upon their habits of life. It is an excellent, and certainly a safe maxim, worthy of being followed, 'to say nothing at all of a person, if we cannot say any good of him.' If we do not approve of his behaviour, and have it not in our power to bring him to a better sense of his duty, let us rather endeavour to banish him from our recollection, and leave him to work out his own punishment, than try to enlist others in the same opinion with ourselves. Let us, moreover, recollect, that every one has some peculiarity, the result of natural character or education—that we ourselves have faults, and have committed errors, which it would pain us exceedingly to hear were the subject of the slightest sarcasm, or of any thing like serious rebuke. Who among us can search the hearts of others, and there see the secret agonies endured for indiscretions long since committed, and since hourly repented of? Who, by investigation the most searching, can discover the extraordinary concatenation of trivial events and temptations which often undermine the most exalted rectitude, and place those not originally or innately vicious at the bar of public opinion? No one, indeed, can do so. How much need, therefore, is there for the practice of charity on all occasions, under all circumstances, even the most liable to suspicion!

In applying the practice of charity to the every-day affairs of life, there is assuredly nobody but would less or more feel its beneficial influence; and if carried to its proper limits, it is unquestionable that human society would exhibit a perfection and degree of comfort which at the present moment it by no means possesses. But, to produce any tendency to this pleasing result, it is essential that every one should endeavour to put the rule in practice. Each must begin to scrutinise his own will and conduct, and not only resolve not to think invidiously of his neighbours, but instantaneously carry his resolution into effect. If we happen to see an acquaintance living in a style we do not approve of, let us first consider if he cannot well afford it, or is not necessitated to do so from some particular circumstance affecting his situation in life. If we hear of any one having committed a fault, let our first impression be that he will soon be sorry for it; and that to speak of it again to another would be attended by no beneficial effect. If we hear of any one differing materially from us in opinion upon any abstract subject, let us believe that he does so conscientiously, and not from mean or interested motives. We too frequently forget, in judging of the opinions of others, that nothing is so delusive, nothing so dependent on chance circumstances, as that which constitutes *opinion*, which, on a little investigation, we find to have arisen from the locality of our birth or place of residence, the era in which we live, or the education we have received. Let us then, we say, be careful how we ridicule or pointedly condemn ideas which are so formed, and, therefore, in all probability, conscientiously maintained.

If such be the nature and tendency of charitableness, the question may possibly arise, whether any species of animadversion may be safely made on the conduct of the vicious. This difficulty, however, can be easily solved. The existence of a discreetly-formed public opinion is obviously a severe and proper check on the progress of error, and such is not to be condemned; for the dread of censure is, in its way, a motive for virtue. But let us recollect, that, at the utmost, we must only venture to censure when we have fully satisfied ourselves as to the merits of a case, and when, on deliberate conviction, we think that so to express our opinions is in accordance with our duty to society. It is that idle clamant censoriousness—that reckless disposition to view the conduct of

our neighbours in the worst possible light, without troubling ourselves to investigate into the truth of the report that we may have heard—that love of re-tailing and whispering stories, tending to wound the character and feelings of our fellow-creatures—that liability to feel aggrieved by observations which meant nothing to our hurt, which deserves reprobation, and which called forth those beautiful observations on the excellence of charity from the greatest moralist by whom this earth was ever adorned.

MOORISH MANNERS.

SIR ARTHUR DE CAPELL BROOKE, whose landing in Morocco we have already noticed, proceeds to describe the appearance of the Moorish ladies, and manners of the country:—"A singular custom is observable among both Moorish and Arab females—that of ornamenting or tattooing the face between the eyes with clusters of bluish spots or other small devices, and which, being stained, become permanent. The chin is also spotted in a similar manner; and a narrow blue line extends from the point of it, and is continued down the throat. This kind of tattooing is intended to add a brilliancy to the countenance, and, indeed, it is by no means so disfiguring as might be supposed. In addition to this, the eyelashes, eyebrows, and also the tips and extremities of the eyelids, are coloured black by means of antimony, which certainly adds to the expression of the eyes. Lastly, the soles, and sometimes other parts of the feet as high as the ankles, the palms of the hands and the finger-nails, as well as those of the feet, are dyed of a yellowish-red with the leaves of a plant called henna. The back of the hand is also often coloured and ornamented in this way with different devices. On holidays, and at times of festivity and rejoicing, they paint their cheeks of a red-brick colour, frequently in the shape of a triangle, over which other devices appear in deep black, a narrow red line being also drawn down the temples. The effect is singular, but not so unbecoming as would be imagined. The hair, which is sometimes plaited with flowers, is divided into two parts or tails, which being parted hang down over the neck and bosom.

The costume of the Moorish females is rich and highly ornamented. The robe or kaftan of fine scarlet or blue cloth is richly worked in front at the bottom and down the skirts in gold. On great occasions two and three of these are worn, the inner one being of fine linen; and their embroidered edges being shown, give the appearance of under waistscoths richly worked. Around the waist is worn a broad silk sash also worked in gold. The head-dress is formed by a black crape scarf, which is tied round the head; the ends, which are worked in gold, hanging down behind. Over this is a rich silk Fez handkerchief, folded broad, so as to form a kind of high turban, coming to a point like a tiara, over which three or four narrow bracelets of pearls and precious stones encircle the forehead, and have a rich effect: the necklace is also of precious stones; not being suspended low, but worn tightly round the neck. Massive silver collars or armlets adorn the wrists, and a similar ornament is worn round the ankles. The ear-rings are usually of gold, the armlets likewise being sometimes of the same metal. Dress slippers are made of blue or green or crimson velvet of the Fez manufacture, and embroidered in gold. The colour of the common slippers, which are of morocco leather, is red, yellow being that worn by the men. The dress of the lower orders, when within doors or on the terraces, where I have frequently had opportunities of observing them, is usually a loose kind of linen shirt with very wide sleeves girded round the waist, and loose linen drawers.

The appearance of the Moorish women when in the streets is very singular and remarkable. They are then completely enveloped in a white hayk, which being folded in a peculiar manner round the body, is turned over the head, and the folds being brought over the face, are held in one hand so as entirely to conceal every part, except the left eye, to enable them to see their way.

The hayk, which is an article of great manufacture in Morocco, is worn by both sexes, and is of different textures, the most expensive being as fine and transparent as gauze. The kind which is worn by the lower orders may be termed a sort of fine blanket; it is usually about four yards in length, and a yard and a half broad and is therefore capable of concealing every part of the person except the legs, which are bare and exposed."

The author thus describes the marriage ceremonial of the Moors:—

"Nothing appears more extraordinary to a European on his first arrival in the country, or impresses him more forcibly with a conviction that he is among a barbarous race, than the marriage ceremonies. The Moor marries when corn is plentiful. This was now the case, the harvest having been most abundant; and the number of weddings that were celebrated every night, according to the custom, kept the town in a state of continual rejoicing and uproar. A soon as it was dark, the narrow streets of Tangier were literally blocked up by moving crowds, whose steps were illuminated by numberless lanterns, while their ears were regaled with irregular discharges of guns, relieved, if

it could so be called, by the barbarous notes of the Moorish instruments.

To give, however, a more detailed account of this curious ceremony, which is divided into several acts: the first part of it that I had an opportunity of witnessing was the bearing of the present from the future bridegroom to the parents of his intended. The former walked at the head of a numerous procession, in the midst of which three black female slaves bore on their heads vessels containing cloth, muslin, and other stuffs, tied up in silk bands; an enormous dish of kouskous then followed; the rear being brought up by two horses and a mule laden with wheat and barley.

Previous to the wedding, a procession is formed at night by the bridegroom, who is conducted by his friends, arm in arm, through the different parts of the town, accompanied by music and firing. The concluding and most singular part of the whole ceremony is the bridal night. On this occasion the bridegroom, on leaving his own house, attired in his white sulham, or cloak, and with his sword girded before him, proceeds on horseback towards the quarter where his intended resides; he is accompanied by large bodies of his friends and connexions on foot, bearing lanterns in their hands, and is attended by two boys, who keep throwing handkerchiefs towards him, as if in the act of fanning him; the procession being headed by a band of music, consisting of the Moorish tambour, or drum, and two or three hautboys, from which the most detestable sounds proceed. The approach of the procession is announced by loud discharges of guns; and it having arrived at the house of the bride, it stays there until she is ready, the bridegroom remaining on horseback, and the whole length of the street being thronged by the accompanying crowds.

The door of the house is now thrown open, and a kind of wooden cage, with a conical top, and not unlike a small pulpit, is brought out, containing the fair bird. This is hoisted on the back of a horse stationed ready to receive its precious burden, and led by a slave. This part of the operation is not accomplished frequently without some difficulty, on account of the weight of the cage, but more particularly of that of its fair inhabitant, who, according to the Moorish taste in this respect, not unfrequently weighs as much as the animal who has the felicity of bearing her. Should the bridegroom have been married before, the wedding is not near so brilliant, as he remains at home to receive his bride; and should the latter be a widow, she does not ride, but is conducted on foot by the women to the house of the bridegroom.

The bride being on horseback, the whole procession, which by this time has been very considerably swelled, proceeds at a slow pace through all parts of the town, winding along the numerous dark alleys and streets, which are scarcely wide enough to admit a person on horseback. The strangeness of the spectacle is such, that a Christian observing it for the first time would scarcely suppose that he beheld human beings. Fancy the procession in motion, and a concourse of figures attired wholly in white, proceeding at nearly midnight perhaps, at a slow funeral pace; in the rear numbers of men, armed with guns of an enormous length, deafen you with repeated irregular discharges of powder, firing at the feet and faces of the spectators, dancing at the same time, and making use of the most extravagant gestures.

The music now advances, and your ears are greeted with sounds as diabolical as any savages ever made, which are produced by the instruments before mentioned. A confused crowd of persons now approach, with lanterns in their hands, in the midst of which is seen the bridegroom on horseback, his face muffled up, and his sword now girded behind him, and followed by another horse bearing the strange machine already described. The rear of the cavalcade is brought up by several women, who accompany the bride to her new habitation, while an indiscriminate crowd of persons follow. The procession does not proceed direct to the house of the bridegroom; if it did, the ceremony would be all over in a few minutes, and the effect lost; on which account it is first conducted through all parts of the town, and from the slowness of the pace at which it proceeds, and the crowds that accompany it, it is frequently an hour or more before it reaches its final destination.

On arriving at the house, a general halt is made, the bridegroom dismounts and enters his habitation, and the box which contains his better half is carried in at the same time; the door is then shut, and thus terminates the ceremony. Large dishes of kouskous are afterwards brought out and distributed to the crowd, and the firing and rejoicing is often kept up a great part of the night. Among the poorer classes the whole affair lasts only two or three days, but is prolonged should the bridegroom be wealthy; it being usual for him to invite his friends and acquaintance to an entertainment; and thus the rejoicings conclude."

The ignorance and superstition which prevail among the Moors are of the most deplorable description, and of which the following instance is sufficiently illustrative:—"A Jewish woman at Tetuan being afflicted by a violent swelling behind her ear, imagined that it was caused by the agency of the devil, whom some one persuaded her she had offended unconsciously, by having thrown one night into the yard some hot ashes and water, which is considered by these poor weak

people as a most marked affront to his satanic majesty. In order, therefore, to appease his devilship, and relieve herself at the same time from the pain she was suffering, which was occasioned by a severe cold, she, assisted by her friends, proceeded, in the first instance, to boil a quantity of kouskous (a kind of porridge), which they threw, at the same hour of night as when the offence had been given, and in the same part where the ashes had been thrown, leaving it to remain until morning. The swelling and pain, however, still continued; and imagining that the gentleman in black was determined not to be bribed so cheaply, she sent for a Moorish conjuror from Sus, who had a high reputation for his magical skill. The man upon his arrival immediately proceeded to work, setting himself down, and making all the necessary inquiries—how she had been so unfortunate as to offend the worthy gentleman below, or, as the Moors style him and the rest of his family, 'the people beneath;' asking her, at the same time, whether she had been vexed from any cause, and had thrown down any thing on the floor with violence, or gone out in the dark without a light, as in that case she might possibly have trampled upon some of his majesty's subjects without being aware of it. To these interrogations the credulous woman replied, that she had only thrown the ashes into the yard as before stated, and that she had dreamed one night that some one had fired a gun in her ears. The conjuror now had heard sufficient cause for the woman's affliction; and having received his fees, which amounted to a pretty good sum, commenced operations by writing in Arabic some words on a paper which he afterwards dissolved in water. The next thing necessary was for the patient to swallow her own words, namely, the mysterious sentence thus dissolved, which he made the woman drink up. All this, however, had no effect. The following day the learned doctor came to visit his patient, and found, I will not say to his surprise, that her complaint remained unabated—in short that she was as bad as ever. Upon this he drew a circle on a white plate, in the centre of which he traced several mysterious signs with his pen, and after the ink had been allowed to dry, it was washed off the plate with cold water, and drank by the patient. The operator then took his leave, with the assurance that this would not fail to cure her. The following day he again made his appearance; and finding no alteration for the better, he gave her several perfumed seeds, muttering some incantations at the same time, and leaving with her a supply of the said seeds, charging her to perfume every part of the house with them after nightfall, and not to omit a hole or corner.

Notwithstanding all his skill, his patient, as may be imagined, did not experience the relief she had so sanguinely anticipated; and seeing this to be the case, she called in farther advice in the person of a Moorish woman, who, upon seeing her, pulled out a book, in which after reading for some time with great attention, she informed her new patient that the volume had discovered to her that she had certainly offended 'the underneath people,' and that, in order to appease their anger, it was necessary that a second dish of the finest kouskous should be prepared with the greatest care, and thrown, not only about the yard, but about every part of the house, even to the street-door. The patient was enjoined, while she scattered the dish, to exclaim, 'This is what your friend presents you with, so pray be quiet, good people, and forgive me if I have offended you.' This ceremony was to be repeated for three successive nights; and if the desired effect was not produced, the house was to be sprinkled over with sweet oil at night, pardon being asked as before. Should this be of no avail, she was commanded to get all her friends and relations to spit into a glass—men, women, and children, which friendly contribution she was enjoined to drink off in a cup of coffee. All these different prescriptions were implicitly followed by the poor credulous woman to no purpose. The second doctor had already, like the first, fleeced her out of a pretty good sum of money in the shape of fees, when a European Jew coming to reside in the same house, and hearing an account of the transaction, could not avoid pitying the poor woman, and reproached her and her friends with their folly and credulity, as well he might do. Upon this they begged him to see what could be done for her; and having fortunately some slight knowledge of the healing art, he immediately applied a poultice, and in a short time the swelling began to ripen, and the pain greatly abated in consequence. In this state of affairs the first doctor, the conjuror—who had, however, proved himself to be no longer one—came to pay her a visit, to see if he could not still extract something more from the patient's swelling wherewithal to swell his own pockets. The poor woman, in the joy of her heart at the relief she had experienced, and prompted at the same time by natural feelings of anger and mortification, told him to his face, that while all his art had been of no avail, the skill of a European had nearly recovered her. This, as may be supposed, threw the Moorish doctor into a violent fury; and he told her that by his power he would make her worse than ever, and that, if the swelling ever broke, he would consent to be called a Jew with a black cap, which is the greatest abuse that can be offered to a Moor. This was said in presence of her kind friend the European Jew, who, attaching as much weight to his threats as they deserved, continued his attentions. and in the end entirely recovered his patient.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

WE have more than once commended the propriety of wives attending to the various duties of their household, for nothing can be more respectable in its way; but in inculcating this principle, it is necessary to remind our female readers that it has its limitations, especially when applied to those in the higher circles of society. It ought to be remembered that the extreme of minute attention and of luxurious indulgence are equally improper, and ought to be avoided. On this subject, Mrs William Parkes, in her excellent work, entitled "*Domestic Duties, or Instructions to Young Married Ladies*,"* makes the following useful observations:—"We will turn from this lamentable picture [that of a dissipated and ruined lady of fashion], to inquire whether the opposite extreme of conduct ought not, also, to be avoided, by which I mean the abandonment of a woman to household concerns, and to the over-solicitous care of her children, involving her in an entire neglect of the duties connected with social life and good neighbourhood.

I have in my recollection an instance which may, perhaps, exemplify the error in conduct of which I am speaking. Mrs C—, in whose neighbourhood I lived in my youth, considered herself as a pattern of wives and mothers, making it her boast that she combined the good housewifery of former times to the maternal care and attention for which the present age of mothers is remarkable. Her husband was a man of property; but, if rendering him happy in his home, and respectable in the eyes of his neighbours (as far as depends on a wife), should form some part of a good wife's care, she certainly did not sustain the character. Considering the extent of her husband's property, her economy approached to meanness. Her table was always so scantily provided, and such strict limitation of every article throughout her establishment was enforced, that poverty seemed an inmate, while comfort was banished from her house. For the glory of being accounted a thrifty manager, she submitted, and obliged others to submit, to many privations; and often she was obliged to share the labours of her household, which she preferred to the expense of keeping a proper complement of servants. At no period of the day, which was shared between household and nursery cares, could her husband promise himself her society, and, in the evenings, he generally found her wearied and fretted by the petty concerns of her life. For visiting or receiving company she constantly declared she had no time; and, indeed, she at length acquired a disrelish for any society which was not comprised within her narrow scene of action.

A life of retirement soon renders us unfit and unwilling to mingle in general society. The exertion both of mind and body in which company engages us, we seldom think compensated by the degree of pleasure we receive from it, when from seclusion we have lost our relish for topics of general interest. Our thoughts and feelings are too much wrapped up in our own concerns, and we become devoid of that sympathy in the tastes, feelings, and concerns of others, which gives the chief interest to our intercourse with our fellow-creatures. Natural obstacles, a sea flowing, or mountains intervening between friends, are not more effectual barriers to the interchange of ideas and feelings, than the want of sympathy and common interest in each other's welfare.

The unenvied husband of this good wife sought amusement any where but at home. He spent much of his time either in field sports or in the more dangerous pleasures of the turf and the gaming-table. His wife's confined view of her duties prevented her from anticipating this effect of her management, nor indeed did she ever imagine herself as in any way the author of her husband's failings. Her children, also, both mentally and physically, were sufferers. Her imagination, not allowed to range beyond her domestic circle, fed itself upon the supposed diseases of her children, which, I believe I may justly assert, were more often engendered in their constitutions, than averted by the measures and precautions which her over-solicitude prompted. Their tempers were injured by injudicious indulgence at one time, and by the fretfulness which her cares induced, and which she could not always restrain, even towards the objects of those cares. Her servants, too, were not amongst the happiest of her family; her principle in regard to them being, that they ought to belong to a 'much-enduring race,' to work hard and fare hard.

What effect this lady's character might have had upon her offspring, cannot now be known, as consumption rapidly terminated her life. It was the opinion of her physician that this disease had met with encouragement from the restless anxiety of her mind, and the frequent over-exertion of her strength. Her death occasioned but little feeling in her neighbourhood: few tears were shed, few regrets expressed, for one who had made no attempts to attach others to her, or to perform any of the kindly offices of good neighbourhood. Her equals lost no friend when she expired, the poor no benefactress.

There are many ladies who, though they do not carry their conduct to the extreme which I have just described, yet, in a degree, err in a similar manner, and suffer their minds to be too much engrossed with

similar cares. They build a wall around them, and confine within it their ideas, prospects, hopes, and expectations, and can imagine no happiness nor good to spring beyond it.

I hope I have exposed with sufficient force the danger and inconveniences which arise from either of the extremes in conduct, which I have attempted to describe. Instances still more lamentable might have been adduced, but as I trust they have generally been peculiar cases, connected with a strange perversity of disposition, their examples need not be instanced to those in whom no such depravity exists. If I have prepossessed you in favour of a middle course, I shall be contented. Society has various claims upon us, and these may in most cases be satisfied without any omission or neglect of higher demands upon our time and attention. To economise time, to avoid frittering away any great portion of it on trifles, or with listless indifference to suffer it to pass away unemployed; to perform strictly the duties of each day, so that no occasional pressure of employment may hurry you into a hasty and careless method of proceeding; these will be the best means of insuring you time for the demands which may be made upon you by society in general."

MASANIELLO.*

FOR a long time previous to the year 1647, the kingdom of Naples and Sicily formed a dependency of the crown of Spain, and was generally governed by a viceroy deputed by the sovereign of that country. It was a kingdom of considerable natural wealth and resources, but had been completely exhausted by oppressive taxes, imposed for the support of the Spanish wars against France. The people of the city of Naples, being light-hearted, and having few wants, bore up better under their burdens than might have been expected; but they were at length reduced to despair by an impost which was laid upon fruit and vegetables, which formed their chief and almost only food. The edict for this tax was issued on the 3d of January 1647, and during all the ensuing spring, the clamours of the people were incessant. Nor were there wanting some outrages, such as an uninstructed populace are apt to commit when they are violently dissatisfied with their government. The symptoms of discontent became at length so alarming, that the viceroy, the Duke of Arcos, considered it safe, at the risk of still farther increasing it, to forbid the annual procession in honour of St John the Baptist, on the 24th of June, lest the concourse should lead to open insurrection.

Among the populace at this time was a young fisherman, who observed and shared deeply the general discontent. His anger and resentment had been roused by the rough treatment which his wife had experienced from the tax-collectors, who, detecting her in the act of concealing a small bag of flour in order to evade the payment of the duty, had put her in prison. Her husband paid a fine in order to obtain her release, but swore vengeance upon the oppressors; and was not long in finding the opportunity of fulfilling his vow. This man's name was Tommaso Aniello, or popularly Masaniello, for whom fate had destined such rapid change of condition as never mortal underwent within the same space of time. He was of middle stature and handsome countenance, with lively dark eyes, short curly hair, a frank and bold address, noted among his companions for smartness and activity, and about twenty-four years of age. He wore a fisherman's blue jacket, with white linen trousers, a sailor's red woollen cap on his head, and was barelegged and barefooted.

Matters had arrived at this pass, and such preparations were made by the populace for the celebration of one of their great festivals, that already they had organised themselves in bands for the procession, and were thus unconsciously prepared for attacking the government. In this state of affairs, a large concourse of peasants and gardeners from the surrounding country came to market with a supply of fruits and vegetables; and these being rendered liable to the odious tax, the ferment came to a crisis. One of the aggrieved peasants took up one of his baskets of figs, and, throwing it down, scattered its contents about, at the same time exclaiming, "This belongs to me. I give it to you, my friends. Our tyrants shall have none of this at least." "Let them have some of it!" said Masaniello, who stood by his side, and, snatching up a bunch of figs, struck an officious tax-gatherer over the face with it. His example was instantly followed by his numerous companions. Masaniello then addressed them in bold and ready eloquence, such as the occasion demanded—conjured them to stand by him, promising, in the most decided terms, redress for the grievances of which they had to complain. They then commenced acts of violence, broke down and destroyed the booths of the tax-collectors, burst into the houses of such as were conceived to have enriched themselves by farming the imposts, and spread alarm through the whole city. Their numbers had by this time increased to many thou-

sands, armed with weapons which they had taken from gunsmiths' shops, and wherever they could find them. They compelled the Prince of Bisignano, a Neapolitan nobleman, to go with them and act as their chief; but being shocked at their excesses, and alarmed for the consequences, he contrived to make his escape. They next proceeded to the viceroy's palace, forced their way into his presence, despite of his guards, and peremptorily demanded the abolition not only of the new tax on fruits, but of all other imposts whatsoever—demands which, under the immediate influence of terror, the viceroy assented to. They then destroyed the most valuable effects in the palace; and the viceroy with difficulty effected his escape from the tumult.

The populace now, by unanimous consent, placed themselves under the command of Masaniello, who was installed *Capo del Popolo*, or "Captain-General of the Most Faithful People of Naples;" and such coadjutors and counsellors were added (chiefly of low rank and infamous character), as appeared to him best qualified to assist him. He used little counsel, however; and by his directions the prisons were broken open, and the captives set at liberty; the few inhabitants who resisted were put to death; and one house, where there chanced to be a quantity of gunpowder, was blown up—an accident which cost eighty-seven persons their lives.

The Duke of Arcos was taken absolutely unprovided for this dreadful outbreak. The few soldiers he had were scarcely sufficient to guard the citadels of Naples; and a regiment of five hundred men was defeated and disarmed in an attempt to enter the city. Thus at bay, the duke endeavoured to open a negotiation with the insurgents by means of a nobleman; but success had caused the multitude to rise in their demands. They required not only the abolition of all the imposts, but the restoration of all privileges bestowed upon them by the Spanish monarchs, and in particular insisted on the exhibition of a charter in their favour written in letters of gold. The duke, in endeavouring to pacify them, showed another document, which he tried to palm upon them as the real charter which they sought. They became more exasperated than ever: they insulted the nobleman sent as mediator, and dragged him to prison; and followed their course of burning and destroying the houses of all whom they regarded as enemies of the people.

On the fourth day after the commencement of the revolt, and while the great mass of the insurgents were met in the public square, a conspiracy, formed to assassinate Masaniello, by means of a bribed body of banditti, was discovered. The appearance of so many mounted and armed robbers excited suspicion, and they were ordered to dismount and divide themselves. Instead of this order being obeyed, seven muskets were fired at the captain-general, so near that they burned his shirt, though not a ball touched him! The populace instantly discharged a volley of musketry on the troop of banditti, and killed thirty of them; the rest fled into a neighbouring church, which, notwithstanding the respect usually paid in Catholic countries to such an asylum, proved no place of refuge. The gates were unhinged, the vaults resounded to the fire of musketry, while the people slew the wretches at the very altar, flooding the church pavement with gore. Masaniello, meantime, remained in the great square, surrounded by the heads of the slain banditti planted on pikes, exaggerating the dangers which he had encountered, and calling for vengeance on the aristocracy, who it was discovered were the originators of the conspiracy. He particularly accused Don Joseph Caraffa as the chief instigator of the plot; and he falling into the hands of the people, was dragged before Masaniello, when a butcher struck off his head with a cleaver. The scene which ensued is indescribable. Horrid outcries rent the air; bleeding carcasses were tied to horses' tails, and, attended by fishermen and sailors, were dragged through the street; children, covered with blood, ran behind, followed by women and lazzaroni, carrying the royal banners, and firing muskets into the windows. In the market-place was a wooden scaffold hastily constructed, and enclosed by a circular range of pikes, on which the insurgents fixed the heads of their victims, while their mangled bodies lay below, bound with ropes to the palisade. Masaniello ascends the scaffold, still dressed as a sailor, with sword in hand, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. "Bring the head of the traitor!" he exclaims, and then insults the remains of Joseph Caraffa; he speaks to him in mockery, he touches his hair and ghastly lips, while the multitude raise the most ferocious acclamations. In all quarters victims are sought after; even the old and helpless are not spared, and their bodies are dragged about; the squares are covered with carnage, the streets resound with cries of affright, the palaces are in flames. The churches, however, are open; the altars are invested with the ornaments of the festivals for the dead; and before the Most High, priests and prelates call for peace, bewail the victims, and pray for the guilty. In passing by the churches, the ruffian who has just committed murder, or the incendiary who still brandishes his flaming torch, uncovers his head, kneels for a moment, and each returns to his work of destruction.

On the fifth day, the accommodation proposed by the viceroy, though somewhat checked by the conspiracy, was still proceeding. Assisted by two persons, Genuino and Arpay, who had been formerly employed in political business, Masaniello had a set of articles

* We are indebted for the substance of the present sketch to an article in the Foreign Quarterly Review, for August 1829; a work which we cannot sufficiently praise for its solid and useful properties.

drawn up, in which the taxes were abolished, all former privileges renewed and confirmed, and the actors in the late tumults, including himself and his counsellors by name, assured of pardon. These articles were read publicly in the church of our Lady of the Carmelites, after which the Cardinal Filomarino passed in procession to the Castello Nuovo, followed by the whole tide of the population, amid loud acclamations. On this occasion, Masaniello, at the cardinal's suggestion, exchanged his mariner's habit, which he had rendered more awful than imperial robes of Tyrian purple, for a splendid suit of cloth of silver, and mounted on a fine charger, proceeded to pay his respects to the viceroy, who received him with the utmost respect, and had an opportunity to see the wonderful and alarming influence which this fisherman had attained over the populace. Vast numbers of the insurgents had crowded in after the procession, and filled the castle-yard. Alarmed at the length of Masaniello's stay, they began to show symptoms of uneasiness. The *Capo del Popolo* was then with the cardinal and viceroy in the cabinet of the latter, when, stepping to the window, he silenced them by a word of his mouth and a signal of his hand. At another signal, all the bells of the city were tolled; at a third, the deafening peal was silenced. He waved his hand, and the people shouted; he placed his finger on his lips, and the roaring multitude became hushed as death. Finally, he commanded them to disperse to their homes, and the courtyard, as if by magic, was evacuated in an instant. The viceroy and his courtiers looked at each other with astonishment. It was no wonder that the viceroy felt it necessary to recognise the authority of captain-general of the people in a demagogue possessing such complete influence over his constituents.

The events of the sixth day still proved that peace was far distant. Masaniello, agitated perhaps by apprehensions of the banditti, no longer received petitions and applications in the open market-place, but at a window of his own cottage, where he stood in his fisherman's dress, with a loaded blunderbuss in his hand, which put the suitors in some terror for the reply which they might possibly receive. The petitions which were presented to him, he himself being unable to read or write, were examined and answered by masked secretaries, who wrote the necessary reply, which the *Capo del Popolo* attested by a mark. His sentences, his executions, his burning and pillaging, still indicated his being thoroughly imbued by the implacable hatred to the aristocracy. The degree of power to which Masaniello had attained seems now to have begun to unsettle his reason. At a solemn religious ceremony he attended, he behaved in the most absurd manner, and was with difficulty prevented from stripping himself of his dress. His conduct became hourly more fantastic, and the respect of the multitude began proportionably to diminish. He one day suddenly rushed out to the streets half dressed, mounted his horse, and galloped off where caprice dictated—next rushed into a church to hear mass, after which he went and threw himself in the sea, and then ordered supper. He also drank deeply of intoxicating wines, and in his inebriation committed all kinds of extravagances.

The people of every condition were now agitated by a desire to be rid of their captain-general, and a new conspiracy was formed against his authority, which was more successful than the preceding. Upon the 16th of July, or the tenth and last day of his singular career, Masaniello, escaping from his best friends (those who detained him in custody as a lunatic), rushed into the church of del Carmine, the day being the festival of the Virgin patroness. The cardinal Filomarino performed the service, and after its conclusion, Masaniello, in a desponding mood, harangued the people with a crucifix in his hand; complained of being forsaken by them, mingling expressions which were of a pathetic description with such as were utterly irrational and ridiculous. He behaved with such indecorum of speech and gesture, that the priests were obliged to withdraw him from the pulpit by force. To the cardinal he next had recourse, expressing his purpose to resign all his power to the viceroy. The prelate with difficulty prevailed on him to enter the adjoining cloister, and cease interrupting the prayers of the congregation. While the unfortunate man was yet in the cloister, the assassins, few in number, but followed by many others who favoured them, burst into his place of refuge, exclaiming, "Long live the king of Spain, and death to Masaniello!" "Do you seek me, my people?" answered Masaniello. "Here I am!" As he turned round, he received the fire of four arquebusses, which killed him on the spot, giving him but time to exclaim, "Oh ye ungrateful traitors!" So low was his popularity fallen, that the thousands, then assembled in the church of del Carmine, heard, without the least emotion, that Masaniello was slain. Thereafter his head was carried to the viceroy, and his body, after being dragged through the streets by a rabble of boys, among whom the nobility threw pieces of money, was at length tossed into the city ditches.

But the flame which Masaniello had kindled was not extinguished by his death. Even in the morning which succeeded his exit, some of the striplings who had constituted the guard and lictors of their murdered captain-general, sought out his dishonoured remains, and carried them to the cathedral. The mangled corpse was arrayed in royal robes, decorated

with a crown and sceptre, and after being carried in funeral procession, followed by thousands of armed men, it was at length solemnly interred in the church, with many tears, prayers, and lamentations.

Thus ended the short but eventful life of Masaniello, who, in the course of ten days, rose from the most humble situation to an unrivalled height of despotic authority; and after reigning like a monarch, was, by common consent, shot, and dragged through the city like a mad dog, yet finally buried like a prince, and almost worshipped as a saint.

It should be added, as explanatory of the conduct of Masaniello, that it does not appear, on the closest investigation, he ever contemplated the retention of supreme authority, or acted on any other plan or principle than the very obvious one of relieving his fellow-citizens from the pressure of their burdensome imposts.

FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

[BY MRS HEMANS.]

Come near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust:
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!
What, shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed—
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep, and it is well;
For tears besit earth's partings.—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed—
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where death has power may love be blessed—
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early-called to rest.

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;
Yet that, even that, must fade!
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest—
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest.

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take e'er to moulder on her breast—
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched!—for him the past
Is sealed. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not here of our beloved and blessed—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

GRAVEDIGGERS.

THE gravediggers of Edinburgh, like those of most other places, till a recent date, were remarkable for their drunkenness, in addition to the other vices common to their tribe. About thirty years ago, there was an obscure public-house at the head of the Cowgate, in which the greater part of them used to meet every morning to enjoy themselves. It was said that they were accustomed to drink most unhallowed toasts—such as "A hard frost!" "A wet spring!" "The east wind!" "A green Yule," &c. and converse upon the prospects of good employment held forth by the weather. On it being debated one morning whether they might sit a little longer, and have some more liquor, one of the corps is said to have voted in the affirmative, for a reason, which he expressed in the following words:—"Hang it," said he, "let us hae the other pot. The sky has been looking gay dour for this half hour past! we'll hae plenty o' cauld and sair throats the morn."

One of the oldest Edinburgh gravediggers whom we happen to remember was a man of singular manners and habits, named Jemmy Alexander. Jemmy was a most ingenious wretch: could make wooden clocks, clasp broken china, or turn his hand to any kind of employment, including that of a porter, which happened to come in his way. One of his most profitable businesses was that of a gravedigger in one of the burying-grounds of the city; and to make the most of this dreary profession, he enlivened his spare hours by making fiddles out of the bits of half-decayed coffins which he turned up in the course of his labours. Jemmy's fiddles were considered tolerable instruments within the latitude of the Low Calton and Greenside, and he was never long in disposing of them when finished. One of the best he ever sold, he used to mention, was one he made out of a piece of the coffin of a celebrated Canonage bailie, and which afterwards enlivened with its strains some of the most fashionable

assemblies. Jemmy is himself long since dead and buried, and possibly the shreds of his own coffin may be some day similarly exhumed for purposes equally at variance with their former use.

The most remarkable of this fraternity was Geordie Girdwood, the ancient gravedigger of the Grey Friars' churchyard. He was an uncommonly drunken-looking, withered, little old man, with sore eyes. It was said of him, by the common people of Edinburgh, that he had, in the course of his professional duties, turned over the churchyard seven times. He died at an advanced age, about sixteen years ago. Like Blair's sexton, he had a great turn for wit; but, unfortunately, his conversation smelt woefully of the shop, and that smell was not the most pleasing possible. A friend one day made up to him as he was digging a grave, and found him contemplating a skull, which he had just unearthed, and was holding in his hand. Knowing that Geordie was quite as well acquainted with the faces of the dead as the living population of the parish of Grey Friars, the intruder asked him, "who that had been?" "Ah! man," quoth Geordie; "this was the great preacher, Dr —, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He was weel kenn'd to be a queer minister in his day. He could drink glass for glass wi' a large dinner party, till they were a' aneath the table but himself; and he would then go into another room, call for the servants of the house, and give them a discourse, as weel as if he had never tasted a drop. Ah, he's been lang dead and gane noo! Od, I believe, I've haen him sax times in my hands since I pat him first aneath the yirth! Deil care how mony mae times I may hae him to turn over yet!"

So much for the ancient fraternity of gravediggers—men whom we all need, but whom no one loves.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN CANADA.

The Camerons were the best hunters I ever knew in Canada. They were brothers, of Highland extract, hardy fellows, and extremely fearless: they would go out a-deer-hunting, and sometimes bring home fifteen in a couple of days. As for shooting ducks, they were unmatched, and filled the canoe with large fat fowls when nobody else could get a shot: they would go out on a morning and procure four or five dozen with ease. The black wood-duck is the best of all the wild-duck tribe; it is of a sooty colour, with a dirty yellow speckled breast, and nearly as large as a goose. They feed on the wild rice, which grows plentifully in the small streams in the remote woods; they are not met with in large flocks; many of them remaining during summer, and are met with large broods following after them. One of the Camerons having observed a large flock of wild-geese on the lake of the Chaudiere, used every means in his power to have a shot at them, but could not; he crawled round the rushy banks from one point to another, but it would not do—still the flock kept aloof, and vexed him with their shyness. At length he took his canoe, and having cautiously got into it, allowed himself to drift out into the Big Bay towards his prey; and when he had got, as he considered, within shot, he let fly, and, dreadful to relate, the canoe upset from the percussion of the musket, and launched the keen sportsman into the deep. This, however, did not concern him much; instead of clinging to the canoe, or even catching a paddle, as many others would, he quietly swam ashore, without saying a word, with the gun in his hand, a distance nearly of a mile. His brothers on the bank did not seem at all alarmed: they got out on a point, and rode a tree to the canoe; that is, took a branch of some one or other that had tumbled down—these are always in superabundance—sat on it as we would on a saddle, and paddled away in the water to the canoe, which having uprighted, they easily succeeded, with the aid of the branch, in embarking by the stern when away they hunted the wounded wild-geese and brought a good shot ashore, where, on arriving, they found their brother had prepared a fire, was drying his clothes, and broiling something to eat.—*Macdaggart's Canada.*

PRIDE EFFECTUALLY REBUKED.

William Penn and Thomas Story, travelling together in Virginia, being caught in a shower of rain, unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco house; the owner of which happening to be in, thus accosted them:—"You have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave. Do you know who I am?" To which was answered "No." "Why, then, I would have you to know that I am a justice of the peace." Thomas Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as thou art; he is the governor of Pennsylvania." The would-be great man quickly abated his haughtiness.—*Imperial Magazine.*

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by ORP & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BERRER, Holywell Street, Strand; BARNES & CO., Manchester; WATKINSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCAL, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLERSY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight. Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh. Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER,"
AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 103.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1834.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

FLUCTUATIONS OF RANK AMONG MEN.

It is justly considered the mark of an ill-regulated state, when the humble are prevented, either by fixed rules, or by other circumstances, from rising into the more eminent situations. As there is evidently a new dispensation of intellect every generation, it is inconceivably necessary that provision should be made for the easy descent of such individuals among the well-born as are unfitted by nature for maintaining their original places, and for the easy ascent of those among the plebeian orders who are qualified to supplant them. Thus the higher departments of our social system will always be filled by the properest men, and the great designs of nature fulfilled.

There are few countries, perhaps, where this perpetual interchange of relative condition goes on so smoothly, or to so great an extent, as in Great Britain. The very highest situations, under the throne, are here found to be filled with men who have risen, by their native talent and force of character, from the lowest walks of life. It is remarked, however, with dissatisfaction, that most of these men, on gaining the ends of their ambition, cease to have any sympathy with their former equals, and display all the less amiable characteristics of an aristocracy with even greater breadth than those who inherit the honours of many generations. If this be the case, we are inclined to attribute it in a great measure to the fault of those who are left behind. The people in general do not, we think, treat those who have outstripped them in the race of fortune, in such a manner as to keep alive sympathy: the fortunate persons are tempted, we suspect, to assume as much as possible of the haughtiness of nobility, in order to confound, both to themselves and others, the disrespectful feelings with which they are conscious they are regarded by those who were once on their own level. All the lowly are anxious that channels should be open through which some of them may attain elevation; every man is more or less anxious that he should be one of the fortunate individuals. Yet, when a certain number have gained the desired height, they altogether cease to be considered as a part of the class they lately belonged to. Their former fellows look upon them as men fortunate only for themselves—as no better deserving of their honours than others who could be pointed out—as guilty, perhaps, of improper arts in procuring their promotion. Their original condition is perpetually raked up; and though many make a cold profession that the lower the origin the greater the merit of rising, still it is evident that distinction in the tenth generation, without merit at all, meets with more respect from the bulk of the community. The long-descended honour of a Howard or a Hamilton, is regarded with complacency, and its pretensions are at once allowed. But where greatness is borne by a man who lately was not great, and who is recollected to have once been as subject to the hardships and contumelies of a humble rank as any of those who are now considering his history, the deference due to his titles is yielded more reluctantly. In the former case, competition is foreclosed: in the latter, it is open, and every man thinks himself at liberty to call in question the amount of that merit which has raised another so much above himself. It is in reality the jealousy, envy, and detraction, which are brought to bear upon new greatness, by those who are still humble, that make it so eager to identify itself with the elder great, and so ready to cut off all ties with its former associates.

The evil, in our opinion, would be greatly lessened, if the people had more just ideas respecting those who elevate themselves above their original rank. They

No. 51. VOL. II.

do not sufficiently cogitate the grand truth that the elements of greatness are born in all ranks alike, and that its pressing upwards from a mean origin, when such happens to be its lot, is nothing more than a process in conformity with the great laws of creation. Man has in some countries made nobles, who, for the supposed good of the community, inherit greatness by descent; but nature has her nobles too, and they are born sometimes in a cottage, sometimes in a palace, just as it chances. These individuals are often, by the pressure of circumstances, confounded all their lives with the commons of creation. But in other instances, they burst through all obstructions, and acquire that superiority over their fellows which nature, for their own good and that of the community, intended. If men were more generally to allow that this *carding* of the human race (so to speak) was just a part of the designs of Nature, they would be less disposed, we think, to look upon the original condition of the elevated individual as a thing either increasing or lessening his honour. They would regard both that, and the corresponding declension of the man who was unfit to retain his original place, as mere matters of course.

One great cause, we are persuaded, of the unworthy feelings with which the humble regard the recently exalted, is, the ignorance in which the most of men remain, respecting the secret and inner minds of those who are destined to rise above them. When we recall our early acquaintance with a man now our superior, we are apt to recollect only the mean circumstances with which he had to contend, his common subjection with ourselves to the ordinary evils of life, and the common-place behaviour which, like every other body, he exhibited in common-place affairs. We think, because he was environed in early life by sordid cares and paltry necessities, was connected with humble kinsfolk, and aimed only in the meantime at common objects of ambition, that he was all along and natively an ordinary person, and has only been fortunate in finding openings, to permit of that advancement which has been denied to ourselves. Now, in all probability, if we could have scanned the latent character of these persons, we should have found the most of them inspired from the very first with the sentiments, as they were possessed of the abilities, which were to raise them above us. Their easy submission to a mean sphere of exertion, and ready discharge of humble duties, we should have found to be only a proof of their possessing the materials of greatness—for by what other means could they have hoped to achieve their elevation! There no doubt are great souls of humble origin, which will not condescend to treat with mean circumstances, and, aspiring prematurely to the honours they think their due, leave no possibility of mistake on this point. But are these the successful men? No—they only excite ridicule, and obstruct their own advancement. The man truly designed and qualified to achieve greatness is too judicious to pretend to that which will not readily be conceded, too sensible to suppose any lawful labour beneath him, too sensible of the necessity of a gradual course, to despise any of the steps that lead to fortune. He is, moreover, too much alive to the ridicule of assuming a manner above his present station, to discover those sentiments and aims, those ardent and lofty aspirations, which are all the time, perhaps, burning beneath the common-place of his aspect and deportment, and render him, even at this moment of lowly toil, as worthy of his honours as he will be when he has gained them.

We are inclined, then, to fix upon superficial observation, and ignorance of the laws of nature, as a

chief cause of the jealousy which is entertained respecting the recently exalted, and upon this jealousy as the principal cause of the excessive haughtiness of that class of persons. Whatever have been the means of exaltation—state service, literary glory, scientific accomplishment—the elevated individual finds such a disposition among his late compeers to drag him back again into association with his original humility, and to hold his honours as cheap and paltry, compared with those which have been transmitted through a family, that probably he would give up all the distinction he has gained, and the merits through which he has gained it, with the greatest good will, if he could only make his grandfather a gentleman. It is not the fault of the parvenu himself, or of the system of which he becomes a part: it is the senseless propensity of the multitude to prostrate themselves before inherited, while they depreciate acquired honours, that causes him to make such haste in neglecting and despising them. This it was which made Congreve the poet so little anxious to be known as such, and so careful lest it should be forgotten that he was a man of quality. The public, who, after all, have the dispensation of honours in their own hands, since the title is nothing without their respect, have only themselves to blame, if they find the new illustrious more replete with all the worse features of the patrician character than the old. When they shall pay an equally ready respect to him who has gained his own honours as to his remote descendant, they will have less to complain of in the conduct of such persons, besides greatly increasing the incentive to exertion for the public good.

THE VICTIM OF INDISCRETION.

ONE of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with our outset in life, is, that actions of the most trivial importance very frequently govern our fate through the whole course of existence. The good or ill judgment that may sway our decision in some apparently unimportant occasion, is seen to advance or retard our success with an effect that excites the astonishment of those unacquainted with that particular which was the mainspring of our subsequent movements. The young and the heedless are not sufficiently aware of this remarkable fact. They do not seem to know that a total declension into the depths of vice is almost certain, after once being begun; and that, even if they retrieve their steps, they are preparing for themselves years of agony and remorse. They may be crowned with success in their career; they may rise to the highest honours that can be bestowed upon them as respectable members of society; yet the thoughts of their early indiscretions will still haunt them with vivid freshness. In the midst of a virtuous and happy family, they will be visited with the tortures of long-concealed vices, which, if known, would lower them in the estimation of all they held dear; and possibly, in their desperation, long for rest in the tomb, which they imagine will be the only extinguisher of their corroding cares.

I remember a short time since to have been occupied with such reflections, when I was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door. It was that repetition of hammerings a London hackney-coachman gives when he considers his fare to be a gentleman. My visitor was shown into the parlour. It was an old friend, although a much younger man than myself. I was startled by his sorrowful countenance, dejected air, and emaciated frame. After our mutual congratulations on meeting, he informed me he came to lay his bones with us—alluding to the family vault. I strove

to remove such unpleasant ideas from his mind, but he was so firm in his belief of a speedy dissolution, that I was rendered nearly as melancholy as himself. I remarked that death was the common lot of all, but it was unwise to have solemn contemplations ever shrouding our hearts—to seem as if we were always forming part of a funeral procession: death may have terrors, but let us live so as not to fear encountering them. This struck the chord that vibrated in his heart, accompanied with such an expression of remorse and agony, that I wished any other thought had escaped from my lips. I perceived I had made him wretched; the more I endeavoured to remove the impression, the more firmly did he adhere to the distressing subject. He called my attention to his haggard appearance, reminding me of what he had been; he spread his attenuated hand, telling me it was not what it once was; and, striking his breast, said, all within was more frightfully changed. He paused; I assumed what I did not feel, while I exerted myself to draw his thoughts to cheerful scenes and circumstances of our past days. He thanked me, while he informed me I imitated lightness of heart ungraciously, and requested of me to be *myself*, for he had some particulars he wished I would promise to see carried into effect. After some hesitation, I agreed, out of pity, to do as he desired; and arrangements having been made for his reception as an inmate of the family, he seemed to feel greatly soothed, and expressed his gratitude for our attention. It was some time afterwards before our guest could speak of his ultimate intentions. But, at length, one day he opened his mind on the subject he had so much at heart. He informed me he had accumulated a considerable sum of money, which he desired to place entirely in my hands as an executor, and that the will he had made, and which I would find in his repositories, would direct me how it should be distributed. Only one other request he had to make was, I would, after his decease—"and, oh!" said he, "that it may not be long deferred"—I would take care to place his remains beside those of his lamented and beloved wife. Being a relative of her whom he thus bewailed, I agreed to perform all that he so anxiously requested, and he became tranquil, while many events of his life were freely investigated, the substance of which was nearly as follows:—

My friend had been educated at a public school, and, having made considerable progress in the dead languages, was intended for the church. His father died under embarrassed circumstances, which introduced other views into the family. An uncle, who, by raising a number of recruits, had obtained rank as a captain, promised his nephew a pair of colours in his regiment. The thoughts of sword, sash, and epaulette, with their attendant vanities, gained ascendancy over the distant prospect of an obscure and melancholy curacy: my friend, therefore, accepted the red coat as a volunteer, and embarked with a detachment of recruits for Guernsey. His uncle followed with the remainder of the regiment, but, unfortunately, was captured, and added to the number of English at that time confined at Verdun, in France. It was long before this was ascertained in Guernsey: meanwhile, my friend became penniless, waiting for his commission. Reduced to the last extremity, he returned to London with the air and expectations of a military gentleman. His offended friends, unable or unwilling, rendered him no assistance as he danced attendance at the Horse Guards to learn the result of his memorials to the commander-in-chief. While he was becoming more involved in difficulties, he was informed of the death of his mother, and the last tie that bound him to what was once a home became severed; he stood alone, enduring the force of adversity, often satisfying his hunger with the chestnuts that grew in Kensington gardens, and allaying his thirst at the Serpentine river, till one day, looking at the window of a print-shop, from his knowledge of drawing he conceived the idea that he could surpass what he saw. He made application, and obtained employ—a day most delightful in his recollection; it enabled him to resume a cheerfulness to which he had long been a stranger.

He was eminently successful in his new profession—good hearted, intelligent, and an excellent companion. He formed intimacies with those of classical acquirements, who deemed his occupation degrading, and who prevailed on him to apply for a situation as tutor to a young gentleman then going on a tour of Europe. He was considered by the guardian too

youthful, but was recommended to a baronet, whose son required private instructions in Greek. To render himself competent, he studied that language under one of his new companions. On the morning he was appointed to wait on the baronet, chance directed his study to a particular page of Demosthenes, in which he received much assistance from his companion. He hastened to his engagement, was shown into the library, and, after many questions respecting my friend's classical knowledge, the baronet, as if recollecting some particular passage in an author, took from its shelf a volume of Demosthenes, requesting my friend would construe a part which the baronet had difficulty in finding. My friend felt petrified during the search; but when it was found, it proved to be the page he had that morning accidentally been made acquainted with. He accordingly ventured boldly on the test of his abilities as a Greek scholar, and the result was successful. He was listened to, complimented, and engaged.

This he considered the knock of fortune at his door. He obtained many pupils; his reputation increased; his time was fully occupied; several youths, from his instruction, took seats on the forms of Westminster school, to the great satisfaction of their parents: he became intoxicated with success; and in the midst of so much good fortune, married a young lady remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition; but ere he had time to reflect on his unexampled prospects of happiness, the object of his affections died, leaving him inconsolable; the world seemed suddenly to present him scenes of woe, and periods of deepest affliction; yet the buoyancy of his heart returned; and, as if to present a relief to sorrowful remembrances, an offer, honourable and advantageous, was made to him, to accompany two young noblemen to Italy, as their tutor. This was in accordance with his wishes; he made arrangements, and sailed for the Continent.

He was, for a time, regular in his correspondence, constantly repeating desires to retain the lasting friendship of each relative of his departed wife; yet the intervals increased, till his letters were occasional: they interfered with his engagements connected with the frivolities of Paris or the dissipations of Naples. At times the natural goodness of his heart would revert to scenes of happy tranquillity at home, and he would sigh at being so far removed, but he was not proof against the allurements by which he was surrounded. Passion subdued discretion, undermined a heart that once beat with sincerity, and prostrated a mind once stored with dignity; the change was most deplorable. He was conscious of all; deeply wounded, he cursed the hour in which he left his humble occupation and his friends for Italy.

In a dreadfully shattered state of health he now appeared before me; during our conversation, a tear frequently stole from his full dark eye, and a deep groan left his throbbing breast; then would he pause and strike the table, as if reflection presented accusations, the justice of which he acknowledged, and he would stamp his own condemnation.

He would listen while his friends endeavoured to impart a hope he might recover, and he would smile at their representations of joys he might yet experience, when he resumed that station in our society which once he so admirably filled. "Never more—never more," he would repeat; "the past cannot be recalled."

Often would he bend to inhale the odour of a flower which he would not permit to be plucked for one so unworthy as himself. "Gracious God!" he would exclaim, "how could I till now be insensible to those lovely objects, and spurn those gifts the value and sight of which I shall shortly lose. My heart sickens at its own degeneracy."

His self-examinations were of the most severe character, and his reflections of the most poignant description. Reclining on his sofa, he would say, Man in various ways may be the instrument of his destruction, yet escape the odium of suicidal intentions; that improprieties might be countenanced till he could not perceive the horrid features of crime; that all he endured was just retribution, for nature was avenging her wrongs; that the prime of his life was blighted, and he dropped deservedly by premature decay. Reflections on his miserable state rushed on him with overwhelming power. He sought relief in piety, and in sincere repentance, till, soothed into tranquillity by hope for mercy, he patiently breathed his last; and the tomb merely tells where he rests, although in

truth it might record that the only being he ever injured was himself.

The fate of this individual, however much to be deplored by his friends, must nevertheless be associated with the fact, that his sufferings, mentally and bodily, were caused by a course of reckless immorality, and therefore must be considered as just.

ANALOGIES IN NATURE.

THROUGHOUT the general system of nature, whether in the animal organization, habits, instinct, or intellectual endowments, which all the multitudinous tribes of the earth and ocean in a greater or lesser degree inherit, we may discern, without much difficulty of study, a wondrous analogy or resemblance. Although the difference in rank and local situation in which these varied tribes are placed, must necessarily require a distribution of these qualities in an infinite diversity of degrees, for the purposes of self-preservation and reproduction, yet even in the lowest and most insensate members of the animal world, a similarity in many cases may be observed with those which occupy the superior walks of living nature, and even with man himself. In this hypothesis the vegetable and mineral worlds may be included; and, although in minerals the resemblance may be indistinct, yet in the growth and after-changes which they undergo, a visible analogy may be traced with that of the organic kingdom.

The difference between inanimate and animated existence is marked and definite. A rock, for instance, is the work of chance, has grown by external accretion, and can only be destroyed by mechanical or chemical force. On the other hand, animal and vegetable life is alike produced by generation, are grown by nutrition, and are destroyed by death. Matter is apparently an inanimate body, comprising, in whatever form it may appear, a variety of substances of a separate and distinct nature from each other, and is constantly dying, reviving, decomposing into elements that confound and baffle all pursuit, and then recombining into other forms and other modes of existence. Metals are in like manner subject to the destroying hand of time; they become wasted, or converted into powder. Rocks crumble into small particles, and both powder and particles, by a series of after-operations, undergo fresh stages of decomposition, until every vestige of their original character is lost, and the elementary principles of which they were composed are appropriated to other purposes, and again spring up under new forms, and possessing other faculties.

Plants, like animals, are produced by generation, through the medium of eggs, generally called seeds. This seed is sometimes naked, but more commonly covered by a thin membrane, or pericarp. On this being removed, the seed is found to consist internally of a heartlet, and externally of a fleshy substance, surrounded by a double integument, sometimes single and sometimes bipel, and frequently more than bipel. These are commonly denominated lobe-leaves, or seed-leaves. This integument appears absolutely necessary for the germination and future growth of the seed, and acts like the lungs of an animal. Like the perfect plant, it possesses lymphates and air-vessels; through the former of these it absorbs the moisture of the soil into which it is buried, decomposes part of this moisture into its elementary principles, and conducts these principles, together with the undecomposed water, to the heartlet, which by this means becomes stimulated to the process of germination. The progress of vegetable life to maturity is marked with various proofs of a resemblance to animal organization. The stems and trunks of plants and trees contain a spongy cellular substance, resembling the spine of an animal, forming an admirable reservoir for the moisture necessary for the sustenance of the plant. Arteries and veins, some of which may be observed with the naked eye, are there, to convey the moisture throughout the general frame—vessels, for the introduction of the sap, or vegetable blood, to the interior of the plant, and others, for returning it to the surface; and by this arrangement is established in a sufficiently satisfactory manner the existence of a circulatory system. The leaves of a plant act in the same manner as the lobe-leaves of the embryo, and may be considered as the lungs or respiratory organs of the mature plant. In animals, the sap or chyle undergoes a change, to prepare it for assimilation (that is, being converted into blood, fitted to go through the general circulation, and nourish the several parts of the body), by the action of the atmospheric air, which they inhale by breathing. This process is performed by the same air, acting on the sap when it comes in contact with it at the stomas or pores situated on the leaves of plants.

Plants are also possessed of perspiratory vessels,

and in many plants the quantity of perspiration is very considerable. Keil, by a very accurate set of experiments, ascertained that, in his own person, he perspired thirty-one ounces in twenty-four hours. Hales, by experiments equally correct, determined that a sunflower of the weight of three pounds only, throws off twenty-two ounces of perspiration in the same period of time, or nearly half its own weight. To support this immense expenditure, it must be concluded that plants should be supplied with a larger quantity of sustenance than animals; and such has been ascertained to be the fact. Keil ate and drank four pounds ten ounces in twenty-four hours; the sunflower took in by its leaves and roots seventeen times more nourishment in the same space of time.

Plants are affected by poisons as well as animals, not by the medium of the stomach, but directly through the nervous system. Nux vomica, laurel-water, belladonna, hemlock, &c. &c., have successively been administered to different plants, either by watering them with or steeping their roots in infusions of these poisons. The universal effect was to produce a spasmodic action on the leaves, which either shrunk or curled themselves up; and, after exhibiting various symptoms of irritability, in a short time became weak, and in the course of a few hours expired. Plants are also susceptible of contracting habits. The *mirvis*, or sensitive plant, if placed in a carriage, closes its leaves as soon as the vehicle is put in motion; but after a short time it recovers, expands its leaves, and seems reconciled to its new situation.

It has also been ascertained that some plants sleep during the night. A celebrated botanist, examining in the evening a species of lotus, discovered that two flowers out of four which he had observed during the day had disappeared. By accurate search, he found that these two were hidden by their leaves, which had closed round them. This circumstance rousing his curiosity, he pursued his examinations in his garden by the light of a lantern, and found all the simple leaves of the plants had an arrangement totally different from that which they presented during the day, and the greater number were joined, closed, or folded together.

Plants have propensities, which, if not the result of instinct, are seemingly so nearly allied to it, that a more apt appellative can scarcely be found for distinguishing the faculty. Dr Smith, in his Introduction to Botany, says, that when a tree, an ash for example, happens to grow from a seed on a wall, it has been observed, on arriving at a certain size, to stop for a while, and send down a root to the ground. As soon as this root was established in the soil, and, consequently, a sufficient support obtained for the parent stem, the tree continued increasing to its proper height. Mr John Hunter sowed a quantity of peas and beans, with their eyes in different directions, in a tub, which he afterwards inverted so that the bottom was turned uppermost, while the mould was prevented from falling out by a fine net; and in order that the under surface might possess a stronger stimulus of light and heat to the upper, he placed round the mouth of the tub a number of looking-glasses, by which means a much stronger light was thrown upon the under surface of the mould than that shed by the rays of the sun on the upper; and, at the same time, he covered the inverted bottom of the tub with straw and mats, to prevent the mould from being affected by the solar influence. After waiting for some time, and perceiving no appearance of shoots from the under surface, he examined the contents of the tub, and found that they had all pressed upwards, and were making their way through the heavy mass of mould above them, and, where the eyes had been placed downwards, the young shoots had turned round, and taken an upward direction. He also sowed a number of seeds in a basket of earth placed on an axis, by which their position was altered every day. After two or three circumvolutions, he found the young shoots had made as many turns to obtain their natural upward direction; and where a pebble or any other obstacle had obstructed their ascent, they had made a curve to avoid them, and then continued their course.

Among animals, some are migratory, and others stationary and permanent; the same variety is observable in plants. Although mostly stationary, yet there are many that may be regarded as migratory or locomotive. The root of a scabious, for instance, if planted in a certain spot, will, after the lapse of a few years, be found to have left its situation, and it will be perhaps only after a search which will lead the inquirer a distance of half an acre, that it will be found. Some male plants are known to sail from shore to shore over the water, in pursuit of those of the opposite kind, and numerous tribes float through the expanse of ocean. Many animals are amphibious, or capable of retaining life in either element; some plants possess a similar power—the oryza, or rice-plant, for example, and many of the rush and fucus tribes.

Animals of various kinds are aerial: many plants are of the same nature, and receive exclusively their support from air. There is one of those which, from its extraordinary properties, is worthy of being mentioned: it is called the aerial, and is a native of Java, and of the East Indies beyond the Ganges. The inhabitants of the latter region, on account of the elegance of its leaves, the beauty of its flowers, and the odour it diffuses, hang it up by a silken cord to the ceiling of their rooms, where it continues from year to year to flourish in all its pristine vigour, draw-

ing its only nutriment from the surrounding atmosphere.

Fishes being the inhabitants of an element so foreign to the nature of that which is one of the principal supports to the existence of animal and vegetable life on the solid parts of the earth, must necessarily exhibit a different structure of organic functions, to that enjoyed by the animals of the upper world; yet, still in the general outline of their respective natures, and even in some of the more intimate features of their formation, they present a marked affinity. There are some fishes which are supposed to leave the waters, and traverse the land. A kind of perch on the coast of Coromandel is said to climb up palm-trees; and eels, it is well known, will leave their proper element during the night, to wander over meadows in search of snails and worms. Among the animals of the earth are found an immense variety of forms, feelings, propensities, and habits, which would become an almost endless task to enumerate; but it will be found that, among the inhabitants of the sea, a nearly equal diversity exists; and, what is more strange, that in almost every particular class that might be pointed out as belonging to one element, a corresponding class might be found in the other.

The most insignificant class of animals which inhabit the solid parts of the earth, is the worm species. They form the lowest rank of the insect tribe, being without a distinct head, and without feet; their most prominent organs are their tentacles or feelers. The tribes of winged insects form an almost infinite variety: they breathe through spiracles or air-vents, placed on either side of the head; are armed on all sides with a bony skin, or covered with hair; they are furnished with numerous feet, and have moveable horns which project from the body, which are probably the instruments of sensation. They inherit, in common with the superior classes of animals, a degree of instinct that seems more extraordinary when displayed by creatures apparently so insignificant, and so ill qualified for the exertion of that faculty. Their usefulness to mankind, although perhaps not generally noticed or appreciated, is far from being contemptible, and the instinctive forethought which they possess, when exerted for the welfare of their progeny, seems almost miraculous. The nut-veevil, when prepared to deposit her eggs, selects the green hazel-nut when its shell is soft and easily penetrated; this she pierces with her proboscis, and drops her egg into the nut through this perforation; this she continues to do, selecting a separate nut for each of her eggs, until her stock is exhausted. The nut not being materially injured, continues to grow, and when the egg is hatched, the maggot which is produced from it finds its food ready ripened for its use. When the mature nut falls to the ground, the insect crawls out by a hole which it gnaws in the side of the nut, and ultimately assumes the form of a winged insect of the beetle kind. The spirex or ichneumon wasp pursues an almost similar course; it deposits its egg in a hole which it bores in the sand; it then seeks out a small green caterpillar, which is found on the leaves of cabbage plants, which it slightly punctures with its sting, but so slightly as not to destroy life; it then rolls it up in a circle, and places it in the sand immediately over its egg, and continues this course until it has placed twelve caterpillars, one over the other, in the nest. It repeats this process over all its eggs; it then covers up the holes, and dies. The maggot hatched from the egg feeds successively on the twelve caterpillars, and by the time it has finished the last, it is fitted for the state of a chrysalis, into which it is converted, and ultimately becomes a winged insect.

Although the insect tribes of our own country present only an interesting and beautiful variety, yet in the equatorial regions of the globe they congregate in such hosts, as sometimes to produce the most calamitous effects: towns and whole countries are recorded to have been rendered uninhabitable by the inroads of multitudes of insects; and armies are said to have been compelled to fly before these feeble adversaries, rendered invincible by their numbers. But though, in particular cases, this immense congregation of animal life may be looked upon as an evil, and feared as a scourge inflicted by Divine Providence for natural dereliction, yet the beneficial purposes for which these myriads of creatures have been called into a transient being, are as undeniable as their effects may seem almost miraculous. The insect tribes, beautiful as they seem, are the grand scavengers of nature: wherever putridity may be found, they are there to devour the object from whence it issues; and such is the extent and rapidity of their exertions, that it has been calculated by some naturalists that the progeny of not more than twelve flies will consume a dead carcase in a shorter time than will a lion. And while some tribes are thus employed in destroying the dangerous masses of putridity which cumber the earth, other tribes, invisible to the naked eye, are busied in purging from the air those noxious particles with which it is sometimes impregnated, and which at certain seasons render it pestilential.

Among the bird species, we again find a similarity of intelligence, form, and propensity, with a uniformity of geographical arrangement with that of the vegetable world, and the other classes of animals which imbibe the same atmosphere. Birds, in their formation, seem to approach the order of winged insects; yet their organic structure is arranged with more simplicity, and they possess over the other a su-

perior faculty of volition: their bones, harder and more numerous than those of fishes and reptiles, bespeak a more perfect organization: their wings seem calculated to free them from every local restraint, and to permit them to range at will over every part of the globe: the plumage which adorns and clothes them varies according to climate and to temperature; and in this again we may observe an affinity with them and the vegetable world.

THE PRESSED SAILOR.

WHY as for the matter o' that, what tar is there who doubts it? Every man must have his station, whether he is rigged in the gingerbread gear of lord high admiral, and has his thousands per annum, or only obliged to make a shift with a single purser's shirt. What does it signify, as long as he does his duty to his country, and stretches out a fin to relieve a friend in distress? We can't all be kings and commodores, and so what's the use of grumbling? 'cause, as Jack says,

"If you're signior, and I'm signior,
Then who's to pull the boat ashore?"

Who, indeed? Now, d'ye see, I have been in the little boat all my life, going to leeward like smoke; for fortune, like a pig with its tail greased, always slipped through my fingers, and adversity took me slap aback, stand upon what tack I would. But don't think I mean to snivel or whine about it—Lord love you, no; where's the good on't? I might bawl a long while before any body would jam my mouth with a twopenny loaf, and pipe my eye for a month without getting a bit of 'bacca for my pipe. No, no; old Ben arn't the boy to up-helm at every squall, when, by keeping his luff, he can weather it, as our parson used to tell us: he used to say, says he, "Mymen, let Truth take the helm, Prudence trim your sails, and, with the compass of Honesty, enlightened by the lamp of Religion, hard indeed must be that gale, and horribly dark that night, in which Providence ceases to protect you. Your hulls may be wrecked, and your timbers shattered; but the immortal passenger within must and shall be safely landed in the haven of eternal rest." To be sure, some people float along the stream of time without encountering a single peril. They find it all plain sailing, and never have occasion to take in a reef, while others are constantly struggling against the squalls of distress, scarcely able to keep to windward off a lee shore.

Some are born great, others achieve greatness; and I remember one poor fellow of an Irishman who wanted to be great in a hurry. I belonged to the guardship at that time lying at Plymouth, and the impressed men and volunteers used to be sent aboard for the regulating captains to dispose of. Well, one day the new hands were all mustered aft, and the boatswain's mate stood ready with his clasp-knife to dock off the tails of the long-togged coats, and convert 'em into jackets. Among the rest was Mr Michael O'Buckley, a tall well-made raw emerald, who had never seen a ship before in his life, but had been tempted to enter the service through the promises of a man belonging to the gang.

"Well, my lad," says one of the captains to a respectably dressed young man in deep mourning, and whose face exhibited strong marks of sorrow, occasionally reddened by hectic glows of indignation, "well, my lad, and where did you come from?" "From the grave of a parent," replied the man in a sunken hollow tone. "What profession are you?" inquired the officer. "A seaman," rejoined the man again. "Ha, ha!" cried another captain, as well known for his humanity as his aversion to the smell of powder and the whistling of shot, "ha, ha! I see how it is: so you've been cruising ashore, and got pressed, eh, and now want, with that methodical countenance, to make us believe you're a saint? But it won't do, young man, it won't do. There, you may walk forward: I'll see that you are taken care of, depend upon it." "Stop, stop a minute, my lord," said the third regulating officer, a venerable old gentleman, whose very look displayed the benevolence of his heart. "Come here, my man; how came you in this awkward situation?" The taunts and harshness of the second captain had shed a deadly paleness upon the poor fellow's features; but when the voice of the third sounded on his ears, he felt it thrill to his heart, and the tears started to his eyes. "Ha! how came you in limbo, eh! my friend? Captain — must hear all about it, and a plausible tale we shall have no doubt. For my part, I don't see any necessity for being bored with long stories, only to excite compassion; and I hope you will not be long, Captain — before you have done with him. Only see the number of wretches we have to examine." "As for exciting compassion, my lord," rejoined the hoary veteran, with a look of contempt, "I am afraid every attempt upon you would be ineffectual." "What!" cried his lordship, starting up in a passion, "what, sir, do you apply that to me?" "Come, come, Lord —," said the third captain, with the utmost composure, "sit down, sit down: I'm not to be frightened at my time of life by the explosion of a pinch of gunpowder. Fuzzle and smoke have no effect upon me. Attend to your duty now; we can talk of this afterwards."

"There, don't be alarmed, my man," turning to the seaman; "no one shall injure you here while I have power to prevent it. You say you came from

the grave of a parent: explain what you mean." He bowed, and with tremulous agitation began:—"My history, sir, is brief; but 'tis full of anguish." "Prith, my good fellow, don't get sentimental," said his lordship affectedly, and taking a pinch of snuff: "let's have the history by all means, as it will please Captain—; but pray leave out the anguish." "Would to heaven I could, sir!" replied the man in a voice which made his lordship start; "then, however high my gratitude might be raised by kindness, my spirit wouldn't be wounded by cruelty and oppression particularly." Here he stopped, for his lordship jumped up, and, raising a speaking-trumpet that lay by, aimed a blow at the seaman's head. During the above conversation it was curious to watch the looks of Michael O'Buckley, who seemed intent upon all that passed, yet apparently without being able to comprehend what it was about. Every now and then he would mutter to himself, "Och hone, och hone!" but when he saw the speaking-trumpet upraised, and the blow about falling, he sprang forward, caught his lordship round the middle, and, lifting him over his head, roared out, "Och, if you spake a word, I'll break every bone in your skin, jewel; d'ye call that fair play, to strike a man in the face behind his back?"

The confusion and astonishment which prevailed on this sudden operation of Mike's it is impossible to describe; while his lordship, pale and trembling, elevated eight feet from the deck, dreaded a total annihilation. "Do spake a word, jewel, and it's down I have you. Arrah, bad luck to your mother's son!" The marines, who were exercising on the poop, now came down, and advanced towards the Irishman. "Arrah, stand back: och, have at your heart, darling! If you advance, I'll spit him on your skewers." "Come, come, my man," said the third captain, "do you know what you are about?" "Indeed, and I do, ould gentleman," replied Mike, "by token"—here he stopped short, with a look expressive of abhorrence and disgust, and setting his lordship down on the deck, he gave him a kick behind, exclaiming, "Get out o' dat, ye devil's skin, do!" Away slunk the crest-fallen hero, and Mike was in an instant surrounded and secured.

Order being again restored, Mike quietly submitted himself, and stood among the rest, between two marines with drawn bayonets. "Now, young man," said the venerable old captain (who no doubt enjoyed the frolic), "let me hear what you have to say." "I scarcely know, sir, what to say: no doubt my fate is sealed. My father, sir, was a master in the navy, and I was the only child of a doting mother: both are now at rest for ever. My father lost his life on the 1st of June, in the —, seventy-four, under Lord Howe; and my poor mother was reduced to comparative poverty. At a proper age I went to sea in the merchant service, and in a few years was made mate. I now experienced happiness; for my surviving parent, with her pension and my wages, was enabled once more to enjoy not only the necessities, but a few of the luxuries of life. Every prospect was cheerful, and I looked forward with the hope of obtaining a command, until one fatal evening, having landed to pay her a visit, I had just reached the door, when a party of men from the —"

At this moment a lieutenant, who had come on board for orders, looked him full in the face, and then, turning to the regulating captains, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, this man is a deserter from the —frigate; his name is George Davis." "Tis, alas! too true," said George, mournfully, and hanging down his head; when, seeming suddenly to recollect himself, he uttered, with firmness, "No, sir, I'm no deserter, and I shall leave my cause to the generosity and justice of my country; yes, to that country my father died to defend. When I was torn from my mother's door, without even the gloomy satisfaction of bidding her farewell, 'twas against my inclination, and I was forced on board the frigate, which sailed immediately for the West Indies; nor was it till my arrival there that an opportunity occurred for informing her of my situation. After three years' absence we returned, and the first intelligence I heard was that she who gave me being lay at the point of death. I had fondly pictured to myself the pleasure of meeting her in health, and, with the prize-money I had gained, endeavouring to smooth her passage to the tomb. She was dying, and I hastily entreated leave of absence to bid her a final adieu, and perform the last sad offices of a son. 'Twas denied me—I had been pressed, and might run away. In vain I urged, implored, and protested; 'twas, indeed, in vain. Goaded almost to madness, in a desperate moment I went overboard, and swam ashore. At midnight I entered my mother's solitary dwelling, closed her dying eyes, and followed her to the grave. Returning back from this mournful scene, the gang took hold of me, and—and I am here."

This affecting little narrative operated very powerfully upon all who heard it, but more particularly on Mike, who kept mumbling to himself, "Och, d'ye hear that now? Its enough to crack the heart of a stone, agra!" while every muscle of his face underwent twenty different changes. "You may stand on one side," said the senior regulating captain; "and now bring the prisoner aft."

"Pray, sir, where do you come from?" inquired he, as soon as Mike stood before him. "Is it meself that you mate?" replied Mike. "Why, then, your honour, niver a word of a lie will I tell you: its from dare little Ireland I com'd; for a spalpeen told me,

if I entered, I'd be sure to be made a captain directly, or at laste a left-tenant of sea-dragoons. Bad luck to him! for I suppose there's no captain-ship for me." "Are you aware of what you have committed?" "Och! don't mention it. I'd be proud to do the same any day." The captain smiled. "What is your name?" "Is it me name that you're wanting? fain, den, you'll be troubled to get it: Michael O'Buckley don't tell his name to every body; and sorry the word you'll get from me, jewel." "I don't know what your opinion may be, my man; but I can only tell you that you are in a fair way to be hanged." "Hanged!" said Mike, with the utmost unconcern: "Och, bo-theration! and I've no call to it, any how; but if your honour's worship says so, why I suppose it's as good as done." Finding they could make nothing of him, poor Mike was sent down to the aft cockpit, to be put in irons. In the heat of his passion, Lord — would have written for a court-martial; but, knowing there was a something which he did not wish to be publicly exposed, he contented himself with witnessing the punishment of poor Mike at the gangway. Four dozen was his portion, which he took without flinching, merely turning round now and then, uttering one of his customary ejaculations.

George Davis, for the same reason, was not tried, and, by the intercession of the humane old captain, was drafted into his own ship, where he continued, universally esteemed, till the attack upon Copenhagen, when he died the death of his father, in the service of his country.—*Greenwich Hospital.*

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE objects and system of temperance societies are well understood by most of our readers. Nothing certainly can be more laudable than the wish to eradicate drunkenness, and to sweep off by one operation the whole train of ugly vices of which it is the foster-father. It appears singular, however, that this scheme, benevolent as it seems, has met with a very different reception in this country, and in America. Temperance societies have with us made very little progress; among the body of the wealthier classes they have made none whatever; and though they have secured a point for themselves here and there, among such classes of people as submit to serious guidance, they have exerted nothing like a *general influence* any where. The great majority treat them with ridicule, as the hobby of enthusiasts; and it even requires a little effort of firmness in any of their friends to confess himself in society as under the vows which they impose. He knows that such an acknowledgment is taken as a sign that he has, somehow or other, a small flaw in his judgment; and that, instead of making converts, he has a good chance of being himself winked at all the evening as an odd person, who won't make himself sociable. In America the results have been quite the reverse: the cause of temperance societies has been advocated there in the principal reviews and magazines; it is every where treated with the respect due to a serious and most important question of national morals; and ridicule is the last weapon with which it would be attacked, even by those who oppose it. The principle and vows of temperance societies are discussed, in their bearings on religion—their effects on the character of individuals—and their influence on general morality; but they are never objects of frivolous wit or of satire. The effects of the scheme have corresponded with those dispositions in which it is viewed; from one authority, we learn that "there are now in America 4000 temperance societies, embracing more than 500,000 members; that more than 1500 distilleries have been stopped, and more than 4000 merchants have ceased to trade in spirits. Besides the 500,000 members of societies who abstain from alcoholic liquors, in consequence of their engagement or vow, there is evidence that nearly a million more do so from the influence of example." From another publication we extract the following:—"When the temperance reformation began, there were in this nation (America) not less than from three to four millions of drinkers of ardent spirits; and as not less than one in ten among us who take to this practice become *intemperate*, so we had at this time from three to four hundred thousand drunkards. The plague of intemperance was in all the land; it was fast coming up into all our dwellings; we were becoming emphatically a nation of drunkards. Nothing could stay its progress, until the hitherto undiscovered power of *total abstinence* was brought out against it. And now that power is to be seen in the fact, that not less than one-fourth of the families in the nation have secured themselves, on the principle of total abstinence, against the woes of intemperance. And it is seen, too, in the fact, that, together with a constant reduction in the manufacture of domestic spirits, the importation of foreign distilled liquors into the great emporium of our nation, has fallen off at the rate of one-fifth annually, during the progress of the reformation. A considerable portion of the venders of ardent spirits have abandoned the traffic. Temperance has substi-

tuted in *rum-debauched families* among the humble and poor, cleanliness, comfort, and peace, for squalor, want, and contention; while it has moderated the extravagance of the fashionable and rich, and simplified their modes of living."

Not one word of all this can be said for the effects of the temperance system in Britain. We question if a single trader has withdrawn from the traffic. Not one distillery has stopped, or has diminished its operations; and the importation of foreign spirits is, we believe, increasing, rather than falling off. A few instances of reform may have occurred—some of them steady and permanent, but the most part only temporary. The excitement of a *new thing* gave birth to a number of societies at first; but from indifference, disunion, or ridicule, we believe that more than half of them were speedily dissolved, and the rest which stood, now exercise little influence over their members, and none at all in the way of example over the rest of their countrymen.

To what cause are we to attribute this singular difference of effects in the working of the same laudable system in these two countries? Are we to say that the Americans are a people more susceptible of moral reproof, and of salutary conviction, than we are? or are our habits of drunkenness so confirmed by long habit, that they cannot be removed with the same ease as those of a new country? The real cause, we believe, depends simply on a circumstance in which the manners of the two nations differ from each other. In America, it has never been customary to sit after dinner to enjoy conversation and the bottle. The repast is there finished rapidly; and if wine, spirits, or liquors of any kind, are taken, they are taken quickly during the time of eating, or immediately after, and merely as a part of the meal: no one sits over them either to kill time or enjoy company. Dinner is generally finished in a quarter of an hour. Individuals who are addicted to drinking take their liquor in drams at the bar of a hotel, from a bottle in their own cupboard, or otherwise, but constantly by themselves, or at least without reference to any pleasure arising from drinking in company. All travellers in America, both those who have given favourable and unfavourable reports of the country, are quite unanimous in their statements on this point. The customs in Britain, with respect to drinking, are altogether the reverse of this: it is here viewed as a sort of bond of social enjoyment, and is valued chiefly as it promotes that kind of agreeable excitement which friends like to feel in each other's company. To sit down to a solitary bottle is thought quite odious; and we have seen a sensible and well-bred man express regret for the departure of his guest after dinner on sudden business, for this reason among others, that it prevented himself from enjoying his tumbler—he could not think of drinking alone, though he liked it. The habits of the two countries on this matter are therefore completely opposite. In America, drinking was a *solitary vice*; in England, it is a *social enjoyment*. To declare war against it in the United States was only to provoke the hostility of dram-drinkers, solitary bottle-men, and people for whom the sympathies of society could in no shape be enlisted; the men themselves were ashamed to defend their own unsocial indulgences. But in England one may as well attack tea-drinking among parties of women, as toddy or hot punch-drinking among male companies. They are each deemed the enliveners of conversation, and the symbols of social enjoyment. This reason is exceedingly obvious; but there are others almost equally influential in cultivating a taste for inebriation. The first of these is found in the present demoralised, ignorant, and miserable condition of a large portion of the population of Great Britain. There are immense masses of people in this country who are entirely "without hope in the world." They exist in the lowest stages of destitution, and appear as if placed beyond all attempts to improve them. These fall into the habit of dram-drinking in the natural course of things; and finding in it a relief, such as it is, to their misery—finding that it numbs their despair, and gives them a temporary comfort, they become irreclaimable drunkards or tipplers. The second reason that we may offer is discovered to consist in the great national system, as we may call it, of public dinners. If the members of any corporation, of any body of men any political faction, or literary association, wish to ascertain each other's sentiments, or to accomplish any object which a cool discussion or meeting in daylight would fail to bring about, then there must be a dinner—in other words, there must be a scene of drinking and carousing, such as is calculated to undermine the very best resolutions of those inclined to rigid temperance. This practice—which may be good or bad, as people think—extends its influence very widely; it induces those who are liable to go out into company to habituate themselves to "take a little" regularly, lest they should suffer considerably when obliged to attend public festivities. We need not descend upon the injurious tendency of convivial clubs: they might be described as, in most instances, associations to promote intemperance.

Such are some of the prevailing causes why the progress of temperance societies has been so different in the two countries. In America, they were favoured by all, as removing a hateful and unsocial vice; in England and Scotland, they were met with

universal ridicule, as declaring war against one of the comforts of the people—one of the most effectual bonds of good company and social cheerfulness.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that this piece of practical sophistry—for it is no other—should oppose itself to the progress of a most useful reform. The fact, as it appears, singularly illustrates the difficulty of applying the institutions or customs of one country to the circumstances of another. Intemperance requires to be checked in this country as much as in America; but the change, it is evident, cannot be brought about here by the same means. Temperance societies should proceed in their laudable course; those who become members, or who voluntarily abandon a bad habit, or the liability to it, we consider as, in a certain sense, heroes who deserve the thanks of the community. But in the desperate and complicated circumstances in which society is placed, some other great engine of improvement must be brought to bear. Time, or the gradual improvement in manners, will doubtless amend the evil, but in the meantime, the press and the proper authorities, men of ability, and men of exalted station, ought to combine to correct the abuse, and persevere in their efforts to revolutionise a system so destructive to public peace and private virtue.

A CHAPTER FROM IZAAK WALTON.

TAKING up that ancient and venerable production, "The Complete Angler," by old Izaak Walton, we find, among other excellent passages, one on the virtue of contentment, in which the garrulous author introduces a poetical piece of so much beauty and correct feeling, that it seems deserving of being resuscitated for the benefit of modern readers.

"Well, scholar, having now taught you to manage your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness for our happiness. And that such may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothach; and this we are free from. Every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been since we met others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-struck; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful, especially since we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear. Let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sang, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings which many rich men cannot purchase with all their money.

It was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them;' therefore, if we have a competency, may we be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think, that riches are unequally dealt. Cares are the keys that keep those riches, and they hang so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other trifles that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man say that he hath not been given enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another who had been given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember, that both were rich, and

must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, 'If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.'

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And, therefore, my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart.

And pray let's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which Nature herself has woven with her own fine finger; it is such a texture of wood-bines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And being sat down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a good copy of verses, being a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Sir Harry Wotton, who I told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possessed with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

"Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo—gold, pure clay—
Honour, the darling bud of one short day—
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin—
State, but a golden prison, to live in,
And torture freeborn minds—embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins—
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill—
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke—
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind—
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free—
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud—
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass—
Rich, hated—wise, suspected—scorn'd, if poor—
Great, fear'd—fair, tempted—high, still envied more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir—
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair—
Fame speak me fortune's minion—could I vie
Riches with India—with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and blame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs—be called 'great master,
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster—
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives—
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever Fortune would have made me mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure!

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!
Now, the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
In Nature's book I'll find my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears;
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn 't affect a holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger, then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again."

THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

INDIANA.

THE next state that properly comes under observation, is that of Indiana, which lies immediately west from the state of Ohio, and, like it, has the Ohio river for its southern boundary. On the north it has the Michigan territory and the lake of the same name; and on the west the state of Illinois. The length of this state is 250 miles; its breadth 150; and it lies between the 37th and 50th degrees of north latitude; wherefore its climate is generally of a medium temperature. The whole of this state belongs to the valley of the Ohio, or lake Michigan, and is for the greater proportion covered with timber, and adapted for settlement. Indiana is one of the more recently-established states of the Union, and has attracted somewhat less attention than other states adjacent; nevertheless, the settlement of immigrants within its boundaries has gone on gradually, and is still increasing: its population now amounts to about 400,000.

The south front of this fine state, on the borders of the Ohio river, is skirted with the usual belt of river hills, bluffs, and knobs, occupying a greater or less distance from the river. The eye of the traveller, in ascending the stream, never tires in surveying those beautiful bluffs, especially in the spring, when their declivities are crimsoned with the red bud, or whitened with the brilliant blossoms of the dog-wood, or rendered verdant with the beautiful May apple. There are in different parts of the state large tracts of country of a hilly nature, but the greater proportion of the land is one vast level, the prairies being here, as elsewhere, of that flat character. For a wide extent on the north front of the state, between the Wabash and lake Michigan, the country is generally an extended plain, alternately prairie and timbered land, with a great proportion of swampy land, and small lakes and ponds. This division, therefore, is not to be preferred by settlers. But the prairie lands are highly spoken of. They are large, level, fertile plains, broader than can be measured by the eye, intersected by streams whose borders are marked by belts of timber. Every traveller has spoken with admiration of the beauty and fertility of the prairies along the course of the Wabash, particularly those in the vicinity of Fort Harrison; indeed, competent judges prefer the prairies on this part of the river, to those of Illinois and the Upper Mississippi. Perhaps no part of the western world can show greater extents of rich land in one body, than that portion of White River country, of which Indianapolis is the centre. A remarkable peculiarity in the great features of this state, is the variety of the prairies. Besides the large plains just mentioned, there are many of a long and narrow, and also of a small and compact form, available to the purposes of the agriculturist. Our authority, Timothy Flint, informs us that there are hundreds of prairies only large enough for a few farms; while the islands, as he calls them, of timbered lands, dot the scene, and add much beauty to the territory. The mixture of great and small extents of fertile land, and the happy distribution of springs and rivers, have been prevailing causes of the rapid increase of the population of the state; though the circumstance of its being a non-slaveholding state, and next in position beyond Ohio, so as to have arrested the tide of emigration that set towards the west from thence, may likewise be given as good reason for its speedy rise into importance.

This state generally produces Indian corn, rye, oats, barley, and wheat, in abundance. Such is the exuberant richness of some of the prairies and bottoms, that they cannot produce crops of wheat until reduced or impoverished to a sufficient extent by cropping in other products. No country can exceed this in its adaptation for rearing the finest fruits and fruit-bearing shrubs. Wild berries in many places are abundant; and on some of the prairies the strawberries are large and fine. For all the objects of farming, and raising grain, flax, hemp, tobacco, cattle, sheep, swine, and horses, emigrants could not desire a better country than may be found in Indiana.

The southern shore of this state is washed by the Ohio, from the mouth of the Big Miami to that of the Wabash, a distance of nearly 500 miles, by the meanders of the river. Between the Miami and the Wabash a number of lesser streams fall into the Ohio, many of which afford excellent mill-seats. The Wabash is the chief river of this state; and, after the Tennessee, one of the most considerable tributaries of the Ohio. Rising in different branches, and flowing in a body through the central parts of the state, it waters a wide extent of country, and is of great service for other purposes. White River is the most considerable tributary of the Wabash, which it enters on the eastern side, sixteen miles below Vincennes. It waters a large extent of fertile country, in a lateral direction to the main stream. On all these rivers and most of their branches there is ample scope for the settlement of emigrants. The northern front of the state, bordering on Michigan and its lake, is likewise copiously watered by rivers that empty into lakes Michigan and Erie. Many of the rivers of the state are navigable by boats and steam-vessels; as yet there are few artificial canals; but altogether, the state is said to possess an inland navigation of not less extent than 5000 miles.

Indiana contains a number of thriving towns and villages, chiefly situated on the banks of the Ohio, the Wabash, White River, and other large streams. Madison, Jeffersonville, Vincennes, Richmond, and Indianapolis, are the principal. Madison, the most populous, and one of the most thriving towns in the state, is situated on the Ohio, nearly at an equal distance between Louisville and Cincinnati. Vincennes, a town of French origin, is seated on the Wabash, a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, and is one of the most beautifully situated and pleasing towns in this part of the United States. New Harmony, a place at which Mr Robert Owen of New Lanark, in Scotland, endeavoured to establish his social system, is also situated on the Wabash, in Indiana, fifty-four miles below Vincennes. This part of western America was visited by Mr Stuart in the course of his travels; and he remarks, that, besides possessing many good settlements, it has much beautiful rich land, fit for the selection of emigrants. While at Princeton, a town or village situated in an elevated fine waving country, about ten miles from the Wabash, and where there are many nice-looking plantations, he visited a gentleman, whose story may be advantageously alluded to. "After breakfast," says he, "I paid a visit to Mr Phillips, who has a very fine plantation, the best in the neighbourhood, about a mile from the town. Mr Phillips is an Englishman, and was contractor for the mail-coach establishment in Edinburgh, in Scotland, where he made a fortune. His farm is of excellent soil, beautifully situated, commanding a delightful view. He told me that, literally, his hogs were fed with peaches and apples. In short, he is living as the proprietor of a place, so comfortable in appearance in all respects, and so much improved in the British sense of the term, that, if it were in Scotland, it would be envied by many; but he is obviously not altogether satisfied with his situation on some accounts, which I may explain. First of all, he has committed an error into which British emigrants, who come out here with their pockets full of money, very generally fall—namely, that of laying out a large sum of money in improving and beautifying the land in a British style. Such improvements yield no adequate return in this country, even upon a sale. The price of labour is high in this country; the value of produce is low. I am not, therefore, at all surprised that Mr Phillips feels chagrined on account of his having laid out his money unprofitably; but he is wealthy, and this circumstance is obviously not that which annoys him most. His complaint is, that he has not a gentleman in his neighbourhood to associate with." Mr Stuart now proceeds to show that those who, like Mr Phillips, move in the better circles of society at home, and who are in perfectly comfortable circumstances, should not, on any account, emigrate to America with the view of placing themselves in an improved condition of life; and then continues: "Mr Phillips is proprietor of a fine estate, which would be thought a desirable one in any part of the world; but he does not feel at home with the people, and he dislikes their mode of life, which is totally different from that to which he has become attached. He misses his frequent chats with his neighbours, and the companions of the first part of his life; and he cares little about the enjoyments, of which he is possessed in this country, unless he can share them with his friends. This is all very natural; but had Mr Phillips come to this country at the age of thirty, or thirty-five, with manners not so entirely formed as they seem to have been, without prejudices—with some such sum as £700 or £800, and with a wife and a family of half a dozen children, for whose support that sum would have availed but little at home, he might have obtained a plantation here, from the produce of which, if managed discreetly and without unnecessary expense, he not only could have maintained his family well and respectably, and given his children excellent education, but have at once come into possession of every political privilege; in fact, have become a country gentleman. The situation and status of such a family coming to this country are entirely altered. Their prospect at home is gloomy and dark: here, with industry, it is bright and serene. It is for persons of this description (no matter though they have a little more money, but they must not be rich nor independent), and for mechanics and labourers, that the United States hold out inducements for emigrants not to be found elsewhere; but the rich, the luxurious, the man of letters, or of refined habits, should never, in existing circumstances, think of crossing the Atlantic, with a view to better himself by a permanent residence in the United States. Mr Phillips noticed to me before I left him, the want of well-educated medical men in the western parts of America. This I had before observed; and I am convinced there are many very eligible openings in the western states, and especially in the states of Missouri and Illinois, for medical gentlemen of skill. They should get a small plantation in one of the increasing towns, and, if capable of enduring fatigue, there is no doubt of their success."

The poor man who emigrates to this, as well as other states in the west, will find that maize or Indian corn will be his chief crop. If industrious, and with one horse, he will cultivate twenty acres in a season; the product of which may be estimated on an average at one thousand bushels. The cultivation and harvesting of this crop, after deducting bad weather, and other hindrances, will occupy about four months. One

shilling per bushel, New England currency, is a common price after being cut and stored. Indian corn is the staple food for horses and cattle through the winter, for fattening swine, and is the sole article for bread in thousands of families; many preferring it to the finest wheat. A poor man, with a cabin and corn-field, may thus easily support a family in wholesome provisions; especially if he have two or three cows, and some hogs, which cost little or nothing for keeping, and furnish a relishing dish of bacon to the ordinary fare of the back woods.

EFFECTS OF TRADES ON HEALTH.

[By THACKRAH.]

HAVING now adverted to the principal occupations which affect health by the noxious substances which they offer to respiration, we next refer (says Mr Thackrah, in his excellent little work on the effects of trades on health) to those which injure or annoy by acting on the skin.

POTTERS suffer from the lead used in "glazing." Immersing their hands in a strong solution of this mineral, they are often attacked by colic; and if kept in this department, they at length become paralytic. Potters are remarkably subject to constipation of the bowels. Of seven individuals taken indifferently, we found five affected with this complaint. The intemperate men, however, are those who chiefly suffer from the employ. In the Leeds pottery we remarked nothing injurious but the department of glazing.

Could not the process be effected without the immersion of the hands in the metallic solution? Or could it not be effected by a machine? Or could not some article less noxious be substituted for the lead? On visiting the Derby pottery, some years ago, I learnt that little lead is used in the composition for glazing, and that the workmen consequently are not injured.

The total disuse of lead in glaze is highly desirable. Independently of the injury sustained by the workmen, the consumers of the article may suffer from this mineral. The glaze of common earthenware is slightly soluble in animal oil, and more copiously in the acids of our common fruits, especially when their action is assisted by the heat necessary for cooking these articles. Many of the obscure visceral diseases of the poorer classes are greatly to be attributed to this little suspected source; and the temporary removal of the pain occasioned by them, is one of the many motives which tend to the habitual use of distilled spirits.

HATTERS have their hands frequently immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid, which is employed in the process of 'feling;' and hence their nails and the cuticle (outer skin) of their fingers are often corroded and sore. This inconvenience might perhaps be prevented by the use of some oily substance.

GROCERS, having their hands frequently in sugar, become affected often with a cutaneous eruption—a variety of either impetigo or eczema. Lime produces a similar disease on the hands of BRICKLAYERS. Flour irritates the skin of BAKERS, and occasions a scale—a variety of psoriasis (itch).

CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS necessarily suffer from the soot with which they are covered. The skin assumes frequently a malignant disease—Cancer scroli. Ophthalmia is produced by the irritation of soot in the eyes; and the lungs suffer from the substance drawn into the air-tube. From this injury to the lungs, children, however, seem to be comparatively exempt. Though daily inhaling a large quantity of charcoal, sulphur, and ammonia, they frequently remain for some years free from urgent disorder; like the children in the flax-mills, who inhale dust for a considerable period with apparent impunity. But as these ultimately suffer, so also the wretched inspirers of soot become at length seriously diseased.

The evils of the employ are doubled by intemperance. The sweeps who travel through the country are especially drunken; and lads acquire a craving for liquor from their habit of receiving beer at every house they serve. Many chimney-sweeps die in youth; few live to the age of fifty. Surely this shocking and unnatural occupation ought to be abolished!

There are other trades in which the surface of the body is affected, though in a less degree, by the peculiar substances applied: but without entering into further detail, I would urge the necessary effect of almost all the occupations of a manufacturing town in fouling the skin. When we consider the functions which this organ is known to perform, independently of those which physiology suspects, but has not ascertained, when we refer to the natural products of the skin, insensible perspiration, sweat, unctuous matter, &c., we wonder how men can endure the compound crust of soot, dirt, and secretions, with which they are enveloped. Throughout the whole of the labouring classes, and indeed among the majority of the middling and upper, this subject is strangely neglected. Cleanliness is practised in a very imperfect manner; the whole surface is seldom washed; and in most persons the body, with the exceptions of the hands and face, is cleaned only by the removal of those impurities, which adhere to the linen. Bathing is rarely used in any form. On inquiry at the Leeds baths, I learn that during the four summer months about fifty persons bathe daily; and in other parts of the year, not more on the average than two or three. We may conclude, as these are often the same individuals, that not more than 200 or 300 of the inhabitants of Leeds frequent the establishment; and if we supposed that double the number plunge in the river, we

cannot estimate the persons who bathe, even in the summer months, at more than 800 or 900; and this of course is a very small proportion of our crowded population.

Vain, at present, would be the attempt to revive the discipline of the ancient bath, or to import the practice of the East. We cannot join the Hindoo or Mussulman in connecting the idea of internal sanctity with external purification. We are equally indifferent to the advantages which the Greek and Roman derived from the system, in the augmentation of muscular power, the increase of bodily and mental comfort, and the diminution of the calls of hunger. We can scarcely spare time for a plunge into the water, much less for oporose and varied bathing, friction, and inunction.

A part, however, of the ancient practice, we find adopted without design in the manufacture of wool. This article is so moistened with oil, that the exposed skin of the workmen is always greasy. The effect, if we can speak of it separately from other circumstances which act on the health, is decidedly good. The men, the young women, and children in this employ, are more robust than other artisans; and when the dye and dirt are removed from the skin, have really the complexion of health. Individuals too, and especially children, who have been injured by the dust of other kinds of manufacture, and hence have been obliged to leave such employ, become hale and vigorous on their removal to the woollen. I would not, however, be understood to attribute the improvement solely, or even chiefly, to the application of oil to the skin. This article has a more important effect in preventing the formation of dust. Yet still, when we compare the state and appearance of workmen in other manufactures, where the dust is trifling, and other circumstances nearly equal—if we compare these men with the plump and rosy slubbers, we cannot but ascribe a beneficial agency to the oily state of the skin. The subject is of practical importance."

JOURNAL OF A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

[The subjoined article has been sent to us by a gentleman who recently left this country in order to undertake the duties of a station of high responsibility in the island of Jamaica. It was written as an expression of his current sentiments and sensations during the voyage, and sent to one of the editors of the Journal, rather as a communication of private friendship than as a composition qualified to engage public attention. He, however, to whom it was addressed, has felt his own mind so much interested in the descriptions of his field, that, in the hope of its entertaining a larger circle, he has thought proper thus to lay it before the public. There are few situations or adventures out of the usual routine of domestic life, especially if the scene be beyond the limits of our own country, of which an unaffected narration might not afford pleasure to the public; and a voyage to the West Indies is not an exception from the number. We even recollect a volume devoted to this purpose alone, and in which every particular object that came in sight during the voyage, from the appearance of an island to the portrait of a flying-fish, was represented on an economical scale in accompanying engravings. It is necessary further to premise, that the writer of the present article is a man of almost Quixotic benevolence, and extraordinary purity and gentleness of character, which will at once account for and give point to a considerable number of his observations.]

WEDNESDAY, July 17, 1833. I have been reading to-day, but made little progress. Either the sea-air, or want of usual exercise, induces a feverish and uncomfortable state. We got on by tacking betwixt the English and Irish coasts. At one point we saw the land on either side. I wish to be quit of the sight of English ground. It vexes me; and, for comfort's sake, I must think of other subjects than home. I never before understood so well the highest feelings of patriotism, or could say so emphatically of my country, "With all thy faults I love thee still." What must be the delight of returning.

23. I have been ill since the 17th with sea-sickness, and scarcely recollect, in all my lifetime, of spending so long a time so miserably. Body and mind suffered together, acting and reacting, aggravated by the poverty of ship-accommodation, the noise, the smallness of my berth, the confined air and smell, the badness of my bedding, the weakness from want of sleep and restlessness, and the ceaseless rolling of the vessel. How different from a sickness at home: no noises there, no rolling—soft beds, and kind, watchful, and constant attendants. I thought all sorts of evil of my situation—that I had transplanted myself from an earthly paradise in Britain to a terra incognita of undefined wretchedness. These have indeed been heavy days. But this morning I got up without assistance, which I had been unable to do for some time. I tried a variety of palliatives for the sickness, but am sorry to record that I found nothing worth calling a specific. Reading, if one can at all compose the mind to it, is perhaps the best, or a cheerful friend, if so fortunate as to have one. To one leaving his native land in circumstances less happy than mine, the ordeal of sea-sickness must be ill to bear, especially when backed, as I believe it usually must be, by the home-sickness; only he may comfort himself during its progress by knowing that his usual buoyancy of thought will return so soon as it is over, it producing for the time a sort of hallucination.

24. I think I may now pronounce myself quite well, though not yet able to take food as formerly.

29. Nothing worth notice has been occurring. We have now been out thirteen days. This morning, the mate announced that he had seen a flying-fish, and

the captain afterwards saw two, so that we appear to have entered the territory of tropical wonders. Hitherto I have seen little or nothing to gratify my love of the marvellous. Life on ship-board is monotonous and uncomfortable. Want of exercise is peculiarly felt; and there is the constant effort to take it *per se* for duty's sake.

The sunsets are beautiful. I am not sure whether a fine rose-pink colour, blending betwixt and with the yellow and blue, is common in British skies. Last night, another passenger and I went on deck together to look about. Setting ourselves down upon the prow, our gallant process through the deep was noble. I entertained myself with fancying it a transference to the scenery of another sphere, the change from home was so striking. All quiet save the splashing of the sea. Looking up, the full sails bulged out, one above another, like the successive stories or battlements of a tour, with which we were moving through the vast field of waters, the moon presiding over all in placid beauty. I thought of home; and that some there might be then holding me in remembrance before God.

Friday, August 2. I saw the flying-fish to day: their appearance, at a little distance, is that of small white birds. The difference of climate is sensible, but more in softness and uniformity than in the heat, which ranges from about 70° to 78° of Fahrenheit.

7. We have hitherto been steering chiefly southwards, to enable us to get the trade-wind, which at this season blows from the east, under the parallel of about 28° north latitude. We are now going westward under a fine breeze, which is likely to continue with us; but calms are often experienced under the parallel of the trade-winds.

We are now crossing, or about to cross the line—not the equinoctial, but the tropic of Cancer. The temperature, notwithstanding, is very pleasant: the thermometer about 77°, with a fine strong breeze. When sitting after tea in the cabin, we heard a great noise immediately above, of stamping with feet, &c., which was followed by the glare of a light passing the window. This, it seems, was an intimation from Neptune that he was to pay us a visit to-morrow. On getting upon deck, I found all quiet, but saw a light floating astern, which continued to burn, rough as the sea was, until it was half a mile distant from the ship. There is a good deal of gravity affected on the subject with us noviciates. "I saw his boat," said the mate, "with himself and his wife and child in it." &c. I have little taste for the nonsense, and don't know well how to take it. I believe they will let me off easily; but there is a poor lad, a steerage passenger, and a Prussian sailor, who can scarcely speak the language, neither of whom, I fear, will fare so well.

8. I have felt very poorly all day. Low diet, exercise, and a little medicine, are the cures at sea. Exercise is often an effort, especially when (on account of work going on) we are limited to the quarter-deck, which can be gone over in five or six paces. I do what I can, by jumping and dancing, to remedy the deficiency; but these scarcely help me, as I am sole actor. A good Scots reel would really be useful, and would afford an unanswerable illustration of one legitimate use of dancing. We had a play at hats and ball, but lost so many balls overboard that we had to stop. It afforded such capital exercise, that I would be disposed to lay in two or three dozen halfpenny balls as part of my sea store should I embark again.

A little before sunset we heard a noise on deck repeated from station to station with considerable dramatic effect. Amidst a multitude of words I could only distinguish the surname of the captain. In a short time a heavy foot was heard on the cabin stair, and down came two figures, Neptune and his wife, in habiliments not unlike those of beings who slept amongst weeds at the bottom of the sea. A palaver ensued betwixt the pair and the captain, consisting of a few common-place inquiries about what ships had been in these parts, the health of the goddess, &c., which ended in his ordering each a glass of rum. They then left us, to send the constables to bring the noviciates severally before him. These officers appeared with blackened faces, and otherwise worthily equipped, and, binding my eyes with a black napkin, they led me away, and seated me on a chair in Neptune's presence. After a few introductory remarks, that he was glad to see me, &c., he ordered the *shaving*, when immediately I heard the noise of stropping the razor, from which I judged it was no very delicate instrument. I was, however, saved from the application of the lather, and the barber contented himself with passing the instrument (*i. e.* an old rusty cutlass) over my face. The bandage was then removed, when I found myself before the throne of the sea god, which was the windlass, on which were seated the two personages in inglorious state.

Lastly, came the poor Prussian, who, as one of themselves, was doomed to an ordeal of extra severity. He was brought in, like the others, blindfolded, &c. Their first act was to put a bottle to his mouth, and force as much of its contents as they could down his throat. The stuff appeared like filthy bilge-water, or something still more filthy; but, on being questioned, he replied that it was "good," fearing, I suppose, the consequences of complaint. They then lathered his face with thin tar; and, during the operation, asking him a number of questions, they stuffed the tarry brush into his mouth every time he

opened it. The shaving or scraping, and buckets of water in great abundance, followed, after which he was set at liberty: he had a terrible dose, but took it all with invincible good humour. The conclusion of the affair being to be a laving with water of those present—at least of us—we ran to the cabin. The captain then ordered all a glass of grog, and matters were restored. It is altogether a contemptible ceremony, though amongst witty people it might go off smartly; and it has occurred, I believe, that an action of damages was raised by an incensed passenger against a captain who had allowed it. I incline, from observation, to think that *now* no captain would allow any passenger to be touched by Neptune or his constables, if he seriously and decidedly objected to it.

Two flying-fish dropped on board. They are becoming very numerous. Our only chance of catching them is when they fall within the ship, poor silly animals! They form the proper bait for the dolphin. One of them is to be used for that purpose, and I shall probably dry the other as a curiosity.

21. This day has been distinguished by the capture of a shark. Labouring under the lassitude of a hot climate, the occurrence was not unwelcome, though on the whole it has annoyed and disgusted me. I was sitting on deck after dinner, when a poor fowl which had died being thrown overboard, a shark was seen immediately to rise to the surface and examine it, but allowed it to float away, not liking, I suppose, its feathery covering. Our captain immediately got the shark-hook out, an instrument of iron of the thickness of a little finger, and nine or ten inches long, attached to a small piece of chain and a line of rope, which he baited with a large piece of pork. There was no attempt to conceal the hook: sharks are not nice: and it was immediately thrown out astern. The poor fish immediately advanced; and, turning itself on its back (in consequence of the position of the jaws), caught the bait. The captain pulled; but the hook did not fix; and the pork was therefore got without payment of the penalty. A fresh bait was immediately put on, which succeeded, the shark being no way daunted by the previous operation, which must, I think, have hurt him. So soon as our fisher found he had it fairly hooked, he needed the aid of several of the sailors to pull it in, though in length it did not appear above five feet. It did not struggle much in the water, nor whilst being dragged out and over the ship's side, with all its weight on its jaw, by which it hung. When on deck, and recovered from its surprise, it beat about tremendously with its tail, one stroke of which might have broken a man's leg. One began beating its head with a handspeke, which, instead of proving a mercy, was a needless aggravation of its suffering, as indeed must be every thing but the most decided measures to an animal so tenacious of life. The carpenter was ordered to cut off its tail, to prevent mischief. We accordingly attempted it when quiet, by a stroke with a chisel and mallet, which only cut it to the bone. An axe should have been used. The wretched animal, however, seemed to experience the most excruciating agony, expressed by intense writhings, and violent and rapid striking all about it. The axe was immediately applied, and at one stroke completed the operation. How it would have shrieked had it not been dumb; what looks of agony and upbraiding would it have given us, had its features not been denied the power of expression! I was disgusted and horror-struck, and entreated they would put it out of pain by striking off its head. They did not seem disposed to indulge me, and I therefore withdrew. On seeing this, one took up the axe and gave it several strokes, so as to divide at least the spine, which I thought would have sufficed; but, alas! the life still burned vigorously, and my humanity appeared only to have made matters worse. The creature appearing much weakened, they proceeded to disembowel it. Poor thing! death still refused to come; and the horrible process completed, it lived still! What was to be done? They cut the head wholly off; but, marvellous to relate, the disembowelled, disembowelled trunk was still able to writhe in the hands of its butcher. It was a horrible sight, and, I am sorry to say, appeared pleasantly to entertain rather than grieve most of the on-lookers. I trust, however, that these last contortions may have been merely nervous, and not indicative of pain. Part of it was laid aside to be eaten; the carpenter cut off the fins to use as polishers of wood; one of the men secured the jaws, probably as a present for his sweetheart; and the balance, excepting the head, which I retained for examination, was thrown overboard.

Sailors appear to have a monstrous antipathy to sharks. I tried to convince them of its unreasonableness, but I fear without success. These fish have surely as good a right to live as any other of God's creatures, and to enjoy themselves too: subject to man's dominion only, in case he should need them, to supply him with necessities or comforts. Did it enter on his domains like a wild beast, he might slaughter it in self-defence; but to do so to an unconscious unoffending animal, in mere wantonness or hatred, merely because it obeys the dictates of its nature, must surely be unwarrantable cruelty.

29. The tendency to sleep during the day is very distressing. I attribute it much to our total want of vegetable food, and suitable refreshments. Porter, ale, and wines, are poor comforts in such a climate; they may please those who are satisfied to take excite-

ment, at whatever cost of after suffering or heaviness; but to others they are, and in such circumstances should be, regarded as mockeries. We have all been so anxious for acids, that we have emptied a large pot of cream of tartar from the medicine chest. A little package of that simple medicine would in all cases, I think, prove extremely valuable to voyagers, as an antidote to the ailments and discomforts incident to landsmen at sea.

OUR SCHOOL-DAYS.

WE all love to think and speak of our school-days. Wearied with the dull, monotonous realities of the present, and suspicious of the flattering promises of the future, we turn with calm satisfaction and delighted confidence to the past. The path of life is all uphill; and it is a pleasant thing to pause on our journey, and look back from the point of vantage which we have gained in the progress of years, upon the road that we have travelled;—to survey its sinuous mazes—its perplexing intricacies—its dreary wastes, which we have so happily overpassed—its smiling Edens, which we can thus revisit and re-enjoy. And the remoter parts of that landscape are always most transcendently lovely in our eyes. A more beautiful heaven seems to overhang them—a softer and more melting sunshine to brood upon them. The trees are greener, and more richly umbrageous. The flowers (for memory's far-seeing eye can distinguish even the celandines, and daisies, and forget-me-nots, at the distance of forty years) the flowers are more gaily appared, and more tastefully grouped, and there are far more of them. Over hill and valley, wood and waterfall, meadow and moorland, there are flung "a glory and a joy," which have passed away, like summer mists, from the nearer landscape.

"Heaven is about us in our infancy;" and throughout all our early days we are surrounded by influences, and pervaded by emotions, which in more mature life we may remember, but cannot recall. When once we have ceased to be children, we have lost the power to think and feel "as only childhood can." We have become sophisticated—cold-hearted—suspicious. We are too wise—too cautious—too incredulous. We will not submit to be cheated into enjoyment, and take the benefit of a happy error. "The world is too much with us"—the solid, substantial, matter-of-fact world, in which grown-up men and women slave at the dolorous drudgery of money-getting. And our senses, and faculties, and susceptibilities, have suffered injury from the tainted atmosphere in which we live. Where are now the marvels and glories which met our earnest gaze every where, in heaven and earth, when we were six, or eight, or ten years old? We search for them in vain. There is a film upon our eyes. We are short-sighted, beyond the power of surgery or optics to cure us. And the sounds which then rung in our ears, awakening the sense of divinest melody in our souls, and wrapping us in thrilling trance from morn to night—where be they? The songs of birds—the hum of bees—the flute-notes of summer winds—the soothing murmurs of running brooks—the mysterious whispers of autumnal woods—are they all silent? Not one is mute; but, alas! they fall upon deaf ears. Nature still "pipes to us, but we will not dance." We can never recover what we have lost, or be again assimilated to our former selves. We can only remember what was then experienced. The "formal man" can realise the careless joyance and light-heartedness of days which are long since past, in no other way than by contemplating in memory's magic glass, what, and in what manner, and with what emotions, he saw, and heard, and spake, and acted, "when that he was a tiny boy."

Hence we all love to think and speak of our childhood and early youth; and especially of our school days, because they are, for the most part, the commencement of our juvenile reminiscences—we can go no farther back—and because, in all cases, it is from that period that our recollections become distinct in their particulars, and interesting in their associations.

We can remember many grave lectures of parents and pedagogues, to the effect that school-days are the happiest part of a man's life, and that we should find them so. Then, we did not believe a word of it. The thing appeared to us a plain contradiction. Long lessons and short play-hours—dreary pages of geography and English grammar, and *Propria quæ maribus*—with all the fears and anxieties, the pains and penalties of our pupillage, were in our estimation anything but elements of happiness, or incentives to enjoyment. And besides, "Hope told a flattering tale;" and we looked forward to the time when we should leave school, and be our own master—with no dry tasks to learn, and no tiresome bounds to keep, and no frowns or flagellation to fear, as our jubilee—the period of complete emancipation from all trouble and annoyance, when we should pass at once into a state of perfect, uninterrupted, and interminable bliss. Alas! we have seen "Hope's summer visions die." We have been in the school of experience, and disappointment has taught us many a sad and sobering lesson. We have out Campbell for Rogers. We have read through "The Pleasures of Hope," and have got some pages into "The Pleasures of Memory." And now (is it not your experience, gentle reader, as well as ours?) even the little sorrows of our early days are dwelt upon

with feelings near akin to pleasure. That ancient schoolhouse (we thought it a very dungeon once), what a pleasant place it looks! And of what gentle restraints, and easy labour, and innocent mirth, was it the scene! And its presiding genius, with the awful spectacles, and the still more awful "rod for the fool's back," whom we once regarded as an apt prototype of all the ogres and giants in our delightful story-books—what a kind, good old man he was! How much "more sinned against than sinning!" With what loud and hearty praises did he reward our smallest merits! With what surpassing patience did he endure our intolerable and endless provocations! Peace to his gentle shade!

How pleasant it is to send our fancy on pilgrimage to all our school-day haunts!—the walk across the meadows, and down by the brook-side, and over the crazy bridge by the mill, and back again through the shady lane where we gathered sweet violets!—the vicar's copse, where blackberries were as plenty as pebble-stones, and the hazel wood, to which once a-year we went a-nutting!—and above all, the old play-ground, with its smooth turf, and weeping birches (bless the tender-hearted trees for their sympathy!) which would have been a jewel of a place for all our games, if it had only been out of bounds! Oh, those merry games! the boisterous sports of our short play-hours; the riotous rambles and madcap frolics, and innocent mischiefs of our long half-holidays; the

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,"

which made us every day, and every hour, at once a plague and a delight to each other, and to all about us! And who were our companions in those glorious romps and rambles? The whole group is before us. Of all "the old familiar faces," not one is absent, and not one is changed. We can see them all as clearly—we can distinguish them all as accurately, as we did so many years ago, when we were one of them. There they are, from the oldest to the youngest; from the clever little rogue who taught us how to make whistles, and to fish for minnows, and who so often made us an April fool, to the grave, melancholy boy who never once fought a battle, nor joined in a romp, nor went a-bird-nesting, but told us such marvellous and touching tales, in such eloquent words, as "often did beguile us of our tears." There they are! We could name them one by one, without a single mistake. We could arrange them in their old classes, and seat them in their old desks. We could describe, with most exact minuteness, the qualities, bodily, intellectual, and moral, of every one of them. And if we wrote ourselves R.A., we could paint their pictures to the life. Not one feature would be erroneously sketched; not one shade of expression would be imperfectly brought out. Each would possess its proper individuality of character, and be a speaking likeness. So clearly and distinctly are they present to our inward eye. And hark! the air is vocal with their glee. Their merry voices ring in our ears. We can recognise every tone; we know to whom every shout belongs. Again we listen to "their gibes, their songs, their flashes of merriment," and again we hear our old nicknames and by-words, none of them unkindly meant or harshly spoken, but flowing from a frank familiarity and an innocent openheartedness, which knew nothing of formal propriety and forced politeness. Beloved companions! years have passed since we parted; but ye are our companions still. Ye have gone each to his appointed portion and station—some of you are already dead and in Heaven. Some of you are living in credit, wealth, and fame; and some in poverty, sorrow, and disgrace. We know not what or where you are—in what circumstances—of what character; certain it is, that neither in body nor soul are ye the same as in former days. But no matter. We know you only as a troop of joyous children, who studied and sported—who read and romped—who laughed and wept with us when we too were a child. As such, ye abide in our memory, and in our "heart of hearts," unchanged and unchangeable. And your simple society affords a precious solace and happy retreat to our troubled spirits, when we are weary of the heartless formalities and insincere professions of the world.

For your sakes, then, we shall always love to think of our school-days, and, as far as retrospective fancy may enable us, to live them over again. And though the gay and thoughtless may eschew such musings as fantastic and melancholy, and though they must ever be attended with somewhat of pensive sadness and tender regret, yet will we often indulge them, and they shall employ our thoughts and engross our sensibilities, even in our choicest moods.*

AFFINITY OF THE TURKISH AND SCOTTISH DIALECTS.

A Turk, several years ago, made his appearance in Edinburgh, in the costume of his country. Such a spectacle being a great novelty in the gude town, he was generally attended by a crowd of boys, who amused themselves by pestering him. With these he usually got in a passion, and turning fiercely round would address them by the most opprobrious name in his vocabulary, "*Giaour—Giaour*," (infidel). While in one of those moods, an old Scotchman took pity on him, and joined, as he thought, in his expostulation—"Fie, lads, dinna fash the puir body sae—do as he oen bids ye—do *gie our—gie our*!"—(give over).

* From the Leeds Mercury, April 13, 1833.

OLD ENGLISH ARMOUR.

Previous to the time of Edward the First, the body armour may be distinguished by the appellations of trelliced, ringed, rustred, masclad, scaled, regulated, single-mailed, and banded. The trelliced method has not been properly ascertained; it properly consisted of leather thongs, crossed, and so disposed as to form large squares placed angularly, with a round knob or stud in the centre of each. The ringed consisted of flat rings of steel, placed contiguous to each other, on quilted linen. The rustred was nothing more than one row of flat rings, about double the size of those before used, laid half over the other, so that two in the upper partially covered one below. Masclad, the hauberk composed of several folds of linen, covered with diamond-shaped pieces of steel touching each other, and perforated, so called from their resemblance to the meshes of a net. Scaled, formed of small pieces of steel, like the scales of fish, partially overlaying each other. This species was used only during the reigns of Henry the Second and Richard the First. The regulated consisted of little square plates, partly covering one another, like tiles. Single mail was composed of rings set edgewise on quilted linen. It came into use about the close of John's reign, and continued to be partially worn till that of Edward the First. At the commencement of Henry the Third's reign, it covered not only the head, but hands, legs, and feet. It was very heavy, and likewise the rings were liable to be cut off by the blow of a sword; which latter circumstance, perhaps, introduced the contrivance of banded armour, which was composed of parallelogram pieces of metal, sewn on linen, so placed as to fold perpendicularly over each other, like palings, and kept in their places by bands or hoops of leather. We now come to the double-chain mail, consisting of interlaced rings, which made its first appearance in the triumphant reign of Edward the First. It is said to be of Asiatic invention, and was composed of four rings within a fifth, each of which was rivetted. Single chain mail was worn by the Crusaders, in Henry the Third's time; and when the number of rings was doubled, it became double-chain mail. Its great advantages were compactness and pliability. Horses were now clothed in mail. In the latter part of Edward the Third's reign, the double-chain mail became so covered with pieces of steel as to cause them in a little time to supersede it altogether. This, therefore, was termed mixed. The double-chain hauberk had been found, owing to its weight, to press injuriously upon the chest; to remedy which, a breast-plate of steel was contrived, which, being placed underneath, kept the mail from pressing upon the stomach. The throat was protected by a chain covering that surrounded the neck, and hung down the shoulders. We now come to plate armour. In Henry the Fourth's reign, the adopting of the mixed armour soon pointed out, by experience, the inutility of retaining the ringed hauberk. The thighs and legs were no longer covered with double-chain mail, and the arms only partially. A back-plate was added, which, with the breast-plate, formed a cuirass. During the use of mixed armour, the arms, thighs, knees, and legs, were covered with plates of metal; and for the hands were invented gloves of plate, with fingers, called gauntlets. From the conquest to the time of Richard the Third, the fashion was to ride with the toes down; after which period, the heel was dropped and the toe raised. Spurs were not sowed to the armour before the time of Henry the Fifth. No higher degree of perfection was ever attained in armour than during the reign of Richard the Third. The outline of the suit was most elegant, the workmanship most elaborate, and the choice of ornaments full of taste.—*Mirror*.

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY IN ABYSSINIA.

A great degree of scepticism has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinde* or raw meat, to the guests in the fashionable parties at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. When the company have taken their seats at table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and his feet strongly tied; after which, the cooks proceed to select the most delicate morsels. Before killing the animal, all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure *brinde*, lay it upon cakes of tuff placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or any thing else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large crooked ones, which in the time of war they put to all sorts of uses. The company are so ranged that one gentleman sits between two ladies; and the former with his long knife begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the fibres is yet perfectly distinct. In Abyssinia no man of any fashion feeds himself or touches his own meat. The women take the flesh and cut it lengthwise like strings, about the thickness of one's little finger, then crosswise into square pieces somewhat smaller than dice. These they lay upon a portion of the tuff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or cayenne, and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the meantime, the gentleman, having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open, very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between his jaws

at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces and in silence. Having despatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbour on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Then commence the potatoes, which, we are assured, are not regulated with much regard to sobriety or decorum. All this time the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding, but bleeding little; for so skilful are the butchers, that while they strip the bones of the flesh, they avoid the parts which are traversed by the great arteries. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal perishing from loss of blood, becomes so tough, that the unfeeling wretches who feed on the remainder can scarcely separate the muscles with their teeth. In the description now given, we have purposely omitted some features, which, it is not improbable, have been a little too highly coloured, if not even somewhat inaccurately drawn. But there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of the delineation, not excepting the grossest and most repulsive particulars.—*Dumfries Courier*.

ECONOMY OF TIME IN ENGLAND.

In England, time is a revenue, a treasure, an estimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time; they eat the letters and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had some reason to say, "the English gain two hours a-day more than we do, by eating their syllables." The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time; they salute in a nod, or, at the utmost, a corrosion of the four monosyllables, "How d'ye do?" The ends of their letters always show more simplicity than ceremony; they have not "the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration" to his "most illustrious lordship," whose "most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious servants," they "have the honour to be." Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one; the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing, a kind of short-hand. The English talk little, I suppose, that they may not lose time; it is natural, therefore, that a nation which sets the highest value upon time should make the best chronometers, and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail-coach guards have chronometers worth L.80 sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination, relations, friends, and servants, are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for every thing to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous.—*Count Pecchio's Observations in England*.

MODES OF COMMUNICATING DISEASE.

There are two modes by which disease may be communicated; the first is by actual contact, or by the insertion or absorption of some visible matter from one body which is diseased into another in a healthy state; the second by a near approach to the diseased person, so that the breath, or some emanation from his body, may convey the infection to another which is previously in a healthy state. The measles, scarlet fever, and some other febrile diseases, are now familiarly known to be propagated in this latter manner. As an example of both modes of propagation, the smallpox may be cited, which may be conveyed to another either by inoculation or simply by approaching a patient labouring under this disease, or coming near or in contact with clothes that have been worn by him. In general, it may be said that noxious matters propagating diseases are either something visible and substantial, as seen in the pustules of the smallpox or the vesicles of cowpock, or something invisible, the existence of which is known only by its effects, as proved in the spreading of the measles, the scarlet fever, hooping cough, &c.—*Dr Macmichael on Cholera Spasmodica*.

LONDON: Published with Permission of the Proprietors, by ONS & SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. BRERES, Holywell Street, Strand; BANKS & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALE, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO., Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; H. BELLAMY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight. Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh. Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER," AND "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE."

No. 104.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1834.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

FIGURES AND ASPECTS OF MEN.

It is a favourite amusement of mine to walk along a crowded street, and observe the various aspects of men—how some faces are long, some short, some hollow, and others prominent; and, withal, what a variety of expression animates the various physiognomies. There is an optical instrument called the anamorphosis, which, if you look into it one way, elongates you to a maypole, and, in another, makes you as broad and flat as a toad-stool. Nature, in scheming out men, seems to make use of a kind of anamorphosis of her own; and hence, in some figures we see every thing in long perpendicular lines, while in others all is latitudinal and horizontal. Some men seem as if they had been framed upon a bundle of spears; others upon a five-bar gate. Some men appear as if they had been looking into the hollow of a tea-spoon, and all at once, by some strange spell, had their features fixed in that configuration; others seem as if they had been petrified some day, while staring at themselves in the bulge of a spheroidal tea-pot. Some are born (to use the Earl of Pembroke's idea) of the poplar, others of the yew; and not in upright measurement alone are variations observable. Some men sink inwards about the middle like hour-glasses. Their heads and feet are in clumps, and their waists in threads. Nature, in fashioning them, seems to have fallen into a reverie, and rolled the clay so long between her hands, that the ends, before she was aware, had almost fallen away from the attenuated centre. Others again are almost perfect spheres; others nearly regular cubes, or crystals, with hardly any proper extremities, either for locomotion or for thinking; so that one might suppose Nature had been in a hurry in their case, and formed them much after the manner of boys fashioning snowballs in a thaw, or a man making nails at the rate of three hundred in the hour. Then, again, some men have straight legs, like two marks of admiration. Others have them bandy, like a pair of parentheses. Others are what is called knock-kneed, like the same figure with an inverse arrangement of parts. But, what is most strange of all, some men [Lintot, the celebrated bookseller, was a specimen, if we are to believe Dryden] have two legs of one kind—two left ones for instance. When both lie in one way, the effect is most singular. I remember a man of that kind, who went as straight forward as any man; but yet I never could resist the idea, that his walk *ought to have been* a series of circumgyrations, like the orbit of the moon round the sun. King James the First, according to Weldon, had a circular way of walking, and, in entering a room, we are to suppose he made a sweep towards the object, as one now-a-days drives round the lawn in front of a manor-house.

The size and arrangement of the feet of men are so various, that, while some seem to stand like the letter V upon a point, others have the broad basis of an A, and taper towards the crown. A few seem placed upon an X, and some spread out from the middle like a Y. On the other hand, take men in profile, and you will find some to be like the letter I, some like P, and some like f; the first being slim tall men, the second fat and protuberant of paunch, and the third having a strange droop of the head. Mark mankind as they walk past you, and you will find hardly one going at the same angle to the horizon as another. The military man perhaps walks pretty near the right angle; but hardly any others. The proud man is perhaps ten degrees off the perpendicular *backwards*; the hurrying shopkeeper as much *forwards*. Some walk altogether upon their heels; others altogether upon their toes. Some men always seem following their

noses; others come sulkily after their great toes. Some have themselves all thrown out towards the front, like bow-windows; show a great convex chest, shoulders well laid back; in fact, three-quarters of their persons seem to go before them. Others are all gathered coweringly inwards, like coiled hedgehogs—carry three-quarters of themselves behind—seem, in short, to be almost altogether composed of back. Some men come dancingly and easily up to you, whisk round you for a few moments, asking how you do, and then dance off as trippingly as they came. Other men come up with all the solemnity of a chest of drawers, pronounce a few grave words like the base sounds of an organ, and then go lumbering on as before, without having altered a muscle.

The way in which the head is carried makes a material difference in the aspects of men. Some have the occiput laid quite back upon the neck, so as to realise the classical idea of the great distinction of the human race—"vultus ad sedera." A man conscious of good looks or of good birth, and who does not need to stoop to common-place employments, may carry himself thus. He is then said to be a man of noble air—a man with a presence. But if one knows that he is tolerably plain, and has to bow fifty times a-day over a counter to whomever may give him a trifle, he carries his face rather below the level than above it. He knows he would only be ridiculous, if detected putting on fine airs, by persons who, on other occasions, had seen him manifesting all the obsequiousness of a tradesman. A mercantile nation must thus look a little nearer the ground, upon the whole, than an idle and military one. The habit of command gives a peculiar air—an air of confidence, firmness, and dignity—which the man who is accustomed to obey can never reach. There is also a completeness of visage about some men—an integrality of feature I may call it—which sets them at their ease with themselves and others, and conduces greatly to make up a presence. A man of this kind can do without a collar—almost without a neckcloth—he will look well any way. Others, again, whose physiognomies are not so perfect—whose faces, as it were, want bottom—require a calix, as the botanists would say, wherein to rest the head; which purpose is served by a stock and its usual appurtenances. It is a great mistake which some men commit—the idea that they can do without what Captain Clutterbuck calls an inch of clean linen: very few men, indeed, have that classical elegance and completeness of visage, which may enable them to bear up under such a want. A matter of this kind cannot be left to fashion; or, if fashion will insist upon all following one model, it is the height of cruelty in those who look well without collars, to institute such a mode, as it inevitably puts thousands of their fellow-creatures to the alternative of looking like masterless dogs, or breaking through a rule more imperative than the principles of virtue. Painters and sculptors are always complaining about the way in which the necks of mankind are used. No doubt, the Hercules Farnese and the Apollo Belvidere would not be improved by a collar and stock; but the *beau-ideal* is one thing, and the common run is another. The necks of mankind in general could never stand such an exposure.—To return to the angle of the visage, it is surprising how much it affects the voice. Your lofty man seems to speak from the point of his chin; your long-nosed boring man spins out his words at his proboscis; and the obstinately modest and bashful man generally addresses you from a corner of his forehead. Every head has its ecliptic as well as its

equator; and there is always one point which is more generally presented to the spectator than any other: that I call the point of voice—the mouth has nothing to do with it.

To come to features—it is astonishing how various are their forms in different men. The profile of Louis the Sixteenth was altogether, apparently, moulded in a circle: the brow, the nose, the chin, all formed segments of circles in themselves, and, in the whole, composed only a larger segment. Such faces we see every day; and we as frequently see others, in which the form is entirely reversed. Such are the dish faces, where the features seem arranged within a crescent, and the point of the nose does not advance so far as either the brow above or the chin below. Some faces go outwards to a point at the tip of the nose; others go inwards to a point at the root of the same feature. Some noses are isosceles triangles; others equilateral; others have the base by far the longest side. Some are tuberosus; others acute. Some spring out like the style of a dial; others look as if they had been clashed against the face in a soft state, and by that means pressed broad and flat, like a piece of clay thrown hard at a wall. Sometimes the base is level; sometimes hollow; sometimes convex. The people of a certain remote insular district have their nostrils drawn strangely up; so that they always appear as if they were in a passion, while in reality they are as well tempered in general as the rest of his Majesty's subjects. In some men, the nose is pointed downwards to the upper lip; in others, it tends upwards to the brow; and it is an ascertained fact that not one in five hundred has it exactly in the centre of the face. Some men, moreover, have its point drawn to one side, some to another—like a helm when in the process of turning a vessel. In various instances I have seen it so much abreast, that I really wondered how the owner got on at all, especially with a wind right a-head. A weathercock with a flank to the breeze would have been no greater phenomenon.

I now come to speak of the various characters which may be read in the faces of a passing crowd. Some who have not been in the habit of studying human character any where, may not recollect being struck with the infinite variety there to be observed. Yet there are some points which may be easily brought to the remembrance of the most careless on-looker. How absorbed some men appear! Their souls, like their eyes, seem set far back in their heads, and they move along the street seeing every thing, but never showing as if they saw at all. They wink, for the ordinary refreshment of the organs; but no other muscle ever plays. In some, the absorption is that of pride—in some, that of indifference. Such persons are like coffins sent out to take the air. The great mass of mankind, in walking the streets, have pretty much one look—something between the smirk of actual conversation and the coldness of perfect tranquillity or reverie. They hold themselves ready, if they are not strangers to the place, to break into a smile as they pass a friend. But there is a set who do not conform to this general system, and may be described as a counterpart to the haughty and the cold. These people wear their heart on their lips, and in their eyes. As you pass them, you feel convinced that you must know them, and that they know you. They just look as if they were addressing you—as if they were saying, "My dear fellow, how are you?" And it requires an effort to keep your hand from going forth of its own accord and seizing theirs. As they go along with this perpetual salutation in their looks, they leave all who pass them in the same state with yourself; and perhaps two hundred persons at once are saying to

* The face towards the heavens.

themselves, "Surely I have seen that gentleman before." Such a man will lay waste a whole street with bewilderment in five minutes. There is a peculiar twitchiness about the noses and upper lips of some men, which contributes to give them this universally familiar air. I have long marked a person of this kind, and who moreover has that ruddiness of complexion which betokens the *bon-vivant*; and he always appears to me as if he were going about seeking to make up a party for a beef-steak in some neighbouring tavern. Though I have no acquaintance of him, I daily expect him to address me as follows:—"I say, can't we have a few oysters to-night at Gabriel's?" He is a kind of Vanderdecken—always wishing to get some one inveigled into a share of his own fate. I have resolved, however, to have nothing to do with him. It would never do for a person of my retired habits. He would introduce me to the whole town in a moment.

ROADS.

EVERY schoolboy can illustrate the political importance of good roads in securing conquests and facilitating civilization, by referring to the Roman ways. Their effects upon the wealth and prosperity of a country, though generally alluded to, have not yet received that share of attention to which they are entitled. It is, however, in some means through increased facilities of transport that subsistence is provided from inferior soils for an increasing population, at the same rate of cost as originally was paid to raise it from the most fertile land. By the saving of time, and by the cheap rate at which goods and passengers are conveyed from place to place, a country well intersected with roads is enabled to make head against a general low rate of profit, and in some cases to over-balance, by those means, the advantages of a fruitful soil, the finest climate, and a great productiveness even to half-trained industry. In America and Spain, for example, a part of the crops is left to rot upon the ground, because there are no roads to remove it. In the last named country, sheep are (or were) often killed for the fleece only, and the carcass abandoned, as the expense of conveying it to any distance along the miserable ways would be greater than its value. We may put a case which comes closer to our fire-side feelings: the cost of a ton of the best coal, at the pit's mouth—the actual value of the mere commodity—is about 11s.; the direct and indirect charges of (water) carriage to London are about 9s., or not very far short of the cost of the commodity. In stones, slates, &c., the expense of conveyance is still greater; so great, indeed, as to prevent, with our present means, their internal transport for any distance by land. Every thing, therefore, connected with the improvement of roads, is of the utmost importance to public and individual wealth.

The first thing to be done in road-making is to fix the inclination, and lay down the line of road. The rise should never be greater than 1 in 35; the line, if possible, should be straight. When hills have to be crossed, it may be eventually advisable to deviate from the direct line, and not return to it. A curved course, if any thing is gained by it, seems not objectionable; a crooked one appears never proper; but a roundabout way sometimes, as when a succession of hills intervenes—it being easier, and even shorter, for example, to pass half round the bottoms of several sugar loaves, than to go up and down them. When valleys have to be crossed, it may be done by embankments, or by a viaduct. Here, again, a deviation from the straight path may be prudent, if it is rewarded by a gentler ascent and descent to fill up. In seeking for it, you may go up the valley, or against the stream as it were, though at times a sudden narrowing of the opposing hills may more than counter-balance increased depth by greater shortness. In the case of rivers, a change in the course of the road may take place, if the stream be very wide, or the banks so low as to be liable to be flooded for some distance. Woods, bogs, or marshes, should be avoided, as the worst of obstacles to a good road, for reasons to be mentioned presently. A road should never undulate, but should gradually incline upwards to the highest point. Unless under very peculiar circumstances, it should not be turned aside for the sake of seeking a town. If the townspeople wish, they must, like Mahomet, go the road, not the road to them. Some little relaxation may be allowed in avoiding to pass through private grounds, if such avoidance does not materially interfere with the main objects of the road, or cause additional expense. For these and other obvious reasons, the suggestions of gentlemen of property, or practical men of the greatest experience, in the neighbourhood, should be received with caution.

After the line has been laid down, with such deviations as the circumstances of the surface may have suggested, it must be gravely considered whether it be better to hold straight on, or to follow the longer course with the easier inclinations. In the first case, hills will have to be cut through, and slopes formed at each side of the road. Embankments must be raised, or viaducts built, bridges erected over rivers, causeways made over flats, and bogs and marshes effectually drained. All these things, or any portion of them, can only be accomplished at considerable expense: but then, the road will be much shorter; the great object of its creation—a quick communication between two

points—will most effectually be answered; and there will be a great saving in the annual wear and tear of horse-flesh and vehicles, and in the greater cheapness of transport. The original outlay, too, may be less than it at first appears: by keeping the straight line, less road will have to be made, and considerably less to be kept in repair; the earth or substratum may in some cases be much firmer, and the expense of forming the bed consequently less; the materials may be closer at hand; and the earth which is dug up in cutting through hills may be applied to the levelling of inequalities, for which materials must have been procured. From the scientific knowledge and practical skill requisite to procure these data for calculation, as well as from the experience and sagacity necessary to come to a right conclusion, it will be seen that every man is not qualified to be his own road-maker; and that the formation of highways and byways is no such easy task as country squires in their innocence have fancied.

When the line is finally decided on, the making begins. The qualities desiderated in a good road have been defined by Macbeth: a perfect way should be "whole as the marble, founded as the rock."

This can never be accomplished if the subsoil or foundation be bad. Is it spongy?—part of the materials of the road will sink into the foundation, part of the foundation rise up into the road, and cause inequalities and ruts. An elastic soil is worse. If the reader has ever seen a gentleman, not "very well set upon his pins," endeavouring to cross a plank which might serve a mountebank for a spring-board, he has seen an example of elasticity. This quality, though not to the extent perhaps of the instance selected, is present in all bogs, marshes, and bottom land; and, unless destroyed by draining and compression, it will always cause a momentum in the road which passes over it, no matter how excellent the formation itself may be; and this swing, though imperceptible in the working of the horses, will show itself visibly enough in their condition. A good foundation or bed for the road must be found or formed, or all the rest will be but labour in vain.

In a complete road, perfect hardness is a *sine qua non*—because, the harder the surface, the less the friction of bodies passing over it, and by consequence less force is required to put and keep them in motion; but this quality is not easily obtained. Trustees, indeed, have imagined, that, by laying on a quantity of gravel spread smooth, or a succession of coatings of broken stones, hardness will be obtained; a miserable mistake, followed in a few years by a bad state of roads—fresh repairs to be succeeded by rapid dilapidations, and crowned at the last by a swinging debt. The reason is, that "the carriages passing over the stones will force those next the earth into it, and at the same time press much of the earth upwards between the stones: this will take place to a great degree in wet weather, when the bed of the earth will be converted into soft mud by water passing from the surface of the road, through the broken stones, into the bed of the road. In this way a considerable quantity of earth will be mixed with the stone materials laid on for forming the crust of the road; and this mixture will make it extremely imperfect as to hardness," and shortly cause ruts and other inequalities. The exact degree of firmness required in a road must of course depend upon the traffic upon it; but in all first-rate roads, where the vehicles are numerous and heavily laden, it will be best and cheapest to form the bottom with a regular pavement of large stones, set close, with the broadest face downwards, the interstices to be closely filled up with stone chips, well driven in, so that the earthy bed of the road cannot be pressed up and mixed with the broken stones forming the surface or crust of the road. If the funds would admit of it, in communications between great towns and approaches to capitals, it would be advisable to have the centre crust of the road paved for heavy laden vehicles, and the sides only of broken stones to be used for carriages. Should the money be insufficient to form the entire foundation of pavement, then the middle can be so formed, and the side bottom made of broken stones. The road itself should be highest in the centre, sweeping down to the side-channels, so that the rain may run off as fast as it descends. These side-channels should be constantly kept clear; and when a branch or field road joins a main road, the junction should never interfere with the channel, but always take place on the field side. Drainage, both by main and cross drains, is an object of the first importance, so as to keep the road as dry as possible. The friction on the crust, no matter if it be the hardest pavement, will inevitably grind a part of it to powder, which, when combined with wet, will act with increased effect. The hardest marble, nay, the diamond itself, can be cut without any other composition than water and its own dust.

People differ in their ideas of beauty. The un-knowing like what pleases them: the skilful like what is useful, which is also pleasing to the mind's eye. Formerly, we preferred a road bordered by high hedgerows, pretty thickly studded with stately trees; the character being given rather by age and wide-spreading branches, than by mere loftiness—the banks somewhat lofty, and at times shooting up and overhanging like a cliff—their clothing various, now covered with long rank grass, looking as though they concealed something mystic; now short and smooth, and tempting the youthful passengers to try the steep

ascent; now bare, and worn into little furrows, like the cheek of eld, with the garbled and knotted roots of ancient trees obtruding through—the road itself of various inclinations and of various widths; sometimes opening into a "green," at others widened by patches or strips of unenclosed common, occasionally narrowing and passing through well-protected woods, "whose leafy shades high overarched embower," whence issue the deep murmur of the dove or the chatter of the magpie, whilst game of various kinds flutters or darts across the road. Very beautiful arched scenes in summer to the eye of the Cockney. Even when winter has stripped the trees of their foliage, and the land of its teeming richness and its varied hues—when the gusty wind sweeps along the open country, and moans or whistles through the naked branches—they are not divested of charms, but look lovely even in desolation. All these things, however, are an abomination to the eye of the scientific civil engineer. Trees or overhanging hedges retain the wet, and saturate the road with an artificial shower after the natural one has ceased. When the sun comes forth, their shade intercepts his beams—their close texture, the action of the air; and thus the wet is retained by preventing evaporation. By shutting out the free current of air, they may fatigue and injure the horses, "whose powers to perform work with ease, especially when moving rapidly, depend upon the quantity of cool and fresh air that they can pass through their lungs." The only banks that a skilful road-maker can tolerate, are those which are formed at a due inclination, according to the nature of the materials. The finish which best pleases the eye of the engineer, is a neat stone or brick wall, just high enough, if on a causeway or by a precipice, to prevent a flushed gentleman from tumbling over; in the case of an embankment, it is all-sufficient if it check naughty children from running up the slope, or the slope itself from slipping into the road. Wherever it is practicable, a public road should be above the level of the country through which it passes, to secure dryness and hardness, to give the animals labouring on it a free current of fresh air, and to guard against the possibility of floods.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

DURING a short residence at the Cape of Good Hope, I lodged at the house of an old merchant of the name of Peter Brown. He was an Englishman, but had been settled at the Cape long before it became a British colony, having gone to sea when a boy, and forsaken his ship in an India voyage, when the fleet stopped to water in Table Bay: he had here risen step by step from the rank of a common sailor, till he was now an independent and even opulent merchant. His manners and temper retained a good deal of their original harshness; but his knowledge of business, and remarkable punctuality, made him a most eligible person to deal with. He was tall, uncommonly stout, and of a fair complexion, which was excessively tanned by the sun in his yearly journeys through the colony, among all sorts of half-civilised Africans and semi-barbarised Europeans. His chief fault was the uncommon severity with which he treated his slaves—a mode in which the violence of his temper seemed to seek a vent for itself, while restrained into calmness and civility, by motives of self-interest, during intercourse with his equals.

There were several of his slaves whom he let out as watermen to carry passengers from shore to the ships, or from one ship to another. I had had occasion for the services of two of them in going out to the Indiamen in the bay one evening after a heavy squall: the poor fellows had very hard work, for the sea still rolled high; but they laboured with great activity, and brought us through several dangers, by the dexterity of one of them in particular, who was called Tom. They landed me opposite Mr Brown's house, which was a little neat edifice in a row of others of the same kind fronting the beach, each of which had a small fore-court, with two or three trees, and a seat at either end, where the inmates could at all times find relief from the hot suns of this sultry climate. When I stepped up into this enclosure, I found my host resting himself in one of the seats, fatigued as well as myself, and with his temper apparently a good deal ruffled. As I came up, he said, "Ah! well, you have been at sea this evening as well as I. I hope you have met with better success; but there is always something to trouble us. Here, Tom (calling my boatman), bring a glass of grog for each of us." I mentioned that I seldom drank any thing at that hour. "Oh, it will do you good, after being tumbled about in the bay so lustily: bring the liquor, Tom." Tom vanished into the house, and in a minute returned with a small tray, holding glasses with water and spirits. Having first supplied his master, he brought the materials to me, and poured out some rum. As I, however, had no intention of sharing in this hospitality, I motioned him to put it back into the decanter, which he did. Brown had seen me decline drinking, but had not apparently observed what occurred afterwards; and as the man was carrying away the tray with the empty glass, it suddenly took

* Condensed by the Spectator from Sir Henry Parnell's work on Roads, just published.

him in the head that Tom had drunk the spirits intended for me. His temper, as I mentioned, had been already ruffled by some occurrences in business; and now, without deliberating a moment, he snatched a heavy walking-stick, and hurried into the house after the slave. I of course could only wonder what he intended; but in a few seconds I heard loud cries from one party, and curses from the other, mixed with the sound of heavy blows—"Oh, sir; oh, sir—don't, sir, don't—God have mercy!" And then, "You rascal, you, I'll teach you to drink my liquor. You scoundrel, have I not kept you since you were able to crawl, like a black beetle as you were?—have I not fed you, and clothed you?—and have I not given you a wife, you rascal? And this is the return you make. Your wife and your black brat shall no longer live in my house." All this time the blows were thundering on the poor slave, sometimes hitting him cruelly, sometimes rattling on the chairs and tables, behind which he took refuge—a disappointment which at once jarred the old man's arms and his temper. The poor slave never offered the slightest resistance, nor said a word in his own defence, but contented himself with imploring mercy, and endeavoured to ward off the blows from his head by receiving them on his arms. He at last ran into the kitchen (his wife was cook), whither he was pursued by his master. I had attempted to follow, and interfere, but in vain; and now there ensued another storm of beating and imprecations, in the midst of which I heard the sudden shriek of a child, followed by a loud and pitiful outcry, apparently in a female voice. In a very few moments Mr Brown made his appearance, with a kind of alarm in his look, which seemed for the moment to have banished his irritation: the female wailing still continued, and he shut the doors anxiously behind him, as if to prevent its reaching me. On approaching, he endeavoured to resume his usual manner, and said, "that rascal had the impudence, I saw, to drink the liquor intended for you; but I have given him a lesson he won't forget." I endeavoured to explain that the slave was not to blame; but the old man only replied, "Oh, it is very well meant in you to excuse him; but I saw how the matter stood: no slave of mine shall play such tricks." Seeing that I should only irritate him farther by persisting, I said nothing more, and soon after we parted for the night.

I breakfasted abroad, and did not again meet Mr Brown till the afternoon, when I saw him at a public sale. He stood beside me for a short time speaking of indifferent matters; and then of a sudden, assuming a sort of serious and concerned air, he said, "I am sorry I shall not be able to remain longer; I have to attend the funeral of poor Tom's child, which died this morning. Tom is a very useful fellow, and I wish to pay him that mark of respect." He said this with a look of condescending sympathy, which sat but hypocritically on his hard features. I had no remark to make, except the question, "Ay, how did the child die?" Mr Brown turned away abruptly, as if attending to something else for a moment, and then answered, "Oh, some children's disorder, no doubt—fits, I believe, it was." And then deputed me to finish some business for him, he went hurriedly out. As he departed, I could not help recollecting the occurrences of the night before—the shriek of the child, and the long helpless wailings of the mother (for such she must have been); and I was convinced, that, in his reckless punishing of the poor slave, Brown himself had, by some blow or other accident, killed the child. The event proved that I was right.

It was late before I got home, and I found Brown pacing about through his little court-yard in what he himself would have called "a great rage." He was stamping on the ground and muttering to himself when I entered, but calmed his passion a little as he began to speak. "Would you have thought it?" he said; "that rascal Tom, after I have fed him, and clad him, and kept him, all his life, what has he done? The villain has run off to the mountain, and deprived me of one of the best and stoutest of my slaves—the gallows dog! and he has taken his wife with him, too! It will cost me more than a thousand rix-dollars to get a cook and waterman again to answer my purpose. He is an idle villain, and never would put his hand to any thing but an oar. But he shan't escape me: I shall catch him if he were hidden in a monkey's nest. To carry off my cook, too! the scoundrel!" He ran on in this way for some time, though he must have known perfectly that his own cruelty was the cause of the whole mischief. I never saw a stronger instance of the obtuseness, both of feeling and reasoning, which is generated by the habit of tyrannising over slaves.

"Where can they have gone to?" I asked. "Oh, gone to the mountain, no doubt; and he thinks they will be safe there till they get some rascally boor to take them into his service. But I shall take care of them; we shall be after them to-morrow night; you may accompany us if you please." I had frequently heard of runaway slaves taking refuge among the crevices and shelves on the precipitous front of Table Mountain, and had seen fires glimmering among the high rocks, which were said to be kindled by them; but I had scarcely ever credited the actual possibility of such a thing: and even now I listened to Mr Brown's statement as something very improbable. "Why, how can any people live on the face of a perpendicular wall of rock, Mr Brown? If they could

even get lodged there, they would still be in a state of starvation; your cook will have little to do so high in the air." "They steal, the rascals, they steal; they come down in the night from their black rookery, and carry off every thing they can lay their hands on. But will you go with us to-morrow night? that is the question." "With all my heart," said I: "I have clambered up the face of a rock many a time before to catch young hawks or jackdaws; and I should like to see how negroes build their nests in a crag, which is so much higher and wilder than any I ever scaled before." In truth, I was moved, partly by curiosity, and partly by the hope, that, if I could see and speak with the poor runaway, I might be able to render him some service.

The Table Mountain is 3500 feet high, nearly half of which elevation forms an upright rocky wall, two miles long; this immense precipice can be scaled to the top by a kind of gully or water-track, which ascends its face by oblique reaches; but the rock is also marked across its length by numbers of long narrow shelves like footpaths, which run slanting in various directions, and afford footing to monkeys or goats. In these tracks there are sometimes broader spots, or recesses scooped as it were out of the rock, where it would just be possible for a human being to fix his lodging if he could reach them, and if he had the firmness to pitch his tent on a dizzy ledge, where the wide bay beneath (the anchorage of fleets) seems diminished to a pond, and the city to a small map. It is in such places as these that a few runaway slaves are said to take refuge, and to remain till they find some way of escaping from the colony, or till their offences are forgotten. The few practicable spots where they can possibly lodge themselves on the rock are pretty well known; so that, when a master is willing to encounter the danger, and has trusty assistants, it is generally possible for him to recover a deserter. This, however, is seldom done; few slaves care to seek refuge in such a wild fastness; and when they do, their masters have seldom the hardihood to pursue them. In the present case it was otherwise: Brown was determined, he said, to show his people that no such escapes should be permitted by him.

The hour fixed was about seven o'clock in the evening; and I met the party beyond the town-gardens: they consisted of some files of European soldiers, and six or seven of Brown's favourite and most trusted slaves. The foot of the precipice was still about a mile distant, and the road consisted of a steep ascent, in great part strewn with fragments of rock of all sizes, which seemed to have tumbled from the crags above, and rendered the path almost impracticable. The rock itself stood close above us, huge and dark. It was not dark, however, at all points; for in one or two places the fires which I have mentioned had been kindled, and, as was not unfrequent, they had caught the dry grass and shrubs of the ledges where they burned, and were extending right and left in long lines of fire along the face of the precipice. Their light had no effect whatever in illuminating the vast mass of darkness presented by the rock, which looked even more sombre by the contrast. The effect was wild and striking, and when associated with the idea that the slaves might kindle such fires all around us when we ventured up into their haunts, the matter wore even a more serious aspect. We soon arrived at the entrance of the gully by which we were to ascend: it looked as dark as the road downwards to Acheron; for the walls on each side shut out the starlight, and we dared not open our dark-lanterns lest we should betray our errand. Two sentinels were placed at the bottom, and we proceeded. Mr Brown held on his way perseveringly, clambering over smooth shelves of rock, or scaling up among heaps of stone that had fallen into the track; and every one followed him in silence, all intercourse being transacted by signals. When one in front found a shrub by which he could pull himself up, he pushed it in silence to his successor; or if he stumbled into a hole, he contented himself with striking the rock with his cane, to put the others on their guard. The ascent, though inclining sometimes one way, sometimes another, was all along most fatiguingly steep; and my legs never felt more relieved than when, after about an hour and a half's ascent, a signal was passed along the line that we were to halt here.

When I came to the front, Mr Brown said to me, "the rascal must be hereabouts: it takes too much practice of footing among the rocks for beginners to venture farther; he would neither go himself nor take his wife into the dangerous places; he was too fond of her—confound him! Do you stop here with the sentinel and this slave, while I and the rest, who have some notion of their haunts, will creep along these footpaths in the face of the rock." "I shall go with you, Mr Brown." "Nay, nay," replied he, "you will have work enough, I warrant; whenever you hear a shot, you will speed in that direction—you are our reserve; and if you second us well, we shall have both the vagabonds well flogged and in irons by to-morrow morning."

The work was detestable; but I did as he desired, and was speedily left alone with the sentinel and slave; the rest creeping away by twos and threes along some of the ledges or goat-paths so often mentioned. We soon lost sight of them all, and were left solitary and dark; there was nothing to gaze at save the sky, for the land below seemed but a dim

formless void; and the diminished bay was hardly seen glimmering faintly in the starlight.

We had remained in this situation for ten or fifteen minutes, when the slave said that he heard some rustling among the bushes on the path taken by Mr Brown, and shortly after several stones were thrown among us from the same place. The slave and sentinel made ready their arms, and crept cautiously to the spot, so that I remained quite alone. They had not left me above two minutes when I heard some one call my name from above, and in an instant the apparition of poor Tom came sliding down a piece of rock, and stood by my side. I was astonished beyond measure, but he motioned a request that I would not speak, and coming near enough to be heard in a whisper, he said, "you are good man, sir, and will not hurt poor slave; I see you kind man when I row you to ships in de bay. I run away wid poor Mary, because he kill my child. I not mind him beat myself, but if he beat my wife and child I must run away. I want go to England, sir; I am good boatman: will you help poor fellow to go?" I was puzzled and confounded. "Why, Tom, you will be taken; the sentinel will be back instantly." "Oh, no," said Tom, with half a laugh, "he will be keep searching yonder—my old comrade will take care of dat: he did it to help me. None of them will tell where I am—all know. But will you get ship for me going to England, sir?" I was thinking of an answer to this odd application, when I heard the voice of Mr Brown only a few yards behind me. Tom started and looked for a hiding-place, but speedy escape was almost impossible, and the poor fellow trembled like an aspen leaf. Immediately I heard Mr Brown cry, "Al, I have found you, scoundrel!—you shan't escape, I assure you." There was then a hurried rustling among the bushes, as if he was pushing forward somewhere, and directly afterwards a cry, "Lord preserve me!" when something was heard to fall heavily on an inferior ledge of rock. Tom had escaped, and stood alone in suspense and horror, not knowing what had happened. In a few moments the sentinel and slave whom I had sent out came forward, and their explanation of the matter was dreadful. It appeared that Mr Brown, in returning along the narrow footpath, had seen this slave, and had mistaken him for Tom: in his hurry to apprehend him he had rushed forward over some bushes, one of which caught his foot, and threw him directly down the precipice. There could be no question as to his fate; he must have been killed ere he had fallen ten yards.

We waited till morning, and sought for his remains. The appearance was too dreadful to be described; there was no vestige of the human form in the bloody and disfigured mass which we lifted from the rugged stones at the foot of that terrible precipice.

With the aid of some friends, I had an arrangement effected with Mr Brown's widow concerning the runaway Tom, and his wife, whom every one allowed to have been cruelly treated. They got their liberty, and seemed to be in a way of doing well when I left the Cape.

FRENCH MANNERS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It is curious to look into the old writers on polite behaviour, and to observe with what care they prescribe rules for avoiding habits, which every body now-a-days knows—we might almost say by intuition—to be offensive, and into which nobody but the merest clown is in the smallest danger of falling. In this paper we shall give an account of a few of the instructions laid down, in a work entitled "The Rules of Civility," for the guidance of the young noblemen and gentlemen of France in the seventeenth century. The reader will be amused with some, on account of their extreme minuteness, and with others, as they show that the models of fashion to Europe had then scarcely escaped from habits of living far from being remarkable for nicety, or even cleanliness.

In a visit to a nobleman in those times, the stranger entered with his gloves on, and his hat in his hand, which he put on only if requested to do so by his lordship. Hats, it may be observed, were then worn within doors, and even at table, and were pulled off in acknowledgment of personal compliments, or when the names of the relations of the noble master of the family happened to be mentioned. If the visitor came to welcome the great man home from a campaign, or if he had not seen him for a long time, his obeisance was performed with somewhat of eastern humility: he was to bow very low, and, taking off his glove, put his hand to the ground: in recovering the upright posture, the motion required to be slow and deliberate, for if his lordship was standing near, and made a bow of acknowledgment, and if his client whipt up his head in too great a hurry, he might receive a violent blow on the face with the back part of it, before he had time to avoid the collision. After greetings past, the visitor took care to place himself in a seat less dignified than that occupied by his lordship—a

chair with arms being considered the best, one with a back the next, and a stool the least honourable; he was to sit in a lower part of the room, and if his lordship shifted his position, he was to countermarch him, so to speak, without any ostentation or clatter, so as still to preserve the inferior place. Upon the same principle, we presume, though we do not find it enjoined, if the great man moved from an arm-chair to one with a back only, his guest was bound to quit his chair with a back, and to occupy a stool, and to stand, if the nobleman changed to a stool. To sit sidewise, was more respectful than to place oneself full in the face of a superior. It was looked upon as ill breeding if the visitor, when seated, either clapt his leg upon his knee, played with the tongs, or tampered with the fire, and, above all, if he punched his lordship on the stomach, in order the more certainly to attract his attention to any part of the conversation. A practice, to which the people of Holland are said to be much addicted, was then considered as to be avoided as much as possible, and a handkerchief to be always employed. "And now I speak of a handkerchief," adds our author; "it is not decent for you to offer it to any body to make use of, though it be never so clean, unless it be expressly desired." In the matter of sneezing, if his lordship was seized with a fit, the person present was not to bawl out, "God bless you!" but to make a handsome bow, and repeat that obsecration inwardly. If the inferior himself could not refrain from sneezing, he was at least to do it gently, and not shake the foundations of the house with his stertutations. If his lordship entered into conversation with another nobleman, the visitor could not, without infringing decorum, address himself in the meantime to any of the rest of the company; and if a personage inferior in degree to the master of the house came in, it was ill-bred to salute him before those of higher rank had gone through the ceremony of greeting.

In conversation with the great, much circumspection was necessary, both in managing the voice and in the manner and substance of the discourse: the speaker was neither to whisper so low that his noble patron should be obliged to ask what he had said, nor to bawl so loud as to make the apartment ring again. To put a question expressly and abruptly, as, "will your lordship do so and so?" was a piece of extreme rudeness—the interrogation, if it could not be avoided altogether, was to be thrown into an indirect form, as, "doubtless it is your lordship's intention to perform this or that."

An aspirant after court favour would have had little chance in those days to obtain his end, if, having got hold of a piece of fresh intelligence, and flattering himself that now he should bind his patron wholly to his interest, he hastened to his hotel, and communicated the tidings as entirely new. A person better schooled would enter in an easy way, and merely allude to the facts, as if he supposed them to be already well known to the statesman; thus avoiding offence—it being a point of moment with politicians to have it generally believed that they had perfect information concerning public affairs long before all other people. Eminent personages could ill endure to think they were surpassed in any thing by those beneath them in rank; and, therefore, a well experienced favourite or dependent, rather than deliver an advice in a formal manner, spoke as if reminding them of something which they had forgotten.

In playing any game with a man of rank, an inferior was placed in a critical situation—if he won, there was a chance of incurring displeasure; while, on the other hand, if he was intentionally negligent and lost, there was a risk that his titled opponent, if possessed of any penetration, should suspect the truth, and be affronted to find himself treated like a self-willed child. The safest way, in most cases, seems to have been to manage, to exert as much skill as was necessary, without taking the game; for the harder won it was, the better pleased the patron was sure to be; and the loser's reputation was likely to be advanced by some such praise from the gainer as this—"He is one of the best players I ever met with—it was with the greatest difficulty I could beat him." By neglecting this prudent course, a Spanish grandee fell into disgrace with Philip the Second. Having played a very long time at chess with that monarch, and been invariably the gainer, he perceived at his departure that his majesty was deeply chagrined. On reaching home, therefore, he said to his family, "My children, we need remain no longer at court; we have no more good to expect in that quarter—the king is enraged at me for beating him at chess."

In dining with people of quality, the cloak and sword were not put off; we have already mentioned that the hat also was worn. Sitting down to table thus incumbered, the guest, however weary or hungry, are not to loll with his elbows on the board; nor to fix his eyes upon the dishes, as if he would devour all; nor to thrust in his plate eagerly in order to be first helped; nor to put great gobblers of meat into his mouth, so as to bunch out his cheeks like a monkey; nor to swallow ravenously and choke himself; nor, if the pottage was hot, to blow every spoonful with his breath; nor to scoop out of the plate with his finger the gravy that remained after he was done eating; nor to break the bones at table, in order to obtain the marrow; nor to lick his fingers; nor to pick his teeth with a knife or fork; nor to blow his nose without holding his hat before his face; nor to speak with his mouth full.

It had formerly been the custom to take the meat in the fingers, which were afterwards wiped upon the cloth, or on the bread, or with a napkin; this practice now began to be looked upon as sordid, and was on the decline in genteel families. Our master of ceremonies repeatedly warns his disciples against it. "Touch nothing," he says, "but with your fork"—"The best way to keep the fingers clean is to use a fork." The knife and fork, however, were not then employed exactly in the modern way: it was usual, in the first place, to cut the meat into pieces, which were afterwards eaten with the fork. Eating out of one common dish was not yet exploded; but the use of the spoon was undergoing several changes, some of which our author seems to have thought rather finical, though, as the teacher of an art wholly regulated by fashion, he makes no objection to their being adopted. "If we be to eat out of the dish," he says, "we must have a care of putting in our spoons before our superiors, or of eating out of any other part of the dish than that which is directly before us; much less are we to pick out the best pieces, though we be the last that help ourselves. Having served yourself with your spoon," he adds, in another place, "you must remember to wipe it; and indeed as often as you use it, for some are so nice they will not eat pottage or any thing of that nature in which you put your spoon unwiped, after you have put it in your mouth. Others, again, are so curious they will not endure a spoon to be used in two several dishes; and, therefore, in several places 'tis grown a mode to have spoons brought in with every dish, to be used only for pottage and sauce." In drinking, the mouth was always to be wiped before beginning: it savoured of too much familiarity to sip one's wine, and of clownishness to take it with loud gulps, or to drink so long as to be forced to fetch a loud sigh in order to recover breath: the liquor was to be taken at one quiet and leisurely draught, with the eyes fixed on the bottom of the glass, and not rambling up and down the room among the company. Finally, at the table of a person of honour, to put sweetmeats or fruit in the pocket, or to set by any thing in a plate for the purpose of carrying them home, was an extreme incivility, unless the entertainer pressed and commanded his guest to do so.

Recreations out of doors were likewise performed with their peculiar ceremonials of courtesy. In walking, the inferior took the left side, and at the end of the promenade always turned with his face towards his superior; when three walked together, the middle was the place of honour; if two noblemen of equal quality placed a private gentleman between them, in order the better to hear his discourse, he was to turn at one end of the alley towards one of them, and at the other end towards the other; and the moment his narrative was finished, he was to resume the left hand place. "If you meet full with a person of quality in the streets," says our author, "you must run presently toward the channel, or post yourself so as he may pass by with his left hand towards you; and the same rule is to be observed with coaches." If an endeavour were made at the present day to perform this latter piece of courtesy in the streets of London, what a confusion, crashing, and bawling would ensue, and what a rejoicing among the coachmakers!

In riding, the inferior gave the right hand to his companion, and kept at a modest distance behind him, unless the wind whirled the dust about his lordship, in which case he changed to the right hand, and humbly received the dust himself. Though, as has been said, it was civil to keep a little way behind, yet if a ford or slough was to be passed, it then behoved the poor dependent to make the first venture. In hunting, the principal man of the party was not to be out-riden, but to be suffered to come first in at the death. If the deer stood at bay, and there was occasion for a weapon to strike him down, nobody was to be too forward until they saw how his lordship was disposed to act.

In writing a letter to a nobleman, large paper was used as being more respectful than small, and a whole sheet was taken, although the epistle consisted of no more than six lines. Certain cases, however, permitted the economy of half a sheet; as, if it contained only some short compliment, or was sent to remind him of something more amply explained before; but it was requisite to fold the paper, and make it up in the same manner as a full sheet. It was reckoned more genteel to put the date, day of the month, and year, at the end, on one side of the page, than at the beginning; for by this means the word "Monsieur" or "Monseigneur" was left in undisturbed dignity in a large domain of blank at the top. This usage, however, though still common, is not without inconvenience; for throughout the letter there may be allusions to time—as the mention of yesterday, and so on—which cannot be understood without knowing when the epistle was penned. Accordingly, some ingenious persons have of late invented a method by which both the time of writing may be seen before commencing the perusal of the letter, without the awkwardness of turning to the end to find it, and the title "My Lord," or "Sir," may still enjoy the honours of uninvaded seclusion; this method consists in writing the date in a line along the left edge of the paper. When the writer wanted to add at the end an additional item of respect, he used a cover or envelope; a letter to a lady of great quality was sealed with silk, and sometimes, for the greater honour, it was first sealed with

silk; and then an envelope, containing the superscription, was added.

Having thus given a sketch of the most remarkable rules in "The Rules of Civility"—many of them, as has been already observed, remarkable on account of their frivolity, and, one would think, their needlessness—we cannot better conclude than in the words of the author, who, after some remarks on the changes that are constantly taking place on the manners of a people, adds, "So, then, 'tis clear custom can improve, abolish, or change laws as it pleases; and 'tis possible may do so by mine. Nevertheless, civility proceeding essentially from modesty, and modesty from humility, which stands, like the rest of the virtues, upon unshakable principles, 'tis certain, though custom may change, civility will not—for he will always be civil that is modest, and he always modest that is humble."

RAMBLES IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE united cities of London and Westminster, with their suburbs, extend between seven and eight miles along the borders of the Thames, in a direction nearly from east to west, and expand between five and six miles from north to south; while on either point new streets, crescents, and squares, are invading the fields and the groves, giving to many of the approaches a picturesque and a beautiful appearance.

London, properly so called, is situated at the eastern part of the densely crowded seat of commerce, interspersed with manufactories, warehouses, and flanked by quays and docks of great extent. Westminster is the western portion of the immense metropolis; but to the stranger who perambulates the streets, the one appears so close in connection with the other, that there is no obvious distinction. The large and long thoroughfare called the Strand, in Westminster, is a continuation of Fleet Street in the city; and on this line, which is densely crowded with shops, may be perceived many recent improvements of great architectural elegance. The Strand is terminated on the west by an open area named Charing Cross, from which radiate various thoroughfares, one in a westerly direction leading towards Pall Mall and the fashionable end of the town adjacent to the Parks, and another in a southerly direction, called Whitehall Street, leading to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and Westminster Abbey. On the north side of Charing Cross, a wide open space has been formed by pulling down a number of buildings; and here the great National Gallery is to be erected. This open space, which is to be called Trafalgar Square, is already adorned on the east with St Martin's church, a building of the Corinthian order of architecture, and on the west by the Union Club House and the College of Physicians. The centre of the area of Charing Cross is rendered conspicuous—it cannot be said to be ornamented—by an equestrian statue of Charles the First, elevated on a pedestal, and said to be the first erected in England, on the spot where Edward the First raised a cross to Eleanor his queen. It being at present our object to describe Whitehall Street, in and about which the vast transactions connected with the government of the British empire are conducted, we shall in the meanwhile proceed with the stranger along that thoroughfare.

Whitehall Street possesses the usual bustle of the main streets of the metropolis, but its bustle is of a peculiar kind. It is a bustle which seems to have an official look about it, and is not of that commercial character perceivable on the east side of Temple Bar. The street is capacious and dignified in its aspect. As you look along it, various public structures attract the eye. The first building of this nature you come to is one situated on the right-hand side, called the ADMIRALTY. It is an extensive edifice of brick and stone, with a lofty portico in the centre, and projecting wings, forming a court with a screen next the street, decorated with naval emblems. Here the Lords of the Admiralty transact all business of importance relating to naval affairs. On the summit of the edifice may be seen a telegraph capable of carrying on rapid communication with distant ports in the British Channel: an order from it to fit out a fleet will in two or three minutes set all Portsmouth in motion. Adjoining to this massy structure stands the ARMY PAY OFFICE, a substantial brick edifice, from which there is a fine view, through Whitehall Place, of Waterloo Bridge, the winding of the Thames, and the noble dome of St Paul's.

A little farther on the right is a splendid edifice called the HORSE GUARDS, from its being the chief

station of the household troops. The building consists of a centre, with wings, built of stone in 1730. Within are levee and waiting rooms of the commander-in-chief—the offices necessary to the business of the war department. There are accommodations for horse and foot soldiery, their sutling-houses, stables, &c. On a cupola over the central gateway is a clock, which being scientifically regulated every morning, gives the true time to the inhabitants of Westminster. Towards the street there are lofty iron railings and gateways, and at each extremity is a stone structure, in which sit horse-soldiers in full uniform, others in the court-yard and gateways doing duty on foot. This building presents one of the noblest entrances to St James's Park.

Adjoining is an elegant mansion, with a stone portico projecting over the foot pavement; it is called Melbourne House, from having been the residence of that nobleman. Next to this is that portion of old Whitehall Palace which was built by Cardinal Wolsey; in this there is an entrance to the Treasury, its front being in St James's Park. The Lords of the Treasury here hold their boards or meetings, at which the accounts of the realm are investigated.

Opposite, on the left, is the Banqueting-House, called WHITEHALL, which is certainly a splendid specimen of Inigo Jones's talents as an architect. It is built of stone, enriched by pillars of the Ionic and Composite orders, with festoons of fruit and flowers between the capitals, giving elegance to the windows beneath. The interior is a spacious room forty feet high; the ceiling represents the apotheosis of James the First, painted by the immortal Rubens. The building has been converted into a military chapel, and around the walls are suspended warlike trophies taken from the French and Spanish armies. In the front of this building, on a scaffold before one of the windows, Charles the First was beheaded. In a narrow paved thoroughfare in the rear, stands a bronze statue of James the Second. Onward is an extent of iron railing, enclosing plantations of trees and shrubs, behind which are several residences of noble personages on the bank of the Thames, commanding scenes of considerable beauty: this retired spot is called Privy Gardens, being a portion of the pleasure-grounds belonging to the ancient palace.

Opposite, on the right, is the COUNCIL OFFICE, an edifice recently built of stone after the designs of Soane, in the Corinthian style of architecture, richly embellished. The interior is very magnificent; the Council Chamber is lofty as the building; the ceiling curved, and finished by a lantern. Here his Majesty's Privy Council decree on appeals, and transact other state affairs.

On the side of this building, to the right, is DOWNING STREET, in which are the entrances to the residences of the ministers of state, the offices of the foreign department, and others connected with diplomacy, the windows of all facing St James's Park. It is matter of surprise to many, who reflect, while their eyes range up and down this insignificant short street of brick houses, that hence have been issued dictates which regulated some of the greatest events recorded in the annals of Europe.

Opposite to the Council Office, at the commencement of Parliament Street, on the left, is RICHMOND TERRACE, occupying a part of the ancient garden to Whitehall Palace, and once the mansion of the Dukes of Richmond and Buccleuch. The terrace has been recently built of brick and stone, in fine taste, adorned with Ionic columns filling the area between Parliament Street and the river, a situation which gives a commanding prospect of the leading features of the metropolis. Here resided the statesmen Fox and Canning.

The great width of Whitehall Street is here divided into two, both proceeding in the same direction—King Street on the right, and Parliament Street on the left; at the extremity of which are streets at right angles, leading eastward to Westminster Bridge, and westward to St James's Park. In issuing at the southern extremity of Parliament Street into Palace Yard, a scene of architectural splendour bursts upon the eye. Immediately in front is the CHAPEL OF HENRY THE SEVENTH, a beautiful specimen of the florid Gothic style of architecture, adorned with projecting octagonal towers decorated with a profusion of sculpture; it forms the eastern end of WESTMINSTER ABBEY, the body of which is partly hidden by the parish church of St Margaret, while the great northern entrance, and the lofty towers at the western porch, rise magnificently on the right; beneath which appears the GUILDHALL, or the court of sessions for the city of Westminster, an octagonal brick building, with a vestibule supported by Doric columns, occupying part of the ancient sanctuary. An iron railing surrounds the space in front of the abbey, a part of which is planted with trees and shrubs, and laid out in walks; within this railing, and facing Palace Yard, stands a bronze statue of George Canning. On the left, WESTMINSTER HALL appears in solemn grandeur, its centre richly sculptured on either side the entrance, above which is a lofty Gothic window surmounted by a lantern of excellent workmanship. On either side are towers ornamented with corresponding taste, presenting a fine specimen of ancient greatness. On its side nearest to the abbey are the COURTS OF LAW;

beyond which is the entrance to the HOUSE OF COMMONS; the visible building being committee-rooms and offices; the part where the members assemble in debate is in the rear.

Adjoining is the HOUSE OF LORDS, a building of considerable extent in the Gothic style, with a colonnade and entrance porch occupying the eastern side of Old Palace Yard. The House of Lords is a spacious apartment of an oblong form, with galleries on the sides. One end is railed off, which part is denominated "below the bar;" at the other end is the throne, elevated a few steps above the floor. A splendid canopy of crimson velvet, with gold lace, fringe, and tassels, surmounted by a crown, expands over the throne, sustained by richly carved and gilt columns; the surface behind the throne is superbly decorated with the armorial bearings of his Majesty.

The seats of the Lord Chancellor and the judges are woollacks, the seats of the Peers are benches all covered with crimson cloth, some placed parallel with the sides of the apartment, others across or facing the throne. The walls are hung with tapestry in various compartments, representing the defeat of the Spanish armada, in 1588, bordered with portraits of the commanders on that memorable occasion. Magnificent chandeliers are pendant from the lofty ceiling, the whole producing an effect of grandeur and elegance.

The Painted Chamber and the Star Chamber may be seen, but they offer nothing worthy of notice; they, like the cellar of Guy Faux, are converted into ordinary appendages to the House of Lords.

The communication between the two houses is by means of badly-lighted passages. The lobby of the Commons' House is spacious, the ceiling sustained by numerous columns; at the farther end is the entrance for the members; on either side are covered seats for the door-keepers, near which may be seen posted the orders and the routine of motions coming before the house. The interior has precisely the appearance of a church: it was built by Edward the Third for a collegiate church, on the site of a chapel built by Stephen, and dedicated to the saint of that name. Since the reign of Edward the Sixth, it has been the House of Commons. The Speaker's seat is elevated near the farther end; beneath are seats, and a table for the clerks of the house. The seats of the members are on either side, in five ascending rows, at the back and in front of the Speaker's chair; also in the side galleries. The gallery in front of the Speaker is appropriated to strangers and reporters; immediately beneath is the bar, where persons examined by the house are placed. The treasury benches are those nearest the Speaker's chair on his right; those on his left are occupied by the members denominated the Opposition.

Returning from the House of Commons, at the bottom of a stone stair, a narrow passage leads into Westminster Hall. The effect produced by its expanse and ancient dimly-lighted roof, is very imposing: it was built by William Rufus, in 1098, as a banquetting-room. The measurements are 270 feet in length, 74 in width, and 90 in height, exceeding in dimensions any room in Europe void of central support. The roof is curiously constructed, and richly carved in the Gothic taste. Massive beams of oak project from the walls on both sides, about one-third the width of the building. Each extremity represents an angel holding a shield, on which appear the armorial bearings of Richard the Second, and of the preceding monarch; from these projecting beams timbers ascend to the roof, all carved in Gothic forms, their height being regulated by the diagonal lines of the cross timbers. This hall was attached to an ancient palace; its site gives name to a paved square adjoining, called Palace Yard. In this spacious room portions of the coronation ceremonies take place—the challenge of the champion, the feast, and the banquet. This magnificent apartment can hardly be looked upon, by the stranger who is conversant with the history of Great Britain, without having called up in his memory many of the important transactions which have occurred under its sombre roof. Here, the Scotsman, at least, will recollect, that, five hundred years since, Wallace, the great hero of his country, was subjected to a contumelious trial, and condemned to the scaffold. Here, among other prominent recollections of later date, will arise the extraordinary scene which took place in January 1649—a king tried by a party of his subjects, and condemned to lose his head on the block. The present aspect of the hall, imposing though it be, and however interesting from historical association, is cold, cheerless, and desolate. Its bare walls, its dirty stone pavement (for it answers the purpose of an alley for a public thoroughfare from Palace Yard to the street towards Millbank), and, in short, its total want of what constitutes comfort in an apartment, are highly unfavourable to its appearance.

On the left, entering by the passage before mentioned, are the courts of law, their designations being written over their respective entrances. The Court of Chancery is a square room, with a circular gallery, the whole apartment not being larger than one of the divisions of the Court of Session, at Edinburgh, and not nearly so commodious. The seat of the Lord Chancellor is elevated; and beneath him, on a large table, lie the mace and great seals. The seats of the counsel are in front of the Chancellor; the suitors have seats in the rear, and strangers have standing room on either side. The Vice-Chancellor's Court, the Courts of Common Pleas, of Exchequer, and King's

Bench, are similar, except that there are several seats for the increased number of judges. All these courts of law are built of stone on the western side of the hall, their fronts facing Westminster Abbey.

Our space being exhausted, we shall embrace another opportunity of taking a walk with the stranger through Westminster Abbey and its sacred precincts.

OLD KENTUCKY.

BEFORE saying another word on the subject of the western states of America, we must give a sketch of Kentucky—"Old Kentucky," as it is called by its peculiar race of inhabitants, from its long standing among the inhabited territories of Mississippi valley. The state of Kentucky is bounded on the north by the Ohio river, which separates it from the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; on the west it is bounded by the Mississippi, which separates it from the state of Missouri; and on the east it has Virginia, an Atlantic state. Kentucky thus lies farther south than those states we have already described, and has therefore a warmer climate. It is a slave-holding state, and emigrants will hold this circumstance in view in proposing to make it their home. Kentucky measures 400 miles in length, by a medial breadth of 150 miles. In 1830 it had a population of 518,678 whites, and 165,350 slaves; total, 683,844.

Almost the whole of this state in its configuration belongs to the valley of the Ohio, a portion also inclining to the Mississippi. The rivers Tennessee, Cumberland, and Kentucky, have likewise broad and deep valleys. The valley of Green River, and that in the central parts of the state, are noted for their extent, beauty, and fertility. Kentucky has been generally estimated to possess larger bodies of fertile land than any other western state; and although nothing can exceed the beauty of the great valley, of which Lexington is the centre, yet there are in Kentucky large sterile tracts, and much land too mountainous or too poor for cultivation. The central parts of the state are described as delightfully rolling. A tract of country, nearly a hundred miles in one direction, and fifty in the other, is found here, which, for beauty of surface, amenity of landscape, the delightful aspect of its open groves, and the extreme fertility of its soil, exceeds perhaps any other tract of country of the same extent. The land rests generally on limestone, and so much of this fossil is dissolved and mixed with the soil, as to impart to it a warm and forcing quality. Through this beautiful country meander the Little Sandy, Licking, Kentucky, and Salt rivers, and their numerous tributaries. The woods have a charming aspect, as though they were promiscuously arranged for a pleasure-ground. Grape-vines of prodigious size climb the trees, and spread their umbrageous leaves over all the other verdure. Black-walnut, black-cherry, honey-locust, buck-eye, pawpaw, sugar-tree, mulberry, elm, ash, hawthorn, coffee-tree, and the grand yellow poplar trees, which indicate the richest soil, are every where abundant. In the early periods of spring, along with the purple and redundant flowers of the red-bud, and the beautiful white blossoms of the dog-wood, there is an abundance of that beautiful plant the May-apple, the rich verdure of which has an indescribable effect upon the eye. The trees generally are not large, but tall, straight, and taper, and have the aspect of having been transplanted to the places which they occupy. That part of the state which borders on Tennessee and Virginia, resembles the country in the vicinity of the Alleghanies in Tennessee. The landscape-painter might come here, and find that nature had transcended any mental conceptions of the perfection of scenery. The numerous mountain branches wind round the bases of the small table hills, cutting down deep and almost frightful gullies, and forming "caves," as they are called by the people, or gulfs, covered with the shade of immensely large poplars, often eight feet in diameter. Such a tree will throw into the air a column of an hundred feet shaft. No words would convey adequate ideas of the lonely beauty of some of these secluded spots.

Between the rolling fork of Salt river and Green river is a very extensive tract, called "Barrens," the soil of which is generally good, though not of the first quality. But the country, partially covered with trees, is covered with grass like a prairie, and affords a fine range for cattle. Between Green and Cumberland rivers is a still larger tract of "Barrens." Spread over this district is an immense number of knobs, covered with shrubby and post oaks. In the year 1800, the legislature made a gratuitous grant of 400 acres of this land to every man who chose to become an actual settler, and the consequence was, that many occupants were found on these terms. The country has proved to be uncommonly healthy, and abounds in game, which is free to all. Swine are raised with the greatest ease, and enough of land is cultivated to supply all wants. The district has indeed come into reputation; and they, who received their farms as a free gift, are now living comfortably, and rearing respectable families in rustic independence.

For variety of hill and dale, for the excellence of the soil, yielding in abundance all that is necessary for comfortable subsistence, for amenity of landscape, beauty of forest, the number of clear streams and fine rivers, health and the finest development of the human form, and patriarchal simplicity of rural opulence, it is questionable if any country can be found

surpassing Kentucky. "We have heard the hoary 'residents,'" says Timothy Flint, "the compatriots of Daniel Boone, speak of it as it appeared to them when they first emigrated from their native Virginia and North Carolina. It was in the spring when they arrived. The only paths among the beautiful groves were those which the buffaloes and bears had broken through the cane-brakes. The wilderness displayed one extended tuft of blossoms. A man stationed near one of these paths could kill game enough, with a proportion of turkeys and other large birds, in an hour, to supply the wants of a month. There can be no wonder that hunters, men who had been reared among the comparatively sterile hills of Virginia and North Carolina, men who loved to range mountain streams and sheltered glades, should have fancied this a terrestrial paradise. The beautiful configuration of the soil remains; but the whole state is studded with plantations, and the buffaloes, the bears, the Indians, and the wild and much of the beautiful of the country, are now no more."

"In my whole tour through this state," says the same author in a different work, "I experienced a frank and cordial hospitality. The general kindness with which I was every where received [Mr Flint, it should be mentioned, travelled as a preacher], impressed me so much the more forcibly, for being unexpected. The Kentuckians, it must be admitted, are a high-minded people, and possess the stamina of a noble character. It cannot be said correctly, as is said in journals and geographies, that they are too recent and too various in their descent and manners to have a distinct character as a people. They are generally of one descent, and are scions from a noble stock—the descendants from affluent and respectable planters from Virginia and North Carolina; and are in that condition in life, which is, perhaps, best calculated to develop high-mindedness and self-respect. We aim not in these remarks at eulogy, but to pay tribute where tribute is due. It is granted there are ignorant, savage, and abandoned men among the lower classes of Kentucky; but where are there not such?" Great exertions have also been made to reclaim the idle and dissipated portion of the population, and in time the disorderly will be properly restrained. "Kentucky," Mr Flint adds, "is proudly exalted as a common mother of the western states. It seems to be generally understood that birth and rearing in that state constitute a kind of prescriptive claim upon office. Hence, from the falls of St Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Alleghany hills to the Rocky mountains, the character of this state has a decided preponderance. Her modes of thinking and action dictate the fashion to the rest, and the peculiar hardihood, energy, and enthusiasm of her character, will tend long to perpetuate this empire."

The enthusiasm of the Kentuckians is very observable, in the ardour with which all classes of the people express themselves, in respect to their favourite views and opinions. Hear them rate their favourite preacher: he is the most pious and powerful preacher in the country. Their orators and their statesmen, in eloquence and abilities, surpass all others. The village politicians have an undoubting and plenary faith, that whatever measures the Kentucky members espouse in Congress, not only ought to prevail, but will prevail. The long line of superlatives, the possession of the best horse, dog, gun, wife, statesman, and country, are felt to belong to them in course." In short, the inhabitants of this state aspire to take the lead in every thing in the western country; and it will require no small degree of perseverance and self-possession in an emigrant from the old world to compete with the arrogant Kentuckian, who, according to Flint, "when the warmth of whisky in his stomach is added to his natural energy, becomes in succession horse, alligator, and steamboat." But to proceed with our details.

Kentucky possesses many fine rivers besides the Ohio, the chief of which are navigable for great distances. Of these Cumberland river is a large stream uniting with the Ohio by a mouth 300 yards in width. It is a broad, deep, and beautiful river, and may be navigated 300 miles in its course. The river Kentucky is navigable 150 miles, and Green river is boatable 200 miles. The principal towns and villages in the state are situated on the banks of the chief rivers. Frankfort, the political metropolis of the state, is situated on the north bank of the Kentucky, 60 miles above its entrance into the Ohio. It is a respectable town of about 2000 inhabitants, and the houses are singularly neat in appearance. Lexington, situated on a branch of the Elkhorn river, 25 miles south-east from Frankfort, is one of the oldest towns in the western country, and now possesses a population of upwards of 6000 inhabitants. It possesses many excellent institutions, including the Transylvania University, and various public offices. The chief manufactures are those of cotton bagging, and various kinds of cordage. There are three factories for spinning and weaving wool, and five or six for cotton, and one large and several smaller machine-making factories. In the woollen factories are manufactured handsome carpets. The environs of the town have a singular softness of landscape, and the place wears an air of neatness, opulence, and repose, indicating leisure and staidness, rather than the bustle of business and commerce. The main street is a mile and a quarter in length, and 80 feet wide, well paved. In the centre of the town is the public square, surrounded by handsome buildings. In this square

is the market-house, which is amply supplied with all the products of taste. The inhabitants are cheerful, intelligent, conversable, and noted for their hospitality to strangers. The professional men are distinguished for their attainments in their several walks. The university, with its professors and students, and the numerous distinguished strangers that are visiting here during the summer months, add to the attractions of this fashionable city.

Louisville, at the falls of the Ohio, in a commercial point of view, is the most important town in the state. The rise of this town has been wonderfully rapid: In 1800, it had no more than 600 inhabitants; in 1810, 1350; in 1820, 4012; and in 1830, 10,336. This large and improving town stands on the Ohio, at a spot near its greatest fall. It has thus come to be a place of deposit for goods passing on the river; and the transport from the vessels above the falls to those below, or *vice versa*, till lately, took place by carrying overland. This difficulty is now overcome by a canal of two miles in length, and forty feet in depth, on a scale to admit steam-boats and vessels of the largest size, which connects the navigation of the river. Such are the local resources and active character of the inhabitants of Louisville, that it is not thought that this canal will injure its trade and commerce. The country around is one of the most fertile and best settled districts in the state. The other towns in Kentucky are Maysville, Washington, Paris, Georgetown, Versailles, Newport, Covington, Cynthiana, Port William, Russellville, besides forty or fifty considerable villages.

From what appears to be the condition and character of this thriving and opulent state, it is obviously not the spot to which the poorer class of emigrants ought to direct their attention; perhaps artisans, who wish employment in the towns, excepted. A great proportion of the Kentucky lands being already well settled, and brought into a good state of cultivation, the value of farms must therefore be high, and better suited for capitalists than those districts not yet reclaimed from the forest. To those who have money to lay out on good cleared lands, Kentucky offers eminent advantages. All the grains, pulses, and fruits of the temperate climates, she raises in the greatest abundance. Her wheat is of the finest kind; and there is no part of the western country where maize is raised with greater ease and abundance, while her produce is at once carried off by a multitude of boats to New Orleans, and other markets. It is, indeed, not uncommon for the growers of produce of this state, on arriving at New Orleans, to ship, on their own account, to the Atlantic states, to Vera Cruz in South America, and to the West Indies. Immense quantities of flour, lard, butter, cheese, pork, beef, Indian corn and meal, whisky, cider, fruit, and manufactured goods, are thus exported from the industrious villages and farms of Kentucky. Horses are likewise raised and exported in great numbers, and of the noblest kinds. In 1823, the value of cattle, horses, and swine, driven out of the state, numbered and valued at one point of passage, the Cumberland ford, was a million dollars; a year later, the value of exports, agricultural and manufactured, by a partial return, was about three millions of dollars; and the products of agriculture and manufacture have since increased to a considerable extent, indicating that "Old Kentucky" still keeps ahead of any other state in the western country.

OLIVE HATHAWAY.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

[By Miss Mitford.]

ONE of the principal charms of this North-of-Hampshire country consists in the infinite variety of woody lanes, which wind along from farm to farm, and from field to field, intersecting each other with an intricacy so perplexing, and meandering with such a surprising round-about-ness, that one often seems turning one's back directly on the spot to which one is bound. For the most part these rough and narrow ways, devoted merely to agricultural purposes, are altogether unpeopled, although here and there a lone barn forms a characteristic termination to some winding lane, or a solitary habitation adds a fresh interest to the picture.

These lanes, with their rich hedgerows, their slips of flowery greensward, and their profound feeling of security and retirement, have long been amongst my favourite walks; and Farley-lane is perhaps the prettiest and pleasantest of all, the shadiest in warm weather, and the most sheltered in cold, and appears doubly delightful by the transition from the exposed and open common from which it leads.

It is a deep, narrow, unfrequented road, by the side of a steep hill, winding between small enclosures of pasture land on one side, and the grounds of the great house, with their picturesque paling and rich plantations, on the other; the depth and undulations of the wild cart-track giving a singularly romantic and secluded air to the whole scene, whilst occasionally the ivied pollards and shining holly-bushes of the hedgerow, mingle with the laurels, and cedars, and fine old firs, of the park, forming, even in mid-winter, a green arch over head, and contrasting vividly with a little sparkling spring, which runs gurgling along by the side of the pathway. Towards the centre of the lane rises an irregular thatched cottage, with a spacious territory of garden and orchard, to which you ascend, first by a single plank thrown across the

tiny rivulet, and then by five or six steep steps cut in the bank—an earthen staircase. This has been, as long as I can remember, the habitation of old Rachael Strong, a laundress of the highest reputation in Aberleigh, and of her young niece, Olive Hathaway. It is just possible that my liking for the latter of these personages may have somewhat biased my opinion of the beauty of Farley-lane.

Olive Hathaway has always appeared to me a very interesting creature. Lame from her earliest childhood, and worse than an orphan—her mother being dead, and her father, from mental infirmity, incapable of supplying her place—she seemed prematurely devoted to care and suffering. Always gentle and placid, no one ever remembered to have seen Olive gay. Even that merriest of all hours—the noon-day play-time at school—passed gravely and sadly with the little lame girl. A book, if she could borrow one, if not, knitting or working for her good aunt Rachael, was her only pastime. She had no troop of play-fellows, no chosen companion—joined in none of the innocent cabal or mischievous mirth of her comrades; and yet every one liked Olive, even although cited by her mistress as a pattern of sempstress-ship and good conduct—even although held up as that odious thing, a model—no one could help loving poor Olive, so entirely did her sweetness and humility disarm envy and mollify scorn.

On leaving school she brought home the same good qualities, and found them attended by the same results. To Rachael Strong her assistance soon became invaluable. There was not such an ironer in the county. One could swear to the touch of her skilful fingers, whether in disentangling the delicate complexity of a point-lace cap, or in bringing out the bolder beauties of a cut-work collar—one could swear to her handiwork just as safely as a bank clerk may do to the calligraphy of a monied man on 'Change, or an amateur in art to the handling of a great master. There was no mistaking her touch. Things ironed by her looked as good as new, some said better; and her aunt's trade thrived apace.

But Olive had a trade of her own. Besides her accomplishments as a laundress, she was an incomparable needle-woman; could construct a shirt between sunrise and sunset; had a genuine genius for mantua-making; a real taste for millinery; was employed in half the houses round as a sempstress at the rate of eightpence a-day; devoting by far the greater part of her small earnings to the comforts of her father, a settled inhabitant of the workhouse at Aberleigh. A harmless and a willing creature was poor William Hathaway; ay, and a useful one in his little way; for my part, I cannot think what they would have done without him at the workhouse, where he filled the several departments of man and maid of all-work, digging the garden, dressing the dinner, running on errands, and making the beds. Still less can I imagine how the boys could have dispensed with him; the ten-year-old urchins with whom he played at cricket every evening, and where the kind and simple old man, with his lean, tall person, his pale, withered face, and grizzled beard, was the fag and favourite of the party, the noisiest and merriest of the crew. A useful and a happy man was poor William Hathaway, albeit the proud and the worldly wise hold him in scorn; happiest of all on the Sunday afternoons, when he came to dine with his daughter and her good aunt Rachael, and receive the pious dole, the 'hoarded halfpence or the 'splendid shilling,' which it was her delight to accumulate for his little pleasures, and which he, child-like in all his ways, spent like a child on cakes and gingerbread.

There was no fear of the source failing; for gentle, placid, grateful, and humble, considerate beyond her years, and skilful far beyond her opportunities, every one liked to employ Olive Hathaway. The very sound of her crutch in the court, and her modest tap at the door, inspired a kindly, almost a tender, feeling for the afflicted and defenceless young creature whom patience and industry were floating so gently down the rough stream of life. Her person, when seated, was far from unpleasant, though shrunken and thin from delicacy of habit, and slightly leaning to one side from the constant use of the crutch. Her face was interesting from feature and expression, in spite of the dark and perfectly colourless complexion, which gave her the appearance of being much older than she really was. Her eyes, especially, were full of sweetness and power, and her long straight hair parted on the forehead, and twisted into a thick knot behind, gave a statue-like grace to her head, that accorded ill with the coarse straw bonnet, and brown stuff gown, of which her dress was usually composed. There was, in truth, a something elegant and refined in her countenance; and the taste that she displayed, even in the homeliest branches of her own homely art, fully sustained the impression produced by her appearance. If any of our pretty damsels wanted a particularly pretty gown, she had only to say to Olive, "make it according to your own fancy;" and she was sure to be arrayed, not only in the very best fashion (for our little mantua-maker had an instinct which led her at once to the right model, and could distinguish at a glance between the elegance of a countess, and the finery of her maid), but with the nicest attention to the becoming in colour and in form.

Her taste was equally just in all things. She would select, in a moment, the most beautiful flower in a garden, and the finest picture in a room; and going about, as she did, all over the village, hearing new

songs and new stories from the young, and old tales and old ballads from the aged, it was remarkable that Olive, whose memory was singularly tenacious for what she liked, retained only the pretty lines or the striking incidents. For the bad or the indifferent she literally had no memory: they passed by her as the idle wind, that she regarded not. Her fondness for poetry, and the justness of taste which she displayed in it, exposed poor Olive to one serious inconvenience: she was challenged as being a poetess herself; and although she denied the accusation earnestly, blushing, even fearfully, and her accusers could bring neither living witness nor written document to support their assertion, yet so difficult is it to disprove that particular calumny, that, in spite of her reiterated denial, the charge passes for true in Aberleigh to this very hour.

Such was and such is Olive Hathaway, the humble and gentle village mantua-maker; and such she is likely to continue; for, too refined for the youths of her own station, and too unpretty to attract those above her, it is very clear to me that my friend Olive will be an old maid. There are certain indications of character, too, which point to that as her destiny: a particularity respecting her tools of office, which renders the misplacing a needle, the loss of a pin, or the unwinding half an inch of cotton, an evil of no small magnitude; a fidgetty exactness as to plaits and gathers: a counting of threads and comparing of patterns, which our notable housewives, who must complain of something, grumble at as waste of time; a horror of shreds and litter, which distinguishes her from all other mantua-makers that ever sewed a seam; and, lastly, a love of animals, which has procured for her the friendship and acquaintance of every four-footed creature in the neighbourhood. This is the most suspicious symptom of all. Not only is she followed and idolised by the poor old cur which Rachael Strong keeps to guard her house, and the still more aged donkey that carries home her linen, but every cat, dog, or bird, every variety of domestic pet that she finds in the different houses where she works, immediately following the strange instinct by which animals, as well as children, discover who likes them, makes up to and courts Olive Hathaway. There's a magic about her placid smile and her sweet low voice, no sulkiness of bird or beast can resist their influence.

And Olive hath abundance of pets in return, from my greyhound Mayflower, downwards; and indeed takes the whole animal world under her protection, whether pets or no; begs off condemned kittens, nurses sick ducklings, will give her last penny to prevent an unlucky urchin from taking a bird's nest; and is cheated and laughed at for her tender-heartedness, as is the way of the world in such cases.

Yes, Olive will certainly be an old maid, and a happy one—content and humble, and cheerful and beloved! What can woman desire more?*

THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

It is not without reason that those who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate, valuable beyond estimation, and various as the scenes of human life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God in the creation of the universe, or in the immense system of the material and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement. He can never be solitary; for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation: his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind.

How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one who has observed how heavily the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and may be varied to infinity.

Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but, collectively considered, form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

The time of action will not always continue. The young ought ever to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought

to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and, in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexations arising from baffled projects or disappointed hopes, and relieve the *tedium* of that season of life, when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford its substantial consolation. A well-spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age: no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated.

Old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have, in the earlier part of life, neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigour irrecoverably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant prospects left far behind, without the possibility of return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible encroachments of age, with its disagreeable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change scarcely expected, or for which, at least, they had made no preparations. A person in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself. Destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacancy left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life.

All this is the consequence of squandering away the days of youth and vigour without acquiring the habit of thinking. The period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge; and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation and inquiry. The various phenomena of the moral as well as physical world, the investigation of sciences, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well-cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes, which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves, and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.—*Bigland.*

THE ASS AND THE MULE.

THE following interesting sketch of the nature and history of the ass and the mule, two animals of great value in some countries, though held in little estimation in this, is given by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his notes to his edition of that delightful work, "Gill-pin's Forest Scenery."

"It is a remarkable fact that the ass was actually extinct in Britain in the time of Elizabeth. Hollinshed informs us, that in his time 'our land did yeelde no asses.' We know that they existed before that period, and to our great comfort we have now no reason to complain of any lack of them. It does not appear, however, from what cause the animal became extinct, or how the race was restored. The ass was originally a native of Arabia and Syria, where it is even now found in the wild state, though rarely. Its chief natural habitat is Tartary, where it is the wild native of the dry and mountainous deserts. It is also met with, though less frequently, in Africa. The wild ass stands higher on its limbs than those which are domesticated, and its legs are more slender in proportion. Its hair is very fine, light-coloured, soft, and silky, and on some parts marked by a few obscure waves or undulations. The only exception exists in the native ass of India, which is feeble, small, bow-legged, and apt to be short-winded. Wild asses are gregarious, like horses, but they live in smaller herds, each of which is regularly conducted by a leader, and they owe their safety to their timidity and vigilance,

aided by their great acuteness in hearing and smelling. The ass was imported into America by the Spaniards, as well as the horse, and it has now multiplied so much as to be even troublesome from its numbers. In their wild state they have all the fleetness of horses, and neither declivities nor precipices interrupt the fury of their career; and when they are attacked, they have the singular power of defending themselves by means of their heels and mouth with so much address, that they often maim their pursuers without so much as slackening their pace. But after capture, and after having been compelled to bear their first load, their swiftness seems to forsake them, and they contract all that stupidity of look and dulness for which they are proverbial.

The animal seems in general to grow to greater perfection in warm than in cold climates. They are rare in Sweden, and not at all known in Norway. Even in Britain they were long rare even in the south of Scotland; and one of the most striking changes which Edinburgh and its neighbourhood presents to an individual who has been much absent from it for a good many years back, is the great number of small ass-carts now in use, whereas such a thing was never to be seen formerly except as a rarity, and that generally when driven by some gipsy tinker. In the northern parts of Scotland the animal is still rarely met with. In Spain, the breed of asses has been greatly improved by care and attention, so that they often rise to fifteen hands high, and are strong, elegant, and even stately animals. In Egypt and Arabia also, these animals have been brought to so great perfection, that they often fetch a higher price than horses, and they even manifest a degree of noble gracefulness superior to those of Spain. They combine quickness, alacrity, and ease in all their paces, with extreme sureness of foot; and being more hardy than horses, they are preferred to them for long journeys, or for pilgrimages across the Desert.

When young, the ass is uncouthly proportioned, large headed, and altogether of an unprepossessing appearance; but he is gay and frolicsome, until age, harsh treatment, and overworking, break his spirit, and render him slow, dull, and headstrong. When laden beyond his strength, he expresses his uneasiness by lowering his head, and bending down his ears. If greatly abused, he will open his mouth, and draw back his lips in a disagreeable manner. But with all this, there is no animal more alive to kindness than an ass; and if ass proprietors are disposed to doubt this fact, we should humbly entreat them—tinkers, costermongers, and all, not forgetting those smugglers who work them in their vocation all night, and who let them out all day for carrying the sea-bathing nymphs of the watering-places—to try the truth of what we assert, by putting it to the test of experiment. But little opportunity is allowed the poor ass to show his sense of kind treatment, for where, says he, is kind treatment to be met with? But we know that he is belied in being accused of sulkiness, as well as in being supposed to want intelligence. For as he is remarkable for treasuring up an accurate recollection of localities, so he often displays a strong attachment to his master, whom he recognises even in the greatest crowd; and if he is capable of all this under the detestable usage he experiences from the demons in human form, who seem to take sport and pleasure in his miseries, what effect would not kindness work upon him? We remember an anecdote of an Irishman at Ramsgate, who, being asked to name the hardest wrought creature in existence, replied, 'Och! a Ramsgate donkey to be sure; for, athur carrying angels all day, he is forced to carry speerits all night.' To which we think that he might have added, that his drivers were little else than devils. But could we only persuade people to try the effect of kindness on the poor ass, he might be so much improved both physically, and morally, as to be a much more useful animal than he even now is. To the poor he is in many circumstances invaluable, from his frugal mode of faring; thistles and plantain leaves, and such road-way-side plants, being all he asks; for, even in his wild state, his favourite food is the wild plants of the desert, and especially those herbs which are bitterly lactescent; and it is likewise worth notice, that he actually prefers brackish water when thus left to his own choice.

It is a strange anomaly in nature, that, whereas it is a well-known fact that horses and asses have a certain degree of constitutional antipathy to each other, so that it is difficult to induce young horses even to pass an ass on the road, they should yet be made to breed together, so as to give rise to the hybrid offspring called mules and hinies. The former is the produce of a jackass and mare, and is much preferred to the latter, which is the produce of the horse and the she-ass. The mule is by much the most robust and hardy, and more fitted for the purposes of riding, draught, and burden. It is a very remarkable fact, that the mule is longer lived than either the horse or the ass, less liable to disease, and more capable of vigorous exertion. In Spain, fifty or sixty guineas is a common price for a good mule, and they are used in carriages of people of the first rank. We have had ourselves occasion to see a pair of beautiful mules driven as leaders in the Deane Edinburgh and Aberdeen coach. These regularly perform one of the stages to the northward of Perth, which they do twice a day; and the coach, which is one of the fastest in the kingdom—its time, we believe, being about nine miles and

a half or ten miles an hour, stoppages included—loses no ground during the stage in which these animals are employed.

The Literary Gazette relates a curious anecdote, on the testimony of an eye-witness: 'It is customary in Spain to guide the mules without reins, and merely by calling to them. The animal, when called by its name, punctually follows the orders of his driver. But it is a very peculiar circumstance, that they must always be yoked at the very same place which they have been accustomed to, otherwise they will not draw. After the battle of Cordura, several waggons were required to carry away the effects of King Joseph Napoleon from Madrid. While the waggons were loading, most of the drivers unyoked their mules, under pretence of feeding them, and then put them to again at an unaccustomed place. The animals refused to draw. The drivers at first seemed to give themselves all possible trouble to make them go on. The French, who escorted the train, attempted to assist, and dealt out their blows liberally on all sides. The Spanish drivers, however, contrived to get out of the way, and the mules kept their place in spite of all their beating. This occasioned a long delay, for the French sought in vain the cause of the obstinacy of the mules. At last, a part of the escort of cavalry were obliged to dismount, and their horses were harnessed to the waggons. But during this time, a part of the Spanish cavalry, whose approach appears to have been known to the drivers, had made a detour about Madrid, and so they captured all the baggage of poor Joseph, who is said to have narrowly escaped being made prisoner.'

The obstinacy for which the mule is proverbial is much to be attributed to the ill treatment to which, like the ass, the creature is subjected. Our own experience in Alpine travelling has taught us how inestimable the services of this creature are, in traversing those wild regions, on those narrow rock-worn tracks by which alone they are accessible. If the traveller will only give his mule rein enough, and allow him to take his own way, and to pick his own steps, we conceive that he is safer in the saddle than scrambling on his own feet. In the Andes they are no less valuable. Captain Head, in his lively manner, gives us some interesting anecdotes of mules, one of which is as follows:—

'As I was looking up at the region of snow, and as my mule was scrambling along the steep side of the rock, the capataz overtook me, and asked me if I chose to come on, as he was going to look at the "Ladera de las Vacas," to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it; for when the Cordillera is first opened by the melting of the snow, the Ladera is for some time impassable, till it broadens towards the end of summer. He accordingly trotted on, and in half an hour we arrived at the spot. It is the worst pass in the Cordillera. The mountain above appears almost perpendicular, and in one continued slope down to the rapid torrent which is raging underneath. The surface is covered with loose earth and stones, which have been brought down by the water. The path goes across this slope, and is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad; but the point of danger is a spot where the water which comes down from the top of the mountain either washes the path away, or covers it over with loose stones. We rode over it, and it certainly was very narrow and bad. In some places the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above the head are a number of large loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and rushing with great violence. However, the danger to the rider is only imaginary, for the mules are so careful, and seem so well aware of their situation, that there is no chance of their making a false step. As soon as we had crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capataz told me that it was a very bad place for baggage mules, that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one. He said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his lasso to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one; so the capataz took away my mule and his own, and then scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water, while I stood on a projecting rock, with the two English captains of the mines, the three Cornish miners, the assayer, and the surveyor, who were all anxious to witness the passage of the baggage.

'The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden; and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of colour in the animals, the different colours and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the sight of the dangerous path they had to cross, formed altogether a very interesting scene.

'As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also. He was the finest mule we had, and, on that account, had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under him: however, his fore legs were still upon the narrow path. He had no room to put his head there; but he placed his nose upon the path on his left, which gave him the appearance of holding on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along the Ladera, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and, head over heels, the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and, turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed, but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort; and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage; and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again, but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and, after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me, I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw, at a distance, a solitary mule walking towards us!

'We instantly perceived that he was the Phaeton whose fall we had just witnessed, and, in a few moments, he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected; however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible. With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading mule which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, although certainly with great caution.'

EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT TEMPERATURES ON THE BODY.

When the air is warm and dry, it excites a most agreeable sensation in the lungs, and in every part of the body; it increases the power or function of every organ, and health is perfect; this is observed in a dry spring, after a cold and moist winter; but when the weather is intensely hot, and persons exposed to the burning sun in the tropics, they often drop dead suddenly from apoplexy; this has happened even in France and Spain, during very hot summers; all the functions, as breathing, digestion, &c. are diminished and oppressed; there is danger of mortification of wounds and ulcers, bowel complaints, fevers, hysteria, epilepsy, &c. Persons labouring under consumption have been advised to live in warm climates, but many physicians suppose that the acceleration of the breathing and pulse, caused by the hot air in summer, only hurry the sufferers to a more speedy death: the change of habitation, from a cold climate to a warm one in winter, is highly advisable, though it is now believed that the southern coasts of this country are as eligible as foreign climes for our consumptive patients. A cold and moist atmosphere produces debilitating effects on man and animals; a cold and dry air

is not so injurious; it braces the nerves, and is favourable to health, although it sometimes induces determinations of blood to the head, chest, and abdomen, and causes inflammations in the organs of their cavities.—*Ten Minutes' Advice on Coughs and Colds.*

SALTING AND SMOKING MEAT.

The following method, which requires only forty-eight hours, may be adopted for salting and smoking meat:—A quantity of saltpetre, equal to the common salt that would be required for the meat in the usual way, must be dissolved in water. Into this the meat to be smoked must be put, and kept over a slow fire till all the water is evaporated. It must then be hung up in a thick smoke for twenty-four hours, when it will be found equal in flavour to the best Hamburg smoked meat, that has been kept several weeks in salt, as red throughout, and equally firm. This method has been resorted to in Germany and other parts, and has been found preferable to any other plan.

OSSIAN.

[The following lines are from a poetical volume lately published under the title of the "Bard of the North, by Dugald Moore." Mr Moore is one of the wonders in the way of authorship, whom we take pleasure in bringing under the notice of our readers. A few years ago he occupied a very humble situation in the warehouse of an extensive publisher at Glasgow. His education and acquaintance with the world were such as might be looked for in an individual so situated. His whole bearing and appearance betokened nothing beyond the line of character and acquirements appropriate to the humble walk of life in which he had chanced to be placed. There was, however, in the mind of this person, a spark of the diviner flame. While still toiling at his lowly tasks, he was secretly employed in conning poetical thoughts, and arranging them in verse. Ultimately, he amassed the materials of a volume, which, being seen and approved of by several persons qualified to judge of its merits, was soon after published. Success followed the attempt, and Mr Moore was induced to bring forward a second. This being also well received, he found himself in possession of sufficient funds to enable him to commence business as a bookseller on his own account. Mr Moore now occupies a comparatively elevated place in society, and, what must be more agreeable to a person so constituted, stands in the first rank of the few who still addict themselves in Scotland to the unfashionable pursuit of poetry. His verses are characterised by a wild strength of imagery and expression; and though a sameness is occasionally observed in the train of his thoughts, his productions are upon the whole such as would do credit to an author who came forward under more favourable circumstances. We earnestly recommend his various volumes to the attention of our readers.]

Thus sang the bard of Cona as he sat
On the grey cliffs of Malnor—"Come, fair moun!
Thou stately daughter of the halls of heaven!
Come through the silent and majestic clouds
Which float from Correyer down the straths
Of brown Lochaber—fling thy gentle beam
On the great cataract, that from its cave
Leaps like the soul of nature. Beauteous star:
Flash on that tide of power, until it shines
Bright as that pillar which the Hebrew's God
Roll'd o'er the sea of Egypt—when his host
Saw Pharaoh and his army reeling down
Into eternity. Come, holy light!
Bring back departed moments, with the loves
Which made earth paradise. Oh! now I feel
The wave of song rush o'er my feeble heart:
The mighty of the sword again start up—
Fion and Oscar, and the giant bard
Who struck his harp in Selmo—they appear
The awful sons of Tremore; and the maids,
The fair-hair'd daughters of the silent glens
Who shone like rainbows in the storm, and hush'd
The voice of battle with the song of love,
They rise again; and in my misty dream
The waters which the heroes bounded o'er
Against the sons of Lochlin, lift once more
Their glorious voices; and Tremhorish comes
With all the music of their thousand waves.
Oh! let me sit upon the old grey rocks
That from the green moss mournfully look out,
Mocking the sun with silence; and, like death,
Returning life no echo. Let me sit
And hear the murmur of the upland stream,
Which lights the desert with its path of foam;
For ever singing on—it heedeth not
The changes man is making in the world;
Glad in that music which is only heard
In the strange visions, which may cross the brain
Of falcon dreaming in her eyrie up
And high above its tumult.'

The present number of the JOURNAL completes the second volume of the work, for which an index and title-page have been prepared, and may be had, together with it, from the publishers or their agents.

LONDON: Published, with Permission of the Proprietors, by G. & S. SMITH, Paternoster Row; G. B. ROBERT, Holywell Street, Strand; HANCOCK & CO., Manchester; WRIGHTSON & WEBB, Birmingham; WILLIAMS & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCOTT, Leeds; G. N. WRIGHT, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO. Bristol; S. SIMMS, Bath; J. JOHNSON, Cambridge; W. GAIN, Exeter; J. PURDON, Hull; G. RIDGE, Sheffield; R. BELLERBY, York; J. TAYLOR, Brighton; and sold by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c. in town and country.—CHAMBERS'S HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, a Supplement to the present publication, is published on the first of every month; and CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, of which every number is a distinct subject of human knowledge, appears once every fortnight.

Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, Edinburgh.

